

Gourmet 1211

Chapter 1211 Sweet and Sour Qilin Meat vs. Abyssal Double Cooked Mea

Abyssal Double Cooked Meat was this Abyssal Demon's special dish. A cold smile brushed his lips as his dark golden eyes fixed at Bu Fang, his sharp teeth gleaming.

Sizzle!

The bone wok was surrounded by heat and aroma. Those pieces of meat, which had been marinated and placed in the wok, had gradually begun to turn golden, and their skins also became crispy.

The Abyssal Demon couldn't help but sniff at the aroma with an intoxicating look.

Far off, Bu Fang's movements were neither too fast nor too slow. He filled the Black Turtle Constellation Wok halfway up with oil. Heated by the white flame, the oil began to boil, sending heat into his nostrils.

This was not an ordinary oil, but a kind of spirit beast oil. Bu Fang didn't like to use vegetable oil, so he always used spirit beast oil in his cooking. Obtained by boiling the surface fat found in spirit beast meat, this oil contained the unique aroma of the spirit beast, and it could make the dish's texture and flavor richer and more attractive.

The golden oil in the wok began to boil, and white foams kept rolling across its surface.

Bu Fang's mind flickered and dumped the marinated meat into the oil. A sizzling sound immediately rang out as the oil enveloped the meat. Not long after, a strong fragrance drifted out of the wok, stirring one's taste buds.

Using the other hand, Bu Fang prepared the seasonings.

The two competitors in the arena focused on their dishes, not even sparing a glance at their opponent. The most important thing for them now was to complete their dishes as best they could.

The dish Bu Fang wanted to cook this time was... Sweet and Sour Meat. He had some expectations for it, for the ingredient was Qilin meat.

The marinated Qilin meat gradually turned golden in the boiling oil. Bu Fang's cooking style was different from that of the Abyssal Demon. The demon used his wok's heat to make the meat's surface crispy, while Bu Fang achieved the same result by deep-frying them.

Of course, both had their own advantages. Frying allowed the meat's aroma to be wrapped under the top layer of oil and would only pour forth once the meat was bitten. As for the Abyssal Demon's method, it relied more on his bone wok. The wok's material would allow the meat to avoid being charred no matter how long they stayed in the wok. Moreover, meat roasted in this way was golden and gave off a strong fragrance.

It could be said that Bu Fang's meat was reserved, while the Abyssal Demon's meat was wanton. The styles were completely different.

...

Bu Fang scooped the pieces of meat out from the boiling oil. They still sizzled, making popping sounds and letting out steam as the oil boiled over their golden skin.

In the distance, the Abyssal Demon had also prepared the meat he needed. Pieces of golden and crispy meat were placed into a bone bowl. After that, he took out some spirit fruits and ingredients and cut them into thin slices with a sharp bone knife. When these thin slices were placed together, they looked colorful and attractive.

Abyssal Double Cooked Meat had extremely high requirements for meat quality and ingredients. Good ingredients could bring out the flavor of the meat and make it more delicious.

He heated the bone wok, which instantly changed color.

Sizzle...

He poured in some oil, and when it reached the desired temperature, he added the sliced ingredients into the wok.

His spatula was made of bone as well. As he used it to stir the ingredients, those thin slices seemed to come to life and kept dancing fiercely in the wok.

It was a long time before they softened and stopped jumping. Once they were cooked, the Abyssal Demon laughed and added the meat.

Rumble!

Flames rose instantly, and he began to toss the wok. All the ingredients jumped up the air and fell back down into the wok repeatedly as wisps of hot steam drifted out of them. As the tossing continued, the ingredients were coated with a layer of glistening oil.

Sizzle...

The demon sprinkled a tablespoon of aromatic vinegar into the wok, which caused the aroma in the wok to rush out instantly. A faint sweet and sour aroma permeated the air. Finally, bright rays burst out of the wok and towered into the sky.

“Perfect!” The Abyssal Demon looked excited as he grinned and showed his sharp teeth.

The Abyssal Double Cooked Meat was done!

Rumble!

He jerked the bone wok, and the dish in it immediately flew out and fell on a plate he had taken out just now.

Pieces of golden meat glistened on the plate with grease, while silk-like slices of ingredients lay twisting over them.

The Abyssal Demon shook his leathern wings, leaned over the dish, and gave it a deep sniff. As the delicious aroma entered his nostrils, an intoxicated look emerged on his face.

Far off, Bu Fang’s cooking had reached its final stage as well. The Sweet and Sour Meat was about to be completed.

He had crushed the Vermilion Fruit into a red puree with a wooden pestle and cut the golden Ananas Fruit into triangular pieces. The ingredients were ready.

After heating the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, he added the ingredients and fried them until they gave off a mouthwatering aroma. Then, he poured the Vermilion Fruit puree into the wok and continued stirring.

Sizzle...

As the red puree mixed with the meat, they gave off a sweet and sour smell. However, it was not yet done. Bu Fang didn't stop stirring. When the sauce in the wok thickened to the desired consistency, he added the fried Qilin meat and the triangular pieces of Ananas Fruit and stirred some more. After the Vermilion Fruit puree completely coated all the pieces of meat and Ananas Fruit, the dish was ready.

He produced a clean blue-and-white porcelain plate, placed it next to the wok, and poured the food onto it.

Hot steam rose from the dish. The Vermilion Fruit puree gave the Qilin meat and the Ananas Fruit an orange-red color that looked gorgeous, making it look very appetizing.

Bu Fang wiped the edge of the plate with a clean piece of cloth. Then, he took a step back, signaling that the dish, Sweet and Sour Meat, was done.

Wisps of immortal energy swirled over the dish. The rich immortal energy mixed with the aroma and hot steam, rising into the sky. Although the fragrance was strong, Bu Fang was surprised to find that he didn't have to face a lightning punishment this time.

This was somewhat interesting.

Could it be that the lightning punishment of the dish was blocked in the inheritance?

This saved him a great deal of trouble.

In the distance, the Abyssal Demon had been squinting at him for a long time. Clearly, he was curious about Bu Fang's dish.

The color of the Sweet and Sour Meat was very vibrant. Bu Fang's way of exhibiting the dish was delicate, and the flavor of the dish was at its fullest.

While Bu Fang fought the Abyssal Demon in the Chef's Challenge, there were similar challenges in the other arenas as well, and their opponents were all Abyssal Demons. Those demons looked different, and some were females. However, all Abyssal Demons were ugly, even when they were females.

Realm Lord Di Tai's golden hair waved in the air as his hands moved constantly. His kitchen knife was spinning, and his ingredients were flying. He was very focused on his dish.

The Chef's Challenge was not a joke. It was a life-or-death challenge, and the loser would end up as the winner's food. Therefore, the Abyssal Demons, Bu Fang, and the others had done their best to cook.

Besides, because they could not sense the lightning punishment, they couldn't tell how good their dishes were and whether they could suppress their opponents.

Naturally, their hearts would be filled with a sense of uneasiness.

Even Bu Fang, who was extremely confident of himself, felt slightly nervous at this moment. Holding his dish, he slowly walked to the center of the arena, where the Qilin meat was placed. The rack had changed into a table, which would be used to place their dishes.

Bu Fang's dish was Sweet and Sour Qilin Meat, while the Abyssal Demon's dish was Abyssal Double Cooked Meat. The two dishes looked somewhat similar in appearance, but they should be very different in taste.

RUMBLE!

A shaft of light descended from the sky and enveloped the table, surrounding both dishes.

BOOM! BOOM!

Waves of air kept rushing down from it.

Bu Fang fixed his eyes at the table. The Abyssal Demon looked somewhat nervous too, and his nostrils were constantly breathing puffs of white air.

The outcome would decide their fate. How could they not be nervous?

Even the confident Abyssal Demon felt the pressure. He wanted to win the challenge. It was not easy for him to have an opportunity to come out for a breath, and he would be extremely aggrieved if he were defeated and became his opponent's ingredient.

"This is the divine light that will judge the dishes. It will judge from various aspects," said the Abyssal Demon, baring his gleaming sharp teeth. "Are you prepared to die? My Double Cooked Meat will taste even better if the main ingredient is tender human flesh..."

The demon's laughter echoed through the whole arena.

Meanwhile, shafts of light fell onto the other arenas as well, enveloping the dishes cooked by the others.

Ying Ya and the others rubbed their palms and fixed their eyes at the light.

Ye Yun, as the genius of the Nether Chef Clan, was very confident in his skills. He would not be defeated by a bunch of savage beasts!

Rumble!

Suddenly, the light beam in Bu Fang's arena began to flicker. Both Bu Fang and the Abyssal Demon's pupils constricted at the same time.

The results were about to be revealed.

Even the people in the other arenas threw their glances over.

Buzz...

When the light beam disappeared, the whole arena fell silent, leaving only the Abyssal Demon's rapid breathing.

Suddenly, Bu Fang and the Abyssal Demon twitched their ears, and their eyes focused. The next moment, the Abyssal Demon's expression changed drastically. He found that sharp bones began to rise from under his feet.

"No! No!" The Abyssal Demon's pupils constricted. He felt as if his body had been plunged in icy-cold water.

He was defeated?! How could he have lost?

Boom!

The ground around the Abyssal Demon crumbled, from which bone spears thrust out. They transformed into a large palm and slapped toward him.

At this moment, his confidence completely turned into fear. Even then, the leathern wings on his back spread, and he turned and tried to crawl out of the bone arena.

However, as soon as he moved, he was pierced by numerous bone spears, and his blood spilled across the floor.

A look of unwillingness crept up his face...

He lost?!

Without question, the divine light had judged that his dish was not as good as Bu Fang's. He lost the challenge. He had to pay the price now, and that was becoming Bu Fang's ingredient.

The large palm came crashing down, while the bone spears kept devouring the Abyssal Demon.

Bu Fang's pupils constricted as he watched the terrible scene in the distance.

A long time later, pale demon bones rose from the spears and gradually piled up in the arena, becoming part of the materials that made it.

It turned out that this was how the arena was built.

A bone rack emerged at where the Abyssal Demon had disappeared, on top of which was a chunk of meat. It was about the size of a basin, and without question, it was the Abyssal Demon's flesh.

Abyssal Demons were Nether Chefs' favorite ingredients, and they were best at cooking their meat.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and sighed softly.

This Chef's Challenge was arguably the most brutal one he had ever faced. The price of failure was too great. The loser would not only die, but he would also become his opponent's ingredient.

Bu Fang felt a lingering fear.

He put away the Abyssal Demon meat, then walked to the table in the center of the arena. There were two dishes on the table. One was his Sweet and Sour Qilin Meat, and the other was the Abyssal Demon's Double Cooked Meat. Bu Fang took out a pair of bamboo chopsticks and began to try his dish and the demon's dish.

Although he had won the challenge, he wanted to know what brought him victory.

BOOM! BOOM!

Far off, the light beams in the other arenas began to flicker as well. It meant that their outcomes were about to be revealed soon.

Bu Fang turned his gaze to Realm Lord Di Tai's arena and narrowed his eyes.

That arena's light beam had disappeared. The fates of Realm Lord Di Tai and his opponent were about to be decided.

Bu Fang shoved an orange Sweet and Sour Meat into his mouth while staring ahead with a serious expression.

Realm Lord Di Tai's arena began to shake.

"No! How could I lose the challenge?!"

However, before the outcome in Realm Lord Di Tai's arena was revealed, Bu Fang heard an incredulous growl. He turned around and saw the arena where Ye Yun was in. Under the genius's feet, bone spears began to rise.

The death caused by failure seemed to be slowly pressing upon him.

Chapter 1212 The Culinary Gates of Life and Death

Qilin meat tasted somewhat similar to Dragon meat, but it had more fat and was more cloying, making it more suitable as the main ingredient for the Sweet and Sour Meat than dragon meat. Dragon meat tasted better when cooked in the style of Drunken Spare Ribs because of its crunchiness. Qilin meat, on the other hand, was rich and greasy, but it was more fragrant, and its soft and moist texture was refreshing for the palate.

However, the most valuable part of a Qilin was its bones, not the meat. It contained Qilin's essence, and if the bones were used to make soup, the essence would infuse into the broth and sublimate the dish.

Bu Fang picked up a piece of Sweet and Sour Meat with his chopsticks. It was coated with a layer of orange sauce, and as it was removed from the plate, sticky liquid dripped from it. He put it into his mouth and closed his teeth around it. The crispy skin was softened after stir-frying, so his teeth bit through it straight away and met the tender Qilin meat. After it was bitten, grease flowed out of it and rushed into his mouth.

Bu Fang's eyes lit up slightly. It was the first time he tasted Qilin meat. He had tried Dragon meat many times, and he found that Qilin meat was fatter compared with Dragon meat.

After tasting the Qilin meat, he picked up a piece of Ananas fruit that he had cut into a triangular shape. The fruit tasted sweet and sour and was crunchy, making it a suitable complement to the meat's lack of crunchiness.

Bu Fang nodded as he ate.

...

Far off, a terrible fluctuation erupted.

All eyes turned to that direction with looks of disbelief.

Ye Yun wore a terrified expression. He found that a mighty aura had targeted him. It seemed to shine onto his soul, and no matter how he struggled, he could not get rid of it. He knew the aura. It was the aura of death.

"I don't want to die! I haven't become a Divine Chef yet! How could I die here?!" he roared. His face was all twisted, and a savage look replaced his calm and noble air. Nobody could remain calm in the face of death.

"Haha! Stop struggling... Be good and become my food! I'll cook your flesh into a delicious dish!" Opposite Ye Yun, an Abyssal Demon burst into laughter, showing his sharp teeth.

Boom!

Ye Yun's expression changed drastically. He turned and was about to run when a terrible force smashed him to the ground. Right after that, bone spears shot over and pierced his body.

Slash!

The genius's face turned deathly pale as blood poured out of him. As a Little Saint, he had strong vitality. However, as soon as he was pierced, he felt his strength leave him at an incredible rate as if it was drained by those bone spears.

In the blink of an eye, those spears stacked up on top of one another, turned into a huge bony palm, and covered Ye Yun.

With a look of unwillingness and terror, Ye Yun reached out both hands and struggled. “Help me... Help me!” He turned his eyes to Ying Ya, who watched in the distance with a serious face.

As the number of bone spears kept increasing, however, he was soon fully covered, and his gaze also gradually disappeared.

Very quickly, Ye Yun was completely devoured.

A wriggling sound seemed to echo out under the bone spears. Before long, they turned into a bone rack, on top of which was placed a chunk of meat. Ye Yun’s bones had mixed into the bones that made up the arena.

With a bloodless face, Ying Ya gasped in horror and felt cold all over. He was not very nervous, but that had changed after watching what just happened. He didn’t expect Ye Yun to lose to an Abyssal Demon in cooking.

The cost of losing in the Chef’s Challenge was death.

Ye Yun’s cooking skills were almost on the same level as his. If even Ye Yun had lost the challenge, what did that mean to Ying Ya?

It meant that even he might lose the challenge.

Ying Ya took a deep breath, and he felt his heart begin to race.

Lub-dub! Lub-dub!

Pressing a hand against his chest, he turned his eyes to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang picked up a piece of Double Cooked Meat with his chopsticks and shoved it into his mouth. While chewing it, he looked up and met Ying Ya’s eyes.

The dish tasted totally different from his Sweet and Sour Meat. He was surprised by its crispiness, and most importantly, it was mixed with a sweet and sour flavor. He had to admit that the Abyssal Demon's cooking skills were excellent and comparable to that of a Qilin Chef. The dish contained the unique styles of the demon's race, but there were still many flaws.

After comparing the two dishes, Bu Fang managed to figure out what made him win the challenge. If truth be told, the gap between his dish and the Abyssal Demon's dish was not large. He was somewhat lucky to be the winner.

...

A miserable shriek rang out in the distance.

Realm Lord Di Tai sat down on the ground, panting violently. He won, but it was a narrow victory. With a lingering fear in his heart, he turned to look at Bu Fang with an excited look on his face.

The result of Ying Ya's arena was revealed as well. He won the challenge. The tension in his heart was finally released, and he breathed a long sigh of relief.

Putting away the Abyssal Demon meat, he glanced at Bu Fang and Realm Lord Di Tai. His face grew serious once again. He didn't expect that the two chefs from the Immortal Cooking Realm would reach this far...

This result had completely deviated from their original intention!

'It doesn't matter... I will completely crush these Immortal Chefs and obtain the Divine Chef's inheritance!'

RUMBLE!

All of a sudden, the bone arena began to shake violently. Bu Fang ate another piece of Sweet and Sour Meat and arched his eyebrows. The next moment, the arena collapsed with a boom, disintegrating into countless bones that wheeled in the air.

"Congratulations on passing the second assessment..."

A pair of golden eyes appeared in the void, while a great pressure spread out of it and blanketed everyone.

“The third assessment will now begin...”

As Bu Fang and the others stared in amazement, the bones in the air quickly gathered and formed into three huge demon mouths. The atmosphere became more stagnant and tense after the three arenas transformed into three gaping demon mouths.

The three of them came in front of the demon mouths and looked into the holes.

Just now, they had experienced the horror of the arenas. Ye Yun, a Little Saint, was devoured by those bones, turned into a chunk of meat, and taken away by an Abyssal Demon. The impact on them was huge. They knew that it would never be simple to obtain the Divine Chef's inheritance, but they never expected that it would be so cruel and that failure would mean death.

Instead of fear, however, this had aroused their curiosity to peek inside the black holes. Of course, they were mainly driven by the benefits of the Divine Chef's inheritance. From the beginning, the inheritance had shown its charm that no one could refuse.

The pressure coming from the golden eyes was terrible, making the three of them shiver.

“The third assessment will now begin... You will enter the Culinary Gates of Life and Death. Those who pass the gates will be rewarded with Dark Qilin Bone,” a muffled voice echoed through the air and thundered in their ears.

Bu Fang and the others exchanged glances and didn't know what to say. The three dark demon mouths looked like the entrances that would lead them to death, filling their hearts with doubt.

Should they enter or not?

After hesitating, they had to make the decision.

Realm Lord Di Tai had a determined look in his eyes. No matter what he would face, he would step into the gate. The Immortal Cooking Realm needed a Divine Chef. To achieve this goal, he had gone through countless life and death situations. He couldn't give up out of fear of death. This was not his style.

“Bu Fang, boy, I wish you the best of luck. I'll enter the gate first. If I don't come out alive, you must inherit my... art of nudity.” Realm Lord Di Tai waved at Bu Fang, then chose one of the three dark demon mouths and stepped into it.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched involuntarily. ‘The art of nudity... Keep that thing for yourself. I'm not interested,’ he thought.

Ying Ya took a deep breath. He had made it this far, and naturally, he wouldn't give up. He stepped into another demon's mouth. Soon, he disappeared into the boundless darkness.

Only Bu Fang was left now. The demon mouth cast a shadow on him like some bad omen.

Wasting no time, he clasped his hands behind his back and stepped into the last gate. He wanted to see what was inside the Culinary Gates of Life and Death.

...

City Lord Meng Qi stood beneath the Stairway of Culinary Arts, looking at the beating heart with a calm expression. She knew that with her talent, she could not pass the stairway. She glanced around and sighed softly.

Suddenly, a repulsive force filled the void. Meng Qi felt her body being pushed out of this space, and with a loud boom, the scene before her changed abruptly. She was thrown away like a missile, the wind filling her ears as everything in her eyes blurred. The next moment, she found that she had fallen onto an open field surrounded by clouds of rolling sand.

Far off, the golden light pillar towered into the sky. However, it was beginning to disappear in her eyes.

Rumble!

Liu Ya gave up and was hit by a terrible force, sending him flying backward. It made him cough blood and drop to one knee.

The eyes of the two Judges were full of killing intent. When they saw Meng Qi, who was thrown out of the space, they smiled evilly.

“Capture these two people and bring them back to Abyss City... We’ll use them to lure those people when they come out of the inheritance.”

BAM!

As soon as the Judge said that, Liu Ya was pressed to the ground by someone. Meng Qi, on the other hand, behaved calmly and told those law enforcers that she would follow them.

Blood-red chains swept over and bound around Meng Qi and Liu Ya’s bodies. After that, they were brought away by many law enforcers.

...

Wearing a cold expression with his hands clasped behind his back, a figure fully clad in a blood-colored robe stood on top of a cliff near the Abyss’s entrance.

Suddenly, bright rays flashed and flickered at the bottom of the Abyss. After that, figures flew up and came to the cliff.

Three Judges appeared, followed by a group of law enforcers who surrounded Meng Qi and Liu Ya.

“Oh? Where’s Blood Three?” the Great Judge asked in a faint voice without looking at them.

The three Judges looked at each other hesitantly, and at last, one of them said, “Someone killed him.”

“Those people from the Nether Prison’s younger generation who can kill Blood Three haven’t turned up yet, have they?” said the Great Judge.

The three Judges didn't know how to answer that. At last, they explained the situation.

Blood Three was killed by a Nine-star True Immortal, and they didn't know how to explain it. It was a joke that a Two-revolution Little Saint was killed by a mere Nine-star True Immortal. Most embarrassingly, they let the boy get away...

"Rubbish! I'll give you three days. If you can't kill the rest of the Nether Prison geniuses and the boy who killed Blood Three, don't bother coming back," the Great Judge said coldly. "The plan is about to be in full swing, and I don't want any accident... This is our only chance to free the Abyss from the Nether Prison's control. We can only succeed, not fail!"

Chapter 1213 Passing Through With Force!

The demon mouths made of bones were the Culinary Gates of Life and Death. Bu Fang had a feeling that the owner of the Divine Chef's inheritance seemed to be very fond of Abyssal Demons. So far, all the things he had seen were related to Abyssal Demons, and this struck him as a little strange.

Realm Lord Di Tai and Ying Ya had already stepped into the gates and were engulfed by darkness.

Bu Fang didn't know where these demon mouths led to. He looked up at the huge golden eyes in the sky, feeling the mighty pressure in them. He squinted at them for a long time, then exhaled and turned around, walking straight into the darkness.

He clasped his hands behind his back and walked at a steady pace. He wanted to see how frightening this so-called Culinary Gates of Life and Death was. If he passed it, he would be rewarded with Dark Qilin Bone, which was the item required to complete the system's temporary task. It was a win-win situation for him.

Tap, tap, tap...

Bu Fang walked straight down the tunnel. His footfalls were the only sound in the dark and quiet tunnel. Soon, even the only light source, which came from the entrance, disappeared. Darkness crept up on him and wrapped him from top to bottom, making him feel extremely cold.

He opened his mouth. A mass of white flame rushed out of it and burned ragingly in his palm, sending a scorching heat across the surroundings while illuminating the tunnel.

Suddenly, a sharp noise rang out as one bone spear after another thrust out of the bone walls and shot toward Bu Fang at top speed.

“Oh?” Bu Fang was slightly taken aback. “So this is the Gate of Life and Death? It seems like the tunnel is trying to kill me...” The bone spears gave him the same ominous feeling as those that appeared after his opponent lost the Chef’s Challenge.

He furrowed his eyebrows and looked somewhat annoyed. “If this is death, where is life?” He felt that this assessment was not worthy of the name.

“The Gates of Life and Death consist of life gates and death gates. The life gates will lead one to the assessment of culinary arts, while the death gates will lead one to... death.” The system’s voice suddenly rang out in Bu Fang’s head.

That gave Bu Fang a pause. He didn’t expect that the system would appear to explain to him. Nevertheless, he seemed to have stepped into a death gate, to judge from what the system said.

Of the three gates, one was the death gate, and he happened to choose it.

Bu Fang felt somewhat speechless and a little disgusted. It seemed to him that one had to be lucky to get the inheritance, and the arrangement was used to simply reduce the number of candidates.

What was the point of this?

He sighed softly and unleashed his divine will. His eyes seemed to flicker with a faint golden gleam. The next moment, he sensed the gaps between the bone spears that came at him from all directions. He moved rapidly and agilely, dodging all the sharp bones.

BOOM! BOOM!

Those bone spears pierced into the ground, only to come back out again in the next instant with even stronger forces. If Bu Fang were pierced by one of them, he would instantly be riddled by the others and torn into a thousand pieces. It would not be good for him.

“This seems to be somewhat different from the Divine Chef’s inheritance I imagined.” Bu Fang pursed his lips. Of the assessments he had gone through so far, only the first one, the Stairway of

Culinary Arts, was good enough. The rest were almost like jokes. “Why is this Divine Chef’s challenge so lax?”

Even then, he turned his body slightly. A bone spear shot past him and went straight into the ground. Bu Fang narrowed his eyes as a hostile look flashed in them. With a thought, Foxy appeared in his arms.

The little fox, who was pulled out of the Heaven and Earth Farmland, looked a little confused. While nibbling at a spirit fruit she held with her tiny paws, she blinked and glanced around. Then, she came to her senses, and she quickly and excitedly climbed up along Bu Fang’s body, lay on his shoulder, and rubbed both her tails against his face.

Bu Fang rubbed Foxy’s head, then told her to blast the tunnel apart. He was frustrated by the bone spears.

The little fox nodded and opened her mouth. Golden energy missiles immediately poured out from between her jaws and blasted the whole tunnel apart!

Bu Fang chose to pass through the death gate with force. Since there was no way out, he would blast one open. If truth be told, he wasn’t too concerned about the Divine Chef’s inheritance. He probably wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for the system’s task. He had his own way, and he would complete his Cooking Path through it. Other people’s ways did not suit him.

The bone walls around him kept breaking apart, and the whole tunnel seemed to be collapsing. Bu Fang summoned Shrimpy, stepped onto its back, and flew along the tunnel at top speed, turning into a golden stream of light and heading toward the distance. The deeper he went, the more powerful the bone spears were. Shrimpy flew faster and faster as the tunnel behind them was engulfed by flames.

RUMBLE!

Bu Fang’s behavior seemed to have infuriated the will of the Divine Chef’s inheritance as the pressure in the tunnel suddenly grew stronger.

He frowned and unleashed his divine will. The addition of the mental forces from the Divine Dragon, Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, and Black Turtle made his divine will even stronger. It spread out in an instant, forcing back the will of the Divine Chef’s inheritance.

Boom!

With a loud explosion, Bu Fang crashed through the tunnel wall and flew out of it. Broken pieces of bones flew in the air as he stood on Shrimpy's back with Foxy in his arms.

The Gates of Life and Death consisted of life gates and death gates. The life gates would lead one to the assessment of culinary arts, while the death gates will lead one to... death.

However, Bu Fang had used force and created his own life gate in the death gate.

After passing through the death gate, Bu Fang floated in midair and glanced around. What he saw gave him a pause.

It was an empty field. There was a huge cooking bench in the distance, where a figure with its head bowed sat, seemingly lifeless.

"Oh, an Abyssal Demon?" Bu Fang murmured suspiciously.

He thought that the figure should be an Abyssal Demon, who was also the master of this Divine Chef's inheritance.

"The Divine Chef is an Abyssal Demon?!" He took a deep breath. He felt that he was right.

In front of the Abyssal Demon's body was a rainbow altar with all kinds of ingredients on it, which were wrapped in white light shields that were suspended in the air. Rich spirit essence kept rising from those ingredients. Without question, they were all supreme sacred grade immortal ingredients. Bu Fang saw True Dragon meat, Phoenix meat, Qilin bone, and many other rare and precious things.

The Dark Qilin Bone among them was the purpose of Bu Fang's participation in this inheritance.

He floated in midair and felt waves of pressure sweeping over at him. Far off, Realm Lord Di Tai and Ying Ya sat cross-legged on the ground. Their eyes were closed as if they had fallen into some sort of vision and were going through a violent assessment. He didn't interrupt them. Although the

Divine Chef was an Abyssal Demon, he might be genuine about his promise of passing his inheritance. If that was the case, waking the realm lord now would be equivalent to destroying his opportunity.

He asked Shrimpy to put him down on the ground. Then, he walked slowly toward the altar.

There were many good things on the altar. Clearly, they were the rewards for those who had completed the assessments. Perhaps, then, the Divine Chef's inheritance was not a sham.

Bu Fang saw a black stone tablet in the middle of the altar. He glanced at it from a distance. The writing on it was about the Abyssal Demon's deeds.

He was an Abyssal Demon who had become a Divine Chef, the founder of the Abyssal Gourmet, the lord and a former leader of the Abyss. Judging from his deeds written on the stone table, he was not a villain.

When he was young, he traveled with a peerless Divine Chef to learn Culinary Arts in the Immortal Cooking Realm. After learning many cooking skills, he returned to the Abyss and taught other Abyssal Demons a variety of culinary techniques. He also recruited many apprentices and introduced the cuisine of the Abyss to the world.

However, as the years passed and the Abyssal Demon grew older, his apprentices had split into various schools in the Abyss and competed with each other. To get his inheritance, they imprisoned him and even used his flesh to cook dishes in an attempt to become a Divine Chef like him.

This deeply saddened him.

He set up his inheritance in the Abyss, and because he learned his cooking skills from human beings, human beings were also eligible for his inheritance. That, in turn, was one of the reasons why the Nether Chef Clan invaded the Abyss.

The Abyssal Demon lived at the heyday of the Abyss. He had not lived through the dark days when the Abyss was ruled by the Nether Prison, so he didn't have any evil intention when setting up the inheritance. He was simply looking for a suitable successor.

After reading the Divine Chef's deeds, Bu Fang no longer had any doubts about this inheritance. Of course, he was still annoyed by the setting in the death gate. If he hadn't asked Foxy to blow up the tunnel, he would have died in it. Therefore, he didn't like this Divine Chef either.

Bu Fang went to the rainbow altar and glanced at the ingredients. Then, he reached out a hand and took the Dark Qilin Bone. It was rich in spirit essence and surrounded in tiny glowing specks. After putting away the bone, he didn't touch the other sacred grade immortal ingredients.

He was not a greedy man. He came to this land of inheritance to get this Dark Qilin Bone. Besides, he had passed through the death gate, and he needed a reward for himself.

Now that he had completed the system's task, the system's serious voice rang out in his head.

"Congratulations on completing your current task: Go to the Abyss and obtain the Dark Qilin Bone. You are now rewarded with: Twenty percent increase in your true energy cultivation."

Bu Fang's eyes lit up. The next moment, he felt the true energy vortex in his dantian begin to spin violently, and his aura rose abruptly to a critical point and broke through a minor shackle. The true energy in the vortex surged like a vast sea and was showing signs of crystallization. Once it completely crystallized, it meant that his true energy cultivation had stepped into the Sacred Realm.

Although he had not reached that stage yet, his current cultivation base was almost equivalent to that of the half-step Saint, and his fighting capacity was more than twice as strong as before. Moreover, his divine will seemed to have grown stronger as well, which improved his overall strength. Based on the current strength of his divine will, he could throw out two ordinary Perishing Pots at the same time.

RUMBLE!

Just as Bu Fang was sensing his improved cultivation base, the ground under his feet suddenly shook. He was slightly taken aback, and he glanced at Realm Lord Di Tai and Ying Ya, who sat cross-legged on the ground in the distance. Frowning, he turned, stepped onto Shrimpy's back, and soared into the sky in a golden beam of light.

With a boom, he flew out of the land of inheritance. Although the inheritance was great, it was useless to him. He had his own way.

A dark golden light beam ripped through the golden light pillar. Shrimpy brought Bu Fang out of the land of inheritance and came to a boundless wilderness.

Far off, law enforcers clad in blood-colored robes stood in the wilderness like spears, their eyes closed. The moment Bu Fang appeared, their eyes flicked open and glowed dazzlingly. In the next instant, a piercing noise echoed through the air as if a message was being passed around.

Standing on Shrimpy's back, Bu Fang suddenly felt a tingling sensation in his skin as if he was being targeted by many streams of mental forces.

Two law enforcement teams were waiting for him right outside the land of inheritance.

"You've finally shown up, the human riding on a shrimp! Lord Judge ordered me to wait for you here and kill you as soon as you appear! Now, come and face your death!" The voice of a Little Saint thundered.

The next moment, terrible auras filled the skies as the law enforcers charged madly at Bu Fang, while black spears thrust out from down below, blotted out the skies, and rained down at him!

Chapter 1214 Face a City Alone!

Bu Fang didn't expect that there was a law enforcement team waiting for him outside the golden light pillar. He thought it was rather interesting. It seemed that the three Judges wanted to kill him, just like he wanted to kill them. Spears shot up from the ground and blotted out the skies as if they were about to riddle him. With a thought, a white array immediately appeared before him and began to flash and spin, then a huge figure slowly floated out of it.

Whitey had made its appearance.

The moment it appeared, the puppet's mechanical eyes flickered with lightning, while the crackling noise of lightning arcs jumping across its body rang incessantly. Its metal wings spread with a clang, and in the next moment, its figure flashed through the skies like a thunderbolt.

As Bu Fang's cultivation base reached the level of half-step Saint, Whitey's fighting capacity had broken through a shackle as well. Earlier, it had devoured countless lightning punishments and grew as strong as a half-step Saint, and now, it finally reached the Sacred Realm, possessing the strength of a Little Saint.

It was obvious that Whitey was just a One-revolution Little Saint now. However, that was more than enough to deal with the current situation!

A dark vortex with energy spinning inside appeared in Whitey's abdomen, while a rumble echoed in the skies. The next instant, the War God Stick appeared in its grip. Fixing its eyes at the thousands of black spears shooting up from the ground, Whitey flapped its metal wings, floated in midair, and began to spin the stick with both hands. Lightning streaked across the void as the stick spun rapidly and stirred up a wild wind.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Black spears shot over and crashed into the spinning wheel the War God Stick had turned into, but they were all instantly blown to black ashes by the lightning arcs that darted out of the stick, drifting across the void and scattering on the ground.

Bu Fang stood on Shrimpy's back with his hands clasped behind his back. His eyes gleamed as he watched Whitey exhibit its tyrannical fighting capacity.

Whitey was getting stronger and stronger, which was a good thing for Bu Fang.

As he watched, he produced a steaming Explosive Meatball and gave it to Foxy. The little fox grabbed the meatball excitedly and swallowed it in one gulp.

Woosh!

The spinning wheel stopped abruptly. Then, with lightning arcs dancing across the War God Stick, Whitey's figure blurred into motion and charged toward a group of law enforcers down below. As it approached, it lifted the stick and smashed it down at them. The weapon grew large abruptly and crashed into the ground with a terribly strong gust of wind, blowing dirt and rock and sand into the skies.

The air was filled with shouts and shrieks as the explosion threw many law enforcers away. However, more of them came rushing at Whitey with towering killing intent.

With the breakthrough, Whitey's lightning was fierce and stronger, and it alone could hold out ten thousand enemies. It made a wide sweep with the stick, knocking men tumbling backward.

Even then, the Little Saint of the law enforcement team joined the fight. His cultivation base was good. He was swinging a black knife rapidly as he approached, and when he was close enough, he brought it down at Whitey to cut the puppet in half.

Whitey raised the War God Stick and shattered the knife energy, then its figure blurred into motion. The next instant, it appeared in front of the Little Saint and began raining down blows at him. With its killing mode turned on, the puppet was like a real fighting maniac, and every part of its body seemed to have turned into a powerful weapon. The Little Saint found it hard to resist every attack that came from it.

...

When the violent battle finally ended, the wilderness was already riddled with holes, and the entire law enforcement team was wiped out.

Holding the War God Stick in one hand, Whitey grabbed the head of a law enforcer with the other, its body steaming and covered in marks left by knives.

The Little Saint looked almost like a dead dog in Whitey's hand. He was barely breathing, and his body was full of cracks as if he was about to break into pieces.

Whitey jerked his head up.

Bu Fang landed in front of them and gave the Little Saint an indifferent look. "Where are the Judges?"

"You're dead! Your companion is in the hands of the Great Judge... It won't change anything if you kill me... The Great Judge will cut you into a thousand pieces!"

The Little Saint roared with laughter, then his body burst into a sudden blaze of light. He was about to self-detonate.

Bu Fang frowned. Although the terrible energy fluctuation exuding from the Little Saint was growing more violent, he paid it no mind. Instead, he lifted a hand, produced a rainbow dumpling, and gently shoved it into the Little Saint's mouth.

The law enforcer widened his eyes as he felt his body, which was about to explode, suddenly freeze. “You...”

“My companion is in the Great Judge’s hands? Who would that be? Could it be... Meng Qi?” Bu Fang murmured as he stroked Foxy’s hair.

Whitey loosened its grip and let the Little Saint fell to the ground with a plop. Then, it soared into the sky together with Bu Fang and floated in midair.

It was only after the man and the puppet were far away that the Little Saint’s self-detonation erupted, blowing him into pieces. The ground shook violently as if it was about to burst apart as well.

Bu Fang watched calmly as flames engulfed everything on the ground. He noticed that the power generated from the self-detonation of a Little Saint was not weaker than his Perishing Pot. Now that his cultivation base had improved, the Perishing Pot’s power should have increased as well.

He withdrew his gaze from the raging flames below, looked into the distance, and sighed softly. “Meng Qi must have been driven out of the Divine Chef’s inheritance and captured by the three Judges... They want to use her to threaten me.” Bu Fang bowed his head, lost in thought. The next moment, his eyes flickered, and he looked up and said, “Well, it’s time for me to complete the killing task... In that case, I’ll head for Abyss City now.”

Upon hearing that, the red gleam in Whitey’s eyes grew stronger, and its metal wings flapped. In a twinkling, it pierced through the air and sped into the distance. At the same time, Shrimpy, with Bu Fang on its back, also turned into a golden beam of light and zoomed away in the same direction.

Down below, the flames produced by the Little Saint’s self-detonation rolled and spread across the ground, while the golden light pillar that was the Divine Chef’s inheritance flickered and swayed.

It remained to be seen whether Realm Lord Di Tai or Ying Ya would get the inheritance.

...

Outside Abyss City...

On the top of the towering blood-colored city wall, a figure could be seen sitting cross-legged on a large rock. A chilly wind blew over, making his hair flutter noisily.

Around him stood many law enforcers with serious faces. They were all looking into the distance, and their auras joined together into monstrous killing intent.

Blood-colored chains stretched out from the middle of the wall and wound around a black Netherworld Ship, rattling noisily as they swayed in midair. City Lord Meng Qi was fettered to the ship, and so was Liu Ya, who was covered in blood and looked extremely weak. A gust of wind, filled with a strong aura of death, blew over and slapped them in the face.

The Judge's blood-colored robe flapped in the wind. He lifted his head and fixed his eyes on the void turbulence in the distance. He seemed to be waiting for something.

It was the third day, the last day of the time the Great Judge gave him. The law enforcement team of Abyss City had been dispatched to carry out the Great Judge's plan, while he stayed in the city to wait for that young man who had killed Blood Three.

He believed that the young man would come, and he had prepared a great gift for him.

Suddenly, a sonic boom was heard ringing out from the boundless void turbulence. With eyes full of monstrous killing intent, the Judge turned his gaze toward the sound and saw two figures flying in his direction at top speed, one wrapped in golden light and the other in white light.

They arrived in the blink of an eye, filling the air with a rumbling noise. The golden light faded and revealed a young man standing on the back of a shrimp, and the white light beside him was a puppet.

The young man was the one who killed Blood Three, the one he was waiting for...

All the law enforcers on the wall opened their mouths and roared, their voices joined together and turned into a deafening sound. They wanted to frighten Bu Fang and fill his heart with fear.

On the Netherworld Ship, Meng Qi slowly opened her eyes. She looked confused. Then, she saw a familiar figure in the distance...

“Bu Fang? He’s here alone? Is he crazy?”

Beside her, Liu Ya, covered in blood, slowly lifted his head, opened his eyes with great difficulty, and looked at Bu Fang as well. “I... never know there is such a... brave man in the Immortal Cooking Realm...” Blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth, and there was a hint of bitterness in his voice.

“He is a... miracle,” Meng Qi murmured.

“A miracle? That thing doesn’t exist... Even the three most gifted geniuses from the Nether Prison’s younger generation would not be brave enough to challenge the whole Abyss City alone. He’s simply courting death...” said Liu Ya. Although he said that Bu Fang was courting death, his eyes flashed with a rare look of admiration.

Liu Ya was not a chef but a genius from the Shadow Demon Clan, and he admired the brave and strong most in his life.

“I believe in him. He is a miracle,” Meng Qi said firmly.

Boom!

On the city wall, the Judge rose to his feet. His eyes gleamed like torches and filled with monstrous killing intent as he stared at Bu Fang. The skies over the wall seemed to be covered by a boundless cloud of blood. He reached out a hand, grabbed a blood-colored chain, and gave it a yank. The chain rattled, and the Netherworld Ship trembled. He tried to frighten Bu Fang with that.

Bu Fang approached with a straight face, his striped red-and-white robe flapping in the wind.

As soon as he entered Abyss City’s territory, the Judge’s killing intent erupted.

“Attention! I want all law enforcers to attack this man with all your might! NOW!” A sharp whistle burst out of the Judge’s mouth and rolled out in all directions like thunder.

As soon as he gave his order, plumes of terrible auras thrust into the sky as the law enforcers on the wall unleashed their cultivation bases, while surging energy turned into beams of blood-colored light and shot toward Bu Fang.

In just a flash, the world before Meng Qi and Liu Ya was covered by countless dazzling energy blasts.

Bu Fang was instantly devoured.

...

Outside Abyss City...

Three Nether Prison warships slowly flew across the boundless void, emanating terrifying pressure that compressed the air. They came from the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan, the Shadow Demon Clan, and the Horned Demon Clan.

The three major clans of the Nether Prison had arrived at the Abyss.

Using the Divine Chef's inheritance as bait, the Abyss had slaughtered the Nether Prison's young geniuses and the Great Saint who was stationed in the Abyss. This had utterly infuriated the Nether Prison, and the three clans had decided to send an army to quell the revolt.

There was a Great Saint sitting in every warship.

It was as if a great terror were sailing through the boundless void.

Meanwhile, an army had been assembled at a remote area outside of Abyss City. Holding a huge blood-colored scythe in one hand, the Great Judge stared at the three enormous Nether Prison warships in the distance as a faint smile brushed his lips.

...

Down below in the Abyss...

Boom!

An explosion rang out of a cave. The next moment, a black dog who looked drunk flew out of it, turned into a black beam of light, and sped into the distance.

Strutting cat-like steps, the dog walked in the void with a wine jar between its jaws and an intoxicated look on its face.

Behind it, a fierce-looking young man with a pair of leathern wings on his back growled furiously. He chased the dog at top speed and kept throwing attacks at it, which shook and crumbled the void!

A long time later, the young man stopped in midair, staring at the black dog with a dark-golden gleam in his eyes. His body was shaking with rage.

Chapter 1215 Fight!

On top of the city wall, the Judge's blood-colored robe flapped in the wind. His eyes shone like torches as they fixed on Bu Fang, who hovered midair outside Abyss City. At his order, the law enforcers on the wall moved. They leaped into the air, exploded with terrible power, and rushed toward Bu Fang and Whitey.

Whitey's scarlet mechanical eyes flickered, and its metal wings spread with a clanging noise. In the next instant, it bolted forward with the War God Stick in hand like a humanoid war machine. Lightning erupted from its body, making it look like a thunderbolt itself.

Suddenly, countless spears were thrown at it. Without hesitation, it spun the War God Stick rapidly, stirring up a powerful gust of wind that blew away all the black spears. Then, it shook the metal wings on its back. The sound of metal on metal filled the air as numerous sword lights shot out of the wings, blotted out the skies, and rained down at the law enforcers.

Whitey had held up against nearly a hundred law enforcers. However, there were others who managed to fly past it and headed straight at Bu Fang. In their opinions, the young man was weaker than the puppet who had reached the Little Saint realm, so he must be easier to deal with.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and stood in the void. His expression remained unchanged as he sighed softly. On his shoulders, Shrimpy and Foxy rested their eyes on the law enforcers who were flying over in their direction.

On the wall, the Judge gazed coldly at Bu Fang. A murderous look crept up his face as he ordered, "Kill this boy! Attack!"

Boom!

As soon as his voice rang out, numerous figures soared into the air. Almost all the experts who stayed back in Abyss City had shown up now. Most of these law enforcers were Nine-star True Immortals, and some were half-step Saints. There were only two Little Saints among them, who were the leaders of the two law enforcement teams. However, these two leaders had joined hands to fight with Whitey. The rest all went for Bu Fang.

Staring at the group of men who were charging frantically toward him with savage looks, Bu Fang's eyes suddenly flashed with a blood-colored gleam. The warm blood in him was beginning to boil.

In the next moment, he rose higher into the sky. The striped red-and-white Vermilion Chef Robe turned fiery scarlet, making it look as if he was wreathed in a raging red fire. At the same time, his spirit sea boiled, and waves of energy spread out from the divine will phantom spirit hovering over it, which erupted in an instant.

Bu Fang moved. Like a fiery red arrowhead, he sped through the air and approached the enemies in a flash, holding the Black Turtle Constellation Wok that glowed with an earthy yellow luster.

A half-step Saint, who was charging at Bu Fang, widened his eyes.

Bu Fang's mind flickered, and suddenly, the illusory shadow of a black turtle appeared behind him. It was so huge that it seemed to have blotted out the skies. As the black turtle roared, Bu Fang lifted the black wok and swept it out hard.

The half-step Saint thrust a long knife to meet the wok, but it was knocked flying away.

The law enforcer's pupils constricted. In the next instant, the black wok smashed him in the face with a mighty force. He felt his head almost burst apart, and he heard the bones in his face crack. A jet of blood gushed out of his mouth as he was knocked flying away like a shooting star.

Bu Fang stepped on the void. His Vermilion Chef Robe burned ragingly as if a Fire Vermilion was about to rise from the flames. The flaming wings on his back unfolded, waved, and pushed him

forward like a fiery red thunderbolt. His face was expressionless as he held the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in one hand.

This time, he didn't use Foxy. He wanted to defeat the enemies with his own strength. With his divine will, boiling mental force, physical strength, and the God of Cooking Set, his fighting capacity was not weak at all. Although he didn't know any fighting skills, he knew that with absolute strength, he could overwhelm all fancy techniques. He didn't need any skills. All he needed to do was crush the enemies with absolute strength!

No one could withstand his wok!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Carrying the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, Bu Fang crashed into the enemies like a thunderbolt, smashing one law enforcer after another with it. The wok shattered their bones and made them cough blood while tumbling backward.

The city wall rumbled as many of them were thrown onto it, cracking its surface.

Meanwhile, the two Little Saints and Whitey fought each other in a fierce battle. Whenever Whitey swept out the War God Stick, it would stir up a thunderstorm, making the two Little Saints' hearts shiver with fear and forcing them to dodge it. The fight between them was a violent one. Although Whitey was just a One-revolution Little Saint, it had no trouble in suppressing two Little Saints.

Without these Little Saints, Bu Fang was almost invincible among the experts of the same level as him. Every time when he swung out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, an enemy would be knocked flying away.

He floated in the void. The flaming wings on his back were so dazzling that they made him look like a true god. Suddenly, he threw out the black wok. As it spun across the void, the wok grew larger and larger, until finally it turned as huge as a hill and crashed down toward Abyss City with a tremendous amount of pressure.

"You're courting death!" the Judge growled as he stomped his feet and shot up like a missile. In the blink of an eye, he approached the wok and threw a punch at it.

Dong!

Ripples spread out of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

The wok, which crashed down like a hill, was forcibly pushed back by the Judge. It grew smaller, flew backward, and was grabbed by Bu Fang. Borrowing the momentum, Bu Fang catapulted himself straight toward the Judge.

The Judge was a Two-revolution Little Saint, so his cultivation base was strong. However, Bu Fang planned to face him head-on this time.

A blood-colored stream of light and a fiery red ray crashed into each other.

There was a cold look in the Judge's eyes as he said, "You're merely a half-step Saint! How dare you fight me head-on? You're digging your own grave!"

Boom!

The Judge's aura erupted like fierce waves. The cultivation base of a Two-revolution Little Saint was indeed very formidable. Above his head, two Wills of the Great Path transformed into blood-red dragons, roaring as they swooped down at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang's face was indifferent. He threw out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok once again, but this time, he gave it a slap to make it spin even faster, causing the void to squeak and crack.

RUMBLE!

A violent collision took place in the void, and the wok was knocked flying back in an instant. Bu Fang stood in the void, unmoving. With a wave of his hand, the wok disappeared. Then, a golden ray slashed out through the air, accompanied by a sonorous dragon roar that echoed through the skies. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife finally made its appearance.

Boom!

Even then, an illusory shadow emerged behind Bu Fang. It was a colossal shadow with its head touching the top of the sky, and it exuded a tremendous amount of pressure that seemed to almost collapse the void.

The shadow was holding a knife. Slowly, the knife slashed down toward the Judge, who was soaring into the sky with the two dragons of the Great Path wheeling around him.

A knife energy was rapidly gathered, and the color of the world seemed to change because of it.

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!” Bu Fang cried out softly and made a slash with the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

The dragons of the Great Path wheeled upward and collided with Bu Fang’s attack.

Boom!

A terrible explosion rang out, and the blasts pushed Bu Fang back.

“For someone who possessed the cultivation base of a half-step Saint, you are considered strong. Unfortunately, you have no idea how terrible a Two-revolution Little Saint is!”

The Judge’s figure kept shifting through the void, and suddenly, he appeared in front of Bu Fang.

“You’ve killed Blood Three, and now you have to pay the price with your blood...” he said in a cold voice.

Bu Fang’s hair waved in the wind as he said expressionlessly, “Blood Three is not the only one... I’ll kill you and the other two Judges as well.”

As soon as he said that, he roared. Immediately, Shrimpy turned into a golden stream of light, flew under his feet, and carried him from beneath, making him move even faster. At the same time, Foxy jumped into his arms with terrible energy gathering in her mouth.

In the next moment, a golden beam of energy shot out of the little fox’s mouth with a boom.

The Judge's pupils constricted, and his body began to spin rapidly in the void.

In the blink of an eye, the dragons of the Great Path and the energy missile crashed into one another, producing a shocking explosion.

A plume of fire rose into the sky as two figures flew backward in the void.

The Judge rolled in the air and landed his feet onto the wall of Abyss City. The whole stretch of wall sank a little under him.

Slash!

A blood-colored scythe tore through the air, and the Judge jumped up and threw himself at Bu Fang once again. Blood and energy in the air gathered rapidly and turned into a monstrous tornado, while countless illusory shadows of the scythe blotted out the skies.

With Bu Fang on its back, Shrimpy transformed into a golden beam of light and moved at top speed, dodging the Judge's attack. At the same time, Foxy continued to unleash energy missiles, which hit the illusory shadows of the scythe and filled the void with explosions.

The fight turned intense suddenly.

Whitey was fighting the two Little Saints.

Suddenly, its crimson eyes flashed. A Little Saint approached with a fierce attack. Instead of dodging, it took the palm strike with its steel body, which left a deep dent.

However, Whitey took the opportunity and slapped the Little Saint's head with its huge palm, crushing it in an instant. It then rained down all kinds of brutal attacks on his body and smashed him into a pulp.

Before the Little Saint could even shriek, he was killed by Whitey.

The War God Stick shook, and with a slash, it pierced through the body of the last Little Saint and nailed him onto the city wall. In the blink of an eye, Whitey had killed another Little Saint.

Far off, the Judge fighting with Bu Fang was shocked. He didn't expect that a puppet could kill two Little Saints. Suddenly, he saw a rainbow dumpling grow larger and larger in his eyes. That took him aback. With a boom, the Divine Seal Dumpling exploded, unleashing a wash of blinding white light that engulfed him.

"This is..." The Judge was stunned. A moment later, he found that he could no longer move. His body was imprisoned by a terrifying force, and he could not release the energy inside him.

"What trick is this?!"

Even then, Bu Fang approached at top speed with a silver lotus pot in his hand.

The Judge's pupils constricted when he saw the pot. He remembered that Blood Three was killed by the same thing. He could sense a horrible aura of death from that silver pot.

One breath, two breaths...

His eyes grew wide with anger and fear, and he seemed to hear the beating of his heart. However, he couldn't move at all. He could only watch as the young man threw the pot at his chest.

Boom!

With a mighty force, the pot smashed him and pushed him hard into the city wall, which instantly sank with a thud.

In the next moment, a deafening rumble echoed out. The white light that imprisoned the Little Saint swept out in all directions, while a huge white lotus crumbled the wall, sending countless rocks tumbling down to the ground.

Then, a mushroom cloud rose into the sky.

...

On the other side of Abyss City...

The Great Judge and the army, who were facing the Nether Prison's warships, suddenly turned to look in the direction where the city was being destroyed. They were terrified to see the monstrous explosion.

"What's going on?!" growled the Great Judge as his eyes burst into blood-colored light.

Why was there an explosion in the rear when they were facing the enemy at the front line?

"Attack!"

A roar echoed through the void as the Nether Prison's warships approached. A horrible pressure permeated the air. There was a mighty figure standing in front of each warship, and they were all Great Saints.

"The Abyss is revolting... Those who plotted the revolt will be mercilessly killed!" a cold voice rang through the air.

Boom!

Plumes of terrible energy burst out from the three warships, each transforming into a towering figure that looked down at the Great Judge.

"Three Great Saints... So what? I'll kill you all the same!" The Great Judge burst out laughing. As his hair fluttered in the air, he produced a blood-colored sword, and his aura thrust into the sky as well, turning into a huge blood-red figure that blotted out the skies.

In the next moment, the four illusory shadows of the four Great Saints clashed in the void.

...

The explosion caused by the Perishing Pot gradually dispersed. Inside the mushroom cloud, a bloody and broken figure could be seen hovering in midair. The sound of violent breathing filled the air.

Whitey flapped the wings on its back and flew to Bu Fang's side. Its crimson eyes flashed, and in the next moment, it raised the War God Stick and threw it at the broken figure, piercing his body and nailing him on the wall.

A deep pit was created on the wall.

Bu Fang wore an indifferent expression as he grabbed a teapot and poured some refreshing tea into his mouth.

"The second..." he said coolly.

Suddenly, his eyes narrowed.

With a bang, Whitey was blown away before it could even react. Pieces of steel kept falling off its body as it tumbled across the void and smashed into the ground under Bu Fang.

Chapter 1216 Lord Dog!

The void seemed to have been crushed. In Bu Fang's eyes, Whitey suddenly flew backward and crashed deep into the ground with a rumble. A rain of broken steel fell before him. His pupils constricted, and he stopped drinking the tea, looking down at Whitey. Far off, Whitey was thrown into the ground. Tiny cracks covered its body, making it look like a clay doll that was about to shatter. It was the first time Whitey had been so severely damaged.

Bu Fang took a deep breath and landed at Whitey's side. Looking at the flickering, dimming gleam in its eyes, a menacing look appeared in his own eyes, and a fit of rage burst out from inside him. He had never been so angry. Since he came to this world, Whitey had been with him. The puppet was one of his best friends. Seeing Whitey suffer such heavy blow, his anger boiled over.

Tap, tap, tap...

He abruptly raised his head and looked at where the sound was coming from.

A figure gradually appeared in that direction. It was a young man. He had a pair of leathern wings with sharp claws at their tips. He was naked to the waist, and his skin was covered with strange markings. His hair danced in the wind beside his cold, hard face as he took his steps slowly. Each of his steps would make the ground shake.

The sound of liquid dripping filled the air. That was from the blood on the War God Stick falling to the ground. The stick was in the young man's hand, and he was looking at it with a pair of indifferent eyes. "How dare this thing kill the Judge of my Abyss City..." His cold voice echoed through the void, and a terrifying fluctuation spread out instantly.

In Bu Fang's eyes, the pressure from the young man came pressing over like a world, causing the rocks on the ground to roll. It was as if a huge demon opened its mouth and roared at him.

The young man was like a... deity!

His eyes were dark gold, and his hair was scarlet, which made him look rough and savage.

He seemed to notice Bu Fang's gaze, and he raised his chin slightly to give him a sideways glance. There was a cold, emotionless look in his eyes. He saw Whitey beside Bu Fang as well.

"The puppet is yours, isn't it? That means you are the one who killed the Judge of my Abyss City?" the young man said lightly.

As he spoke, dark smoke gushed out of his mouth, and his pointed ears twitched. He then lifted the War God Stick, grabbed it on both ends, and put his strength into his hands.

In Bu Fang's narrowed eyes, the War God Stick slowly bent between the young man's hands and broke into two with a loud crack. Countless lightning arcs darted across the stick's surface as if thunderbolts were about to pour out of it.

"The material is not bad... A pity that it's a little too fragile," the young man said with a disdainful tone. He loosened his grip, and immediately, the remnant of the War God Stick fell to the ground with a clang.

Buzz...

The next moment, the stick turned into lightning and disappeared.

"Who are you?" Bu Fang asked coldly. His voice was filled with unquenchable anger.

“Who am I? You’ve killed the Judge of my Abyss City, and yet you don’t know who I am?” The young man stared at Bu Fang in surprise. “You’re quite resourceful, aren’t you? Although you only have the cultivation base of a half-step Saint, you still managed to wound my Judge, who is a Two-revolution Little Saint...”

Bu Fang sighed softly and put away the teapot. ‘System, how is Whitey?’ he calmly asked in his mind.

‘Start scanning... The scanning is completed. Whitey suffered the worst damage so far. It was crushed by a brute force far beyond its level, which damaged 90% of its body,’ the system’s serious voice echoed in Bu Fang’s mind.

‘Ninety percent of its body is damaged?’ Bu Fang’s eyes turned red instantly. ‘The cute, obedient Whitey is crippled by someone with one blow?!’

“F*ck you!” Despite his calm nature, Bu Fang cursed as the rage in him shot to the roof.

Boom!

His spirit sea surged in an instant. The divine will phantom spirit hovering over the spirit sea opened its eyes, and golden rays shot out of them. At the same moment, the roars and cries of a dragon, a tiger, a bird, and a turtle rang out together.

Bu Fang rose to his feet and stared coldly at the young man with leathern wings. He didn’t say anything. Shrimpy fell under his feet in the next moment, burst into dazzling light, and tore through the void in a golden beam of light to appear in front of the young man.

The young man looked indifferently at Bu Fang, his blood-colored hair waving in the wind.

“Oh?” he said softly. In the next instant, a glowing rainbow dumpling suddenly grew larger in his eyes. “A dumpling? Are you a chef?” He didn’t take Bu Fang seriously at all. A mere half-step Saint was like an ant to him.

“Even a chef can lose his temper,” Bu Fang said coldly. “Explode.”

Boom!

In a flash, a wash of white light spread and filled the void. The young man's eyes narrowed and looked somewhat incredulous. As he looked down at it, a blood-colored aura exuded from his body.

He saw an invisible force emanate from the white light before it imprisoned him like an invisible array. The array was condensed of fragrance, and as soon as it covered his body, he couldn't move at all.

"What trick is this?!" Even though he was knowledgeable, the young man was horrified at this moment. After all, anyone would be frightened when he couldn't move his body.

Boom!

The blood and energy in him suddenly rumbled like waves crashing into a stone wall. The force that imprisoned his body crumbled instantly, and a surging blood-colored aura rose around him once again. The young man breathed a sigh of relief.

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed when he saw that it took the young man only a brief moment to regain control of his body. It was only the span of a breath, no, not even half a breath. The Divine Seal Dumpling couldn't trap the young man for even longer than half a breath. That could only mean one thing. This young man's strength had reached the Great Saint realm, and he was not weak even among all the Great Saints!

Bu Fang gritted his teeth, and his eyes were filled with anger once again. He couldn't help but fly into a rage at the thought that Whitey was so severely damaged.

He focused his mind. Suddenly, a silver ray burst out from his hands. Then, he flicked his finger, and the silver ray immediately shot toward the young man like a shooting star.

"Oh? That's strong." The young man squinted at the silver ray and took a deep breath. He was amazed that this human being, who was merely a half-step Saint, could bring him one surprise after another. First, it was a dumpling that could seal his power, and now it was a silver pot.

He lifted a muscular arm with blood-colored energy crawling across it. Very quickly, the energy tangled around the Perishing Pot.

Rumble!

The perishing pot exploded, bursting into terrifying destructive power.

“Unstable energy fluctuations formed by fusing the Will of the Great Path and a strange array...” the young man analyzed. Suddenly, the blood-colored energy grew stronger and suppressed the destructive power produced by the Perishing Pot.

“That’s enough. I don’t have time to waste with you. Although you have some strange tricks, you’re merely a half-step Saint...” He waved a hand. Immediately, the Perishing Pot, all wrapped up in the blood-red energy, shot back toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed.

Whoosh!

The void seemed to be collapsing. In a flash, the young man appeared in front of Bu Fang and tapped his forehead with a finger.

Clang!

The Vermilion Chef Robe burst into light as its invincibility was triggered. However, even with the invincibility, Bu Fang still felt a stab of pain on his forehead. The tap knocked him flying backward and fell beside Whitey with a crash.

As he fell, he heard Shrimpy howl painfully under him. He quickly got up and rubbed his brow with a thumb. Suddenly, his eyes narrowed.

Far off, the young man waved his arm. At the gesture, the Perishing Pot flew even faster toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang had a feeling that even he couldn’t withstand the Perishing Pot’s full power if it exploded in front of him. He was all tensed up. Even then, the void before him ripped open, and a black dog walked out of it, strutting cat-like steps. It smelled of alcohol.

As soon as the drunken black dog appeared, it fixed its half-closed dog eyes on the Perishing Pot wrapped in blood-colored energy.

Lord Dog?!

Bu Fang was surprised. He didn't expect Blacky, who had been missing for days, would show up at this moment. As soon as they arrived in the Abyss, this mangy dog had departed from them. Judging by how drunk he was now, he should have stirred up trouble again.

Although Lord Dog's eyes were half-closed, he saw the approaching Perishing Pot, and his mouth twitched. The next moment, a black Earth Prison fire broke out on his body and rose into the sky. Then, he opened his mouth, which grew extremely huge in a flash as if it was about to devour the world.

Even then, the Perishing Pot exploded and turned into a white lotus. Its destructive force distorted the void as it came smashing down at Bu Fang. However, Lord Dog simply devoured it.

The Earth Prison flame faded away, and Lord Dog turned back to his drunken look, swaggering with cat-like steps as he belched.

"This dish that goes with wine is a little... too powerful..." Lord Dog said, then snorted. His breath reeked of alcohol.

Far off, the young man with blood-colored hair flew into a rage as soon as he saw Lord Dog. "Damn mangy dog! How dare you show up before me again?! You've drunk all the Demon Yeast Wine I've meticulously brewed! I'll kill you!"

Lord Dog twitched his mouth to express his contempt for the young man's anger. He glanced at Bu Fang, then at Whitey, who lay beside Bu Fang with a broken body. "Bu Fang, boy... That metallic lump was beaten up by this red-haired birdman?" His gentle and magnetic voice rang out.

Bu Fang rose to his feet. The Vermilion Chef Robe burned ragingly, making him look like a mass of flames that was about to thrust into the sky.

“Yes... Kill him for me, and I’ll cook you five bowls of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Meat Ribs!” Bu Fang exhaled and said.

“This fellow is a Great Saint, and he is also the City Lord of Abyss City...”

“Ten bowls of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Meat Ribs...” Bu Fang offered again.

Lord Dog stuck out his tongue and licked his mouth. “You make it impossible for me to refuse you... However, this time, I want not only Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Meat Ribs but also Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Demon Ribs!”

The black Earth Prison flame emerged on his body again before he added, “Because this fellow is not only the City Lord of Abyss City but also a genuine pure-blooded Abyssal Demon!”

The moment he finished speaking, a dog bark rang through the skies!

Chapter 1217 Dark Qilin, Fish in Troubled Waters

The Nether Prison’s warships were floating in midair, emanating menacing auras that shook the skies. The three ships were from the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan, the Shadow Demon Clan, and the Horned Demon Clan. The Abyss, which was ruled by the three clans, had long been considered a Nether Prison territory. However, it rose in rebellion now and had brutally murdered the young geniuses and even a Great Saint of the Nether Prison.

What the Abyss had done was unpardonable. It was a challenge to the Nether Prison’s authority, an act of complete disregard of the nine clans.

Therefore, as soon as the Nether Prison was informed of what happened, the three clans dispatched their warships here.

These were the ships that had helped the Nether Prison invade many realms, and they had drunk the blood of countless experts. Even the Abyss had once wailed under them. They were the nightmares for all the creatures in the Abyss.

Now, these warships were here once again.

A mighty figure stood at the front of the ship, emanating a monstrous plume of aura that covered the skies and shook the void. He was a Great Saint. His eyes gleamed brilliantly, and the Will of the Great Path surged above his head, which was a vague world in its early form.

There was a Great Saint on each of the three warships. Their arrival seemed to make the Abyss tremble.

ROAR!

The Great Judge's blood-colored robe flapped noisily around him. His eyes were shot with blood, and his aura towered into the sky. Holding a blood-colored demon sword, he rose into the air and stood in the void. Above his head, crimson energy churned like clouds, and in it was a vague world as well. The small world was filled with heaps of corpses, seas of blood, and the aura of death.

He was also a Great Saint.

"Old dogs from the Nether Prison... I'm the one who killed your Great Saint! Kill me to avenge him if you can! I'll make you pay for all the crimes you have committed against the Abyss! I'll teach you all a lesson with blood!"

The Great Judge's face was cold, grim, and ferocious, and his eyes had turned dark gold. In the next instant, his aura thrust into the sky, turning into a huge illusory shadow, and his pressure clashed fearlessly with the pressure of the other three Great Saints.

"How presumptuous! All those who rise in rebellion will be mercilessly killed!"

The warships rumbled as three Great Saints rushed out of them and threw out their palms. Horrifying energy materialized into three colossal palms that blotted out the skies and smashed down toward the Great Judge. It seemed as if they were going to destroy the whole Abyss.

"I'll rip you all apart!" The Great Judge roared and raised his blood-colored demon sword, sending its dazzling light into the sky. Then, he shot himself up like a sword and began to fight the three Great Saints.

As their fight grew more violent, they moved their battleground over the skies. The only thing that left in the void was the rumbling of their battle.

Four Great Saints kept attacking with their strongest means, and four vague little worlds clashed with one another. Waves of scary pressure swept out in all directions, while the world seemed to fall into silence at this moment.

Boom!

Suddenly, the four of them rushed out of the boundless void turbulence and entered the starry sky. Since Great Saints could travel in the starry sky, they could naturally fight in it as well.

They continued to fight with their greatest skills, bombarding their surroundings with powerful blasts.

The vast expanse of the starry sky was magnificent and boundless, stretching as far as the eye could see. Under it, the four Great Saints were as tiny as ants, but they all radiated the brightest glow.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

While the Great Saints fought in the starry sky, a battle was on the verge of breaking out in the boundless void turbulence.

The Nether Prison's warships rumbled again as men charged out of them, filling the air with a menacing aura. A dozen Little Saints went forth at the same time, and each of them had a dragon condensed of the Will of the Great Path roaring above his head.

In the Abyss's camp, two Judges in blood-colored robes held their scythes and looked coldly at the enemies. In the next moment, they roared. At the signal, numerous law enforcers charged, shouting at the top of their lungs as they dragged the Nether Prison experts into a bloody battle.

Waves of energy collided and splashed like water, and rumbling could be heard without end. Little Saints fought with one another in the void with their strongest skills. There were huge energy hands, mighty knife energy that could hack through anything, and the shadows of some beasts that ran the enemies down.

The Little Saints from the three clans of the Nether Prisons exhibited their mighty strength, and the battle was in full swing instantly.

As the battle progressed, more and more experts died. They exploded into a blood mist, then fell into the boundless void.

The experts of the Abyss were naturally no match for those from the three clans of the Nether Prison. They were losing ground constantly, and soon, they retreated to just outside the Abyss City. The city gates were smeared with blood, and the blood mist in the air was so thick that it seemed to stain everything crimson.

“Kill them all!”

The Nether Prison experts fought fiercer and fiercer. The experts of the Shadow Demon Clan transformed into countless shadows, which allowed them to unleash even greater energy, and their ability to sneak around like shadows surprised many of their opponents.

Slash! Slash! Slash...

“Ants of the Abyss... The price of your rebellion is destruction!”

The Nether Prison experts sneered. They couldn't figure out where the Abyss found the courage to fight against the Nether Prison. Everyone knew that the Nether Prison was powerful enough to crush the Abyss. Although it was troubled by both domestic strife and foreign aggression now, it was still not an existence that a tiny Abyss could afford to offend.

Many Little Saints had arrived outside Abyss City. The terrible pressure from them made the whole city sway as if it was being lashed by a storm.

The two Judges were also covered in blood, but their eyes were filled with anticipation. Although they were forced to retreat, they smiled hideously when they saw the ground was soaked in blood.

“You should never underestimate the Abyss!” roared one of the Judges. In the next moment, he pressed a palm against the ground.

A leading Four-revolution Little Saint of the Nether Prison narrowed his eyes and immediately charged at the Judge. However, he was stopped by the other Judge, who was a Three-revolution Little Saint.

Although the Judge was no match for the Nether Prison expert, his purpose was simply to buy time for his companion.

Boom!

Outside Abyss City, the ground began to tremble, and the blood on the ground seemed to boil and wriggle.

Suddenly, a blood-colored array emerged.

The moment the array appeared, the expression of every Nether Prison expert changed.

Meanwhile, in the boundless starry sky, the three Great Saints, who were suppressing the Great Judge, looked shocked...

“Damn it! How dare you...” said one of the Great Saints as his face grew unsightly.

The energy fluctuation from down below made them recall a legend of the Abyss.

The Great Judge roared with laughter, his face extremely cold. “It’s too late for you to stop it now!” His figure flashed, transformed into a blood-colored sword, and tore through the boundless void, heading straight at the three Great Saints.

He needed to pin them here with all his might until the City Lord joined him. At that time, they would be able to kill these three Great Saints together, and the plan would reach a mature stage. After that, they would have the strength to fight the Nether Prison. Even if they could not, the Nether Prison would not have the spare resources to deal with the Abyss, now that it was troubled by both domestic strife and foreign aggression. It would mean that the Abyss would truly be out of the Nether Prison’s grasp!

Boom!

The blood-colored array began to turn, and suddenly, a bloodcurdling roar rang out of it. The expressions of all the Nether Prison experts changed drastically. In the next moment, a claw covered

in scales reached out of the array, ripped the void in a flash and grabbed a Nether Prison Little Saint.

ROAR!

A bestial roar shook the skies.

The Little Saint struggled, but the savage monster pulled him into the array.

In addition to the savage monster's roar, a peal of sharp, scary laughter could also be heard coming out of the array.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Figures suddenly shot out of the array like missiles. Those were Abyssal Demons, who had black skins, savage appearances, and leathern wings. Even then, the ground cracked open, and even the walls of Abyss City crumbled. Before very long, a giant figure crawled out of the array. Streams of dark demonic energy spread out in all directions as a pair of eyes that burned like flames looked down on everything. The monster had a dragon's head, deer's antlers, a pair of lion's eyes, the back of a tiger and the waist of a bear, and snake's scales.

A monstrous wave of pressure suddenly filled the air. It was so tremendous that it made the legs of all the Nether Prison experts shake. On the other hand, the Abyss experts were extremely excited, and they roared at the top of their lungs.

A Dark Qilin! The monster was a living Dark Qilin! The savage monster of the Abyss!

The Dark Qilin, who was sealed by the supreme Great Saints of the Nether Prison, had finally broken the seal and returned to the Abyss, and it was accompanied by numerous Abyssal Demons.

The main force of the Abyss had finally made its appearance, and it instantly reversed the situation. The Nether Prison experts began to retreat and lose their ground!

ROAR!

The Dark Qilin was a quasi-divine-beast after all, and its power was extremely formidable. As soon as it rushed into the Nether Prison's camp, countless experts exploded into blood mists. It was a massacre, and the blood made the Qilin even more excited.

...

Bu Fang's eyes were fixed on the sky.

Two figures smashed at each other at top speed, colliding like black lines. They began fighting on the ground, but in a flash, they were already in the sky.

That was the battle between Lord Dog and the Lord of Abyss City.

Lord Dog seemed to have drunk some wine, and his fat was shaking. He kept throwing out his exquisite dog paw, slapping the City Lord in the face.

Furious, the young man, who was the City Lord, flapped his wings and kept fighting back.

In Bu Fang's eyes, however, Lord Dog seemed to be much stronger, and he was suppressing the City Lord.

The two mighty experts fought fiercely, and soon, they were over the skies.

Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. Now that Lord Dog was here to fight the City Lord, he could finally turn his attention to other matters. He walked up to Whitey.

Lightning arcs could be seen darting across the puppet's body, and it was plain that it was severely damaged.

With a thought, Bu Fang put Whitey back into the system's storage space.

"System, can Whitey be repaired?" he asked with a heavy heart.

The System remained silent as if it was calculating. A few moments later, its serious voice rang out. “Yes, but it takes time. Moreover, Host needs to find the heart of a Three-revolution Sacred Nether Puppet, only then can Whitey be repaired.”

“The heart of a Sacred Nether Puppet?” That gave Bu Fang a pause. “What is that?”

It was a new term for him. However, if it could repair Whitey, he would definitely give it a try.

“Sacred Nether Puppets are the puppets of the Nether Puppeteer Clan, a clan that ranked second among the nine clans of the Nether Prison,” explained the System.

Bu Fang frowned. ‘A clan that ranked second among the nine clans of the Nether Prison? It seems that the System wants to stir up trouble...’ He took a deep breath. A long time later, he relaxed his eyebrows. ‘No matter how strong these Sacred Nether Puppets are, I’ll find one to repair Whitey...’

However, before that, Bu Fang felt that he needed to finish the System’s task first. He had killed two of the four Judges, and there were only two left, who were also more difficult to deal with.

There would be a tough battle ahead.

Bu Fang didn’t say anything else. With a thought, he took out spicy strips and stuffed them into his mouth. After that, he went up the city wall, cut the chains, and released Meng Qi and Liu Ya. He then sent Meng Qi and the Netherworld Ship into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. As for Liu Ya, he didn’t pay him any mind.

Liu Ya was thankful that Bu Fang had saved his life, so he bowed at him before leaving.

RUMBLE!

Just when Bu Fang was sending Meng Qi and the Netherworld Ship into the farmland, a terrible explosion rang out in the distance, accompanied by a deafening bestial roar. Soon, a wave of horrible pressure spread over, causing Bu Fang to narrow his eyes.

BAM!

Up in the sky, Lord Dog transformed into a roaring Earth Prison Dog, wreathed in raging black Earth Prison Flames. He slapped a paw on the Lord of Abyss City's face and pushed him toward the distance.

Bu Fang put away Shrimpy, seeing that the little guy was tired too. He gave Foxy's head a rub, then began running toward the other side of Abyss City, where the deafening bestial roar came from.

The messier the situation, the better, and Bu Fang would have better chances to fish in troubled waters. His goal was to kill the last two Judges!

Chapter 1218 Now... It's Just the Two of You!

The Dark Qilin was like a doomsday monster. For the Nether Prison experts, it was simply a disaster when such a terrifying quasi-divine-beast joined the battle. None of them could stand up against its attack. A Qilin was an auspicious sign and a divine beast. However, a Dark Qilin was a mutation of it. A quasi-divine-beast that represented death and slaughter, it lived in the Abyss and was an iconic expert of the place, just like Abyssal Demons.

When the Nether Prison invaded the Abyss, it wantonly massacred Abyssal Demons, and its supreme Great Saints even banished the Dark Qilin. Without the protection of the Dark Qilin and Abyssal Demons, the Abyss was like a turtle without its shell, unable to resist the Nether Prison's invasion. In the end, the whole of Abyss became a vassal of the Nether Prison.

Many years later, after the Great Judge and the Lord of Abyss City plotted for a long time and finally found the array that banished the Dark Qilin, they decided to use the array to summon the Dark Qilin back.

This was their confidence to stand up to the Nether Prison.

As the administrator of the law enforcers, the Great Judge naturally refused to be mediocre, unwilling that the Abyss was under the rule of the Nether Prison.

The Abyss was badly weakened in the past, but now, it had its own Great Saint and was strong enough to fight against the Nether Prison. Besides, today's Nether Prison was troubled by both internal strife and foreign aggression. Internally, the forbidden lands were stirring and kept posing threats to the nine clans, while externally, formidable powers such as the Earth Prison were waiting for the right time to strike.

After running wild in this part of the world for so long and domineering over the others for so many years, there had been many powers who wanted to stand up against the Nether Prison. It had received its warning when the old Nether King, Tian Cang, attacked it with his men.

The Nether Prison had mercilessly suppressed the Earth Prison, but lately, as it was troubled, its suppression was growing weaker. Therefore, the various powers had taken the opportunity to rise and rebel against its rule.

The Abyss also took the opportunity to rise. It wanted to break free of the Nether Prison's control and become completely independent again. Once the Abyssal Demons regained their freedom, they could gain more resources to strengthen themselves by plundering the territories and small worlds around them. In time, even if all the nine clans of the Nether Prison attacked the Abyss together, they would have the resources to defend themselves.

...

The Dark Qilin gave a roar. Dreadful energy waves poured out of its mouth, sweeping across the battlefield. The terrible blow ripped and killed numerous Nether Prison experts.

The Nether Prison army was constantly losing ground.

The huge monster's black scales glistened gruesomely as its dark golden eyes fixed on one of the warships in the sky. In the next instant, it kicked the ground and soared into the air, galloping across the void. Then, with a boom, it smashed the warship hard with its head, causing the colossal ship to tilt.

The Dark Qilin's body was huge. Although it was not as large as the warship, it still looked like a hill, so the ship cracked and shattered under the collision. A fire broke out across it, while experts flew out and tried to flee.

Suddenly, the sound of air tearing through rang out, and in the next instant, numerous Abyssal Demons drew closer, flapping their leathern wings.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Blood sprinkled down the void as the Abyssal demons ripped these Nether Prison experts apart, turning them into a mist of blood that spread out in the air. For a moment, the whole place turned into a slaughterhouse.

Even then, the remaining two warships began to slowly retreat. The Dark Qilin's appearance made the Nether Prison experts realize that they were losing the battle. Unless the three Great Saints were with them, they couldn't change the situation. However, those three mighty experts were now fighting with the Great Judge in the boundless starry sky.

Boom!

Suddenly, an explosion echoed out from Abyss City. Immediately after that, a black dog wreathed in black Earth Prison Flame flew out of the city with one of its paws pressed against the face of a young man.

While the black dog continued flying, rumbling filled the air as the man was pushed against the ground, causing the ground to keep breaking. A wave of monstrous pressure permeated the air and attracted the attention of many people.

Boom!

The Dark Qilin landed on the ground, opened its mouth, and gave a roar. Its voice was deafening, stirring up blasts that towered into the sky as it rolled toward Lord Dog.

Lord Dog's body was slim and long now. His black hair under the raging black Earth Prison Flame was smooth, and his eyes were fiery scarlet. When he heard the Dark Qilin's roar, he abruptly raised his head, looked at it, and barked. His voice was so loud that it shook the skies and seemed to almost cause the ground to break apart.

The Dark Qilin immediately felt a wave of terrible pressure come slapping at its face. It shrank back and lay prone on the ground, not daring to move.

The Lord of Abyss City flew into a black rage, and a monstrous aura abruptly broke out of his body, pushing Lord Dog away from him. The next moment, his appearance began to change, becoming more and more terrifying and savage, and he gave a sharp whistle as if he wanted to shatter the world with it. Then, he shot up with a boom and landed on the Dark Qilin's head.

His dark golden eyes shone like torches as he stared at Lord Dog. A few moments later, he looked up at the flickering starry sky and said coldly, "Dark Qilin... Help me pin this black dog here. When I come back, we will kill it together!" He gave the Dark Qilin a pat on the head, then flapped his leathern wings and shot into the starry sky in a black stream of light.

Up above, the three Great Saints of the Nether Prison were fighting with the Great Judge.

The Great Judge was alone, and his cultivation base wasn't much stronger than the three Nether Prison Great Saints. After fighting them for a while, he was already covered in blood, and the little world above his head was so blurred that it seemed to be dying. He had almost reached his limit.

Suddenly, the Lord of Abyss City came roaring up from below and joined the fight, turning the tide in a flash. He was no ordinary Great Saint, so the three Nether Prison Great Saints were simply no match for him. In a flash, they were defeated.

Sacred blood drifted in the void. A Great Saint was torn to pieces by the City Lord. Even his soul was destroyed, resulting in his death. Of the two remaining Great Saints, one was wounded and escaped, while the other was suppressed under the stars by the City Lord and was chained through the body.

Thus the battle between the Great Saints ended.

...

Bu Fang walked out of Abyss City. He gasped at the intensity of the battle before his eyes. It was a terrible battle. Among the people on both sides, the weakest were True Immortals. A battle of this magnitude was beyond his imagination in the past. What surprised him the most was that the Abyss seemed to have the upper hand.

His expression became serious as he watched one Nether Prison expert after another being killed by their enemies. Of course, he didn't pay much attention to these people. Instead, his eyes passed through the dense crowd and locked on the two Judges, who were floating in the void and controlling the array.

These two men were his targets. They had forced Nethery's curse to break out, making her extremely weak, and forced him into a state of confusion. Bu Fang would never forget that, nor would he forget his vow. He had said he would kill the four Judges, and he meant to fulfill it.

Bu Fang had no affection for the Abyss. Nethery's injury and Whitey's damage were all related to this place, so naturally, he would not have any favorable impression on this place.

The two Judges seemed to be controlling the array, and there were two Abyssal Demons guarding them.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. The next moment, he was running at full speed, his robes flapping as his figure burst forward. At the same time, he released his divine will and covered the whole battlefield. Then, a silver ray appeared in his hand, while golden Explosive Meatballs shot out and floated around him.

With eyes shining like torches, Bu Fang dodged one enemy after another and sped toward the two Judges in a flash of gold.

The two Judges were wrapped in a column of crimson light. The energy in their bodies kept pouring into the array, supporting its operation, while Abyssal Demons kept flapping their wings and flying out of it. Suddenly, as if sensing a danger approaching, their pupils constricted, and they turned to look in Bu Fang's direction.

They saw a young man with a silver lotus in his hand running over the sandy ground toward them, and his sharp and cold eyes made chills run down their spines. Those eyes were the same ones they saw before the young man was devoured by the turbulence.

"That young man is still alive?!"

The two Judges were shocked. The next moment, their expressions changed.

Did Blood Four, who stayed in Abyss City to intercept this young man, also die? He was killed by this person?

They looked at each other, and a moment later, a murderous look appeared in their eyes.

"How dare this young man kill our two brothers?!"

They immediately flew into a rage. They couldn't move at the moment, but they were not in the least worried.

“Abyssal Demons, stop and tear this young man apart!” they growled, and their expressions twisted.

Bestial roars echoed through the skies as two ferocious-looking Abyssal Demons flapped their leathern wings and came in front of the two Judges. Their dark golden eyes locked on to Bu Fang's body, and suddenly, they flew in his direction with towering killing intent. They wanted to tear his limbs into pieces—Abyssal Demons loved to torture human beings like this.

With a bird cry, a pair of flaming wings appeared on Bu Fang's back, unfolded, and began to flap. Then, his body shot out like a flash of fire. Although Bu Fang was facing two Abyssal Demons, he showed no signs of fear.

The demons' faces were constantly enlarging before his eyes.

The next moment, he focused his eyes and said, “Lord Dog, help me kill these two Abyssal Demons, and I'll cook you an extra bowl of Sweet 'n' Sour Demon Ribs!”

Lord Dog, surrounded in Earth Prison Flames and was rubbing the huge Dark Qilin on the ground with his paw, suddenly straightened his neck and looked at Bu Fang. He grinned, and a blast of flames gushed out of his mouth as he exclaimed, “Deal!”

Even from a distance, Lord Dog was thrilled when he heard about Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, and as soon as he said that, he waved his paw at Bu Fang's direction.

Immediately, the Earth Prison Flames all over the sky condensed into a pitch-black dog paw, collapsing the void as it went toward the two Abyssal Demons.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged, and he continued to fly at full speed like an arrow.

The two Abyssal Demons grinned grimly, but the next moment, their grins froze. Before they could even react, a pitch-black dog paw suddenly descended from the sky and smashed them into pieces. After that, the Earth Prison Flames on the paw torched their remains and burned them to ashes.

For the sake of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Demon Ribs, Lord Dog had attacked with all his might, killing the two Abyssal Demons with just one slap.

The pupils of the two Judges constricted. Looking at the monstrous Earth Prison Flames, they took a deep breath and suddenly had a bad feeling in their hearts.

In the dark sea of fire, a mass of red light approached them, accompanied by a gleam of brilliant and dazzling silver light that looked like a shooting star. The next moment, the young man’s face began to grow larger and larger in their eyes. His familiar face made their souls tremble.

Bu Fang let out a long roar, his eyes cold and ruthless. Seven Explosive Meatballs turned into golden beams of light and fell into the Perishing Pot. Suddenly, an unprecedented, restlessness force burst out of the pot, and Bu Fang seemed to have a hard time controlling it.

“I said I’ll kill all four of you. Now, it’s just the two of you,” Bu Fang said, looking at the two Judges.

After saying that, he flung the Perishing Pot mixed with Explosive Meatballs at them. The restless energy streaked across the void toward the Judges in a silver-and-gold ray...

... and suddenly exploded in front of them!

Chapter 1219 Nethery Wakes Up

How powerful was the Perishing Pot stuffed with seven Explosive Meatballs? No one knew the answer, but what was certain was it was at least much more powerful than the original Perishing Pot. The principle of Perishing Pots was to destroy the targets with terrible explosions produced by unstable energy collisions. When it was added with the violent energy of Explosive Meatballs, its energy would become even more unstable, and thus its explosive power would become greater.

Of course, the extent of such enhancement would not be too absurd.

The original Perishing Pot could only kill a Two-revolution Little Saint or seriously injure a Three-revolution Little Saint. However, the Perishing Pot stuffed with seven Explosive Meatballs had no problem killing a Three-revolution Little Saint. It even had a slim chance of killing a Four-revolution Little Saint.

If stuffing a Perishing Pot with Explosive Meatballs increased its power, why didn't Bu Fang add more? Wouldn't its power be all the more terrible?

The reason was simple: there were limitations.

A Perishing Pot could carry seven Explosive Meatballs at most. Once this number exceeded, the pot would become very unstable and would likely explode uncontrollably at any time. If Bu Fang had done this, he might have killed himself before he killed the enemy. That would be a big joke.

...

The Perishing Pot exploded in midair. With a rumbling, the violent energy turned into a sea of fire, which engulfed the two Judges in an instant.

The two Judges cried out miserably. There was no way they could avoid Bu Fang's Perishing Pot because they needed to stay in place and control the array. They thought the two Abyssal Demons, whose cultivation bases were at the Little Saint level, would be able to stop Bu Fang or even kill him, but they didn't expect that they would be smashed to ashes by a dog paw that came down from the sky.

Without the two Abyssal Demons to stop him, Bu Fang's Perishing Pot approached unimpeded before it exploded in front of them. The instantaneous explosion made it impossible for them to escape, causing them to be instantly engulfed by the flames.

Boom!

Even as the flames spread over the bodies of the two Judges, the spinning blood-colored array on the ground shuddered violently, and in the blink of an eye, it cracked like glass.

The next moment, a huge mushroom cloud rose into the sky, while powerful blasts swept out in all directions.

Bu Fang stood in place, his chest heaving. This was the most powerful attack he had been able to exert so far, and he was only able to do it by utilizing this opportunity.

'It's sink or swim now...' His eyes were fixed on the roaring flames.

The next moment, a figure rushed out of the sea of fire. He was covered in flames, and his eyes were filled with monstrous killing intent. Staring at Bu Fang, he let out a roar, then charged at him at full speed. He wanted to tear Bu Fang to pieces.

However, as the burning man approached, Foxy, who had been resting on Bu Fang's shoulder, jumped forward and floated in front of him, her four little paws dangling in the air.

Then, she opened her mouth wide.

Buzz...

Mysterious waves gathered between her jaws. The next moment, golden energy missiles shot out of her mouth, tearing the air and mercilessly pounding at the burning man with deafening sonic booms.

BOOM! BOOM!

The sound of explosions rang continuously, and the burning man was once again engulfed by flames.

After bombing the man for a while, Foxy closed her mouth and belched. Her two tails wagged in the air as she darted back onto Bu Fang's shoulder and lay there quietly.

Bu Fang stood straight like a spear, his Vermilion Chef Robe fluttering in the wind as he looked coldly at the burning man in the distance.

After a long time, the smoke and dust finally cleared and revealed the man. He looked at Bu Fang with an unwilling expression on his face before he collapsed to the ground with a crash, kicking up a cloud of dust.

The surroundings became somewhat quiet. Many experts of the Abyss looked on in disbelief.

The array was destroyed, and the two Judges were killed by a young man. For a moment, they were at a loss on what to do, but soon, they all came to their senses and rushed at Bu Fang like crazy.

Abyssal Demons opened their mouths and uttered shrill growls, tearing apart the void and swooping at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang glanced around calmly. He felt weak and weary. Clearly, it still took him a lot of energy to attack with a Perishing Pot, but he was very satisfied with the result. He had just killed two Little Saints with only a Perishing Pot stuffed with seven Explosive Meatballs. This was his best record so far. Of course, he was somewhat lucky to be able to achieve that, but luck was also part of strength.

He breathed a sigh of relief and gently patted Foxy, who seemed to be tired as well. Then, with a thought, he disappeared in an instant.

Boom!

The next moment, the Abyssal Demons swarmed over, and their attack fell on the ground. In the blink of an eye, the spot where Bu Fang stood just now was devoured by a tremendous amount of destructive energy.

After a while, the smoke and dust faded away to reveal a huge pit, but Bu Fang was nowhere to be seen. The Abyssal Demons thought he had been annihilated by their attack.

On the other side of the battlefield, Lord Dog put his paw on the Dark Qilin's head, pinning the latter on the ground. The smell of alcohol kept coming out of his mouth. After glancing at the Dark Qilin, he threw out another paw.

With a crack, a jet of dark blood shot up into the sky. One of its legs was snapped off by Lord Dog. It let out a roar, and its aura rose sharply and became extremely violent.

With the Qilin leg in hand, Lord Dog turned and fled into the void, strutting his cat-like steps and twisting his dog butt before disappearing completely.

'Bu Fang boy had run away after killing someone... It's pointless for me to stay here any longer. Well, after playing with this fool for such a long time, I have to take some payment from it...'

...

In the boundless starry sky, the sound of a chain rattling rang out.

The chain went into the body of a Nether Prison Great Saint, who was covered in blood and unable to move, and its other end was held in the Great Judge's hand.

The Lord of Abyss City had transformed back to his human form, his eyes filled with a fierce look.

"We won the battle. It's time to go back," the City Lord said.

Covered in blood, the Great Judge grinned.

After the battle, the Nether Prison would no longer underestimate the Abyss, and it was unlikely that it would send another army here any time soon. The main reason was that it had no extra time and energy to spare. The Abyss could take advantage of this period to rest and develop its power. As long as all the banished Abyssal Demons returned through the array, the Abyss's strength would reach a higher level.

Holding the chain, the Great Judge followed the City Lord and left the starry sky.

Fighting in the starry sky was exhausting even for Great Saints. Although they could walk among the stars, they did so at the cost of their own energy. There was no energy supply in the starry sky, and once their energy was exhausted, even Great Saints would be completely swallowed up by the starry sky.

The two of them took the Nether Prison Great Saint and flew toward Abyss City.

When they saw the city from the distant horizon, their pupils suddenly constricted.

Furious roars resounded in Abyss City. The ground was covered in holes, and the air was filled with the smell of blood. Most importantly, the crimson array had disappeared.

"Where is the array?! Why is the array missing? Where are Blood One and Blood Two?!" the Great Judge asked angrily as he landed in front of the city gates.

Rumble!

The wreckage of a Nether Prison warship hit the ground and broke apart, while the surrendered Nether Prison experts were mercilessly torn apart by Abyssal Demons. The long exile had filled these demons' hearts with black rage, so they naturally had no mercy for the people who had banished them.

The Nether Prison's army was defeated with countless casualties. A Great Saint and two warships escaped, and there were few experts left in the two ships. The suppression of the Abyss was a complete failure.

The Abyss had mercilessly slapped the Nether Prison in the face!

However, in front of the city gates, the Lord of Abyss City and the Great Judge didn't look very happy.

The array had been destroyed, but less than a third of the Abyssal Demons in the land of exile had returned. After so much effort, they only managed to let a third of the Abyssal Demons return. Without the flesh and blood of the Nether Prison experts, they could not construct the array again. No one knew how much time and energy they needed to bring the rest of the Abyssal Demons back.

All this was ruined by a young man!

"Rubbish! I can't believe Blood One and Blood Two were killed by a young human being!" The Great Judge was so furious that he kept growling.

In the distance, the Dark Qilin who had lost a leg was whining and struggling. However, no one dared to come within hundreds of miles of its body.

Looking at its miserable state, the Lord of Abyss City felt a pang of depression.

'The Dark Qilin is greatly weakened after that mangy dog snapped off its leg. I think it would take a long time to recover...'

In the end, they didn't suffer at the hands of the Nether Prison this time but suffered great losses because of a dog and a chef.

The destruction of the array and the injury of the Dark Qilin were both the work of those two fellows.

“Find out where that chef is from! I’ll not forgive him for destroying my array and hurting my Dark Qilin!” the Lord of Abyss City said coolly, holding back his anger.

At the thought of the mangy dog, however, the City Lord felt rather helpless. How was he going to take revenge when he was no match for that dog?

...

As soon as Bu Fang entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland, he sat down on the grass, gasping for breath. His face became unusually pale and bloodless.

Foxy lay on his shoulder, licked his face, and rubbed her head against his cheek.

Niu Hansan rushed up from a distance and appeared in front of Bu Fang. He was startled when he saw Bu Fang’s pale face.

“Owner Bu, how did you end up like this? I’m going to get you a nice steak. You need to eat well to recuperate,” said Niu Hansan.

Bu Fang looked up at Niu Hansan and twitched the corners of his mouth.

“How is Nethery?” he asked, exhaling.

“Oh, I was just about to tell you! Sister Nethery’s awake, and she’s in good shape!”

In the distance, the Netherworld Ship stopped in front of the wooden hut. A beautiful figure sat on the deck, swinging her long fair legs. Her face was pale and bloodless, her eyes pitch-black, and her hair was gray-green, a mixture of black and green. It was plain that the effects of the curse outbreak had not been completely suppressed.

Seeing that Nethery was awake, Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. By killing all four Judges who had forced her to make the curse erupt, he had avenged her and completed the first killing task the System gave him.

Bu Fang and Niu Hansan came over.

When Bu Fang came in front of Nethery and their eyes met, the System's serious voice rang out in his head.

Chapter 1220 Spirit Possession!

The moment his eyes met Nethery's, the System's serious voice rang out in his head. 'Congratulations on completing the killing task. The rewards will be issued now.' 'Hmm?' The System's words made Bu Fang slightly narrow his eyes. 'I've completed the killing mission?'

He gently breathed a sigh of relief, remembering that he had killed all four Judges with Perishing Pots. He did complete the System's killing task. The System had issued the temporary task after he was enraged when Nethery unleashed her curse and fell into a coma after being seriously injured. Now, with the completion of the task, the rewards would naturally be given to him. At the thought of this, Bu Fang's eyes lit up with expectation.

When Niu Hansan, standing to the side, saw the look in Bu Fang's eyes, he immediately smacked his lips.

"Awww... Owner Bu, you two take your time. I'm going to get you a good steak to relieve your exhaustion." After that, he tiptoed away. Before leaving, he gave Bu Fang and Nethery a meaningful look.

Nethery's face was pale, but she was still as beautiful as before. She gave Niu Hansan a quizzical look. The latter's eyes made her a little confused and puzzled. Then, she glanced at Bu Fang. When she saw him pondering, she didn't interrupt him but continued swinging her long white legs about on the Netherworld Ship.

She had thought she couldn't get the Netherworld Ship back, but when she woke up, it was by her side. It made her very happy. The ship was very important to her—it was her spiritual sustenance. After all, when she was banished by the previous Nether King, he had given her the ship so that she could have some comfort in the boundless lonely void.

The atmosphere fell silent for a moment.

“Task rewards will now be issued. A fragment of the God of Cooking Set, the recipe of Sword Pots, and the qualification of Spirit Possession.” The System’s voice was solemn and serious.

Bu Fang was lost in thought. The rewards were very generous, but he deserved them. After all, the killing task was very difficult. If it weren’t for his good luck, he probably wouldn’t have been able to complete it. His current cultivation base was only at the level of the half-step Saint, while the killing task required him to kill four Little Saints, whose cultivation bases were at different levels, including a Three-revolution Little saint and a Four-revolution Little Saint.

He was well aware that he wouldn’t have been able to complete the task if he had used normal means. In any case, he was lucky to get the job done.

Buzz...

A ripple spread out.

Suddenly Bu Fang’s thoughts were interrupted by a mournful mooing. He looked around doubtfully.

Nethery’s gray-green hair fell to her waist as she blinked her big eyes and stared at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang sighed and leaped onto the Netherworld Ship. With a thought, an array appeared on his finger, and he pointed it over Nethery’s eyebrows.

Buzz...

Nethery’s body immediately glowed with pitch-black light.

Hiss... Hiss...

A huge turquoise cursed snake wrapped around Nethery’s body, spitting its forked tongue and staring coldly at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang's heart sank. As expected, even dishes cooked with ingredients rich in life energy were now much less effective at suppressing the cursed snake. It seemed to show signs of awakening and breaking out.

"Does it hurt?" Bu Fang looked at Nethery and asked without expression.

"Hungry," Nethery said, looking up at Bu Fang. Her gray-green hair brushed her cheek.

Bu Fang nodded.

At that moment, Niu Hansan came running from a distance, holding a steak full of energy.

"Oh, Owner Bu, this old bull is back! This steak is absolutely superb!" he said excitedly, wiping the blood from his hands.

Bu Fang took the steak and nodded slightly, then immediately produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and prepared to cook it. Of course, he still had many steps to do before that. He first washed the blood off the steak, and then sprinkled various spices on it to marinate it. During the process, there was a sad and indignant moo ringing through the air from time to time.

Bu Fang raised his head in doubt and looked around.

"It's nothing, just the daily moo. Owner Bu doesn't have to pay attention to it," Niu Hansan said with a smile, rubbing his hands.

City Lord Meng Qi was in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, too. It was her first time here, and she was extremely surprised by this world, especially the Immortal Tree growing in the center of this little world.

It was a living Immortal Tree!

Although it was only at its juvenile stage, the familiar energy fluctuation made it clear to Meng Qi that it was the Immortal Tree in the Immortal Cooking Realm.

In addition, there were various fields, vegetable gardens, tea trees, and even a river. It was like an ideal back garden, a place that all chefs dream of owning.

‘Is this world Bu Fang’s?’ Meng Qi thought as she walked around the farmland.

After a long time, she came back to the wooden hut and saw Bu Fang cooking the steak. She went closer to have a look.

She had many questions in her mind, but she didn’t ask them. She knew that had it not been for the urgency of the situation, Bu Fang wouldn’t have brought her to this world. Therefore, she knew clearly what to ask and what not to ask.

Sizzle...

The aroma of meat soon filled the air. The steak was a large one, so Bu Fang had cut it into four pieces, one for each of them. He knew Meng Qi was in the farmland, so he cooked one for her as well.

He tossed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. The boiling oil immediately splashed everywhere, while the four steaks in the wok jumped up at the same time and spun in the air to get rid of excess oil. After spinning a few times, the tender steaks fell back into the wok, shaking.

“Owner Bu’s cooking skills are always a feast for the eyes,” said Niu Hansan, watching from a distance and smelling the meaty aroma in the air.

Nethery sat on the Netherworld Ship, swinging her fair legs and staring at Bu Fang with sparkling eyes.

Meng Qi was shocked. She noticed that Bu Fang’s cultivation base had improved, and so had his cooking skills. She reckoned that he should be far better at cooking than she was now. She had many questions in her mind, such as where had Realm Lord Di Tai gone? Did he inherit the Divine Chef’s inheritance? Why did Bu Fang come out first?

She wanted to know the answers to these questions, but she decided to wait until Bu Fang had finished cooking.

When it came to food, Niu Hansan was very excited. He carried a table out of the wooden hut and set it before them. After that, he placed blue-and-white porcelain plates on the table. The plates were very clean, as if they could reflect one's face.

Suddenly, hot steam rose from the wok. Bu Fang pointed out a finger without expression. The four steaks in the wok flew out immediately and rotated slowly in the air. The fat between the meat fiber was wriggling, making the steaks appear more tender and flavorful. The next moment, the four steaks fell precisely on the blue-and-white porcelain plates on the table.

Bu Fang put away the wok and came to the table. He set out all the tableware such as knives and forks, then took out a piece of white cloth and wiped away the excess grease on the plates. This had always been his habit.

The steak seemed to radiate a faint brilliance. Bu Fang drizzled a layer of sauce over them, which was his new finding in the Abyss, a mixture of spices and Abyssal Chili Sauce. When the sauce was drizzled, the fragrance of the steak became more intense.

Nethery was already seated at the table. She could hardly wait to taste the steak.

Bu Fang added something else to Nethery's steak. He took out a crystal fruit of life, crushed it, and sprinkled it over her steak. The energy in the fruit immediately seeped into the meat. Next, he produced a small jar that looked like a crystal with less than half of the Crystal Source Purple Essence left. He scooped up a small spoon of the essence and put it over the steak. The energy in it immediately mixed into the sauce.

"You can eat now," said Bu Fang, looking at Nethery.

Niu Hansan glanced at Nethery's steak, which was boiling with energy, then at his own. He immediately felt it was unfair.

Why did Nethery have a crystal fruit of life and Crystal Source Purple Essence on her steak while his didn't?

"Owner Bu, I also want that!" Niu Hansan blurted out.

Meng Qi gave him a speechless look. 'This stupid cow...' She picked up a knife and fork, cut a small piece from her steak, and put it in her mouth. The tender steak was juicy and fragrant, and had

the right amount of fat. After eating it, her frightened mood soon calmed down, and she felt a warm feeling in her heart.

‘The Great Demon King’s dish is never disappointing. It’s really a blessing to be able to enjoy such a delicacy,’ thought Meng Qi.

Niu Hansan was still protesting, but Bu Fang ignored him. He took his time cutting a piece of steak with a knife, put it in his mouth, and then slowly looked up at Niu Hansan with an expressionless face. The look in his eyes made Niu Hansan, who was waving his knife and fork in protest, immediately stop his movements, not even daring to say a word.

Nethery pursed her red lips slightly, then stuck her tongue out and licked the sauce. A powerful stream of energy rushed into her body, brightening her eyes. She immediately picked up her knife and fork and began attacking the steak in front of her.

When they finished the meal, Nethery slipped back into the Netherworld Ship, while Bu Fang and Niu Hansan lay down on chairs in front of the wooden hut. As for Meng Qi, she clasped her hands behind her back and went to look around the farmland again.

Using this leisure time, Bu Fang studied his rewards.

He started with the fragment of the God of Cooking Set. He had always been looking forward to the next God of Cooking Set. Although he had now collected two fragments, he was not sure how many fragments would be needed for this last set. However, he was sure it was absolutely extraordinary.

The second reward was the recipe of Sword Pots. Bu Fang had never heard of Sword Pots, and it had been a long time since the System had rewarded him a recipe. He was curious about this reward. Even so, he didn’t want to read and accept this recipe for the time being, mainly because he wanted to relax now.

He had a third reward: the qualification of Spirit Possession. This was the reward he was looking forward to most.

Now, in Bu Fang’s body, there were four Spirits: Golden Divine Dragon, Flaming Vermilion Bird, Tyrant Black Turtle, and Egocentric White Tiger. They were the spirits of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Vermilion Chef Robe, Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and White Tiger Heaven Stove. They were very strong, and some grew together with him, so he knew fairly well about their strength.

However, he was completely clueless as to what Spirit Possession meant.

‘System, what does this qualification of Spirit Possession mean?’ he asked the System.

The System was silent for a while before replying faintly, ‘The host will know after giving it a try.’

That gave Bu Fang a pause. After thinking about it for a moment, his mind flickered, and his spirit sea surged suddenly.

The Golden Divine Dragon in his spirit sea suddenly opened its eyes and uttered a roar, while its eyes radiated a bright gleam and its aura soared!

In front of the wooden hut, Niu Hansan, who was lying leisurely on the chair with Bu Fang, smacked his lips and felt very comfortable. He was enjoying the gentle blowing of the wind.

Suddenly, a supreme pressure burst out beside him.

Niu Hansan’s eyes widened, and he turned to look at Bu Fang like he was seeing a ghost. What he saw made his eyes nearly pop out.