

Gourmet 1201

Chapter 1201 Who Is Messing With Them?!

A half-step Saint was killed just like that. The law enforcer was struck dumb, feeling as if he had been plunged into the icy waters of a frozen lake. The chill went deep into his bones. However, he soon began to laugh madly, his eyes fixing at Bu Fang as he said, “You’re dead... You’ve stirred up a hornet’s nest by killing a half-step Saint... You will be hunted down by the law enforcement team!”

Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows. Suddenly, he turned toward the cave’s exit. He heard the sound of people flying through the air. Without hesitation, he called Whitey over, and together, they disappeared from the cave and entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

The law enforcer’s eyes grew wide with disbelief. He didn’t expect that they would disappear just like that. A few moments later, he felt a terrible chill creeping over, shrouding him in an instant.

Outside the cave...

Powerful attacks, including one from the Little Saint, kept raining down like thunderbolts and smashed the cave, blanketing the law enforcer. In just a flash, the whole cave was reduced to the ground. They had attacked with all their might, not caring at all that one of their members was inside. Because of this, that law enforcer was devoured by the dreadful energy.

After a long time, when the smoke and dust had faded and settled, these law enforcers began to search the cave, which had turned into ruins.

A Little Saint floated in midair over them. The blood-red robe that wrapped his body gave him an intimidating air.

“My lord, we found no enemy bodies, only the bodies of two law enforcers,” a law enforcer flew over and told the Little Saint.

“Impossible... I’ve covered the whole cave with my mental force just now. I would’ve known even if a mosquito flew out of it. The enemy couldn’t escape under our full-power attack... Search again more carefully!” said the Little Saint, frowning.

It never occurred to him that Bu Fang would have a little world of his own, and he had hidden inside as soon as the attacks came raining down.

It was a long time before the enforcers who went to search the enemy came flying back, and none of them could find anything. It infuriated the Little Saint. They had spent so much effort and lost two members, and yet they couldn't even find the enemy's shadow.

"Damn it! You better won't get caught, or I'll chop you into a million pieces!" The Little Saint's cold voice echoed through the air. After a moment's pause, he turned to his subordinates and ordered, "Now, I want all of you to spread out and stand around the transport array. When the Qilin Chef Feast starts, we will step into the array and go to the land of remains."

Everyone nodded. This place was actually one of the entrances that led to the Divine Chef's remains, a portal created by the Great Judge with his mighty ability so that he could secretly send his men there. Since the Great Judge had decided to shed all pretenses of cordiality with the Nether Prison, they couldn't mess up his plan. They couldn't let this secret out of the bag before the many geniuses of the Nether Prison stepped into the remains.

...

The Heaven and Earth Farmland was indeed a great place to hide from enemies. However, there was a disadvantage, and that was Bu Fang would come out from where he had entered it. It was a limitation, but it was also in accordance with the farmland's rules. On top of that, he had no way to find out the situation outside, so he wouldn't know when was the best time to go out.

Just now, before he came into the farmland, both his body and soul were shivering with fear. The invincibility of the Vermillion Chef Robe had disappeared, so he didn't dare to withstand those attacks with his fleshly body alone.

He waited for a long time before leaving the farmland and emerged at where he had disappeared. When he glanced around, he was struck dumb. Earlier, this was a cave, but now the cave was completely gone, and all he could see were ruins.

'This is too cruel... They simply wanted to kill everyone inside the cave...' Bu Fang felt sorry for the law enforcer he had captured. The fellow should be dead under the attack. At the same time, he also felt pity for that guy because he was killed by his own people.

Suddenly, Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows. As soon as he left the farmland and stood among the ruins, he sensed that he was being watched. Wearing no expression, he turned and looked into the distance. In that direction, he saw figures slowly standing up, all staring at him.

They were the law enforcement team. They had been waiting here because they thought that it was highly likely Bu Fang would appear again. “My lord Little Saint is right, this enemy had used some kind of trick to avoid the attack, and he will show up again sooner or later...”

“And now you have nowhere to run,” a half-step Saint said coldly.

He produced a long black knife. Its sharp edge touched the ground and cut it through like tofu. Around him, ten Nine-star True Immortals sneered and unleashed their auras.

Bu Fang sighed softly. It seemed to him that the Little Saint had thought highly of him, leaving behind a half-step Saint and ten Nine-star True Immortals to kill him.

Unfortunately...

He stroked Shrimpy’s head, who squeaked and rose into the sky, turning into a huge golden shrimp. Then, he leaped into the air and stood on its back. Foxy also jumped up and down excitedly on Bu Fang’s body, twitching both her tails before jumping into his arms.

“Attack!” the half-step Saint roared.

The group of law enforcers charged toward Bu Fang.

His eyes turned cold. At this moment, the anger caused by the oppression of the four Judges in his heart was completely unleashed. “You asked for this...” he said coldly, then shot into the sky in a golden beam of light.

The half-step Saint followed, swinging his long black knife as blood-colored energy exuded from his body. He was furious because Bu Fang had killed his partner. He couldn’t figure out why a mere Nine-star True Immortal could kill a half-step Saint, but that didn’t prevent him from avenging his partner!

“DIE NOW!”

A blood-colored knife light ripped through the air and went at Bu Fang like a dragon.

Bu Fang flew at high speed, and the wind ruffled his hair. With a cold look in his eyes, he glanced back over his shoulder at the half-step Saint. The ten Nine-star True Immortals and a half-step Saint were rushing at him at the same time. A lineup like this would have frightened even an ordinary half-step Saint. However, his face was as still as water. His calmness amazed even the half-step Saint, making him wonder what gave him the courage.

Even then, Bu Fang turned around, fixed his eyes at the attackers, and gently stroked Foxy's head, who narrowed her eyes as if she was enjoying this.

The next moment, the little fox opened her eyes. Her dark golden eyes lit up with a strange gleam, while a golden glow burst out from her mouth.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Golden streams of light shot out of Foxy's mouth, streaking across the air as they went toward the half-step Saint. The air let out sharp and jarring whistles as if it had been torn apart.

"GO BACK!" the half-step Saint roared as his eyes grew wide. He thought he could knock all the Explosive Meatballs shot out by Foxy with his knife.

The knife light collided with the meatballs, and then an explosion broke out in an instant.

Flames blotted out the whole sky. Black knife lights kept shooting out, cutting at the flames produced by the explosion. The half-step Saint swung his knife so fast that it blurred into a shadow, and he managed to create a vacuum in front of him.

Holding Foxy in his hands, Bu Fang was somewhat surprised. It was the first time he saw someone counter his attack like this.

Foxy had stopped shooting meatballs. Her mouth was opened with wisps of smoke drifting out of it, and she belched.

The half-step Saint was almost crazy. He couldn't stop swinging his black knife. He was already soaking wet, with beads of sweat trickling down his forehead.

BOOM!

Holding the black knife with one hand, the half-step Saint panted heavily and fixed his eyes at Bu Fang.

"Is that all you got?! I admit that you're good for being able to use these tricks with just the strength of the Nine-star True Immortal... However, you are courting death by offending the law enforcement team!" the half-step Saint wiped the sweat on his forehead and said coldly.

"Oh..." Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. He wondered where this guy's confidence came from. The next moment, he gave Foxy's buttock a pat.

The little fox shuddered. Then, her mouth puffed up again, and her eyes widened.

A rain of golden missiles came pouring down, and this time, it was even more powerful!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The half-step Saint's eyes shrank. He lifted his long knife, looked up, and saw golden beams of light falling down like the sun. In just a flash, he was completely engulfed by them...

"AHHH!"

BOOM!

The golden beams of light exploded, turning the whole sky into a sea of fire.

More golden beams of light came crashing down. The ten True Immortals turned and fled in horror. However, before they could fly too far away, they were all riddled by the missiles.

In just a flash, a half-step Saint and ten Nine-star True Immortals were dead.

The sea of fire slowly fell, smashed into the ground, and faded away.

Stepping on Shrimpy's back, Bu Fang held Foxy with one hand, then used the other hand to close her mouth. Smoke drifted out from the gaps between her sharp teeth.

Far off, the Little Saint turned his head abruptly, and his eyes shrank. The calm expression on his face turned ferocious in an instant.

“Damn it! Again?! Another half-step Saint is killed?!”

He was extremely furious.

Who was messing with them?

Did the Nether Prison experts find out about their plan?

BOOM!

A powerful aura spread out of his body.

“Let's enter the array! We need to focus on the Great Judge's plan now!” he said through clenched teeth.

The next moment, a dazzling light bloomed beneath his feet. The array began to spin, and one law enforcer after another stepped into it.

Meanwhile, other arrays could be seen flashing around the floating island, and many experts were stepping into them.

The Qilin Chef Feast had officially started.

In the city filled with sand, many experts also stepped into arrays and were transported into the depths of the Abyss.

...

A gust of wind rolled up the sand and made them swirl across the air.

Bu Fang slowly walked over from a distance. His Vermillion Chef Robe flapped noisily in the wind.

“Where does this array lead to?” Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, then he stepped into the array.

The array’s light rolled up and devoured him instantly, transporting him into the Divine Chef’s remains...

Chapter 1202 The Abyss... Massacre!

The Abyss was shrouded in a mist of blood all year long. Perhaps it was because of its landscape, the place looked eerie. There was a race in the Abyss called the Abyssal Demons. They were a kind of extremely murderous and savage creatures. However, not all natives of the Abyss were Abyssal Demons. In the history of the Abyss, demons were the terrifying existence who ruled the place. They were the kings of the Abyss.

However, that had changed over time.

The Abyssal Demons had gradually disappeared. Some were hunted and killed by Nether Prison experts, and some died of old age in unknown corners of the Abyss.

The creatures in today’s Abyss had some blood of the Abyssal Demon in them, which gave them quite a significant power.

After the Nether Prison invaded the Abyss, the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan had wantonly hunted Abyssal Demons. The main reason was that these demons were a superior-grade food ingredient, and many demons of the Saint Realm were Saint-grade immortal ingredients.

It was worth knowing that it was very difficult for a chef to look for an excellent food ingredient.

It was their misfortune that Abyssal Demons could be used as food. However, due to their slow reproduction, pure-blooded Abyssal Demons had been hunted almost to extinction. The natives in

today's Abyss had human blood in them, so naturally, they couldn't become food. Therefore, it was a rather sad fact that Abyssal Demons had disappeared and only existed in history.

The Abyss was enveloped in darkness. Up above, there was a huge gap, where a huge shaft of light came slanting through. It was the only light source the Abyss had. Without it, the whole place would plunge into total darkness.

The bottom of the Abyss was some tens of thousands of meters below the surface. It would take a Little Saint a long flight to reach, and during the course, one would sense the unique sharp energy coming from the rock walls. The energy was so strong that even a Little Saint could hardly withstand it. Therefore, people usually traveled into the Abyss with transport arrays.

...

At the bottom of the Abyss, the Qilin Chef Feast was in full swing.

It was a rather laidback feast, without Chef's Challenges or battles. The way it was conducted was that different chefs would cook their special dishes and let others taste and comment. It was indeed a bizarre situation.

Ying Ya was a chef. He had stayed in the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan for many years and secretly learned many cooking skills, which allowed him to become a Qilin Chef.

This was a disgrace to the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan. Many Nether Chefs hated him so much and wished they could kill him to rid the shame.

However, his talent was truly formidable. All the genius Nether Chefs who had challenged him had failed miserably. And as a genius of the Shadow Demon Clan, his talent for cultivation was astonishing.

Realm Lord Di Tai was invited to the Qilin Chef Feast, so he also cooked a dish. Unlike the dishes cooked by others, which were surrounded by black Nether energy, his dish was shrouded in immortal energy. However, he looked calm and didn't feel embarrassed at all. He kept a straight face even when others were laughing at him.

He was aware that these Nether Prison chefs were just traitors who walked out from the Immortal Cooking Realm. As the realm lord, he had his own pride. In fact, he was sneering in his mind. This

Qilin Chef Feast was merely a formality to him. The most important thing was the Divine Chef's legacy. As long as he could obtain it, he would give them back a thousand times as much for their derision!

RUMBLE!

Just when the Qilin Chef Feast almost came to its end, a rumble echoed out. A terrible pressure descended and weighed down on everyone's body.

Realm Lord Di Tai felt his whole body tense up, and even his breathing seemed to have become a little difficult.

Ying Ya's face grew serious, while Liu Ya's eyes lit up.

"It's the Abyss's Great Judge..." Ying Ya took a deep breath and said.

At that moment, a figure with a dark look on his face slowly floated out from the depths of the Abyss. It was a man clad in a purple robe, with his hair tied into many tiny braids. He had a pair of pointed ears, which showed that he had the blood of the Abyssal Demon.

The aura emanating from the Great Judge was extremely terrifying. It made the people present feel a burst of depression.

Suddenly, a plume of Nether energy towered into the sky from the Qilin Chef Feast, accompanied by a loud rumble and a vast pressure mingled with a rolling Will of the Great Path. It was from a Great Saint of the Nether Prison.

Many young experts of the Nether Prison had attended this Qilin Chef Feast. To guard against the people of the Abyss, the presence of a Nether Prison Great Saint was a must, lest they kill all the younger generation.

The Great Judge's pressure and the Nether Prison Great Saint's pressure collided in the void, producing ripples that kept sweeping out in all directions and windstorms that blotted out the sky.

Before very long, the collision calmed down. The Great Judge's figure gradually disappeared, and the Nether Prison Great Saint vanished into the void.

The Qilin Chef Feast had reached its climax.

The feast didn't last for too long. After the dishes were finished and the great Nether Chefs exchanged their comments, everybody sat down cross-legged and closed their eyes to rest. They needed to start adjusting their forms so they could get the greatest benefits after entering the Divine Chef's remains.

The remains had attracted not only Nether Chefs but also many geniuses from the other eight clans in the Nether Prison. After all, all Divine Chefs had a Great Saint cultivation base, and the legacy of a Great Saint was always appealing.

After a long silence, the Great Judge appeared once again. This time, the Nether Prison Great Saint didn't show up. The Great Judge was here just to open the remains.

He glanced at the crowd with a pair of red eyes, then ripped a large gap in the void with a thought. Right after that, a powerful suction force came pouring out of the gap.

"The Divine Chef's remains have been opened. Enter now at your own risk." The Great Judge's cold voice rang through the void.

A greedy look crept up upon the faces of the experts who attended the Qilin Chef Feast before they all shot toward the huge gap like missiles.

Ying Ya and Liu Ya also soared into the sky and rushed into the gap excitedly.

Realm Lord Di Tai had a determined look in his eyes. He must obtain the Divine Chef's legacy. He would risk everything for the future of the Immortal Cooking Realm!

BOOM!

Together with Meng Qi, he shot up like a missile and plunged into the gap as well.

Boom...

A loud rumble could be heard in the void as a Great Saint came flying over. He, too, wanted to go into the remains.

The Great Judge's eyes narrowed. Just as the Great Saint was about to step through the gap, he sealed it up.

"Oh?" The Nether Prison Great Saint looked at the Great Judge doubtfully. "Why did you do that?" he asked coldly. His voice boomed in the void.

The Great Judge didn't say anything. Suddenly, a hint of a smile emerged on his dark face. Then, a curved blood-red halberd appeared in his hand.

"Abyssal Demons enjoy delicious food and love to study them. You took us as ingredients, but we also regard you as a kind of delicious food... For Abyssal Demons, there is nothing more delicious than the meat of the Great Saint." The Judge stuck out his red tongue and licked his lips.

The Nether Prison Great Saint's hair stood on end instantly. "How dare you?!"

No sooner had his voice faded than the void blew apart, where an invisible hand reached out, slapping toward him.

The Great Saint felt a shock of cold as if he had been plunged into an ice cellar.

"The City Lord of Abyss City and the Great Judge... Are you trying to revolt?! The Nether Prison will not forgive you..."

BOOM!

He turned around and began fighting the two of them. For a moment, the Abyss turned into a battlefield.

...

The Divine Chef's remains was actually in the Abyss, just that it was in another corner.

As soon as the group of people, including Ying Ya, walked out from the gap, they sensed something amiss.

Liu Ya narrowed his eyes as a grave look crept up his serious face. He glanced around. His gaze seemed to look through everything and saw their essences.

They were in a valley surrounded by mountains. The atmosphere in the valley was extremely oppressive.

Liu Ya felt a little uneasy as he glanced around.

Suddenly, he heard sharp whistles, and when he looked up, he saw countless black spears raining down at them from the distant sky, aiming at all the experts in the valley.

“Incoming attack!”

The people who had just stepped into the remains cried out at the top of their lungs and unleashed their cultivation bases.

However, there was a strange smell lingering in the air within the valley, which took away their strength to muster the energy in them.

Slash!

A black spear fell, pierced a Nine-star True Immortal Realm Nether Chef, and nailed him to the ground. His body withered at a rate visible to the naked eyes as the spear sucked away his soul.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

It was a long-planned massacre. As soon as these Nether Chefs stepped into the valley, they had fallen into the trap, and the slaughter officially started.

A Little Saint coughed blood and roared, his eyes filled with resentment as a spear nailed him to the ground. No matter how he tried, he could not unleash his cultivation base.

Both Ying Ya and Liu Ya were struck dumb. They quickly realized that this was a massacre targeted at them.

“Damn it! How dare the people of the Abyss do this to us?!” Ying Ya gritted his teeth. The smell in the valley drifted over and engulfed him. He felt that the surging Nether energy in him was completely sealed up.

Above him, a glinting black spear fell, whistling down from the sky. It was aimed at his head, and he felt as if he was enveloped in the aura of death.

However, just when the spear was about to pierce him, Liu Ya jumped up into the air from beside him, grabbed the spear with one hand, and negated the terrible force in the weapon with pure muscle strength.

The powerful force pushed him far across the ground.

“Let’s go!”

Liu Ya looked up at Ying Ya. His hand that grabbed the spear was bleeding.

Ying Ya’s eyes focused. Without hesitation, they ran toward the distance.

Naturally, it was impossible to wipe out this whole group of Nether Prison geniuses with just this trick alone. However, they had inhaled the special spice that the Great Judge had made, which could suppress Nether energy. For a short time, they could not use their Nether energy, and during this time, the law enforcers would hunt them down.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

From all around, law enforcers rushed out with long knives in their hands. Soon, the Nether Prison geniuses who had escaped the spears were beheaded by these law enforcers.

...

Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi were somewhat confused. The moment those spears appeared, they thought the people of the Nether Prison were trying to kill them. However, they quickly found that it was not the case.

The spears that blotted out the sky fell indiscriminately, killing one Nether Prison expert after another around them...

That made him and Meng Qi gasp, and as soon as they inhaled, their throats felt uncomfortable, making them cough.

Realm Lord Di Tai held up a hand and saw some faint black powder on his finger. He gave it a whiff, then said shockingly, "This smell... It's the spice made by grinding dried Soul Imprisoning Fruits! It can suppress Nether energy..."

It goes without saying that this was a massacre targeted at the Nether Prison experts. The Divine Chef's remains was actually the prelude to a massacre!

"Is the Abyss going to betray the Nether Prison? Killing these geniuses would offend the Nether Prison openly, and there would be no more room for peace! And once they failed, the whole Abyss would have to suffer under the wrath of the Nether Prison! This is a risky bet!" Realm Lord Di Tai sucked in a cold breath.

Meng Qi's face was unsightly as she glanced around. As someone from the Immortal Cooking Realm, they could still use their immortal energy, so the spears didn't kill them.

However...

"My lord, look around us... I don't think we can escape."

...

Meanwhile, on a mountaintop...

Bu Fang was clad in his Vermillion Chef Robe. A gust of wind blew over and ruffled his hair.

A faint fragrance wafted through the air. He held up a hand and saw some pale gray powder on his fingers.

“A spice?” Bu Fang arched an eyebrow. Then, he looked down and saw a valley, which was shrouded in a deathly blood mist.

‘So they are the target of those teams... It’s a massacre targeted at the Nether Prison geniuses...’

He took a deep breath.

Suddenly, he squinted at the top of the valley. There, he saw four figures in blood-red robes hovering in mid-air. His eyes immediately filled with fierce killing intent.

“The four Judges... I’ve finally found you!”

Chapter 1203 The Killing Begins With You

“The four Judges... I’ve finally found you!” Bu Fang fixed his eyes at the four figures floating over the valley. Powerful energy swirled around them, and their blood-red robes flapped noisily in the wind. Their eyes were full of cold murderous looks as they watched the massacre down below in the valley with a smile.

Suddenly, one of the Judges seemed to have sensed something. He frowned, narrowed his eyes, and turned his gaze to where Bu Fang was.

“Oh?!”

Crackle!

There seemed to be lightning arcs smashing into one another in midair as Bu Fang’s gaze and the Judge’s gaze met.

“What a familiar look...” the Judge murmured.

The other Judges around him turned around and looked curiously at him.

“What is it, Blood Three?” they asked.

“Look over there...” The Judge, Blood Three, pointed a finger at the mountaintop, where Bu Fang was standing just now.

That gave the other Judges a pause, and they all turned toward the direction where he was pointing at. However, they saw nothing but a gust of blood-red wind. Frowning, they turned back to him.

“Has the curse corroded your wits? It shouldn’t be. With your cultivation base, you should be fine after cutting away the arm stained by the curse,” said the other Judge, Blood Two.

“It was that young man... He’s here,” Blood Three took a deep breath and said.

That young man?

The other three Judges were taken aback. Then, in their minds, they saw the pair of eyes that had been swallowed up by the turbulence again, and their hairs stood on end.

“Impossible... That young man had fallen into the turbulence, which could severely wound even a Little Saint. The tearing force is extremely powerful.”

“Yes. Besides, void turbulence cannot be found in the remains.”

“Your eyes have deceived you... Let’s just focus on killing these Nether Prison geniuses.”

The three of them had the same views.

Blood Three turned around doubtfully. He believed that his eyes didn’t deceive him.

That young man must have come to the remains as well.

...

Meng Qi thought they were going to die here. Her earlier opinion had been right—this so-called Divine Chef's remains was just a huge trap. Now that they were in the said trap, death kept on visiting them. First, it was the attacks of those Nether Prison experts, now this. She shivered at the thought of what would come next.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

One law enforcer after another rushed over from all directions. They all wore masks on their faces, which covered their noses and mouths. Although the Soul Imprisoning Fruits didn't affect them, they were still very cautious. They couldn't afford any mistakes.

Every single Nether Prison genius who stepped into the remains must die today!

Slash!

A law enforcer pulled a black spear from the body of a Nether Prison genius, whose soul had been sucked away. After that, he rushed toward another fleeing Nether Prison expert, thrust the spear, and nailed the poor fellow's head to the ground. The expert struggled, but very soon, all his blood and even his soul was drained by the spear.

Ying Ya and Liu Ya ran frantically to escape from the valley. The air was filled with the smell of a unique spice. The aroma made them cover their noses and mouths.

In the Nether Chef Clan, there was a branch known for making spices. Ying Ya studied their spices before, so he knew a way to overcome this spice's effect.

With their cultivation bases, they could hold their breaths for a short time. However, the spices that they had inhaled earlier were still circulating in their bodies, and it would be a little difficult to get rid of them.

Ying Ya produced a wine gourd, clenched his jaws, and poured the wine into his mouth without hesitation. A stream of red liquid flowed into his mouth like fire. The next moment, his eyes seemed to burst into flames.

After drinking the wine, he felt the shackles that had bound his body broken, and he threw the gourd to his brother. “Liu Ya, catch!”

Liu Ya took the gourd and gulped down a mouthful of wine.

A rich aroma of wine permeated the air. The liquor was like an elixir that helped them unlock the shackles. In an instant, their bodies burst into blood-colored light, and their cultivation bases, which were sealed up by the spice, immediately restored.

“Attack!”

Liu Ya had been holding back his anger for a long time. Although he didn’t know how to cook, he was a peerless genius from the Shadow Demon Clan. He was not even twenty years old, but he was already a One-revolution Little Saint, and with his strength, he could even fight a Two-revolution Little Saint!

Just now, as soon as they stepped into the remains, they were ambushed and nearly killed by the enemies. It was a shame for him, and he wanted to wash away that shame.

With a thought, a large knife fell into his hand. It seemed to be wriggling, and soon, many eyes flicked open across the blade.

Buzz...

Shafts of light shot out of the knife as Liu Ya’s aura kept rising.

“Die!”

He thrust the knife, filling the air with a thousand knife lights, and in the blink of an eye, he cut a law enforcer who was rushing at him into half.

“You are merely a bunch of ants... How dare you attack me?!” Blood spilled and sprayed onto Liu Ya’s body. There was a grave look on his face. Then, gripping the knife, he rushed at the enemies.

At the same time, many Nether Prison geniuses around them had found ways to get rid of the shackles and unleashed their cultivation bases. For a moment, plumes of Nether energy filled the air as these geniuses spread out to kill the law enforcers.

Ying Ya put away the wine gourd. His eyes flashed with a strange, cold gleam. The near-death experience had made him realize that he was too... careless. He had always been a cautious man, but this time, he had made an inexcusable mistake.

Pak.

He slapped himself in the face, and a palm-mark quickly appeared on his fair skin. The next moment, he produced a slim, long sword. It was a weapon given to him by the Great Saint of the Shadow Demon Clan, extremely sharp and could cut through anything.

“Anyone who betrays the Nether Prison will be mercilessly killed!” Ying Ya cried out.

As soon as his voice rang out, he swung the sword and cut it through the body of a law enforcer, who was also a half-step Saint. Blood spilled as a black line emerged on the law enforcer’s body before it separated into two pieces and fell feebly to the ground.

Up above in the sky, the eyes of the four Judges turned cold.

“The waves have washed away the useless things. Those who survived the first wave of attacks are the true geniuses of the Nether Prison. They are the Nether Prison’s future, and we have to kill them before they grow up! A pity that the Divine Chef’s remains didn’t attract more geniuses. Otherwise, killing all Nether Prison geniuses at one stroke would surely be an absolute delight,” said Blood Three, licking his lips.

The next moment, he threw himself at Ying Ya. He had chosen the latter as his first target.

“Die!”

Ying Ya’s cultivation base was very strong. He was a One-revolution Little Saint, and it was the result of him cultivating his cooking skills at the same time.

Boom!

The group exploded. Ying Ya managed to withstand the palm that Blood Three threw at him, but he felt his body was about to be blown apart. Without question, he was attacked by a Judge who was a Two-revolution Little Saint.

Of the four Judges of the Abyss City, two were Two-revolution Little Saints, one was a Three-revolution Little Saint, and the last was a Four-revolution Little Saint. Ying Ya was no match for any of them. The gap between a One-revolution Little Saint and a Two-revolution Little Saint was too huge!

Boom!

Ying Ya was knocked tumbling backward. He quickly stabbed the long sword in his hand into the ground and regained balance. As he spat some blood out from his mouth, his eyes grew ferocious.

‘The Abyss should have been destroyed long ago. It has become a disaster...’

Suddenly, a huge sword came slashing down. It was Liu Ya, and he stood in front of Ying Ya to block any further attack.

After that, they fought together and managed to withstand Blood Three’s attacks.

Liu Ya was a genius of the Shadow Demon Clan. His formidable strength allowed him to fight a Two-revolution Little Saint. Together with Ying Ya, they made a strong team.

The moment Blood Three struck, the other Judges jumped in and joined the battle as well. They shot out like missiles toward the bottom of the valley.

BOOM! BOOM!

For the Nether Prison geniuses, the four Judges were a nightmare. Among them, there were many One-revolution Little Saints, but none of them was a Two-revolution Little Saint.

In the face of the four Judges, they were the fishes on the chopping board waiting to be slaughtered.

Slash! Slash! Slash...

Heads rolled and blood spilled as one Nether Prison genius after another was killed.

...

Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi kept their heads low as they searched for ways to leave the valley. They tried their best to avoid attracting the attention of law enforcers. However, they soon realized that it was useless.

Suddenly, their hairs stood on end. Realm Lord Di Tai's golden suit of armor emerged and blocked the attack from a law enforcer. A battle broke out instantly.

The realm lord knew that he couldn't waste too much time on a battle, so he produced an Explosive Meatball, bit it, and threw it at the law enforcer's face.

Boom!

The meatball exploded and blew the law enforcer's head apart.

"The explosion... It's you!"

Realm Lord Di Tai was struck dumb, because after he threw out the Explosive Meatball, he saw a Little Saint immediately turn around and fly frantically toward him. 'Have I offended this Little Saint before? Why can't I remember?'

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Without hesitation, he bit another Explosive Meatball and threw it at the Little Saint.

The Little Saint dodged the meatball and grew even angrier. The explosion of the second meatball further strengthened his belief that Realm Lord Di Tai was the guy who had killed two half-step Saints and a dozen Nine-star True Immortals in his team.

“DIE!!!”

The battle became more and more violent.

...

Blood Three was clad in a blood-colored robe. His broken arm had already grown out. With his cultivation base of Two-revolution Little Saint, he was able to suppress both Ying Ya and Liu Ya.

There was a look of contempt in his eyes. He knew Ying Ya. This young man was a famous genius in the Nether Prison. He knew it must be a pleasant feeling to kill a genius like this.

Ying Ya panted heavily. He was under too much pressure from a Two-revolution Little Saint. If Liu Ya hadn't helped him, he would have been killed.

BOOM!

However, he believed that as long as he and his brother joined hands, they could fight even a Two-revolution Little Saint.

“The game is over... Let's end this quickly,” Blood Three said with a faint smile.

The next moment, a blood-color sickle appeared in his hand, and he swung it toward the two young geniuses.

An explosion rang out and filled the air.

All of a sudden, Blood Three, who was full of confidence, felt a chill. He looked back over his shoulder and saw... a young man, who was clad in a red chef robe and stepping on a golden stream of light, approach from behind him.

Even as he sensed the young man's aura, the latter threw seven meatballs at him. Like seven suns, the meatballs exploded right in front of his eyes.

Blood Three's eyes shrank. Through the dazzling light, he saw the young man's eyes... They were so familiar and... frightening!

'That young man... is still alive!'

Staring expressionlessly at the Judge, Bu Fang flicked his finger. A rainbow-colored dumpling immediately shot forward along the seven Explosive Meatballs' path.

"The killing begins with you."

Chapter 1204 I Have Set Myself a Small Goal

Bu Fang appeared behind Blood Three with a straight face. The Judge's eyebrows furrowed. The familiar look in Bu Fang's eyes made him explode with killing intent.

This was the young man who brought the Cursed Goddess away. He had suspected that the turbulence didn't kill them, but he never expected to see this young man here.

"Since you are here, you may as well die together with the rest!" Blood Three said coldly.

His cultivation base of Two-revolution Little Saint exploded out in an instant.

'This young man is related to the Cursed Goddess... We may be able to find her through him...' Blood Three thought.

The four Judges had offended the Cursed Goddess by wounding her, and it was not a good feeling to be remembered by a Cursed Goddess.

Blood Three's eyes burst into bright light as he swung his blood-colored sickle at Bu Fang. He had decided to switch his target from Ying Ya and Liu Ya to Bu Fang.

Far off, Ying Ya and Liu Ya landed on the ground, frowning. They couldn't figure out why the Judge suddenly gave up attacking them and turned to deal with a strange young man.

That young man... seemed to have come from the Immortal Cooking Realm. They were astonished at the immortal energy exuding from him.

Did the Immortal Cooking Realm still have this kind of existence that could be hated by the Abyss Judges?

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged as he looked indifferently at the Judge. "I've set myself a small goal..." he said in a calm voice.

Blood Three's eyes shrank, and he sneered, "A small goal of courting death?" There was a look of contempt in his eyes. Without the Cursed Goddess, this young man was merely an ant. He could kill a Nine-star True Immortal with just a finger.

Bu Fang still kept a straight face as he said, "My small goal is... to kill the four Judges."

Even as he said that, seven Explosive Meatballs shot out like seven suns, ripping through the air at top speed as they went straight at Blood Three.

"A useless trick," the Judge said while raising his blood-colored sickle and placed it over his shoulder.

In the distance, Ying Ya's eyes shrank. "What are those? Meatballs?" He was baffled. He couldn't believe that this young man from the Immortal Cooking Realm was fighting with meatballs. "Can meatballs be used to fight an enemy?"

"The energy in those meatballs is very strong..." said Liu Ya with a somewhat serious expression. His perception was keen, and he could sense a strong energy fluctuation in those meatballs.

"They are not weak, but they are useless. To fight a Two-revolution Little Saint with the strength of the Nine-star True Immortal is like... an ant trying to shake a great tree," said Ying Ya.

The gap between their strength was too enormous. In fact, even the gap between the different levels of the Little Saint realm was as large as a natural chasm.

The look in Bu Fang's eyes remained the same. His Vermilion Chef Robe began to burn as if it was on fire, and suddenly, he was rushing toward the Judge.

The seven meatballs glowed blindingly like the sun and began to spin, forming a rotating circle.

Bu Fang's mind flickered as his figure approached them, chasing behind the Explosive Meatballs.

Blood Three widened his eyes, and a vast plume of energy burst out of his body, which seemed to envelop the whole sky. Then, he brought the blood-colored sickle down from his shoulder and hacked it at the incoming meatballs.

A strong gust of wind came blowing over, making Bu Fang's Vermillion Chef Robe flap violently. The power of seven Explosive Meatballs was very strong, but he didn't think they could kill the Judge. What he was really after was...

When the dust and smoke faded, Bu Fang rushed out from the flames and appeared in front of Blood Three.

"Oh?"

That gave not only the Judge a pause, but also took Ying Ya and Liu Ya slightly aback, who were quietly watching the battle from a distance. However, the brothers soon shook their heads at the same time.

"I thought this young man has some unique ability, but it seems he's just a simpleminded guy with some courage..." Ying Ya sighed.

It appeared to them that Bu Fang, a Nine-star True Immortal, was about to engage the Judge in a grapple. However, unless he was an expert who specialized in the cultivation of the fleshly body, he couldn't even break through the pure physical defense of a Little Saint.

Since Ying Ya and Liu Ya knew about this, Blood Three naturally knew about it as well.

"You're digging your own grave." Even as Blood Three said that, his face grew fierce, and his sickle began to spin rapidly around him. Suddenly, the sharp weapon burst into a bright light and slashed out toward Bu Fang's head.

As he watched the sickle approach the target, Blood Three seemed to be able to picture Bu Fang being cut in half with his sickle. However, he soon noticed something unusual. This young man was too calm, so much so that it gave him a bad feeling.

A rainbow-colored dumpling appeared in Bu Fang's hand. It floated over his palm before he held it up and flung it at Blood Three. In the blink of an eye, the Divine Seal Dumpling was cut in half by the blood-colored sickle and exploded into dazzling white light, accompanied by an invisible force.

Buzz...

A sense of alarm rose in Blood Three's mind. The next moment, he was horrified to find that he couldn't move his body. It was as if he was tangled by many invisible chains.

'What's going on?!' A shocked look emerged in his eyes. He couldn't believe that this young man had the means to restrain him.

The moment the dumpling exploded, Bu Fang's eyes turned fierce. He had only the space of three breaths to act. The Divine Seal Dumpling could only restrain a Little Saint for two to three breaths, so with this Judge's cultivation, the duration should be less than three breaths. Therefore, he had to give him a deadly blow within this short time!

Pak!

Bu Fang slapped away the sickle, dashed forward with a cold look in his eyes, and punched Blood Three in the head.

Blood Three's eyes shrank. He felt a stab of pain and coughed out some blood.

Then, Bu Fang touched his belt and produced the White Tiger Heaven Stove. The stove came crashing down onto Blood Three, making him feel as if his body was about to explode. After that, a scorching fire burst out of the stove and began to burn.

Trapped under the stove, Blood Three felt he was about to be ripped apart by the extreme heat and horrible tearing force. Suddenly, his blood-color robe broke into pieces.

Three breaths passed in just a flash.

A miserable shriek rang out from the White Tiger Heaven Stove. Bu Fang sighed regretfully. He was surprised that the stove, which was known for its lethality, had not ripped this Judge into pieces. He knew it was because his cultivation base was too weak. However, he wasn't disappointed. The stove did seriously injure the Judge. The dumpling had imprisoned him and significantly weakened his defense.

Boom!

The White Tiger Heaven Stove was knocked flying away, then Blood Three flew out from where he was trapped. His body boiled with terrible energy as he roared furiously, "I'm going to kill you!"

He was a Two-revolution Little Saint, and yet he was nearly smashed to death with a stove by a young Nine-star True Immortal! It was a disgrace!

Far off, Ying Ya and Liu Ya were astounded. Even though both of them were geniuses of the Shadow Demon Clan who had seen the world, they had never seen anything like this before. A young Nine-star True Immortal nearly killed a Two-revolution Little Saint!

"What a pity... He almost did it. Otherwise, he would have created a miracle..." Liu Ya's straight face grew serious.

"Three breaths... That young man had used some tricks to paralyze the Judge for three breaths. It had given him the opportunity to almost kill the Judge!" Ying Ya's eyes flickered as he pointed out the key.

It happened so fast that they didn't see Bu Fang throwing the dumpling, but they were still impressed by his trick to imprison a Little Saint for three breaths.

Boom!

Bu Fang fell from the air and smashed into the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Blood Three kept roaring in the air, attracting the attention of many, including the other three Judges. Frowning, they turned and glanced over, and when they saw Blood Three's miserable look, they couldn't help but gasp.

“What happened to Blood Three?!”

“You’re dead!” A furious roar rang out like a thunderclap. With monstrous killing intent in his eyes, Blood Three charged toward Bu Fang at top speed, raised his blood-colored sickle over his head, and slashed it down with all his might.

The wind blew away the cloud of dust, revealing Bu Fang. He was standing in a pit with a straight face. His Vermilion Chef Robe had turned fiery scarlet, and the flaming wings on his back had spread and were waving gracefully. At the same time, a silver ray flashed in his hand.

Blood Three descended from the air. As he approached, a trench seemed to have been cut into the ground, while his killing intent seemed to have boiled to the extreme.

“That young man is dead...” Both Ying Ya and Liu Ya gasped. In the face of a Two-revolution Little Saint who had flown into a rage, a True Immortal would be destroyed in an instant.

The furious Blood Three had attracted the attention of many people around them, and many law enforcers quickly moved away from them in horror.

A blood-colored beam of light descended from the sky.

Boom!

With a rumble, the ground exploded!

Was it over?

Their eyes shrank as they gasped. They knew even common Little Saints would not be able to resist such an attack. That young man should be dead.

A faint whistle could be heard from the sky. Before long, Blood Three’s vague figure fell down and smashed into the ground with a loud thud.

Just when everyone thought that it was over, they sensed something, and soon, a look of disbelief crept up on every face.

There was an energy lotus gradually blooming in the center of the explosion.

The next moment, a deafening explosion rang out, and powerful blasts swept out in all directions, while a huge mushroom cloud rose into the sky. The crowd could vaguely see a blood-colored figure on top of the cloud...

RUMBLE!!!

Energy ripples kept spreading out, stirring up violent waves that swept across the whole world. At this moment, the whole valley fell into complete silence.

Everyone stopped fighting and sucked in a cold breath. Even Realm Lord Di Tai and Meng Qi turned around and stared with their mouths wide open, recognizing the familiar energy fluctuation, the familiar explosion, and the familiar energy...

“It’s Bu Fang!” Realm Lord Di Tai took a deep breath and exclaimed. A look of joy emerged on his face as he felt relief.

The Little Saint, who was fighting the realm lord, also widened his eyes. He glanced doubtfully at the explosion in the distance, then glanced at Realm Lord Di Tai again. A look of doubt crept up his face. He found that the energy of the explosion in the distance was quite... familiar as well.

As if he could sense the Little Saint’s doubt, Realm Lord Di Tai smiled wryly. ‘Sure enough... He had mistaken me for someone else...’

The lotus energy continued to spread. With towering blood-colored energy exploding out of their bodies, the three Judges quickly descended, lifted their palms, and blocked the explosive mushroom cloud.

RUMBLE!

The whole ground was leveled. The terrifying explosion seemed to have turned the top layer of earth upside down. For a long time, there were only plumes of dust and smoke rising from everywhere.

A faint whistle could be heard from the sky. Before long, Blood Three's vague figure fell down and smashed into the ground with a loud thud.

The three Judges' eyes shrank, while the others gasped.

A gust of strong wind blew over and scattered the thick smoke that obscured the center of the explosion, revealing the scene within.

Blood Three, covered in blood, was lying on the ground, barely breathing. Beside him stood a tall and slim figure, who had a huge white stove hovering over one palm.

Bu Fang looked up at the three Judges. A faint smile brushed his lips as he exhaled softly and said, "This is the first one..."

Chapter 1205 The Divine Will Forms, The Inheritance Opens

What?! All eyes shrank as they focused on the young man through the smoke and dust.

The White Tiger Heaven Stove smashed down with a crisp sound, and the ground seemed to be deeply sunken. Right after that, a fire broke out. Pale white flames spread, caught Blood Three's body, and engulfed him in an instant. The air rang with a crackling sound.

Soon, under everyone's incredulous gaze, the Judge's body slowly melted into energy and flowed into the white stove.

It was a shocking sight to behold!

In the distance, Ying Ya and Liu Ya stared with their mouths hanging open, utterly shocked at what they had just witnessed. They never expected that the situation would change so dramatically in such a short time.

The Judge was killed? He was dead? A Two-revolution Little Saint was killed by a young Nine-star True Immortal?

“How did he do it?!” Ying Ya took a deep breath.

“I thought I saw a Dried Pot in the explosion just now...” Liu Ya said with a straight face.

A Dried Pot?

“Meatballs, dumplings, dried pot...” The corner of Ying Ya’s mouth twitched. He didn’t know what to say. Could food be used as weapons? This was completely beyond his understanding of food.

...

Bu Fang panted softly. He was a little tired after using several Explosive Meatballs, a Divine Seal Dumpling, and a Perishing Pot continuously. He could even feel a prickling sensation in his mental force.

Stares were being thrown at him like sharp needles from the distance. They came from the remaining three Judges, who couldn’t believe that one of their companions was killed by a young man.

When they finally came to their senses, they bristled and roared, their voices filled with monstrous killing intent and anger.

BOOM!

In the blink of an eye, they threw themselves at Bu Fang. They wanted to kill him right here and right now!

Bu Fang watched with a faint smile as the three Judges charged toward him. Then, he put away the White Tiger Heaven Stove and stepped into the Heaven and Earth Farmland, disappearing from this world.

Rumble!

The next moment, the three Judges arrived, swung their sickles, and hacked three deep trenches in the ground... But they were too late. Bu Fang had already disappeared, leaving only the scorching heat in the air and Blood Three's unwilling aura.

"Damn it!" As the leader of the four Judges, Blood One's eyes burst with towering killing intent. "Where is he? He killed Blood Three! No matter where he's hiding, I'll find him and cut him into a thousand pieces!" He was so angry that he kept hacking the ground with his sickle.

The faces of Blood Two and Blood Four were sad as well. They looked at Blood One for a long time before whispering to him, "Let's finish the task the Great Judge gave us first..."

Only then did Blood One put away his sadness and fixed his eyes at the Nether Prison geniuses around them.

There were not many geniuses still alive after the earlier massacre, though they all had recovered their cultivation bases. Upon sensing the three Judges' gazes, these geniuses felt chills run down their backs.

Even then, Ying Ya and Liu Ya crushed the black jade talismans in their hands without hesitation. A black stream of light wrapped them up instantly and brought them into the distance.

"Don't let them escape!" Blood One's cold voice echoed through the air, waking those law enforcers from their shock.

Cries and shouts filled the valley in an instant.

Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi had already fled. They took the opportunity when everyone was stunned by Bu Fang's tricks to escape from the valley. They had long been numb to the fact that Bu Fang could fight those who were higher levels than him. After all, he had killed many Little Saints with his Perishing Pots.

After fleeing the valley, the Nether Prison geniuses turned into beams of light and flew away in all directions. However, those who managed to escape were just a small number.

With a mist of blood lingering in the air, the valley had turned into a graveyard of many Nether Prison geniuses.

After a long time, the valley fell into silence.

Three Judges floated in midair as one law enforcer after another flew in front of them.

“Among those who escaped, three are Nether Prison geniuses and two are from the Immortal Cooking Realm...” a law enforcer said respectfully, who was also a Little Saint.

“Find the three and kill them...”

The Judges all looked indifferent, but their eyes were filled with killing intent. If that young man hadn’t killed Blood Three, all these geniuses would have died. At the thought of that, they could hardly contain their rage. They wished they could tear that young man into pieces here and now.

Now that three Nether Prison geniuses had escaped, it meant that they had not completed the task the Great Judge gave them. As his loyal subordinates, they couldn’t allow this to happen. Besides, the Divine Chef’s inheritance was about to open. By that time, the whole remains would boil like a kettle. They had to find the three geniuses before the inheritance opened, or else those geniuses would be enveloped by the inheritance. Once that happens, it would be extremely difficult to kill them.

...

Bu Fang returned to the Heaven and Earth Farmland. His face was pale, almost bloodless, and he felt needles in his head.

The grass rustled as the wind blew at them.

He came under the swaying Nine Revolution Great Path Tea tree and sat cross-legged down.

In front of the wooden hut, Niu Hansan was taken aback when he saw Bu Fang’s face, but when he saw him sitting cross-legged under the tea tree, he didn’t go over to ask what happened. He thought it was better to talk to him after he had recovered.

Nethery was lying on the couch in front of the wooden hut. She looked much better now. The dish Bu Fang cooked with the crystal fruit of life and Crystal Source Purple Essence contained rich life energy, so it had suppressed the curse in her and nourished her body, which was in a weakened state after the curse exploded.

Bu Fang closed his eyes and calmed himself down. His mental force swirled in his mind, and he seemed to have entered a mysterious state.

He was sitting under the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea tree, which was planted beneath the huge Immortal Tree. The three of them seemed to have formed a strange combination as a peculiar fluctuation gradually spread from them.

Soon, the Immortal Tree swayed, sprinkling motes of light that seemed to seep into Bu Fang's body, while the flowers on the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea tree bloomed, filling the air with a refreshing aroma.

Bu Fang's face was solemn, and he looked as if he was bathed in divine light. At the same time, the air rang with a faint sound of someone chanting.

Boom!

All of a sudden, a huge energy vortex appeared above Bu Fang's head, spinning rapidly. Then, the whole farmland seemed to shine dazzlingly. Shafts of colorful light filled the sky as the cries and roars of a dragon, a bird, a tiger, and a turtle echoed through the world.

Bu Fang's mental force spun in his mind, and his spirit sea boiled. His divine perception spread out of him and seemed to have gone through a qualitative change. Earlier, it was dried up, but suddenly, it seemed to gain a new life and began to grow stronger and stronger. It kept filling his spirit sea with mental force.

Rumble!

A vague figure appeared over the boiling spirit sea. As soon as it appeared, it seemed to suppress heaven and earth. Very quickly, it turned into Bu Fang's avatar, which was condensed entirely of his mental force.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and breathed a puff of turbid energy. At this moment, his divine perception had finally evolved into divine will.

Of course, Niu Hansan didn't care about this. What he loved was the peaceful atmosphere of the Heaven and Earth Farmland, which he enjoyed so much.

In the green grass, Eighty cocked its head and watched the phenomenon curiously, while the Eight Treasures Pig widened its eyes. All the creatures in the farmland looked on curiously.

It was a long time before the strange phenomenon disappeared. Bu Fang finally recovered his form, and he could be said to be even stronger than before. Although his true energy cultivation didn't increase, his mental force cultivation had reached a very formidable level. The moment his divine will was formed, it meant that his mental force had stepped into the Little Saint realm, reaching the level of Two-revolution Little Saint.

Bu Fang came to the wooden hut, his hands clasped behind his back. With the help of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea tree and the Immortal Tree, his mental force recovery was even faster.

Niu Hansan gave him a smile.

Right in front of the wooden hut, Bu Fang cooked another steaming dish, the Spicy Blood Lobster. It was one of Nethery's favorite dishes. However, he added a crystal fruit of life and Crystal Source Purple Essence this time.

He removed the shells, placed the lobster meat on a plate, and fed it to Nethery. When she had finished everything, her face looked even healthier. Through his powerful divine will, Bu Fang could sense that her mental force had begun to recover. She would soon be able to wake up.

After that, Bu Fang and Niu Hansan sat in front of the wooden hut with a plate of blood lobsters placed in front of them. While chatting, they removed the shells and enjoyed the lobster meat.

After finishing the dish, Bu Fang felt his strength had fully recovered, so he rose to his feet and prepared to leave the farmland.

It was very exciting to kill a Two-revolution Little Saint, more so when the enemy had run away as soon as he did that. However, it also consumed a lot of energy, especially when it was done in an unexpected way.

He knew it would be more and more difficult to kill the remaining three Judges. However, the more difficult it was, the more challenging it would be, and he loved challenges.

After bidding farewell to Niu Hansan, Bu Fang left the farmland and returned to the valley.

At the moment, the whole valley was in silence, with only bodies lying on the ground. He saw the bodies of Nether Prison geniuses, as well as law enforcers. Everyone else should have left. He reckoned that he should have spent a long time in the farmland. After making some rough calculations, he found that nearly a day had passed.

His divine will flickered and spread through the whole valley in a flash.

In the distance, a pillar of light thrust into the sky, glowing blindingly. He turned his gaze in that direction with a look of surprise in his eyes.

“The Divine Chef’s inheritance is open?!”

Bu Fang took a deep breath. One of the system’s temporary tasks was for him to enter the Divine Chef’s inheritance and obtain the Dark Qilin Bone. If he could complete the task, he would be rewarded with twenty percent of true energy. It was an excellent reward even for him. Therefore, he had decided to try his luck.

Suddenly, his expression changed drastically.

An oppressive aura exploded out in the distance, streaked across the sky like a missile, and smashed into the ground in front of him.

Rumble!

A plume of formidable energy towered into the sky as a Judge in a blood-colored robe slowly looked up, fixing his eyes at Bu Fang with monstrous killing intent.

“So you finally came out of your turtle hole...”

Chapter 1206 The Divine Chef's Inheritance, The Stairway of Culinary Arts!

"So, you finally came out of your turtle hole..." A voice filled with monstrous killing intent echoed through the air. Far off, a Judge in a blood-colored robe fixed his cold eyes at Bu Fang.

"When I sensed a series of spatial fluctuations yesterday, I suspected that you might have hidden into a space created with some tricks... However, you have no partner, so it is very likely to be your own divine tool. This kind of divine tool has a unique characteristic, and that is, you will come out from the exact spot where you've entered..." the Judge said in a faint voice. "That's why I decided to wait here because I know you will show up sooner or later..."

When he had finished speaking, the ground under his feet exploded, and his body turned into a blood-colored shadow as he flew toward Bu Fang at top speed. He was boiling with terrible killing intent, and he couldn't wait to kill Bu Fang.

The powerful pressure exuding from the Judge hit Bu Fang in the face and made his Vermilion Chef Robe flap noisily. However, he was very calm, and he just watched with a straight face. The next moment, a fierce and frightening storm broke out in his spirit sea.

Rumble!

After his divine perception upgraded to divine will, Bu Fang found that it was a little difficult to use. He realized that he needed more practice, but without question, it was extremely strong.

With him in the center, golden ripples spread and swept out in all directions.

Suddenly, the Judge's eyes shrank as Bu Fang's divine will smashed him hard in the spirit sea like a great hammer, which left him momentarily dazed. The daze didn't last for even half a breath, but it was a daze nonetheless. Taking this opportunity, Bu Fang soared into the sky, stepped onto Shrimpy's back, and sped into the distance. In just a flash, he had turned into a golden stream of light and disappeared into the horizon.

The Judge's body shook and burst into a blood-colored light, while his eyes shone with a crimson gleam. The next instant, the daze disappeared.

'A mental attack technique?!' He thought he had finally figured out why Blood Three was killed by Bu Fang, who was merely a Nine-star True Immortal. 'I understand now... It turns out that this boy used a mental attack technique to stun Blood Three before killing him!'

“What a despicable fellow! You can’t run away from me!”

Boom!

The whole valley seemed to explode as he pushed his feet into the ground and catapulted himself in Bu Fang’s direction like a missile.

The Little Saint mustered all his speed and streaked across the sky like a meteor, chasing in a straight line behind Bu Fang. However, Shrimpy was fast as well. Its body swayed as it carried Bu Fang across the sky in a flash. The distance between them didn’t shorten or lengthen.

As they flew across the sky at high speed, one in front and one behind, the Judge soon noticed that Bu Fang seemed to be heading toward the pillar of light, which was the Divine Chef’s inheritance. “Oh? You want to go to the Divine Chef’s land of inheritance? You’re dreaming! I’ll kill you before you even reach there!”

With a roar, a blood-colored stream of light shot toward Bu Fang’s direction as if it wanted to kill him here and now!

Bu Fang, standing on Shrimpy’s back with his hands clasped behind his back, seemed to sense the blood-colored strike in the distance. His face grew slightly serious as he said, “Shrimpy, let’s go down there.”

As if it understood what Bu Fang said, Shrimpy squeaked. The next moment, it fell straight down toward the ground like a missile.

The Judge’s eyes shrank, and he sneered. “A trifling trick!” His robe flapped noisily as he followed them, turning toward the ground as well.

A blood-colored ray and a golden one began a chasing game in the void.

The ground was full of huge, jagged, and strange-looking stone pillars, and the two rays shuttled between them.

Bu Fang spread out his divine will to learn about the landscape in advance. He brought Shrimpy among the stones at high speed, thinking he could always avoid the jagged stone pillars. Gradually, he managed to lengthen the distance between him and the Judge.

At such high speed, even the Judge could not guarantee to quickly avoid the stones. In the end, the furious Judge decided not to avoid them, smashing through everything instead as he flew straight in Bu Fang's direction. However, that had reduced his speed.

As time went by, Bu Fang was getting closer and closer to the land of inheritance!

...

The opening of the Divine Chef's inheritance naturally attracted a lot of attention. The Nether Prison experts, Realm Lord Di Tai, and the others all showed up and headed for it. At the same time, the law enforcement team and the Judges also moved, hunting down the remaining Nether Prison geniuses.

Around the pillar of light, figures flew at high speed toward its center, and one of them was Bu Fang, riding on Shrimpy's back. His hair waved messily in the wind, and the look on his face remained unchanged.

Far off, the golden pillar of light grew larger and larger, looking like an enormous spear of light that thrust into the sky. Bu Fang's eyes gleamed when he saw energy within it and sensed a strong Heart of Cooking Path, which belonged to the Divine Chef. It was extremely formidable, so much so that the Heart of Cooking Path inside Bu Fang didn't dare to move at all.

The pressure that a Divine Chef could bring was simply shocking. Not only Bu Fang, but all the Qilin Chefs heading for the land of inheritance could sense it, and that made their expressions change. They were terrified, but at the same time, their hearts were filled with excitement.

If they could obtain the Divine Chef's legacy, they, too, could unleash this kind of aura in the near future and condense a Heart of Cooking Path that was as shocking as this!

Ying Ya and Liu Ya sped through the air at a low altitude. They had the same idea as Bu Fang, and that was shaking off the pursuers behind them with the jagged stone pillars on the ground.

Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi were very lucky. They had not been pursued by any law enforcers, but they still kept their guard up. Their target was the pillar of light, the land of inheritance.

Suddenly, an oppressive aura exploded above their heads, accompanied by sonic booms. That took both of them aback. They looked up and saw a beam of golden light flew low over them.

“En? It’s that boy, Bu Fang, again...” Realm Lord Di Tai sucked in a cold breath. He had learned about what the boy did: Bu Fang had killed a Judge, who was a Two-revolution Little Saint.

Boom!

A moment later, another violent aura exploded as a blood-colored figure flew over them, chasing behind the first one. The oppressive aura exuding from this one terrified even the realm lord and Meng Qi.

‘He’s one of the Judges... Did Bu Fang boy provoke another Judge?!’

A rumbling sound could be heard as the blood-colored figure kept smashing through jagged stone pillars, while the golden ray moved agilely between them.

Ying Ya and Liu Ya sped across the air, heading for the light pillar. Suddenly, they felt a gust of chilly wind blow across them, which filled their hearts with an oppressive feeling.

“It’s that young man again!” Liu Ya lowered his voice and told Ying Ya.

With a swoosh, the golden ray approached them at high speed.

“Stop them for me!” the Judge roared.

Immediately, the ground exploded, and a blood-colored figure shot into the air. Another Judge tried to intercept Bu Fang and Shrimpy, bellowing, “Stop it right there!”

He raised a hand, and in the next instant, the shadow of a blood-colored sickle appeared. It was so large that it seemed to blot out the sky as it slashed down at Bu Fang.

With a calm look on his face, Bu Fang gathered his divine will and unleashed it.

Rumble!

The sickle that came slashing down from the air paused for a brief moment, or to be precise, half a breath. The Judge who made the attack was stunned. The span of half a breath was long when they were flying at such high speed.

Sure enough, the golden ray sped past and avoided the Judge's sickle. After that, only the attack that seemed capable of hacking the world apart came crashing down, cutting a massive trench in the ground.

"Damn it! Don't let him escape!"

The two Judges exploded with speed as they chased even harder. Now, the golden ray was followed by two blood-colored rays, and their speed was getting faster and faster, almost catching up with the golden ray.

Bu Fang couldn't help but furrow his eyebrows. Below him, Shrimpy squeaked, as if it felt itself being provoked. Right after that, it increased its speed further. Their figures tore through the sky, turning into a golden streak and smashing into the golden pillar of light in the next instant.

Boom!

An oppressive rumble rang out, and the two blood-colored figures came to an abrupt stop. Their muscles were twitching as they floated in front of the golden pillar of light with narrowed eyes.

"Should we continue chasing him?" asked one of the Judges as they exchange a glance, frowning.

"He had killed Old Third. We can't let him go just like this..."

After a brief conversation, both Judges plunged into the light pillar without hesitation.

BOOM! BOOM!

On the ground, explosions kept ringing out. Liu Ya stopped before the golden light pillar with a large knife in his hand. “Brother, you go in. I’ll hold off these fellows...” he said expressionlessly. “If I die, avenge me.”

He, like Bu Fang, always kept a straight face. Even though he was talking about his own death, he still remained so calm.

“If you die, I’ll slaughter the whole Abyss to pay tribute to you,” said Ying Ya. After saying that, he gave his brother a deep look, then turned and stepped into the golden light pillar without looking back.

Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi were very lucky. No one paid them any attention until they reached the light pillar, so they, too, walked into it.

Meanwhile, a Nether Chef genius, who had chatted with Ying Ya earlier, stepped into the light pillar as well after killing a law enforcer, his body covered in blood.

Liu Ya roared. Shocking Nether energy exploded out around him as he swept out his knife, hacking the law enforcers coming at him into pieces. Soon, a few Little Saints joined the fight, all attacking him at the same time and giving him a tremendous amount of pressure. However, his ruthlessness in fighting also shocked the law enforcers.

...

Outside the Abyss, the sound of rumbling rang incessantly. Different Wills of the Great Path rolled in the void and kept crashing into one another. The ground had cracked open, and even the sky seemed to fall apart.

The next moment, a figure fell rapidly from the sky, and blood filled with tiny golden specks spilled across the air. The sky seemed to echo with a wailing sound.

The rocking Wills of the Great Path soon disappeared.

The Great Judge, clad in a blood-colored robe, stepped out of the void with a head in his hand.

“Thank you for the help, City Lord... I’ll take care of the rest,” said the Great Judge as he cupped his fist at the void.

“This is a matter of great importance, so proceed with caution. There is an emergency on my side. After I solve it, I’ll accompany you to attack the Nether Prison,” a voice boomed through the void.

The next moment, the Great Judge seemed to hear a dog’s bark, accompanied by the City Lord’s furious roar. His expression became slightly odd, but he quickly regained his composure. Looking at the bloody Great Saint’s head in his hand, his mouth turned into a gruesome smile as he said, “It’s time for the Abyss to counterattack... Next, we’ll wait for the result at the bottom of the Abyss... It’s time for the Abyssal Demons to wake up after tens of thousands of years of silence!”

...

The Divine Chef’s inheritance was in the golden light pillar.

Shrimpy had turned into a mass of golden light and perched on Bu Fang’s shoulder, while Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back as his Vermilion Chef Robe flapped noisily.

This was a rather vast world, the center of which was a towering white jade stairway. The steps led up to a huge heart with seven holes, which was gold in color and kept pounding and exuding enormous pressure. Beneath the stairway were many skeletons, all of them kneeling down.

Buzz...

Suddenly, many figures emerged in different places of this world, including the two Judges in blood-colored robes, Ying Ya with a gloomy face, the Nether Prison genius who was covered in blood, and Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi, who looked confused.

As soon as the Nether Chef genius saw the towering white jade stairway and the golden seven-holed heart, he burst into crazy laughter. “The Stairway of Culinary Arts! This is indeed the Divine Chef’s land of inheritance! Haha! The Divine Chef’s inheritance will be mine!”

Meanwhile, in the void, a pair of eyes slowly emerged, staring at these people the moment they stepped into the world...

Chapter 1207 The Competition on the Stairway

Lub-dub! Lub-dub! The deafening beating of the heart filled the void.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath.

The golden heart was incredibly huge, and it looked as if it was suspended in the sky. The white jade stairway kept stretching upward until it reached just below it.

“This is the only way to inherit the Divine Chef’s legacy... the Stairway of Culinary Arts.” Ying Ya recognized the white jade stairway as he squinted at it.

This was a simple world. Although it looked vast and open, it was filled with a foggy white mist. The only thing that existed in this world was the white jade stairway in the center and the beating heart on top of it.

The golden heart steadily pumped out powerful energy and pressure. It was the pressure of the Great Saint, the pressure of the Divine Chef. Even the two Judges dared not act recklessly here.

A Great Saint might not be a Divine Chef, but a Divine Chef must be a Great Saint.

There was a clan in the Nether Prison called the Nine Revolution Nether Chef, and it was a clan with its own Divine Chefs. Each of those Divine Chefs possessed mighty power.

Although the Nether Chef Clan didn’t have a deep foundation, it was ranked somewhere in the upper positions among the nine clans of the Nether Prison because of its Divine Chefs, a rank that was even higher than the Shadow Demon Clan.

The reason why Ying Ya went to the Nether Chef Clan and secretly learned their culinary arts was to lead the Shadow Demon Clan to a position higher than the Nether Chef Clan. Now, with the Divine Chef’s inheritance right in front of him, how could he not be tempted?

Rumble...

Clouds churned in the skies as shafts of golden gazes fell onto every visitor. Those gazes made them feel pressured.

The people floating in the void all landed on the ground, standing beneath the white jade stairway. As soon as they approached, they gasped because there were countless skeletons kneeling around the stairway. These bones were old, and some had almost turned into ashes. They consisted of various races and species, including humans, beasts, and Abyssal Demons.

They were shocked to see so many different races and species.

Clearly, this Divine Chef's inheritance was coveted by many, but it seemed that no one had successfully acquired the legacy that the Divine Chef wanted to give away.

This was not good news. It showed that this inheritance was very difficult to obtain.

"Once you enter my land of inheritance, you will be my inheritor.

"My legacy includes the knife techniques and the culinary mental force control techniques I've studied for my whole life, as well as my cooking set and the gifts I've prepared for my disciple.

"The gifts are the bone of Qilin, the feather of Fire Phoenix, the eye of Roc, and the horn of True Dragon..."

The pair of golden eyes swept across the crowd as if it was telling them something, while a thunderous voice instantly rang inside their heads.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath. Even Bu Fang's eyes constricted involuntarily.

This was truly worthy of being the inheritance of a Divine Chef. Just the cooking set and the gifts were enough to tempt even a Great Saint, not to mention the knife techniques and the culinary mental force control techniques. To top it all off, the gifts were all extraordinary Sacred grade immortal ingredients!

However, they quickly woke up from the temptation of rich rewards.

Yes, these rewards were extraordinary, but none of the people who arrived here was a fool. Why did the Divine Chef announce the rewards as soon as the inheritance opened? He was tempting them, making it impossible for them to cast away the greed in their hearts.

The inheritance they were about to face must be very dangerous!

“The first test is the stairway of inheritance. You need to walk up the steps and enter the Heart of Cooking Path, which is my own little world. The real test of inheritance is in there. The stairway of inheritance will assess your talent. If your talent is not good enough, you will be excluded. Kneel at the bottom of the stairway to get another chance.” The pair of golden eyes glowed as a voice rang through the air.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath. It turned out that all these skeletons were those whose talents were not good enough... They couldn't help but wonder how high was the requirement for the inheritance.

The crowd turned their eyes to the white jade stairway.

It stretched up and up into the clouds. When they looked up, they couldn't see where it ended, but they could see the golden glow at its top.

It was the Heart of Cooking Path...

The atmosphere suddenly became a little suffocating.

Even the two Judges were breathing fast. The main reason was that the gift of the inheritance was really tempting. As the descendants of the Abyssal Demon, they had inherited some cooking talent from their ancestors. They thought they could give it a try as well. What if there was a miracle? What if they were lucky?

Besides...

They fixed their eyes at Bu Fang. They were here because of him, knowing that this young man would surely walk the steps. Naturally, they had to follow him.

The Nether Chef genius laughed. Covered in blood, he came in front of the white jade stairway, shaking from excitement. He lifted one leg and stepped onto the first step!

Rumble!

As soon as both his feet were on the stairway, the genius's laughter came to an abrupt stop, and his eyes grew so wide that they seemed to be popping out.

A terrible pressure weighed down on him and made him feel suffocated.

'Who said this is a test of talent? It is a test of the ability to withstand pressure!'

The stairway was filled with the pressure from the Divine Chef's Heart of Cooking Path! They had to withstand the pressure as they climbed the steps!

The genius looked up. He couldn't see the end of the stairway. It meant that the higher he climbed, the stronger the pressure he had to withstand.

Besides, the pressure from the Heart of Cooking Path was not the only thing he had to deal with. As soon as he took the first step, he began to see a vision, which was an incomplete recipe.

It was also one of the tests, and he had to complete it!

So, there were two tests on the stairway. One was the interpretation of the recipes, and the other was the pressure from the Heart of Cooking Path!

The Nether Chef genius couldn't laugh anymore. His face became grave as he began to think about the solution to the first question. After pondering for a long time, he began to climb again. The second question came to him when he climbed ten steps, and once again, he was lost in thought.

Ying Ya didn't hesitate. He took a step and appeared beneath the stairway in a flash. He was very confident in his talent for cooking. After all, he was able to reach his current level by secretly learning from the Nether Chef Clan. It showed how amazing his culinary talent was.

As soon as he stepped on the stairway, Ying Ya's pupils constricted. He felt the terrible pressure.

“This...” He paused slightly, exhaled to calm himself, and began to think.

Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi also stepped onto the stairway and entered the same state right away.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and narrowed his eyes. The white jade stairway glowed with a blurry white luster as if it was exuding endless charm. He came beneath it, lifted one leg, and took the first step. The moment he was on it, he felt a powerful pressure from the Heart of Cooking Path.

“Oh?” Bu Fang raised his head in surprise and looked at the sky. The bright golden Heart of Cooking Path shone dazzlingly. Then, he lowered his gaze. Perhaps because he had come up the stairway too late, the others had left him far behind.

At the top was the Nether Chef genius. His name was Ye Yun, and he had reached the thirtieth step. He was very fast. He only stopped for a dozen breaths at a time, then he continued to climb. Although the pressure on the stairway was tremendous, it was not strong enough to affect him.

Ying Ya came in second. His talent was indeed amazing. He had already started to climb the twenty-third step and showed no signs of slowing down.

The person who came after him was Realm Lord Di Tai, and then City Lord Meng Qi.

Bu Fang had just stepped onto the stairway when the two Judges in the distance also took the first step. They were full of confidence. After all, their cultivation bases were the highest among the people here.

However, as soon as they took the first step, they were horrified to discover that they were wrong. Cultivation bases were of no use here.

When the pressure from the Heart of Cooking Path came weighing down on them, the two Judges, who didn't even know what the Heart of Cooking Path was, were struck dumb instantly. They were directly knocked out of the stairway and thrown far away, crashing several skeletons as they fell to the ground.

“How is that possible? Why can’t we participate in the inheritance?!”

There was an unwilling look in the eyes of the two Judges. Then, they turned their gaze to Bu Fang.

Since they couldn’t participate, they naturally had to pull that young man down. He had killed their third brother, so he must die!

“Get down here!” the Judges bellowed at the same time. After that, they disappeared, and when they reappeared the next moment, they were already in front of the white jade stairway.

At this moment, Bu Fang had not started to climb the steps. All they had to do was reach out and pull him down.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and stared indifferently at the two Judges in their blood-colored robes. When he saw the exasperated look on their faces, he instantly felt that both of them were idiots.

When a person was not a chef, he would never know how terrifying the Heart of Cooking Path was. As soon as they stepped on the stairway, they acquiesced that they were chefs. However, any chef who had not condensed a Heart of Cooking Path would only taste despair before the pressure from a Divine Chef’s Heart of Cooking Path.

“Since we can’t go up, we won’t allow you to go up either!” With a mad look on his face, a Judge tried to pull Bu Fang down from the stairway.

There was a sarcastic smile on Bu Fang’s lips. When the Judge suddenly appeared, the mocking look in his cold eyes made the Judge bristle.

Even then, he turned around and stepped up the second step.

The Judge’s hand could only touch the corner of his sleeve and could go no further. Instantly, a furious look crept up his face.

“I said get down here!”

Boom!

Blood-colored rays burst from his body while a terrible aura towered into the sky, suppressing the void in a flash. The next moment, a sickle appeared, slashed through the air, and sent a blood-colored light beam toward Bu Fang. It contained a vast amount of energy as if it was about to hack the stairway into pieces!

However, the moment the blood-colored light beam touched the white jade stairway, it dispersed silently. The stairway seemed to be enveloped in a supreme power, which effortlessly destroyed the Judge's attack.

Rumble...

The huge golden eyes emerged in the void once again, fixing coldly at the two Judges.

“Those who attacked the Stairway of Inheritance will be crippled and expelled!”

Rumble!

As soon as the voice rang out, the two Judges opened their mouths and coughed out some blood as if they had been severely wounded. After that, their faces twisted as a great force knocked them out of the land of inheritance.

Boom!

The two Judges were thrown out of the golden light pillar and smashed into the ground.

For Bu Fang and others, the expulsion of the two Judges was merely a sideshow. Now that they were on the stairway, they had to focus on facing the pressure from the Heart of Cooking Path and the questions about culinary arts.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back. His hair waved around him as he looked up at the top of the stairway.

Ying Ya and the Nether Chef genius, Ye Yun, were fighting over there for first place.

His eyes flashed as he began to walk unhurriedly up the steps. When he reached the tenth step, he saw a vision, which was a question about culinary arts. However, in less than the span of a breath, the vision crumbled and disappeared. Bu Fang continued climbing as if he had never stopped.

When it came to his culinary talent, Bu Fang was fearless!

Ying Ya and Ye Yun, who were at the top, felt as if a great demon king was approaching them at a great speed, causing them to become more stressed!

Chapter 1208 Indomitable Will!

Ying Ya had never felt such pressure. It made his mind and body tremble. It was as if a great demon king was slowly approaching from the distance, sending forth a vast amount of pressure that weighed down on him.

‘What a horrible pressure...’ he thought, taking a deep breath.

Ying Ya was not the only one who felt that. Even Ye Yun, the Nether Chef genius, was trembling. Slowly, he glanced back over his shoulder. He wondered what existence could emanate such terrible pressure.

As he turned around, he saw the source of the pressure.

It came from a young man, who wore a striped red-and-white chef’s robe and was climbing up the stairway one step at a time. His face was expressionless, his eyes and hair black, and his body tall and slim. Although he was not climbing fast, he kept a steady pace. Moreover, the length of time he stayed on each step was the same. He didn’t even stop on the tenth step, which meant the question on the tenth step was nothing to him. He had solved it instantly.

Ying Ya and Ye Yun were competitors, but at this moment, they both felt the same terrible pressure.

Lub-dub! Lub-dub!

The Divine Chef's Heart of Cooking Path kept on beating, releasing tremendous pressure that permeated the whole space and weighed down on everyone's shoulders.

Realm Lord Di Tai was slower because he was cautious and didn't dare to make any mistakes. This Stairway of Culinary Arts was only the first test of the Divine Chef's inheritance, but he had spent almost all his energy.

Bu Fang soon overtook him.

The realm lord looked up at Bu Fang and nodded.

Bu Fang gave him a faint smile and continued climbing, heading toward Ying Ya and Ye Yun, who had reached above the fiftieth step.

Although he was chasing them, he kept a steady pace, not fast nor slow. However, it was this kind of pace that made others feel the pressure.

Ying Ya and Ye Yun both took deep breaths at the same time. They could tell that Bu Fang was from the Immortal Cooking Realm, but they never knew that the realm had such a talented immortal chef.

They felt that the pressure had become greater.

Ying Ya turned around without hesitation and began to devote himself to climbing. His goal was to be the first one who reached the top of the stairway.

Ye Yun's goal was naturally the same as Ying Ya's. Both of them were geniuses, men who did not yield easily, and they would not let others surpass them.

They took another step at the same time, and the white jade stairway seemed to flash with a jade-like luster.

The eightieth step, the ninetieth step...

Ying Ya was getting faster and faster, and perhaps because of his faith, he was also faster at solving questions. Moreover, as he began to get used to the pressure from the Heart of Cooking Path, he became more and more comfortable with the climb.

The competition between Ying Ya and Ye Yun was the most intense. They were moving at almost the same speed, climbing at the same time and solving questions at the same time.

They went all the way up and didn't stop.

The hundredth step was a watershed. When they came to it, the pressure suddenly doubled. It was as if a mountain had been added to their shoulders, causing their knees to be slightly bent under the weight.

Without question, the higher they climbed and the closer they got to the Heart of Cooking Path, the greater the pressure.

"I'll definitely get the Divine Chef's inheritance!" Ying Ya's hair fluttered as he stepped up and climbed three steps at once.

Ye Yun followed closely behind him. His cold voice rang through the air as he said, "You are a thief who has stolen your cooking skills from my Nether Chef Clan! What qualifications do you have to get the Divine Chef's inheritance?!"

Ying Ya burst out laughing, his laughter full of sarcasm. He ignored Ye Yun's jab and continued to climb.

This made Ye Yun's face flush with anger. "It's still hard to tell who will emerge victorious!" he roared, took another step, and bolted up the stairway like an arrow.

After the hundredth step, they climbed up to the hundredth and one, the hundredth and two, the hundredth and three...

They raced to reach the higher steps, ignoring the increasing pressure.

Bu Fang still kept his steady pace, neither too fast nor too slow.

The questions about culinary arts were simple and easy, and he had solved them almost instantly. However, the pressure was real. For some reason, the system had retracted the anti-pressure ability, so Bu Fang was facing the full pressure by himself. At this moment, his Heart of Cooking Path was shivering and unleashing a vast aura to resist the Divine Chef's pressure.

Up above, Ye Yun and Ying Ya were competing fiercely, while behind them, Bu Fang climbed at a steady pace.

City Lord Meng Qi was about to give up. Her culinary talent was good, but it was only good. She knew what she was capable of, and she was not a competitive person, so she just climbed along very slowly. She was more concerned with the competition at the top of the stairway.

When she saw how fast those geniuses could climb the stairway, she gasped. Only when one was in the same competitive environment as geniuses could one truly feel the terrible pressure from them. It was not for nothing that they were called geniuses.

Suddenly, Meng Qi's pupils constricted, and she sucked in a cold breath. At that moment, she noticed Bu Fang, who was climbing up at a steady pace not far behind Ying Ya and Ye Yun.

"Is Bu Fang's talent so amazing as well?"

After climbing up the hundredth step, Meng Qi could feel how tremendous the pressure on her shoulders was. It was worth noting that she was a Qilin Chef. She knew that the higher they climbed, the greater the pressure.

...

Ye Yun and Ying Ya were sprinting toward the three-hundredth step. They were already gasping for breath. At this height, the pressure on their shoulders made it difficult for them to breathe, and the questions about culinary arts were getting more and more tricky. Now, it took them a long time to solve each question.

The talent grading of the stairway had finally appeared. Every hundredth step was a critical turning point.

When they reached the three-hundredth step, Ying Ya and Ye Yun finally stopped. There was a great deal of confusion on their faces. They frowned and racked their brains, trying to solve the question.

It took them a lot more time than before to answer the question. When they finally solved it, they looked up almost at the same time and saw the fighting spirit in each other's eyes. Then, they turned around and glanced behind them, and what they saw frightened them.

It was an expressionless face. The man calmly looked at them. His face wasn't flushed, and it seemed his heart wasn't racing.

It's the young man from the Immortal Cooking Realm!

Ying Ya took a deep breath and felt a sudden increase in pressure. It was as if the shadow of an invisible great demon king was slowly enveloping him.

Without hesitation, Ying Ya and Ye Yun turned and continued their climb, their chests heaving visibly.

Tap. Tap.

One step at a time, they climbed the stairway. The higher they climbed, the stronger the pressure was.

Beads of sweat dotted Ying Ya's forehead. When he finally reached the four-hundredth step, he turned around excitedly, thinking that he should have left the young man far behind. However, as soon as he glanced back over his shoulder, he saw the young man's expressionless face once again.

Ying Ya almost coughed out a mouthful of blood. 'Why can this guy still follow me? Can't he feel the pressure?' He felt as if a shadow had fallen over his heart.

Ye Yun felt the same. As a gifted Nether Chef, he had absolute confidence in his culinary talents. However, the appearance of Ying Ya and Bu Fang began to shake his confidence.

"No! I won't give up!" He slapped his hands on the step like a madman and continued to climb. Soon, he reached the four-hundredth step, and he didn't stop there.

When Ye Yun finally reached the five-hundredth step, he was panting violently, his clothes soaked with sweat.

At this moment, Ying Ya had also reached the same step. They exchanged a glance, then turned around and glanced back over their shoulders at the same time.

Immediately, they saw Bu Fang, who was still wearing the same expressionless face. That face seemed to grow larger and larger in their eyes until it became the shadow that enveloped their hearts.

‘I can’t believe this guy hasn’t fallen behind...’

‘F*ck... Can he not be so frightening?!’

However, they were relieved when they noticed the sweat on Bu Fang’s forehead, and his mouth was opening and closing, panting. Clearly, he was tired too after climbing to this height.

Nevertheless, it was not enough. For the honor of the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan, Ye Yun vowed that he would leave Bu Fang far behind him. He opened his mouth and growled, then climbed up the steps on his hands and feet as if he were a gecko.

At the five-hundredth step, the pressure was so tremendous that it could almost burst one’s heart. Ye Yun’s Heart of Cooking Path was so compressed that it seemed to have stopped beating.

The Divine Chef’s Heart of Cooking Path was indeed extraordinary.

At the six-hundredth step, the stairway’s color changed from white to gold. The height was above the clouds, and when one looked down from here, one could only see the long flight of steps. The skeletons knelt beneath the stairway were no longer visible.

When a person reached this height, he or she would be mentally and physically exhausted.

The appearance of the golden stairway meant that they had passed the first test, if they could climb up and reach it.

The Divine Chef's seven-holed Heart of Cooking Path was shining brilliantly at the top of the stairway, casting radiant rays down. There were nine hundred and ninety-nine steps, and one had only to step on the thousandth step to enter the Heart of Cooking Path.

Of course, at their current state, no one could do that.

Ying Ya clenched his jaws so hard that blood was spraying out from his gums. He climbed on his hands and feet, his clothes pressed tightly against his body.

At the five-hundred-and-eightieth step...

After climbing to this step, Ying Ya and Ye Yun immediately lay down. They needed to take a break. With great difficulty, they turned their heads and looked back down. What they saw made their pupils constrict, and they felt as if they were shrouded in a freezing chill.

Bu Fang was standing on the step behind them, panting softly.

"Why is he still here?"

"How can this guy keep up with us?!"

Ying Ya and Ye Yun both felt a little desperate. They couldn't believe that they hadn't been able to shake off Bu Fang.

A fit of rage seized them.

Ying Ya growled. Blood poured out from his nostrils and mouth, spilling onto the white jade steps as he climbed again on his hands and feet.

Five-hundred-and-ninetieth step...

Six-hundredth step!

As soon as they reached the six-hundredth step, Ying Ya and Ye Yun were completely immobile. The terrible pressure of culinary arts poured from above and pressed them hard to the ground. They couldn't open their eyes, and their bodies and minds were shivering.

Could they still climb higher? Impossible.

Moreover, they had reached the six-hundredth step, which was also the golden stairway. Didn't that mean they passed the first test? They didn't need to climb higher.

There were four hundred steps after the six-hundredth step, and the pressure on each step increased exponentially. After all, every additional step one climbed, the closer one was to the Divine Chef's Heart of Cooking Path.

The air was filled with loud gasps.

Ying Ya and Ye Yun lay motionless on the six-hundredth step. They didn't want to move at all, and they didn't have any confidence that they could climb higher than this.

Tap.

With great difficulty, they opened their eyes and saw a foot step up beside them.

It was Bu Fang. His arms fell at his sides, while beads of sweat rolled off his forehead and fell to the stairway. Even he felt a tremendous amount of pressure at the six-hundredth step.

He rolled his eyes and gave Ye Yun and Ying Ya a sideways glance. Then, he twitched the corner of his mouth with a hint of contempt on his face.

"Just give up... If you climb further up, you will be crushed to death by the Divine Chef's pressure!" said Ying Ya as he looked at Bu Fang. Blood trickled down from his nostrils and mouth.

"You've passed the test when reaching this step..."

"It's beyond our expectation that you can come up here..."

Bu Fang gasped for breath and moved his eyes back to look at the towering stairway, gazing at the Divine Chef's heart that kept beating and pumping enormous pressure at the top.

Slowly, he lifted a leg and climbed another step.

That shocked Ying Ya and Ye Yun.

"It's nothing but the pressure of culinary arts. Why should I be afraid of it? If you want to set foot on the top of the Culinary Path, you should go all the way up, tear open the Divine Chef's heart, and look at what's inside!" Bu Fang's faint voice rang out, and it struck Ying Ya and Ye Yun like lightning.

'Why... Why does this young man still want to climb further? The pressure up there will be strong enough to kill him, or he may even be hit by it and fall to the bottom. It's just not worth the risk... Why can't he just be content with what he has achieved now?!'

Ying Ya and Ye Yun fell silent. They just watched blankly as Bu Fang continued to climb up the steps, waiting to see when the pressure would push him off the stairway.

However, what made them feel incredible was that Bu Fang climbed all the way up against the pressure, as if his body was supported by an indomitable will!

Soon, he reached the seven-hundredth step, then the eight-hundredth...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The moment Bu Fang reached the nine-hundredth step, the beating of the Heart of Cooking Path became as long as thunderclaps!

Chapter 1209 The Top of the Stairway and the Demon!

He reached the nine-hundredth step... Ying Ya and Ye Yun looked shocked as they watched the figure still climbing. They were silent, admiring Bu Fang's courage and reflecting on themselves.

Just now, they were content with what they had achieved. The six-hundredth step was a threshold, so as long as they reached it, they were considered to have reached the standard of the Divine Chef's assessment. Therefore, they could stop climbing further.

They were qualified for the next test.

However...

Was this really good enough?

Ying Ya and Ye Yun clenched their jaws, exchanged a glance, and saw a hint of regret and hesitation in each other's eyes. In the end, they still decided to give up. They breathed sighs of relief and lay quietly on the stairway, motionless.

They fixed their eyes at Bu Fang. They wanted to see how far this young man from the Immortal Cooking Realm could go.

The nine-hundredth step was a whole different level. At this height, with every step taken, the pressure that weighed down on one's body was as heavy as a mountain.

The Heart of Cooking Path kept beating, and the pressure it pumped out kept doubling.

Bu Fang took another step up the white jade stairway. The Vermilion Chef Robe was pressed tightly against his body, and his hair waved messily in the air as the velvet rope that tied them up had broken away. Beads of sweat kept rolling down his cheeks and fell to the steps, while the pressure that weighed like mountains pressed on his body, making his legs tremble and his bones creak.

"The nine-hundredth-and-tenth step..." Bu Fang murmured under his breath, panting.

Suddenly, the scene in front of him changed into a vision and surrounded him in an instant. A golden recipe emerged. It only existed for the span of three breaths, and Bu Fang carefully studied it during this short time. After that, the recipe disappeared, and the vision transformed into a cooking bench and many ingredients. To pass this step, he needed to cook a dish according to the recipe.

Bu Fang concentrated his mental force. In his spirit sea, the spirits of the God of Cooking Set were roaring, while the divine will phantom spirit hovered in midair, exuding a terrible aura with a bright sun suspended behind its back.

Rumble!

All the people on the stairway felt that Bu Fang's aura had changed. Then, they saw him open his eyes and resume climbing again, taking one step at a time at a very slow pace. It took him a very long time to take each step.

When Bu Fang reached the nine-hundred-and-twentieth step, the scene before him changed dramatically again. It was still a recipe, but this time, it was a recipe for a spice. It took him a longer time to solve it because he was not familiar with spices, and he rarely used them. However, he still passed it.

“He made it again! This guy...”

“When did the Immortal Cooking Realm become so strong?! He has passed the nine-hundred-and-twentieth step...”

Ying Ya and Ye Yun swallowed at the same time.

Down below, Meng Qi looked at Bu Fang with gleaming eyes.

‘Is the Great Demon King, who always creates miracles, going to do it again by climbing straight to the top of this Stairway of Culinary Arts?!’

Maybe it was possible...

At the nine-hundred-and-thirtieth step, Bu Fang was already soaked with sweat. He stood in silence for about the time it took for an incense stick to burn as the scene before him kept changing. His mental force had become more compact, and the vague divine will phantom spirit in his spirit sea seemed to have completely condensed its physical form at this moment.

At the nine-hundred-and-fortieth step, Bu Fang laid his hands on the stairway and gasped for breath.

After a while, he reached the nine-hundred-and-fiftieth step...

It felt as if half a day had passed.

After that, he came up to the nine-hundred-and-sixtieth step.

Everyone saw that Bu Fang could hardly lift his legs, but he made it through with difficulty. If truth be told, he was a little dazed at the moment. Only his indomitable will kept his body from falling apart.

Bu Fang was a proud man, and his pride didn't usually show. However, on this Stairway of Culinary Arts, it was on full display. He wouldn't yield easily, and he wouldn't let the skies cover his eyes.

After taking another step, he grunted, while blood trickled down from his nostrils and the corners of his mouth.

Plop.

A drop of blood from his nose fell onto the step.

Bu Fang widened his eyes, but he lifted his head and stepped on the blood, not in the least deterred from reaching the top.

Boom!

He passed the nine-hundred-and-seventieth step!

There were only thirty steps left, but the pressure on each step was doubled that of the previous one.

Ying Ya and Ye Yun were right. At this point, any ordinary person would be crushed to death under the pressure. The pressure pumped out by the Divine Chef's heart was not something that average people could resist.

Just when Ying Ya and Ye Yun were sucking in cold breaths while watching Bu Fang climb, a figure approached them from below at a steady pace.

It was Realm Lord Di Tai. He was soaking wet as if he had just come out of the water, and his eyes had become somewhat blurry.

Ying Ya and Ye Yun turned around abruptly as they sensed the realm lord's arrival. They saw his miserable look.

“You...”

“How did you get up here?!” Ying Ya sucked in a cold breath and felt incredulous.

Realm Lord Di Tai didn't even have the strength to talk to Ying Ya at the moment. As if he didn't hear the question, he continued to climb. He was careful and meticulous. His legs trembled as he took the next step, and his bones seemed to break. However, he made his way through and went on up.

In addition to Bu Fang, who was standing on the nine-hundred-and-seventieth step, Realm Lord Di Tai was also slowly catching up. It completely refreshed Ying Ya and Ye Yun's understanding of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

When the realm lord came to the seven-hundredth step, one of his legs twisted grotesquely, causing him to fall onto the step. His leg bone had broken with a crack. However, he didn't grunt nor make any sound. He just lay there and gasped for breath.

‘Damn it... I'm exhausted...’

Realm Lord Di Tai couldn't even move a finger now. He had reached his limit. If he tried to climb further up, it would cost his life.

‘I'm done for now... Let's see if that boy, Bu Fang, can pull off another miracle...’

...

With his body stooped and struggling against the pressure, Bu Fang came up to the nine-hundred-and-eightieth step. As soon as he reached it, a chanting echoed out and various strange phenomena appeared. It was an awesome sight.

Despite the tremendous pressure on the Stairway of Culinary Arts, Bu Fang felt his mental force had improved considerably after reaching this height. Besides, his fleshly body was also being strengthened subtly. Starting at the nine-hundredth step, each additional ten steps he climbed was a great sublimation of his fleshly body. He could even feel his true energy rising.

However, these were not the most important. His greatest gain was the additional knowledge and insights about the Culinary Arts in his mind. Like everything else, one needed to have a brave heart and indomitable will to achieve extraordinary results in Culinary Arts.

Rumble!

As soon as Bu Fang reached the nine-hundred-and-ninetieth step, he felt a mighty force smash at him as if it was about to throw him off the stairway.

Ying Ya and the others, who were watching from below, gasped. They saw Bu Fang, who was about to reach the top, suddenly fly up and float in midair.

Fortunately, the force didn't throw Bu Fang off the stairway because he managed to grab onto the step. He stared coldly at the heart, which was only ten steps away from him, and slightly twitched the corner of his mouth. After that, he put his strength into his hand and pulled his body back to the step.

Boom!

Bu Fang stood on the stairway, then he continued climbing.

The last ten steps appeared to be a short distance, but it took a tremendous effort to climb them. Bu Fang felt as if he had exhausted all his strength.

He walked up the nine-hundred-and-ninety-fifth step, then the nine-hundred-and-ninety-sixth, nine-hundred-and-ninety-seventh... He climbed every step as if he were crossing one whole world. All that was left in his ears was the sound of his own violent gasps.

Pak.

His palm touched the nine-hundred-and-ninety-eighth step. The golden heart was right in front of his face. The beating heart was covered with a layer of golden brilliance and looked as if it had endless power.

With a straight face, Bu Fang placed his palm on the last step, the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth step.

Lub-dub! Lub-dub!

The beating of the Divine Chef's heart stopped.

After a brief silence, a golden beam of light shot out of the heart and shone on Bu Fang. At the same time, a gash opened on its surface, where a wash of blinding white light came pouring out.

Rumble!

Bu Fang did it. He reached the top of the Stairway of Culinary Arts!

What a monster!

What a genius!

Ying Ya and Ye Yun watched with mixed emotions. They couldn't believe that there was such a formidable genius in the Immortal Cooking Realm. They knew that if he were allowed to grow up, he would surely become a Divine Chef.

Meng Qi was extremely excited, and her eyes gleamed with bright light.

'The Great Demon King has once again created a miracle! He has reached a height beyond the imagination of ordinary people! He has walked through all the nine hundred and ninety-nine steps of the Stairway of Culinary Arts!'

Realm Lord Di Tai lay on the stairway. He had exhausted all his strength, but he still grinned from ear to ear. “He’s truly worthy to be the man I appreciate so much...”

Suddenly, the bright light from the Divine Chef’s heart grew stronger, dazzling everyone’s eyes and making them feel as if their consciousnesses had fallen into complete silence.

Boom!

After a long time, they recovered their senses and slowly opened their eyes.

ROAR!

A deafening roar rang out. It was so loud that it seemed to break the skies.

Bu Fang looked at the scene before him with a somewhat dazed expression.

It was a huge stone cage, and inside was a black creature who had a pair of leathern wings on its back and a sharp horn on its head. The aura of this creature was terrifying. Its pair of dark golden eyes could send a shiver down one’s heart.

“This is... an Abyssal Demon!” Ying Ya’s voice came from a distance, filled with great shock.

That gave Bu Fang a pause. He turned to look in that direction and saw Ying Ya, Ye Yun, and Realm Lord Di Tai.

City Lord Meng Qi wasn’t here. Since she didn’t reach the six-hundredth step, which was the minimum requirement for the assessment, she was excluded from the inheritance.

“This is an Abyssal Demon?” Bu Fang frowned.

Abyssal Demons were not human beings. They had wings, tails, and black skin. They looked more like some intelligent savage monster.

The golden eyes emerged again in the sky, and a deafening voice rang through the void. “Congratulations on passing the Stairway of Culinary Arts. You are now facing an Abyssal Demon. We regard Abyssal Demons as food, while they regard our flesh as food. This is a competition and the choice of the Great Path. In the second test, you will be battling Abyssal Demons for survival. The winner will qualify for the next round, using the Abyssal Demon as an ingredient. As for the loser, he will become food for the Abyssal Demon.”

The next moment, the scene before their eyes suddenly changed.

RUMBLE!

The ground cracked open as skeletons piled up into several arenas, with each arena having an Abyssal Demon trapped in a stone cage.

Every one of them was transported and brought to an arena.

As the golden eyes’ voice faded away, the stone cages that trapped the Abyssal Demons slowly crumbled and fell apart.

Chapter 1210 The Abyssal Demon’s Gourme

Bu Fang stood on the arena with his hands clasped behind his back. He was somewhat amazed. Earlier, when he was on the stairway, he had exhausted almost all his strength. However, as soon as he entered this space, he felt that his state had returned to its peak. He glanced around. The arena under his feet was made of bones of some unknown savage monsters. It was huge, surrounded by railings that thrust up like sharp fangs. On the left side of the arena was a huge stone cage with an Abyssal Demon trapped inside.

The demon had black skin, dark golden eyes, pointed ears, sharp fangs, and a pair of leathern wings on its back. It was giving off a towering, savage aura.

As soon as the golden eyes’ voice faded away, the stone that made up the cage slowly crumbled, and the cage gradually fell apart, freeing the Abyssal Demon. It instantly fixed its dark golden eyes at Bu Fang. In those eyes, Bu Fang saw greed, bloodlust, and excitement...

“Ah... Here comes another fool who seeks his death... It’s been years since the last man made it this far in this damned inheritance.”

The Abyssal Demon had a burly body. It raised a hand with sharp claws and gave its neck a twist, making the bones inside pop. As it moved, its dark golden eyes studied Bu Fang's body with a greedy look.

"What a nostalgic smell... A human being," it said with a grin. "I can finally have a full meal."

"An Abyssal Demon?" Bu Fang frowned and looked at the demon. He didn't have a very deep understanding of Abyssal Demons, but he knew they were a delicacy, which caused them to be slaughtered by Nether Prison experts.

Nowadays, there were few pure-blooded Abyssal Demons, so he didn't expect that he could find them in this land of inheritance. He reckoned that they were being imprisoned here by someone.

"Come, let's start the Chef's Challenge... After you lose, I'll have a barbecue. I really miss roasted human meat!" The Abyssal Demon grinned, revealing a mouth full of sharp teeth that looked like steel blades.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he looked at the demon. "Is the Chef's Challenge part of the inheritance?"

"This damned inheritance is a dangerous thing... I don't know why you all keep coming here to seek your death..." said the demon. "When it comes to Culinary Arts, you humans can never be better than us Abyssal Demons! We've studied food in its most primitive form and continued to develop it to the present... If it weren't for the bloody humans' invasion of our homeland, the Abyssal Demon's gourmet would have spread all over the world!" The Abyssal Demon's dark golden eyes grew wide and gleamed brilliantly.

"All right, you don't have to talk anymore. A Chef's Challenge? Come, let's make this quick," said Bu Fang. He was deeply suspicious of the Abyssal Demon's Culinary Arts.

In the other arenas, everyone had met their opponents.

These Abyssal Demons were trapped in this world. Although they saw humans, they didn't attack them. According to the rules, they needed to fight the inheritors with life-or-death Chef's Challenges.

Boom!

The Abyssal Demon in front of Bu Fang slapped the arena with its palm. The ground shook and cracked open, and then a cooking bench made of bones slowly rose out of it. The demon reached out a hand and gently ran it over the bench, filling the air with a jarring noise as its sharp nails scratched across the surface.

“Come, human... Feel the despair!” The Abyssal Demon burst out laughing. “According to the rules of the life-or-death Chef’s Challenge, the winner will stay alive and use the loser as an ingredient,” said the demon. Its voice had a gruesome tone as if it was trying to frighten Bu Fang.

That, of course, didn’t affect Bu Fang at all. He waved his hand, and the White Tiger Heaven Stove immediately appeared and fell onto the arena with a crash, shaking the ground. Then, he shook his hand, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife emerged in his grip, flashing with a golden luster.

Meanwhile, the arena rumbled as the ground in the middle opened slowly, and a stone rack rose from it.

There was an ingredient placed on the rack.

“Oh, we’re very lucky. Our ingredient is meat...” The Abyssal Demon chuckled. He walked around the bone cooking bench and came in front of the rack, squinting at the ingredient.

The crimson ingredient was covered in marblings and looked extremely delicate.

Bu Fang also walked around the White Tiger Heaven Stove and came in front of the rack. He studied the demon curiously at close range, and the demon was looking at him as well. Their eyes met in midair.

“If there were no rules, I would have torn you to pieces and drunk your warm blood by now!” said the Abyssal Demon.

Bu Fang twitched his mouth. He spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, then used it to pick up the chunk of meat, throwing it into the air before he grabbed it with one hand.

“Oh? This meat...” He slightly narrowed his eyes as if he felt something incredible. “This is a strange meat...” he murmured under his breath.

“This is Qilin meat. I bet you haven’t seen it before, have you? The Dark Qilin meat is a pseudo-sacred-grade immortal ingredient, mainly because Dark Qilins are not pure-blooded Fire Qilins, so their meat is not up to the standard of the sacred grade immortal ingredient. Nevertheless, it is already good enough to be the ingredient for our Chef’s Challenge,” said the Abyssal Demon.

He reached out a hand, grabbed the Qilin meat, and walked slowly back to his bone cooking bench. Abyssal Demons’ arms were long and full of muscles, giving them mighty strength.

“This Qilin meat is the ingredient of our Chef’s Challenge. I hope you can prepare a dish that won’t disappoint me, human. Otherwise, I’ll be very bored.” As he said that, he placed the meat on the bench. Suddenly, his sharp nail grew longer and turned into a kitchen knife, and then he used it to cut the meat into smaller pieces, each of the same size.

Bu Fang was slightly amazed by the technique.

“The ingredient we Abyssal Demons are best at cooking is meat. Since there are very few edible creatures in the Abyss, it’s very difficult for us to get meat for food. Therefore, every kind of edible meat we found is preserved with secret methods. We know a lot more about meat than you humans who live in peace,” said the demon, glancing at Bu Fang with his dark golden eyes.

After that, he used his nail that had transformed into a kitchen knife to poke a small hole in every piece of meat. When he was done, he pulled out a large cage from under the cooking bench, took out jars of spices from it, opened them, and sprinkled various spices onto the meat, making them colorful instantly.

Spices were one of the most common ingredients used by Abyssal Demons.

A huge bone wok was placed on the cooking bench. The demon dumped all the meat into the wok and began to rub them, making the spices penetrate fully into the meat.

Pop.

The lid of a wine jar was opened, revealing the crimson liquid inside as a strong aroma wafted out to fill the air. The extraordinary fragrance marked it the authentic Abyssal Demon Wine. Brewed by Abyssal Demons with a complex method, the wine was extremely rare in today’s Abyss, so rare that every jar could be sold for an astronomical price.

The demon poured the crimson wine into the wok, then drank a mouthful from the jar. There was a look of intoxication on his face. The wine's aroma was not only rich, but it also contained the fragrance of young female Abyssal Demons, which was what made all male demons obsess about it.

After mixing in the wine, he rubbed the meat again and fermented them at the same time. The meat absorbed the wine instantly and expanded, and the demon took them out with satisfaction.

RUMBLE!

A scarlet fire rose from under the bone wok and began to burn ragingly. The temperature in the wok increased steadily, and soon, an exotic smell drifted out of it. After that, the demon grabbed the pieces of meat and placed them back into the wok.

Sizzle...

The meat sizzled as soon as they touched the wok, sending a combined aroma of wine and meat into the air.

Bu Fang had been watching the Abyssal Demon cook. He was somewhat surprised by the demon's cooking style, which was really out of the ordinary. However, he knew it was not the time for him to watch further. He acknowledged that the Abyssal Demons could cook, and he would be interested in tasting their food in some other time, but not now. They were in a Chef's Challenge at the moment, and only one of them could stay alive at the end. He didn't want to become food for the Abyssal Demon.

Qilin meat was definitely an uncommon ingredient. Holding the meat, Bu Fang was lost in thought. Not only was he thinking of how he should cook it, but also about how to make a dish that was tastier than the Abyssal Demon's. This was a Chef's Challenge, not a game, and losing it would cost his life. His face grew serious as he stared at the fresh chunk of Qilin meat.

The next moment, he had an idea. With a thought, he took out several spirit fruits from the Heaven and Earth Farmland, including a Vermilion Fruit and an Ananas Fruit, then placed them on the cooking bench. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in his hand as his aura suddenly changed, while the Heart of Cooking Path emerged behind him, beat once, and filled the air with a thunderous sound.

He brought down the knife and cut the Qilin meat into small pieces. Then, he placed them into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl and marinated them with Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine and many other seasonings.

While waiting for the meat to absorb the seasonings, Bu Fang began to process the Vermilion Fruit and the Ananas Fruit. He cut the Vermilion Fruit into small pieces and squeezed out the sour juice. After that, he didn't throw away the flesh, but placed it in a small bowl and crushed it into a bright red puree with a wooden pestle.

Once that was done, he turned to the Ananas fruit. It looked very similar to the pineapple in his previous life, which he knew would make the perfect side dish for what he was about to cook. He cut the fruit into triangular pieces and placed them on a plate.

With a thought, he produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, which fell onto the stove with a crash. After that, he opened his mouth and breathed a mass of white flame. The air twisted around the raging fire as he threw it into the White Tiger Heaven Stove with a flick of his finger.

He filled the wok halfway up with oil, and when the oil reached the right temperature, he began frying the marinated Qilin meat.

The Abyssal Demon squinted at Bu Fang with a pondering look.

After a short while, the bone wok in front of him began to shake as streams of light burst out of the meat.

The demon grinned as he sniffed at the long-lost smell. Staring at Bu Fang, the corners of his mouth curved upward into a confident smile.

The dish prepared by this human would never taste as good as his Abyssal Double Cooked Meat Slices!

He was sure to win the Chef's Challenge, and this human would soon become his meal!