

Gourmet 1221

Chapter 1221 Name the Spirits

A bright, dazzling golden light lit up the sky and almost blinded Niu Hansan's eyes. It was like a treasure that had been covered with dust for a long time was suddenly unearthed. Its brilliance, which had been hidden for countless years, broke free instantly and shone as bright as it possibly could.

Even then, a dragon roar sounding like it was descending from the skies rang beside his ears, making his flesh creep. At the same time, a crushing force fell upon him, breaking the wooden chair beneath him and sending his fat body crashing to the ground, his fat flesh wobbling.

"F*ck..." That was Niu Hansan's first word after his eyes widened in shock.

In front of him, the golden light gradually faded away, and soon, the source of the light was revealed.

"F*ck..." It was still the same word. At this moment, only this word could perfectly express the shock in his heart.

"Owner... Owner Bu?" Niu Hansan took a deep breath. He felt that what he saw was an illusion.

Before his eyes was Bu Fang's protruding figure. That's right, Bu Fang was standing with his chest stuck out and his bottom tilted upward. Golden light swirled around him as his golden hair fluttered in the wind, his blurry eyes gleaming brilliantly.

"Yo-ho, Little Cow Cow," Bu Fang called, half-squinting. His chin was resting on one hand while the other hand was on his hip, a posture that was both enchanting and... offensive to the eyes.

Niu Hansan was stunned.

'We were lying in the chairs together... Why did Owner Bu suddenly go mad? And he even dyed his hair in a flash... Well, he does look good with golden hair. Wait... Little Cow Cow?'

"Owner Bu, who is Little Cow Cow?" Niu Hansan asked in a trembling voice, his lips shivering.

“You, of course!” The corners of Bu Fang’s lips curved upward into a smile that made Niu Hansan’s flesh creep, and he even arched an eyebrow at the latter.

Niu Hansan froze in an instant. He felt that his world had suddenly come crashing down. It never occurred to him that Bu Fang could make such a difficult smile and even raise an eyebrow with that paralyzed face.

‘When did Owner Bu learn to smile? And he even smiled at me? Is it because he’s so addicted to steaks that he’s attracted to all my delicious flesh?!’

Bu Fang... Well, maybe this man shouldn’t be called Bu Fang, because he was not him at all.

“Ah... I can finally come out to breathe the fresh air. Spirit Possession... I didn’t expect that this Little Host would be able to master such a difficult technique so quickly.” Bu Fang rubbed his face with an enigmatic smile.

Niu Hansan stood to the side as if he had seen a ghost, his teeth chattering.

“Fortunately, the Little Host is a man of conscience. This handsome dragon has been with him for so long. If he doesn’t let this handsome dragon experience the spirit possession first, this dragon will not spare him easily,” Bu Fang muttered, his other hand stroking his hair.

“You... Are you still Owner Bu?” Niu Hansan swallowed and asked incredulously with wide eyes.

‘This is definitely not that cold and paralyzed-face Owner Bu! Who the hell is this bit*h that possessed Owner Bu? Or...’

The more Niu Hansan thought about it, the more frightened he became.

‘Could this be the second character that Owner Bu had hidden for a long time? It does make sense... He always wears a straight face... I’m sure that would make his mind a little sick...’

Buzz...

Suddenly, Niu Hansan's pupils constricted.

The blond Bu Fang suddenly disappeared, and when he appeared the next moment, he was already grabbing Niu Hansan's neck.

Niu Hansan felt that his thick neck was going to be broken. His mouth opened, and his eyes widened.

'I'm so intimate with Owner Bu?! This is more intimate than ever! Is Owner Bu trying to kill me because I found out about his secret?!'

"This dragon is calling you, Little Cow Cow... By the way, I want to remind you that I'm not Bu Fang now. You can call me Nicholas the Handsome Dragon." The blond Bu Fang held out a hand and patted Niu Hansan's horn with a big smile on his face.

"What... What the hell?" Niu Hansan looked puzzled.

'Say your name again if you dare!' he thought.

"Not 'the hell.' My name is Nicholas the Handsome Dragon," Bu Fang said solemnly.

Niu Hansan felt that the world seemed to have become somewhat messy and strange. After thinking seriously for a while, he said, "That's not as good a name as my Niu Hansan..."

The blond Bu Fang was unconvinced. "Why is Nicholas the Handsome Dragon not a better name than your rustic name, Niu Hansan? You tell me? If you can't say it, I'll rip your cow skin away!" the blond Bu Fang said, tightening his grip on Niu Hansan's neck.

Niu Hansan felt very aggrieved, thinking, 'Nicholas the Handsome Dragon... What strange name is this? How can it be as simple and direct as Niu Hansan?'

Suddenly, the corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched, and his expression changed. He let go of Niu Hansan's neck and waved his hand with a helpless look.

“Fine, fine. I won’t waste my time... It wasn’t easy to get out for some fresh air, and yet he wouldn’t let me stay a little longer. What a stingy guy,” the blond Bu Fang said helplessly. When he had finished speaking, his golden hair slowly turned to a blueish black.

In Bu Fang’s spirit sea, he sat cross-legged in the void. In the distance, Vermilion Bird and White Tiger stared at him, while Black Turtle remained motionless.

“Didn’t I say I should be the one who goes out? That silly dragon is a fool and a waste of time,” said Vermilion Bird, sounding resentful as her sweet voice rang over the spirit sea.

Bu Fang wore a straight face. He thought he seemed to have made a wrong decision.

“So that’s what the Spirit Possession is all about? It seems a little...” His voice trailed away. He was somewhat speechless.

“Well, Little Host, though that silly dragon is a bit stupid, he is pretty strong. Spirit Possession will be your main offensive means for a long time to come,” said Vermilion Bird. She stared at Bu Fang with a somewhat amazed look in her eyes as she continued, “We didn’t expect you to be able to unlock the ability of Spirit Possession so quickly. But it’s just as well. We haven’t been out for tens of thousands of years...”

“What does Spirit Possession really do?” Bu Fang floated cross-legged over the spirit sea and looked at Vermilion Bird with an expressionless face, his black hair waving.

“Spirit Possession is the ability that allows us to temporarily take control of your body with your consent, giving it a strong fighting capacity. This fighting capacity is... very strong.

“There is, of course, a time limit. Your current cultivation base should be at the level of half-step Saint. This level of cultivation base is far from enough. I don’t know why you have activated this ability, but your body should not be able to use and hold this for too long. Your current limit should be the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn.

“In the future, as your cultivation base improves, the duration of Spirit Possession will also lengthen,” Vermilion Bird explained.

“Will you take my body from me?” Bu Fang asked, frowning.

Vermilion Bird paused for a moment, then glanced at Bu Fang with a half-smile. “You’re the host. How dare we do that? Furthermore, you are the master in the process of Spirit Possession, and if you want to withdraw from the state of possession, you can do it at any time. On top of that, we will be severely punished if we occupied the host’s body,” Vermilion Bird said with a smile.

White Tiger, lying in the distance, snorted. Obviously, he thought Bu Fang’s question somewhat ridiculous.

Black Turtle remained motionless in midair.

Bu Fang was lost in thought. He seemed to understand the function of Spirit Possession now. With a thought, his spirit sea surged instantly, and then a golden dragon appeared not far away from him.

“Ah? I, Nicholas the Handsome Dragon, haven’t gotten enough fresh air! Why am I back here now?” Golden Divine Dragon’s eyes went wide as his long, slender body tossed in the spirit sea.

Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, and Bu Fang all stared coolly at him.

Golden Divine Dragon immediately shut his mouth.

“Nicholas the Handsome Dragon? You really like to put feathers in your own cap, aren’t you? Why don’t you use the name the former Host had given you?” said Vermilion Bird sarcastically.

“Why do you want to mention the name given to me by the former Host? If you don’t want me to be Nicholas the Handsome Dragon, then I won’t use that name! Why mention the former Host? Don’t you think it’s inappropriate to mention this when the Little Host is here? Well, Little Host, why don’t you give this handsome dragon a name, so this handsome dragon can tell others in the future,” said Golden Divine Dragon, rolling his eyes at Vermilion Bird and then turning to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gave Golden Divine Dragon an indifferent look. “Oh... Then your name will be Goldie.”

Golden Divine Dragon’s body froze. He felt that he had made a very foolish decision. How could he ask Bu Fang to name him?! This Little Host, like the former Host, was a complete idiot in naming others!

Bu Fang ignored Golden Divine Dragon's desperate expression and turned to Vermilion Bird.

"Don't... Little Host, you just have to name this stupid dragon. I already have a nice name. My name is Mulberry," said Vermilion Bird hastily.

Bu Fang paused, nodded, then turned to look at White Tiger in the distance.

White Tiger's hair stood on end instantly. "This tiger got a name too! Howling!" said White Tiger, holding his head high in a proud manner.

"Oh, let me hear your howl, then," said Bu Fang with a straight face.

White Tiger glared at Bu Fang. 'If this guy isn't my Host, I'll be the first to smash him to death!'

When he saw that White Tiger grew cranky, Bu Fang twitched his lips and turned to look at Black Turtle.

Black Turtle was covered in an earthy-yellow glow. As if sensing Bu Fang's gaze, his eyes rolled slightly and rested on Bu Fang.

"Little... Host... This turtle... also has a name..." said Black Turtle.

"What's your name?" Bu Fang asked curiously.

"Black... Turtle..." said Black Turtle.

Bu Fang nodded and said, "That's a nice name, much better than that Howling."

In the distance, White Tiger let out a furious howl.

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Niu Hansan was almost strangled to death, but fortunately, the great force around his neck suddenly disappeared. After coughing for a while, he turned to look at Bu Fang. He was startled once again.

“Owner... Owner Bu?” he called uncertainly, looking at Bu Fang’s dark hair.

“Hmm... Whatever you see or hear next, don’t take it seriously. Those are not done by me,” Bu Fang said expressionlessly, looking at Niu Hansan.

‘What does he mean?’ Niu Hansan was confused again. ‘Why is Owner Bu speaking so mysteriously now?’

The next moment, a huge wave of pressure emerged. This time, there was fiery energy in it.

Boom!

Niu Hansan was taken aback. He hastily stepped backward and covered his neck before turning to look warily at Bu Fang.

The distance was filled with dazzling light as if there were red flames burning. Bu Fang’s Vermilion Chef Robe seemed to come alive as it constantly radiated red light, looking like a soaring Vermilion Bird.

Bu Fang, with red hair all over his head, turned around and looked at Niu Hansan.

The seductive expression on his face made Niu Hansan feel a chill creeping from the bottom of his feet to the top of his head.

At this moment, Niu Hansan had only one word left in his mind. ‘F*ck!’

He had never realized that Bu Fang could be so... charming!

Chapter 1222 Showboat and... Run!

It would be fine if there was only the blond Owner Bu, but now came a red-haired one. Niu Hansan found it a little bit difficult to get used to it. In particular, this redhead Owner Bu seemed to be quite... attractive! That was the scariest part.

Niu Hansan stared blankly. Bu Fang's eyes seemed blurry, and his Vermilion Chef Robe flapped, raising crimson flames that shone on his face and made his fair skin look enchanting.

"F*ck..." he swore again. He found that his world view had been ruthlessly trampled and ravaged by Bu Fang.

Niu Hansan's voice seemed to interrupt Bu Fang's thoughts. He cocked his head, looked over his shoulder, and rested his eyes on Niu Hansan.

"Oh... A little cow," said red-haired Bu Fang with a chuckle.

As a smile spread across his face, he raised his arm. The sleeve of his robe slid down to reveal his white hand, and his long fingers curled slightly as he covered his lips with it. At that moment, he looked like a bashful maiden, whose every movement could arouse lust in men.

'It's horrible! What's wrong with Owner Bu?!'

"Y-You... You... You..." Niu Hansan slumped to the ground, his face flushed and his lips trembling. His words were stuck in his throat, unable to get out, and the suffocating feeling made him want to bang his head on the ground.

"I'm Mulberry. Nice to meet you," said the red-haired Bu Fang with a smile, and again, he raised his hand to cover his mouth.

Niu Hansan shuddered with goosebumps rising all over him.

'Owner Bu, please don't do this... We're friends. Don't frighten me!'

After having a word with Niu Hansan, the red-haired Bu Fang walked slowly toward the center of the farmland, swinging his arms.

A fresh breeze came caressing his face, and he couldn't help narrowing his eyes and taking a deep breath. Various scents, including the scent of grass and immortal herbs, filled his nostrils. Intoxicated, he closed his eyes, spread his arms, and began to spin in place.

As he spun, the Vermilion Chef Robe fluttered, looking like a Vermilion Bird with its wings spread and about to soar into the sky.

Far behind, Niu Hansan twitched the corner of his mouth as he watched. He believed that Owner Bu must have damaged his brain when he fought a fierce battle out there.

‘What should I do now? Owner Bu is crazy... Can he still get things done?’

A peal of laughter rang out like a bell.

Niu Hansan looked up and saw Bu Fang laughing cheerfully and raising his palm. The next moment, a Vermilion Bird entirely condensed of flames emerged over his finger, chirping and stretching its wings as it landed on his fingertip.

It was a beautiful scene, but Niu Hansan couldn’t help thinking that there was something wrong with it.

Far off, a rustling sound echoed out of the grass, and then a chicken head came popping out. The Eight Treasures Chicken looked curiously at the dancing Bu Fang with its small eyes. A moment later, another head poked out from the grass above it. That’s Eight Treasures Pig’s huge head. Its nose twitched as it looked curiously at Bu Fang as well.

All of a sudden, the red-haired Bu Fang flicked his finger, and immediately, the flaming Vermilion Bird disappeared. Then, his eyes turned and fell on the grass in the distance.

The chicken’s feathers stood on end instantly, and without hesitation, it turned and tried to run.

Why did that animal-loving look in his eyes appear so strange?!

Buzz...

Eighty had barely begun to move when it was picked up by someone. The red-haired Bu Fang took it by the head and grabbed it in his hand.

‘He’s so fast!’ Niu Hansan gasped. He didn’t even notice the red-haired Bu Fang moving. In just the blink of an eye, Eighty was caught.

After eating countless precious materials, Eighty was already a top-grade immortal ingredient itself, and Eight Treasures Chicken are known for their speed. If Eighty were to run at its full speed now, the average Little Saints wouldn’t be able to catch up with it.

‘But... What happened just now? Owner Bu... What speed was that?!’

“What a lovely little chick...” With a fond smile and a look of delight in his eyes, Bu Fang held Eighty in his palm and rubbed its head.

Eighty panicked.

‘This bad chef... Please don’t look at cute Eighty with such ingredient-loving eyes...’

Eighty’s heart was trembling. Finally, it bent its chicken legs and put its wings together before its chest, bowing its head and begging for mercy.

“So cute!” The red-haired Bu Fang was overjoyed and kept rubbing Eighty’s head with both hands, filling the chicken’s heart with hopelessness.

The Eight Treasures Pig was horrified when it saw Eighty’s miserable situation from a distance. Without hesitation, it oinked and bolted across the grassland, its fat shaking violently. In just a flash, it was gone from sight.

Looking at the Eight Treasures Pig, who was dwindling into the distance, Eighty’s eyes filled with a heartbreaking look that could not be understood by others.

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In his spirit sea, when Bu Fang sensed what the Vermilion Bird, Mulberry, had done, he was speechless.

‘This Vermilion Bird and Divine Dragon are two birds of a feather...’

Bu Fang sighed softly. He finally realized that the power of Spirit Possession could not be displayed in the Heaven and Earth Farmland. However, he was still a little amazed by the speed shown by Mulberry just now. That was a lot faster than Shrimpy.

In any case, he had decided that under normal circumstances, he wouldn't let them possess his body. Otherwise, either Divine Dragon Goldie or Vermilion Bird Mulberry would display the personality that made him look like a psycho.

Buzz...

Energy swirled in his spirit sea. A moment later, Mulberry's figure emerged. She seemed a little dissatisfied with being called back, and she shook her wings and glared at Bu Fang.

"Alright, I have to go now. I've roughly understood the Spirit Possession," Bu Fang said with an expressionless face.

In the distance, White Tiger Howling was unhappy with that, and he stared peevishly at Bu Fang.

"I haven't gone out yet..." said White Tiger.

Hearing what he said, Bu Fang turned his head and said in a faint voice, "You want to go out for some air?"

White Tiger snorted.

"Howling, let me hear you howl?"

White Tiger's nostrils flared immediately. He opened his mouth and roared.

With a twitch of the corner of his mouth and a snap of his fingers, Bu Fang disappeared from the spirit sea.

The spirit sea surged. Goldie was savoring the feeling of possessing a fleshly body, and Mulberry's eyes were blurry as if she was lost in thought. Black Turtle remained motionless, while White Tiger growled furiously in the distance. It took a long time before things calmed down again.

"I didn't expect Little Host to be able to unlock Spirit Possession so quickly. It looks like he will soon encounter the real ordeal in the path to become a God of Cooking..." Vermilion Bird's eyes narrowed.

"Hmph! The path to become a God of Cooking is not that easy to walk. The boy's real ordeal has only just begun! I don't think he can make it!" said White Tiger.

"I disagree with that. I quite like him. Little Host is very approachable compared to the previous icebergs," Golden Divine Dragon said with a smile.

"The previous Hosts are all formidable figures..."

"It is exactly because they are formidable figures that I, Howling, don't think that that boy can make it... because..." White Tiger said coldly.

"That's enough... We're just Artifact Spirits, and we just need to perform our duties well. We don't have to and shouldn't pay attention to anything else..." A rumbling sound rang, and Black Turtle, who had been silent, spoke.

White Tiger immediately shut up and gave a proud snort, while Divine Dragon and Vermilion Bird looked at each other helplessly.

...

As soon as Bu Fang opened his eyes, he saw Niu Hansan, who was dumbfounded and terrified in the distance, and Meng Qi, who finally arrived with a confused look on her face. He felt something soft in his hand, and when he looked down, he saw the despairing Eighty.

Bu Fang raised an eyebrow, then flicked Eighty away with a finger. The Eight Treasures Chicken fell to the ground like a ball, bouncing a few times. After that, he waved his hand. The red in his hair immediately faded and turned black. When he was done, he turned to Niu Hansan and Meng Qi.

“It wasn’t me you just saw...” said Bu Fang.

Niu Hansan closed his mouth and smacked his lips, while Meng Qi pursed her red lips.

‘Do you think we believe that?’

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched violently when he saw the looks in their eyes.

‘Sure enough, I must not use Spirit Possession in front of others in the future. Otherwise, I’ll be regarded as a psycho...’

“Owner Bu, we all know that being a chef is a high-risk profession. It’s stressful, and you need to release the stress. We all get it,” Niu Hansan said, waving his hand.

Bu Fang’s cheek twitched, and he gave Niu Hansan a sideways glance. The sharp look in his eyes made Niu Hansan shiver.

“Well... The familiar aloof Owner Bu is back...”

“Alright, it’s almost time for me to go back,” said Bu Fang. He was too lazy to explain to Niu Hansan.

‘Go back?’ Meng Qi’s eyes lit up and thought, ‘Is he going back to the Immortal Cooking Realm?’

Although the Heaven and Earth Farmland was nice, she still wanted to go back. She had no idea how Realm Lord Di Tai was doing now. If he died, the whole Immortal Cooking Realm would be in chaos.

Bu Fang glanced at Meng Qi and signaled her to follow. When he saw Eighty, who was trembling on the ground, he sighed.

Niu Hansan quickly followed them as well.

They came to the wooden hut. After checking Nethery's condition and finding that she was much better, Bu Fang decided to leave at once. With a thought, a flash of light enveloped them.

Niu Hansan stood in place and waved. In the blink of an eye, Bu Fang, Nethery, and Meng Qi disappeared.

Buzz...

A pungent smell of blood rushed into Bu Fang's nostrils, making him frown and gasp for breath. Nethery and Meng Qi also couldn't help covering their noses and mouths.

He looked up around him. They were inside a crumbling crater, and in the distance loomed the towering walls of Abyss City.

'Congratulations on completing the Abyss task, Host. Do you want to return now?' The System's serious voice rang in his head.

That gave Bu Fang a pause. So they could get back without using Nethery's ship? Since the System could send them back directly, he wouldn't refuse.

'Yes,' he replied.

As soon as he said that, the System's voice rang in his head again. 'Initiating return. Countdown to activate the transport array. Ten, nine, eight...'

Meng Qi and Nethery glanced around. Suddenly, their expressions changed because they saw scarlet eyes emerge in the distance.

A terrible pressure abruptly approached them!

"IT'S YOU!" A furious roar rang out from within Abyss City like a sudden thunderclap.

Boom!

The next moment, a plume of energy thrust into the sky.

The Great Judge's blood-colored robe flapped noisily in the wind as he fixed his eyes on Bu Fang in the crater. He knew Bu Fang. It was this young man who killed his four Judges.

Even then, savage roars echoed through the void as numerous Abyssal Demons flapped their leathern wings and flew toward Bu Fang and his companions.

Meng Qi trembled. Her face turned pale, and she quickly grasped Bu Fang's sleeve.

Nethery glanced at Meng Qi, slightly pursed her lips, then raised her hand and grasped Bu Fang's other sleeve.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows, staring at the incoming Abyssal Demons and the Great Judge with monstrous killing intent.

"Human, you have destroyed my array and killed my four Judges! I'm going to cut you into ten thousand pieces!"

With a tearing sound, the void suddenly broke apart.

A bloody sword appeared in the Great Judge's hand, and he threw it out with all his might. The weapon seemed to have transformed into a blood-colored dragon as it shot toward Bu Fang.

The terrible pressure made Meng Qi feel as if all her blood was being drained from her body.

It was the pressure of a Great Saint! It's horrible!

Bu Fang took a deep breath. Above him, white spots of light began to appear.

The blood-colored dragon roared and drew closer, while Abyssal Demons flapped their wings and charged toward him like streams of black light.

"You're leaving? DIE!" the Great Judge growled.

White spots of light converged rapidly and soon condensed into a white transport array.

Buzz...

The next moment, energy ripples spread out of the array.

‘Five, four, three, two, one. The countdown is over. Returning now.’ The System’s serious voice was calm.

Bu Fang stood with a straight face under the light spots and watched as the bloody dragon approached.

The terrifying pressure seemed to crush the void.

Meng Qi and Nethery tightened their grip on Bu Fang’s sleeves. As they grew more and more nervous, they closed their eyes.

RUMBLE!

With an explosion, the ground, which was already a deep pit, suddenly blew apart. A deafening rumble echoed out in all directions as it kept crumbling.

After a long time, the dust and smoke finally cleared. All that was left in the crater was a bloody sword, sticking in the ground.

The Abyssal Demons all roared furiously, and the Great Judge was boiling with rage.

The young man had escaped under his very nose!

He was a Great Saint, and yet a mere young half-step Saint was able to escape after showboating in his face?!

Chapter 1223 The Old Pervert Who Leads Xixi Astray

Boom! A deafening explosion rang through the void.

The whole ground was reduced to ruins. In a huge crater, a bloody sword stuck in the ground, shaking violently. Streams of cold blood energy could be seen wheeling around it.

The Great Judge landed next to the sword, his blood-colored robes fluttering as he glanced around with a face as cold as an iceberg. 'I can't believe he managed to escape... Was it a transport array?' With a clang, he pulled out the sword, and the ground caved in instantly. He took a deep breath and exhaled, as if to breathe out the pent-up anger in him.

The fact that Bu Fang was able to kill four Judges with the cultivation base of half-step Saint proved that he was an unusual genius. The Great Judge had no choice but to swallow this loss. Of course, he wouldn't let this matter rest without doing something.

'A young man from the Immortal Cooking Realm...' He narrowed his eyes.

Since the Great Judge dared to choose this timing to rebel against the Nether Prison, he naturally had been informed of many things. As a world that was once on a par with the Nether Prison, the Immortal Cooking Realm was not weak. However, it was on the decline and was nearly gobbled up by the Nether Prison. If it weren't for the resurrection of the Immortal Tree, its fate wouldn't be much better than that of the Abyss.

The Nether Prison, on the other hand, was troubled by both internal strife and foreign aggression, so it shouldn't be able to attack the Immortal Cooking Realm again for the time being. He reckoned that it might even begin to join forces with the Immortal Cooking Realm. After all, the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan was part of the Nether Prison, and it was said that this clan originated from the Immortal Cooking Realm.

After the Abyss became independent of the Nether Prison, it had to come in contact with the surrounding worlds, and inevitably, it would come in contact with the Immortal Cooking Realm. There would be plenty of time to deal with that young man in the future. As the Great Judge of the law enforcement team, how could he be willing to accept such a major loss without revenge?

...

The familiar feeling of dizziness put Bu Fang into a light trance. It was the same feeling that troubled him when he traveled around with transport arrays in those years, and now he felt it once again.

The array sent them straight back to the Immortal Cooking Realm, saving them the time to travel from the Abyss.

Nethery and Meng Qi were still holding on to Bu Fang's sleeves. They both felt a lingering fear. The Great Judge's monstrous killing intent made them all tense up, and his aura was so horrible that they thought the world was about to end. They finally experienced the aura of a Great Saint.

Bu Fang had no idea how much time had passed, but he felt as though his face was being pulled longer and longer. Finally, his feet touched the ground, and it woke him from his trance. He opened his eyes.

The dazzling sunlight shone down on him, warming his body and making him feel comfortable. Unlike the cold, gloomy atmosphere in the Abyss, the warmth enveloped him and seemed to make his blood come back to life. A breeze came blowing over, caressing his face like the gentle palms of a lover.

Nethery and Meng Qi also opened their eyes and glanced around curiously.

"This is... the fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm, outside the newly built Immortal City!" Meng Qi was very familiar with this place, and she shouted excitedly. Her voice was filled with the joy of a survivor.

The trip to the Abyss was a perilous one, and she almost couldn't come back. The feeling of coming home really filled her heart with mixed emotions. Although the newly built Immortal City looked rather crude, she almost burst into tears the moment she saw it.

Bu Fang nodded. The sight of the familiar buildings confirmed that they had returned home. The atmosphere in the Immortal Cooking Realm was truly different from that of the Abyss. The wind in the Abyss had a murderous stench, as if they had to prepare to kill someone or be killed at any time. But in the Immortal Cooking Realm, it was warm and comfortable like a spring breeze. Bu Fang loved this feeling.

He exhaled softly, and it seemed all the turbid air in him was breathed out as well.

The three of them turned around and looked across the city. There were people moving about in the distance. Those were Nether Prison experts. The bronze gates were wide open, and many experts were walking out from the Nether Prison through the gates.

These people were not invaders but merchants. Wherever there were people, there were merchants. The Nether Prison coveted many food ingredients and minerals in the Immortal Cooking Realm, and merchants saw the opportunity. As a result, the Nether Prison merchants began to travel between the two places through the Heaven Nether Bridge.

The Immortal Cooking Realm wasn't averse to the visit of these merchants. The realm couldn't work behind closed doors. It needed to establish connection with the others because that might be able to improve its strength.

The new Immortal City's gates were wide open. Merchants from both the Immortal Cooking Realm and the Nether Prison were moving in and out of the city, so Bu Fang and his two companions' appearance didn't attract too much attention.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang, along with Nethery and Meng Qi, walked toward the city and stepped into it.

"Bu Fang, I'm hungry." Nethery frowned at Bu Fang, her gray-green hair swaying behind her back. The breakout of the curse made her desire for delicious food more intense.

Bu Fang nodded and told her that he would cook for her once they returned to the Immortal Chef Little Store.

As soon as they entered the Immortal City, the City Lord, Ya Ya, came to greet them in person. She glanced around, and when she saw that only the three of them had returned, her face turned deathly pale.

"Where is the Realm Lord?" she asked impatiently.

"He's still searching for his fated chance. He'll be back when he finds it," Bu Fang said honestly.

The Divine Chef's inheritance was useless to Bu Fang, but it would be extremely helpful to Realm Lord Di Tai. It might really be able to help him make a breakthrough and become a Divine Chef. If

the Immortal Cooking Realm had its own Divine Chef, it would be more confident in facing enemies.

Ya Ya seemed a little lost, but she didn't let it show too much because the three of them had just come back.

After politely refusing the welcoming feast Ya Ya was going to prepare for them, Bu Fang and his companions left the fifth layer and returned to the first layer.

Meng Qi went back to the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion to sort things out. During the time when she was away, she had asked Gongshu Baiguang to handle the matters in the pavilion for her. Now that she was back, she naturally had to sort them out herself. Of course, after she was done with her job, she would surely visit Bu Fang's restaurant. After all, the restaurant had become some sort of refuge, a place where she and the others could rest and relax. The feeling of eating delicious food and drinking good wine in the restaurant was very enjoyable.

The news of Meng Qi's return brought the other City Lords to the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, including Gongshu Baiguang and City Lord Zou. They wanted to know the outcome of the trip. However, when they learned that the Realm Lord didn't come back with her, their expressions changed slightly. The Realm Lord's importance to the Immortal Cooking Realm was undeniable. If he died, it would be a disaster to the realm. Fortunately, they all trusted Bu Fang, and they accepted what he told them.

...

Bu Fang returned to the restaurant. He pushed open the door and smelled the fragrance of a dish being cooked in the kitchen.

The Black Dragon King and Flowery sat in the chairs, staring at the kitchen. When they heard the sound, they turned around at once.

Flowery's eyes lit up when she saw Nethery. She bolted over and hugged her arm, but her expression changed when she saw her gray-green hair.

"What happened to you, Sister Nethery?" Flowery asked worriedly.

"She's fine... She's just hungry. I'll cook her something delicious now," said Bu Fang.

Nethery looked at Bu Fang and then at Flowery before nodding.

Flowery breathed a sigh of relief.

“What are you doing?” asked Bu Fang, glancing at the Black Dragon King.

“Xixi has come out with a new dish and asked us to give it a taste. We’re waiting for her to serve the dish...” Flowery said honestly.

“A new dish?” That gave Bu Fang a pause. Smelling the aroma wafting out of the kitchen, he found himself a chair and sat down on it. He was curious to know what dish Xixi had invented.

Ding!

The curtain was lifted, and the bell chimed, attracting the attention of all.

Xixi’s petite figure walked out of the kitchen. As she stepped onto a chair to make herself look taller, her eyes met with Bu Fang’s, and that gave her a fright.

“Oh! Teacher Bu... You’re back!” Xixi shouted excitedly, her eyes lighting up the moment she saw Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded and rested his eyes on the dish that Xixi had placed on the table.

“Teacher Bu, this is my latest dish, the Leek Blossom,” Xixi said excitedly.

“The Leek Blossom?” Bu Fang paused, thinking that the name sounded strange.

“What made Xixi think of cooking such a dish?” he asked suspiciously.

“A strange uncle asked me to cook it... He also provided me with ingredients, Heavenly Spirit Leeks and an egg of an Eight-star Beast Emperor...” Xixi confessed.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows. The corner of his mouth twitched as he looked at the dish. It was scrambled eggs with leeks. Of course, it was different from the ordinary one. The leeks were bright green, and they gleamed faintly.

“Teacher Bu, give it a try! That strange uncle said if this dish suits his taste, he will give Xixi the Nether Chef Clan’s recipes,” said Xixi.

Bu Fang frowned and immediately lost all favorable impressions for the strange uncle Xixi had mentioned.

“The guy who asks a little girl to cook this dish is definitely a pervert,” Bu Fang said with a straight face.

“What’s wrong with this dish?” Nethery asked curiously.

“Nothing... You try it and tell Xixi about it. Black Dragon King, you better don’t eat it... Otherwise, don’t blame me for not reminding you.” When he had finished, he walked around the table and was about to enter the kitchen.

“Ah? Won’t you try it, Teacher Bu?” Xixi was a little disappointed.

“I... forget it. Sister Nethery will try it for you. Also, when that strange uncle comes again, shout out for me,” said Bu Fang.

Xixi didn’t understand, but she still nodded.

Meanwhile, the Black Dragon King looked confused. He couldn’t understand why Bu Fang asked him not to try the dish. Was he discriminated against because he’s a dragon?

Nethery and Flowery exchanged a glance. After that, they took out chopsticks at the same time and reached into the Leek Blossom Xixi had cooked. The aroma of the bright green leeks mixed with the fragrance of egg was very attractive.

Nethery opened her mouth slightly and ate a small portion. Her lips looked seductive as they were smeared with some oil.

Crunch... Crunch...

A crunching sound rang out as she chewed on the leeks.

“It’s delicious...” Nethery’s eyes lit up as she told Xixi.

Flowery tried it and nodded in agreement as well.

The Black Dragon King was immediately tempted. The satisfied look of Nethery and Flowery made him want to taste the dish so badly. However, when he thought of what Bu Fang had said, he felt somewhat worried.

‘Am I really not allowed to eat? Or maybe Bu Fang is bluffing me? Yes, he must be bluffing me! I’m the Black Dragon King, a dragon who wants to taste everything! How can I not taste this dish?!’

“Here, let this dragon king try it!” The Black Dragon King produced a pair of chopsticks and joined the food-tasting army. He picked up a large chunk of scrambled eggs with leek. The glistening leek and the aromatic egg instantly excited him.

He stuffed it into his mouth and began to chew. The chewiness of Heavenly Spirit Leeks and the aroma of the Beast Emperor’s egg mixed together to produce a strong impact that instantly hit the walls of his mouth. He felt as if a small hand was caressing his body...

“It’s delicious... And there’s nothing wrong with it!” said the Black Dragon King. He looked at Nethery and Flowery, then picked up another chunk of egg and stuffed it into his mouth.

Crunch... Crunch...

He ate happily. All of a sudden, he felt as if there was a fire burning in his heart, and it turned his face red instantly. His eyes seemed to be on fire, but it was the natural reaction of his body that made him feel a little ashamed.

“I...”

The Black Dragon King finally understood why Bu Fang asked him not to eat the dish. [1]

‘F*ck! Where is that old pervert who asked Xixi to cook this thing? I’m going to beat him to death!’

“Flowery, throw that black dragon out of the restaurant.” Bu Fang’s voice rang out of the kitchen.

The Black Dragon King’s eyes went wide, while Flowery grinned and nodded excitedly.

The next moment, the Black Dragon King’s body streaked across the air and fell outside the restaurant.

“Ahhhhhh!”

He was filled with grief and indignation, and he felt an itch in his heart...

...

In the kitchen, the corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched violently.

Why didn’t the greedy black dragon believe him? The guy who taught Xixi to cook this dish was definitely an old pervert. The effect of this Leek Blossom was too noticeable—it was simply a forbidden drug for men!

“Xixi is still too young to know the dangers of the world. Luckily, I came back early.” Bu Fang breathed a sigh of relief. After that, he produced a pitch-black bone. As soon as he took it out, terrible energy burst out of it, and there seemed to be a Qilin roaring in his face.

It was a Dark Qilin bone, an ingredient that contained a rich spirit essence. It was where all the Qilin’s essence was stored, thus making it more valuable than Qilin meat. Bu Fang was going to cook a dish with it.

Chapter 1224 Qilin Bone Soup

Dark Qilin Bone was the bone of a quasi-divine-beast. It could be considered as a sacred grade immortal ingredient, but it was of the lowest quality. Nevertheless, it was still a good ingredient. Besides, the bone was where all the Qilin's essence was stored, so it contained endless spirit essence and divine energy, making it the best ingredient to make soup. During cooking, the energy in the bone would seep out and fuse with the soup, and could be completely absorbed by the human body. It was the reason why Bu Fang wanted to cook this dish. The curse in Nethery's body needed to be suppressed by dishes rich in spirit essence, so a bowl tonic soup cooked with the Qilin bone was a perfect choice.

Soup was a major category of food. A delicious bowl of soup could make one immerse in it with just a sip. However, soup making was a test to the chef's mastery of temperature, and the higher the grade of ingredients, the more advanced the temperature control ability was needed because high-grade ingredients were full of essence. Once the best time to complete the cooking was missed, the essence in the ingredients would be easily destroyed or even disappear, causing the soup to taste bad.

Before making the soup, Bu Fang needed to prepare the required ingredients. With a thought, he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland, picked some fresh ingredients and took some dried ones, then returned to the kitchen.

He cut them into the right sizes and used blue-and-white porcelain plates to contain them. On the first plate was dried Vermilion Fruit peels, which contained most of the essence of the fresh peels and could lock the freshness of the soup. Another plate contained the leaf of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea. Bu Fang had cut the leaf in half, and its aroma permeated the air. There were also dried scarlet spirit fruits the size of a fingernail, which looked like dried goji berries in his previous life. He saw this kind of spirit fruit before, so he collected and planted it in the farmland.

After both the medicinal ingredients and the food ingredients were prepared, it was time to cook the soup. Bu Fang washed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and placed it over the White Tiger Heaven Stove, then opened his mouth and breathed a mass of white flame, which squeezed into the stove and began to burn ragingly.

He filled the wok with the Spring of Life. The cold, refreshing liquid exuded rich life energy. Next, he added the Qilin Bone. There was some flesh on the bone, but it was not much and would be mainly used to make the soup. The cold water gradually heated up to boil the bone in the wok. During the process, Bu Fang didn't release his mental force.

Flames danced and burned. Soon, the water boiled, and the bone rolled violently in it. Even then, Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows. He seemed to hear the roaring of the Dark Qilin's will, which was

contained in the bone. The will would severely affect the dish's taste, he knew. It was like cooking braised fish without getting rid of the fishy smell, which would destroy the dish.

He reached out a hand, and his spirit sea suddenly began to surge. With a rumble, the golden phantom spirit opened its eyes, which burst with golden light. The next moment, a sharp beam of light cast down into the wok, quickly turned into tiny motes, and dissolved into the water.

All of a sudden, a knife energy appeared in the boiling water and slashed toward the Dark Qilin. The bestial roar grew more intense as if it was trying to fight back. It was futile, however. Before very long, the Qilin's will was wiped out.

The following steps were not so complicated. Bu Fang took out the Qilin Bone and washed the blood from it with the Spring of Life. After that, he poured the water out of the wok and placed the bone back into it. The meat on the bone had turned slightly dark and was steaming. He picked up a plate and added the dried spirit fruits and slices of Son Mother Ginger he had prepared in advance. Then, he filled the wok with water again until the bone was fully submerged. When he was done, he made the Black Turtle Constellation Wok close up its upper part with a thought.

The next moment, Bu Fang's mental force poured forth, turning into fine threads and wound about the wok. Like the strings of a zither, he could sense every movement in the wok through them. A plume of white immortal flame gushed out of his mouth and squeezed beneath the wok. The fire roared and began to heat the water.

He lowered his arms to his waist, looked down slightly, and shaped his mental force into the finest silk. His eyes were fixed at the wok as if they could see through it and everything inside.

The soup was boiling, while the energy in the Dark Qilin Bone was released in bits and dissolved into the liquid. The threads of mental force wound about the wok and danced like the strings of a zither, as if they were playing a piece of flowing music. As the energy in the bone was released, melodious notes jumped out of the wok and composed into a fascinating piece of music.

At this moment, Xixi walked into the kitchen. She lifted the curtain and made the bell chime, but that didn't disturb Bu Fang's focus at all. She glanced around curiously, wondering what dish Bu Fang was cooking.

'Is Teacher Bu making soup?' The little girl craned her head and watched, sniffing. A rich meaty aroma filled her nostrils, and the look in her eyes changed as she stared intoxicatedly at the threads of mental force. She also seemed to have heard the beautiful piece of music played by the strings. It was the most primitive form of music, and she was fully immersed in it.

‘Teacher Bu’s cooking skills are truly amazing!’

Under Bu Fang’s mental force, the white flame slowly changed. Halfway through the cooking, he opened his eyes, removed the lid, and added dried Vermilion fruit peels, goji berries, and various spices. As soon as these ingredients were added, the soup’s aroma exploded, rushing out of the wok and caressing his face like hands.

He covered the wok again. Flames continued to burn, and the music was growing more and more intense like a fierce storm, ringing incessantly.

Xixi’s little face was flushed as she watched, and beads of sweat were rolling off her forehead. It was not easy for her to keep up with Bu Fang’s cooking. Although she was gifted, his cooking skills had reached a level that was worthy of being respected and admired.

The cooking was done. Bu Fang simmered the soup on low fire and retracted his mental force. After that, he turned and glanced at Xixi. The look in his eyes had become gentler.

“Xixi, take a break and get ready for soup.”

The little girl nodded obediently, turned, and was about to walk out of the kitchen.

“Oh, don’t forget to tell me when that strange uncle who asked you to cook the Leek Blossom appears,” Bu Fang said in a serious voice. The world is dangerous, and he didn’t want Xixi to be cheated by a pervert at such a young age.

“I will, Teacher Bu,” Xixi replied with a smile before walking out of the kitchen.

Bu Fang nodded and turned his eyes to the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. He removed the lid. Fingers of steam rose like Qilins, baring their teeth and brandishing their claws, while an auspicious gleam broke out of the wok, dazzling to look at.

He closed his eyes and sniffed. The soup didn’t have any greasy smell, and it had a refreshing aroma that was pleasing to the nose.

Bu Fang seldom made soup, but he was very satisfied with what he had cooked this time.

He brought the soup out of the kitchen and came to the dining area.

Ding!

The sound the bell made as the curtain was being lifted instantly attracted the attention of all in the restaurant. Xixi sat obediently in a chair, while Flowery and Nethery looked at him with great anticipation.

Bu Fang had no idea where Lord Dog had gone, but he wasn't worried at all. No one could bully that mangy dog. The Black Dragon King wasn't in the restaurant as well because he had been thrown out by Flowery. He deserved that, since Bu Fang already reminded him not to taste the dish.

He placed the dark wok in the middle of the table. The rich fragrance of the soup permeated the air, mellow and fascinating, surging with powerful energy. Then, he produced blue-and-white porcelain bowls and filled one with a spoon. The soup seemed to gleam like crystal as he handed the bowl to Nethery.

"Drink it while it's hot," Bu Fang said.

The dish should be effective in suppressing the curse in Nethery's body.

After that, he continued to serve the soup.

The rippling soup looked pretty, and the rings on its surface, which were the grease from the meat, were fascinating to look at.

Nethery held her bowl with both hands. The steam rose from the soup, wrapping her face and warming her cold body, while the fragrance of the soup kept filling her nostrils and made her swallow. She pursed her lips, and just when she was about to drink it, the sound of footfalls came through the door.

Bu Fang was filling a bowl with soup when he heard the sound. He paused and slightly furrowed his eyebrows. The footfalls were heavy and sounded like that of a mountain. He raised his head, looked toward the door, and saw a mountain of flesh approached from a distance.

The meaty mountain swaggered in front of the restaurant, and when it tried to enter, it was stuck between the door frame.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he wondered who this guy was.

Xixi, holding her bowl of soup, turned around and saw the heap of flesh. Her eyes lit up instantly. "Teacher Bu, that's him! He's the strange uncle who made me cook Leek Blossom!" the little girl cried out excitedly.

'Oh? So this fatty is the pervert? No wonder Xixi keeps calling him a strange uncle. He does look... strange. Well, it's an achievement to grow so fat!'

The restaurant door wasn't small, so Bu Fang had never imagined that someone could be caught by the frame. Even Fatty Jin, the rich fellow in the Light Wind Empire and the fattest guy he had ever seen, would not be caught by a door. He wondered what kind of lifestyle had made this fatty so fat.

"It smells so good! This meaty aroma is extremely pure and contains a hint of dark aura! The ingredient is absolutely superb! Old Ding never saw anything like it!" Caught at the door, the fat man kept wriggling his body, sniffing the meaty aroma. "Old Ding can already smell it from far, far away... and it didn't disappoint Old Ding! Oh, Brother... Your door is a little small. You need to replace it with a bigger one!"

After wriggling for a while, the fat man who called himself Old Ding finally squeezed through the door. He wiped the sweat on his forehead with a hand and saw the soup in the wok. Grunting, he walked to the table, sat in a chair, and gave everyone a smile. Then, he rubbed his hands and told Bu Fang, "Brother, give me a bowl of soup!"

Nethery and Flowery glanced at the fatty, then retracted their gazes and focused on the bowls in their hands.

Looking at Fatty Ding, Bu Fang's face grew serious.

'So this is the strange uncle who tried to lead Xixi astray? And he had the gall to ask for my soup?'

“There’s no meat or soup... Do you want an empty bowl?” said Bu Fang, looking at Fatty Ding with an expressionless face.

Chapter 1225 Joyless Stripping

Fatty Ding enjoyed eating, and he loved to taste all kinds of delicious food. He once visited the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan just to get a good meal and had even exchanged it with priceless ingredients. In his opinion, if there was no good food in life, there would be no joy. In addition to making money, food and travel were a must in life. By chance, Fatty Ding learned about the Immortal Cooking Realm, and after the trade route between the realm and the Nether Prison was established, he became the first to visit here.

Outside the normal trading hours of merchants, he spent most of his time looking for food. The Immortal Cooking Realm was truly worthy of being a holy land for foodies that was not inferior to the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan. There was a wide variety of delicious food and numerous chefs with amazing cooking skills here, which excited Fatty Ding.

After searching for days and comparing, he learned about a famous restaurant from the people in the realm. The restaurant was called Immortal Chef Little Store.

When he found it and stepped into it, he was surprised to see that the chef was a little girl of seven to eight years old. The owner was away. That made him feel strange and suspicious. He loved delicious food, but... could the dishes cooked by a seven-year-old girl truly move and attract him? He was uncertain. To him, eating awful food was like eating distiller’s grains. It was unbearable.

Therefore, Fatty Ding made a deal with Xixi. He told her that if the Leek Blossom she cooked could convince him, he would give her a recipe that he had exchanged with a lot of money from the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan. He would also provide her with all the ingredients, so she could cook the dish for him.

When he visited the restaurant again, he didn’t smell the Leek Blossom. Instead, his nostrils were filled with a rich meaty aroma, which completely intoxicated him. The fragrance came from a wok of bone soup, and he knew it was not an ordinary soup! From the faint aroma that permeated the air, he could sense the bone used to make the soup was of supreme quality. He was deeply attracted to it, and he wanted to taste it so much!

However, the owner of the restaurant didn’t seem to welcome him.

“Brother, there’s still a lot of soup in the wok. Let me have a bowl... Great food tastes better when it’s shared with others,” said Fatty Ding, grinning. His eyes were fixed at the Black Turtle Constellation Wok on the table as drool kept dripping from the corners of his mouth.

“Oh, I have money. I can pay you for a bowl of soup. You do accept immortal crystals, don’t you? Well, tell me the price...” He seemed to have thought of something, and he looked up at Bu Fang, winking. However, the only reply he got was Bu Fang’s expressionless face.

Nethery and the others gave him a glance and turned away. No one could taste the soup if Bu Fang didn’t allow it.

Nethery brought her bowl of hot soup to her lips. The edge of the bowl was a little hot from the soup, and when her lips touched it, the warmth refreshed her. She also felt that the aroma of the soup was constantly seeping into her skin. When she took a sip, the thin layer of fat on the surface flowed into her mouth as well. It was not greasy, though.

The light-brown soup was made with a variety of immortal herbs and Qilin Bone. The combination of the essence in the bone and the herbs almost made it a medicinal cuisine. Still, it was a bone soup in essence, a dish that could warm one’s body and heart. It was tasty, not too salty nor bland, and when combined with the taste of those immortal herbs, the soup was like a precious treasure.

As soon as the soup entered Nethery’s mouth, she felt a warm stream pour through her throat and into her stomach, driving her cold and weariness away. The energy contained in the soup nourished her fleshly body, and for a moment, she seemed to glow. Suddenly, her pale face turned ruddy, and her gray-green hair turned slightly darker. Eventually, the wild cursed snake in her body quieted down and fell asleep. The soup worked well on her.

Nethery gently breathed out a puff of warm air, her eyes looking somewhat blurry. Shaking her head, she blew at the soup and scattered the steam. Then, she took another sip and smacked her lips.

‘Delicious! How happy it would be to drink a bowl of heartwarming soup like this every day...’ she thought.

Xixi was also holding a bowl of soup. She understood the value of the soup better than Nethery did. Even now, she was still mesmerized by the melodious music played by those mental force threads when Bu Fang was cooking. Her teacher’s cooking skills amazed her, so she tasted the soup with reverence. Her eyes narrowed as she drank it, and she was instantly intoxicated by the rich bone soup.

Gulp.

Fatty Ding swallowed as he watched. As a seasoned foodie, he knew how delicious the soup was just by smelling it. However, he couldn't taste it, and it was unbearable for him.

"Brother... How about I pay you ten thousand immortal crystals for a bowl of soup? Money is not a problem for me!" Fatty Ding offered again, but Bu Fang gave him the same expressionless look and rejected him without hesitation.

After that, Bu Fang took out another bowl and filled it with soup. That's for himself, and he drank it right away. The soup warmed the bowl as well as his heart. After finishing it all up, he felt as if his whole body and heart were basked in the sun.

He was very satisfied. The Dark Qilin Bone was indeed extraordinary. The trip to the Abyss was well worth it.

Fatty Ding was restless as he watched Bu Fang drink the soup with a satisfied look. It was as if there was a knife cutting at the fat on his body. "Please give me a bowl of soup, Brother!" He felt like weeping and almost dropped to his knees. He was a man who could do anything for delicious food.

At that moment, a strong smell of alcohol drifted through the door and into the restaurant.

"Oh? The smell of an eight-hundred-year-old Abyssal Demon Wine?!" Fatty Ding's nose, which was almost hidden among the fat on his face, twitched. He had instantly recognized the origin of the wine, stunning him momentarily as he knew how much the wine cost. He was surprised that he could smell it in this restaurant of all places.

Bu Fang was surprised as well. He raised his head, looked toward the door, and saw a black dog waddling into the restaurant with a leg on his shoulder. "Lord Dog?"

Xixi, Flowery, and Nethery turned to look at Lord Dog, their eyes lighting up.

When Fatty Ding saw the dog, his fat shivered. At a glance, he knew the dog was an unusual one.

With no visible blush on his dark dog face, Lord Dog entered the restaurant with slow steps, hiccuping. As he walked, his nose twitched. Without a doubt, he had smelled the soup, which had the aroma of the familiar Qilin Bone. He waved his paw, and the Qilin leg on his shoulder immediately flew toward Bu Fang.

“Bu Fang, boy, Lord Dog brought you a present!” he said as he burped. Even the wine’s bouquet in his breath smelled wonderfully mellow and intoxicating.

‘Even Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine can’t match this eight-hundred-year-old Abyssal Demon Wine...’ Bu Fang sighed with emotion in his mind. This was the first time he came across a top-grade wine, but it was a pity that he didn’t have a chance to taste it.

“This is the top-grade wine of the Abyss, a vintage that is famous throughout the whole Netherworld!” said Fatty Ding as he stared curiously at Lord Dog. “Legend has it that there are three great wines in the Netherworld, and this eight-hundred-year-old Abyssal Demon Wine ranked third, which is extremely complicated to make... The second greatest wine is called Ultimate Senseless Wine, a vintage that the Wine Saint of the Nine Revolution Nether Chef Clan had spent his life making. It is said that you will forget all your problems with just a small glass of this wine!” Fatty Ding smacked his lips.

“And the number one... It is the most mysterious wine in the Netherworld. People only heard about it in legends and never saw it with their own eyes. It is claimed that a drop of this liquor is enough to knock out a supreme Great Saint. As for its name... I don’t know,” said Fatty Ding. He had never drunk any of the three wines he just mentioned. Although he was a wealthy merchant who traded everywhere in the Netherworld, there were things that money could not buy, and some chefs were so eccentric that they couldn’t be bought off with money, just like this bone soup and Bu Fang...

Bu Fang took the Dark Qilin leg Lord Dog tossed to him and looked slightly stunned. ‘This black dog actually cut off the Dark Qilin’s leg? He had just cut off the leg of the Goat Great Saint not long ago, and now he had the leg of the Dark Qilin... Does he have a fetish for legs?’ he thought suspiciously. But he didn’t think too much about it. The Dark Qilin leg was a good thing, no worse than the leg of the Goat Great Saint. After all, they were both Great-Saint-grade ingredients, which were very hard to come by. And so, he carefully put it in the System’s storage space.

He filled a bowl with soup, and with a flick of his finger, the bowl flew toward Lord Dog.

Lord Dog lay in the corner, and the bowl of soup landed right in front of him. A rich fragrance wafted from the bowl. His hazy eyes lit up, and his nose twitched. Then, he leaned in front of it,

stuck out his tongue, and licked the soup. After the first lick, he couldn't stop. It was so tasty that he was completely immersed in it as if it was some addicting drug.

Fatty Ding's eyes widened, and he stared at Bu Fang with a sad and angry look. He couldn't believe that this young man would rather give a dog a bowl of soup than sell it to him. As a great merchant of the Nether Prison, was he no better than a dog? Even though the dog looked awesome and had drunk an eight-hundred-year-old Abyssal Demon Wine, that didn't rule out the fact that he was a dog!

"How dare you ask me for a bowl of soup when you let my apprentice cook such a disgusting dish as Leek Blossom?" Bu Fang put down his bowl, wiped the water from his hands, and looked up coldly at Fatty Ding.

The fat on the fat guy's face shuddered, and it suddenly dawned on him. He felt very aggrieved. It was all a misunderstanding! The only reason he asked Xixi to cook the Leek Blossom was that he happened to be thinking about it. How could he have wild desires for a child? He, Fatty Ding, was a pure man! He was a little white flower free from dust!

"I... I... I..."

Tears seemed to be rolling in his eyes, and he raised his fleshly hands and placed them on his cheeks.

Boom!

Suddenly, a horrible aura came from outside the restaurant. The next moment, two figures bolted through the door like black lightning. They were two Nether Prison experts with swords in their arms.

Bu Fang paused and squinted at the two men. Their auras were very strong, and they were actually two half-step Saints.

"Boss Ding..." The two men looked at Fatty Ding and nodded. They were his guards. As a great merchant, he was always guarded by experts. Money makes the world go around. Even half-step Saints needed resources, and Fatty Ding was able to provide them those.

Fatty Ding was about to say something when Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and said coldly, “You want to stir up trouble?”

When Bu Fang thought of trouble, his first thought was of Whitey. He sighed in his heart. It seemed that he needed to find some time to look for that puppet’s heart and repair it. He missed Whitey’s ‘Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others.’ At the thought of that, his eyes grew cold. ‘Don’t think that no one’s going to take your clothes off when Whitey is not here...’

The next moment, he took a step forward, his Vermilion Chef Robe turning into a thousand streams of light.

Lord Dog lay on the ground, licking at the soup, while Nethery and the others watched Bu Fang.

Fatty Ding was slightly taken aback. The eyes of his two guards suddenly turned sharp as they drew their swords and said, “We are guards, and we will protect our boss!”

The next moment, the restaurant was lit up by the swords’ glow.

Bu Fang looked at them with an indifferent face. With a thought, his spirit sea surged, and the Golden Divine Dragon let out an excited roar.

In the eyes of Nethery and the others, Bu Fang’s black hair turned golden at a rate visible to the naked eyes, and with a dragon roar, his aura changed drastically.

Lord Dog, who was licking at the soup, focused his eyes and turned to look at Bu Fang. What he saw shocked him, and he wondered had he been drinking so much that his eyes began to deceive him.

As soon as the blond Bu Fang appeared, an odd chuckle rang out of his mouth, reverberating in the restaurant.

Nethery and the others were stunned. Bu Fang was... laughing?

Fatty Ding sucked in a cold breath, opened his mouth, and wanted to say something, but his guards had already drawn their swords and were charging at Bu Fang.

The blond Bu Fang's eyes were blurry, and he was grinning as he reached out both hands and flicked his fingers at the two half-step Saints' swords.

Buzz...

An invisible wave spread, and with a ripping sound, the two half-step Saints' clothes blew apart. Naked and terrified, they were then knocked flying backward through the door and fell outside the restaurant.

Fatty Ding opened and closed his mouth as he saw Bu Fang's flowing golden hair and exaggerated smile.

"Remember, it is Nicholas the Handsome Dragon who has stripped your clothes," said the blond Bu Fang, his eyebrows moving up and down in an exaggerated way.

Fatty Ding choked. He didn't understand why this young man changed so drastically in the blink of an eye. The next thing he knew, his luxurious robes were ripped into pieces. His fat wobbled as his huge body flew backward, and he was stuck at the door again.

Laughing, the blond Bu Fang walked up and gave the sad and angry Fatty Ding a flick on the butt with his finger. Immediately, the latter flew out and fell to the ground.

"Hahahaha!" The blond Bu Fang covered his face and burst out laughing. However, his laughter quickly came to an abrupt stop. In the blink of an eye, his golden hair turned black, and his laughing face became straight.

Glancing at Fatty Ding, who was outside the restaurant, Bu Fang sighed softly and shook his head. "What a joyless stripping..."

Chapter 1226 Sword Po

Two half-step Saints were obviously nothing to Bu Fang, but he was too lazy to handle them himself, so he thought that he could take the opportunity to try Spirit Possession. The result was good as the two half-step Saints were easily dealt with. He had expected it to be easy, or else the ability would be completely useless to him. After all, his cultivation base had reached the level of half-step Saint as well. If truth be told, Bu Fang wasn't interested in stripping clothes. It was more enjoyable for him to watch Whitey do it.

Outside the restaurant, Fatty Ding and his guards staggered to their feet, confused. When they felt chills all over their bodies, their faces turned livid.

The people around the restaurant had long been accustomed to such events. It was perfectly normal for someone to be stripped of their clothes and thrown out of the Great Demon King's restaurant.

For the people inside the restaurant, however, what just happened brought them a huge impact. That fresh and carefree laughter, the golden hair, and the smile on Owner Bu's face... They thought they were hallucinating. When did Owner Bu learn to smile? What happened to him? When was his face capable of performing so many different expressions?

Xixi's mouth dropped open. Her eyes went wide, and there was an incredulous look on her face. Was this still her serious, cold, tall, and handsome Teacher Bu? He had completely overturned his image in her heart.

Not only Xixi, but Flowery and Nethery also looked shocked and terrified. Even Lord Dog was stunned, so much so that he almost resumed licking the soup...

"That wasn't me..." Looking at all the shocked faces, Bu Fang rubbed his temple with a thumb. He wondered if his image in their hearts had been completely overthrown. Then, he saw Nethery and the others nod as if they could read his mind.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when they saw Bu Fang's straight, expressionless face. This was the Bu Fang they knew.

Soon, the soup was finished. Nethery's face had turned ruddy, and she returned to her room to rest.

Flowery went to Lord Dog's side, hugged his leg, and cuddled comfortably there. She really enjoyed Lord Dog's aura. Xixi carried her bowl and went into the kitchen to practice cooking in high spirits. As for Bu Fang, after he cleaned up everything, he brought a chair and sat leisurely in front of the restaurant. The warm sunlight gently sprinkled down on his face, making him feel comfortable.

Time passed quickly. When the sun went down, Bu Fang went back inside the restaurant and closed the door.

There was still light in the kitchen. Xixi was still practicing cooking. Her skills had improved quickly. The provocation she suffered in the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion had impacted her greatly, making her practice diligently as if she wanted to prove something to everybody. Perhaps she didn't want to lose her reputation as Bu Fang's apprentice. After all, her teacher was such an amazing chef.

When Bu Fang stepped into the kitchen and saw the little girl practice her knife techniques, he frowned and said, "Practicing cooking is a gradual process. You need to learn when to work and rest." He rubbed her head and asked her to sit in a chair. After that, he made her Vermilion Fruit-flavored ice cream and told her to take a break.

Xixi looked curiously at the delicacy, and after she took the first bite, she was completely attracted. Although she was precocious, she was a little girl after all, and that made her irresistible against ice cream. She was instantly captured by its delicious taste.

While she enjoyed the ice cream, Bu Fang rolled up his sleeves and prepared to cook a dish, which was called Sword Pot. It was a recipe the System rewarded him. The System now rarely rewarded him with recipes, so it was a rare dish. Therefore, Bu Fang treated it seriously. He went through the cooking method in his head, which was recorded in great detail on the recipe.

'The main ingredient of Sword Pot is the Earth Prison's Sword Feather Crane. A special spirit beast in the Cave of the Fallen Gods. The birds have their own sword intent, which is extremely sharp and lethal. They live in groups, and wherever they pass, they leave countless sword marks on the ground. Their king has mastered sword intent and can transform into a sword.' The System's serious voice rang in Bu Fang's head, explaining to him the cooking method and origin of Sword Pot.

Bu Fang stood in front of the stove, lost in thought, while Xixi enjoyed her ice cream happily. She was looking curiously at him, wondering if he was about to cook something delicious again.

He didn't spend too much time thinking, though. Soon, he opened his eyes, came in front of the cabinet, and opened it. Terrible sword intent burst out of the cabinet in an instant. It was extremely sharp and seemed to have turned into numerous tiny swords, all thrusting toward him.

The spirit bird was fierce, but Bu Fang had his own way of suppressing it. In his spirit sea, the Vermilion Bird's aura fused into his body and spread suddenly. At the same time, his Vermilion Chef Robe turned fiery scarlet and kept flashing. Then, with a loud bird cry, the violent sword intent instantly stopped bursting out of the cabinet.

He reached a hand into the cabinet and took out a Sword Feather Crane. It was a bird with milky white feathers that looked as pure as snow. Its most distinctive feature was its temperament, which

felt like a sword that had never been unsheathed before. Each of its feathers contained sword intent like that of an arrow, and if they were all unleashed, they could cut everything to pieces.

Sword Pot was unlike anything Bu Fang had ever cooked, so he had spent some time thinking about it. It was because he had thought enough that he chose to start cooking now.

He produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, filled it with Spring of Life, and began heating it. When the water came to a boil, he added the Sword Feather Cranes into the wok, then drained its blood and plucked its feathers. The bird's feathers were as sharp as swords, and they were heavy. When he threw them on the ground, they made clanging sounds similar to metal.

Bu Fang proceeded in an orderly way. The Sword Pot was not difficult to cook. In fact, it was easier than the bone soup he had just cooked. Using the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, he cut the whole bird into small pieces. After that, he added oil into the wok, waited for it to come to the right temperature, then added the meat and slices of Son Mother Ginger, stir-frying them together.

When the aroma rose from the wok, he took out a clay pot the System had prepared for him, filled it with the cooked dish, and covered it with a lid. The next step was to simmer the dish on low fire until the aroma was thick and strong. It was a time-consuming process. However, Bu Fang was calm now, and he was not in a hurry, so he just sat cross-legged on the floor, waiting for the dish to be cooked.

Xixi had finished her ice cream, but she didn't disturb Bu Fang. Instead, she watched quietly as he cooked.

While sitting on the floor and controlling the fire, Bu Fang was thinking about what the System meant by giving him the recipe of Sword Pot. He thought that perhaps it wanted him to combine the dish with a Gourmet Array. If that's the case, he wondered if the dish would easily fuse with an array.

As the dish simmered in the clay pot, steam rose and a fragrance filled the air, teasing one's appetite. The white steam turned into swords over the pot, looking sharp enough to rip through the void at any moment. Even Bu Fang was slightly frightened by the powerful sword intent.

When the Sword Pot was done, Bu Fang removed the clay pot from the stove. It didn't require any advanced skills, and the cooking was very easy.

At that moment, Xixi looked up curiously at him. She was very interested in the dish because it seemed a little special, unlike any dish he had cooked in the past.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and stood before the Sword Pot. He didn't rush to taste it. Instead, he just stared at it, thinking that the dish was missing something. After mulling it over, he finally realized that it lacked the Will of the Great Path, and thus making it an incomplete dish.

He picked up the Sword Pot, asked Xixi to wait here, then disappeared from the kitchen. In the blink of an eye, he came to the Heaven and Earth Farmland, found Niu Hansan, and placed the pot on a table.

Looking at the big clay pot, Niu Hansan's eyes instantly lit up. "Owner Bu, you're too kind! I can't believe you brought a dish for me... That's very kind of you!" He grinned foolishly while reaching out a hand and lifted the lid.

Buzz...

As soon as the lid was removed, surging steam rose from the clay pot and soared into the sky, while sharp sword intent burst out of it, making Niu Hansan's heart skip a beat.

Gulp.

Niu Hansan froze. It was a long time before he glanced at Bu Fang. 'Why does it have sword intent?' he thought, 'And by the looks of it, the sword intent seems strong enough to rip everything...'

He took a deep breath and said, "Is this thing... edible?" His lips were trembling. He knew Owner Bu would never be so kind as to bring him food.

"Try it and see what's missing if it's going to be used as the carrier of a Death Food Tool," said Bu Fang expressionlessly with his hands clasped behind his back.

Niu Hansan nodded, then held out his chopsticks. Pieces of crane meat wriggled in the clay pot. They looked tender and brownish-red, and the fragrance of Son and Mother Ginger actually made the sword intent even sharper. He reached the chopsticks into the pot, pushed around, and picked up a piece of meat. Then, he opened his mouth and gave Bu Fang a look.

There was faint sword intent swirling over the piece of meat, which was so sharp that it seemed the void was about to be cut into pieces by it. Niu Hansan wondered if his mouth would be ripped to shreds if he ate it.

“Owner Bu... Is this really edible?” Niu Hansan asked, still skeptical as he looked at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows. ‘Why does he keep hemming and hawing like a woman?’ He twitched the corner of his mouth, grabbed a pair of chopsticks, used it to push away the ginger slices in the pot, and picked up a piece of brownish-red crane meat. Then, he shoved the meat into his mouth and bit into it.

The sound of a sword slashing through the air rang out as a beam of sword energy shot out of Bu Fang’s mouth, poking a tiny hole in the ground.

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As soon as the piece of meat entered his mouth, the look in his eyes changed completely...

1226 Sword Po

Two half-step Saints were obviously nothing to Bu Fang, but he was too lazy to handle them himself, so he thought that he could take the opportunity to try Spirit Possession. The result was good as the two half-step Saints were easily dealt with. He had expected it to be easy, or else the ability would be completely useless to him. After all, his cultivation base had reached the level of half-step Saint as well. If truth be told, Bu Fang wasn’t interested in stripping clothes. It was more enjoyable for him to watch Whitey do it.

Outside the restaurant, Fatty Ding and his guards staggered to their feet, confused. When they felt chills all over their bodies, their faces turned livid.

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Chapter 1227 Owner Bu Came Back to Visit Us With His Daughter!

The crane meat was unexpectedly delicious. Its tender texture exploded in Niu Hansan’s mouth instantly. The meat was springy, and when he bit into it, he felt like it was bouncing off his teeth. The feeling of something jumping in his mouth widened his eyes in a flash. Like Bu Fang, a beam of sword energy shot out of his mouth, which poked a small hole in the ground with steam rising from it. It was indeed powerful. Niu Hansan forgot to chew. He found that even though this thing wasn’t integrated with a Gourmet Array, its power was no weaker than that of the Explosive Meatball. If it were added with a Gourmet Array, wouldn’t its sword energy be more powerful?

He smacked his lips as if he wasn’t fully satisfied. Then, he held out his chopsticks again, picked up another piece of crane meat, and put it into his mouth. He bit it. With a slash, another sharp sword beam shot out, hit the ground, and poked a hole. “Not bad, not bad... This is delicious!” Looking at the tiny hole, Niu Hansan seemed to be having fun eating the meat.

He picked up another one, ate it, and shot out another sword beam. There was a satisfied look on his face.

Looking at Niu Hansan, Bu Fang couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth. "Well... Do you feel anything unusual now?" he asked.

"It lacks some Will of the Great Path. Otherwise, it can be considered an excellent carrier for a Death Food Tool. It is even more awesome than the Perishing Pot," Niu Hansan said honestly.

Bu Fang nodded and thought what he said was very reasonable. "I'll leave you the task of making the ingredient contain the Will of the Great Path then... I think you are very familiar with it already," he said sincerely, looking at Niu Hansan. After that, he produced a Sword Feather Crane. The System prepared a total of three cranes for him. He had cooked one and was left with two, which could be given to Niu Hansan.

Niu Hansan blinked with a piece of crane meat in his mouth. He glanced at the Sword Feather Crane in Bu Fang's hand and took a deep breath. The sharp sword intent in the bird startled him. 'What a terrible sword intent! Is this what's in this clay pot? Every chef is indeed a born artist with uncanny power! It's not easy for the crane to be made like this...'

"I'll give it a try," he said. He took the crane from Bu Fang, turned, and walked behind the wooden hut. After a while, he trotted back, stood before the clay pot, and continued to eat the crane meat. As soon as he put a piece of meat in his mouth, a sword beam shot out and poked a hole in the ground.

Niu Hansan was thrilled. He realized that if this thing was done right, it would be a better Death Food Tool than the Explosive Meatball. Imagine, when fighting, you're holding a clay pot in your hand, picking up a piece of crane meat and taking a bite at it, and the meat would immediately shoot out a sword beam and kill the enemy. It's exciting to think about the feeling of killing enemies while eating something.

Looking at Niu Hansan, who was eating happily, Bu Fang didn't say anything. He left the Sword Pot here and let him continue to eat, and then he left the farmland. Death Food Tools should be studied slowly. Of course, if the research was successful, he would be busy again.

...

Bu Fang returned to the kitchen. Xixi was still sitting in her chair, licking the bowl of ice cream.

“Teacher Bu, what kind of food is this? It tastes good!” the little girl said happily.

“It’s called ice cream, and it was made by my other apprentice chef,” said Bu Fang, rubbing Xixi’s head.

Suddenly, he froze and fell into thought. Now, his restaurant had many branches, but they were scattered in different places and didn’t communicate with each other, which was not a good thing. He wondered if the System had a way to let all his apprentice chefs get together and share their cooking skills with each other. He believed that it would certainly improve their skills.

‘System, what do you think?’ Bu Fang asked the System in his mind. He felt that the idea was very necessary.

The System fell into silence, as if it was thinking.

He waited patiently. He really hoped there would be a way to bring together all his apprentice chefs so that they could communicate and improve together.

‘Teacher Bu’s other apprentice chef?’ Xixi’s eyes lit up, and her heart filled with curiosity. She had heard from Nethery that Bu Fang had a number of restaurants and that each had his apprentice chefs. When she found that he was going to tell her about these apprentices, she immediately became a little excited. Although she was addicted to cooking, she was only a child after all. She had been practicing cooking alone, and it was inevitable that she would feel tired. Therefore, sometimes, she also hoped that there was someone she could talk to about cooking.

‘Attention, Host...’ the System’s serious voice rang out.

Bu Fang’s eyes focused.

‘After analyzing, the System found the Host’s proposal to gather apprentice chefs from different restaurants to be feasible, but the implementation required a plane carrier,’ the System said.

Bu Fang frowned. He knew what the System meant. The so-called plane carrier was a place where apprentice chefs could get together, and it couldn’t be the Immortal Cooking Realm or Light Wind

Empire because the levels of planes were different. Therefore, the apprentices couldn't cross the boundaries. He was again lost in thought.

'The System suggests that the Host use the Heaven and Earth Farmland as a plane carrier,' the System's voice rang again.

Bu Fang's eyes lit up instantly. 'The Heaven and Earth Farmland... Yeah, that's a good idea! Since Jing Yuan can go there to get milk, the others can visit it as well! It's a perfect plane carrier since apprentice chefs from different planes won't be affected...'

'Yes, this will work,' Bu Fang nodded.

'The Host's proposal has been accepted. Now constructing the restaurant portals...'

Bu Fang looked up and met Xixi's curious eyes. He rubbed her head and said, "Xixi, Teacher Bu is taking you to a fun place."

The little girl paused for a moment, then let out a cheer. "A fun place? Alright!" she said excitedly.

Bu Fang lifted a hand, pointed to the front, and said, "Do you know what is behind that door?"

Xixi looked toward where he was pointing, and her little face was suddenly filled with incredulity. "That... When did a door appear there?" she asked curiously.

As someone who had practiced cooking in the restaurant kitchen for so long, Xixi was very familiar with everything here. After all, in her spare time, she would stroll in the kitchen. However, she was sure that there was no such door in the restaurant!

"Why not open the door and have a look? My other apprentices are behind that door," said Bu Fang.

There was a sudden glow of excitement in Xixi's eyes. She flew to the door. It was a bronze door, with no intricate designs carved on it but only a handle.

"Come here quickly, Teacher Bu!" She grabbed the handle but hesitated to turn it, so she looked at Bu Fang and shouted, wanting him to come and give her courage.

Bu Fang came over.

With a click, the handle was turned, and the door creaked open.

A breeze gusted through the door as Bu Fang took Xixi by the hand and stepped through it.

This door was a portal constructed by the System, which linked Bu Fang's restaurants to the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

Soon, everything in front of them became clear. Xixi took Bu Fang's hand and hid behind him in fear. However, when she saw the beautiful scenery in the farmland, her eyes sparkled. "This place is so beautiful!" she exclaimed.

A breeze blew across the grass, revealing a chicken...

Eighty was running happily through the grass when it suddenly froze, turned its head, and saw Bu Fang. That instantly terrified it. At the thought of how terrible this chef had looked when his hair turned red not long ago, it shivered. Without hesitation, Eighty turned and ran, burrowed into the grass, and disappeared.

The Eight Treasures Pig did the same when it saw Bu Fang, rolling and crawling as far away from him as possible.

"Teacher Bu, the chicken and pig seem to be afraid of you," Xixi said curiously.

"Maybe it's because I'm handsome," Bu Fang replied with a straight face. He glanced at Eighty and the Eight Treasures Pig, who had gone far away, and pursed his lips.

A moment later, the creaking of a door rang out. Xixi's attention was attracted by the sound, and she glanced around. Even then, the wind in the farmland grew stronger, filling the air with the fragrance of grass.

The first door opened, and a graceful figure walked out of it. She was carrying a wooden barrel and seemed to visit the farmland quite often. However, when she saw Bu Fang and Xixi, she was still slightly surprised.

“Chef Bu?”

Bu Fang nodded at Jing Yuan and said to Xixi, “She is also Teacher Bu’s apprentice.”

Xixi looked shyly at Jing Yuan, then nodded at her while holding Bu Fang’s arm.

Jing Yuan was slightly taken aback, but a smile quickly emerged on her beautiful face.

At that moment, the other doors opened around them. Jing Yuan and Xixi looked over curiously and saw three doors.

Bu Fang’s heart filled with surging emotions as he glanced at the doors, because he knew those doors represented his three other restaurants: Fang Fang’s Little Store, Cloud Mist Restaurant, and Taotie Restaurant, the three restaurants in Hidden Dragon Continent.

“Oh? Why is there an extra door in the restaurant? The workmanship of this door is really rubbish. It’s not as good as the door in my house,” said a gentle voice. After that, a figure pushed open the door and stuck a head through it.

It was a beautiful face with skin as fair as snow and long hair that was tied up with a velvet rope like Bu Fang. If it weren’t for the apple in his throat and his male voice, Xixi and Jing Yuan would think that he was a woman.

Xiao Xiaolong walked through the door. A breeze blew into his face and made him close his eyes. He had grown taller and had become... prettier and more feminine. He had grown from a little handsome boy to a comely man.

“The f*ck?!” As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Bu Fang and Xixi in the distance, and he noticed that the little girl was holding Bu Fang’s hand.

That glance seemed to look through a thousand years.

“Bu... Owner Bu? The f*ck? Do my eyes deceive me? I thought you’ve gone to the Immortal Cooking Realm? And... Who’s that little girl? You have a daughter now? F*ck! I really... admire you!”

Xiao Xiaolong was in awe. He had not seen Bu Fang for a long time, and he didn’t expect to receive such a great gift when they finally met again!

Suddenly, he turned around, as if he suddenly thought of something, and shouted at the door, “Sister Yu Fu, come here quickly! Owner Bu came back to visit us with his daughter!”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched violently, and he felt somewhat speechless.

He wished he could give this fellow a slap in the face now...

Chapter 1228 Realm Lord Di Tai Returns!

Xiao Xiaolong’s words left Bu Fang speechless. ‘This guy really likes to stir up trouble...’

Yu Fu slithered out from the other side of the door with a curious look on her beautiful face. She was now the queen of the Serpentmen City, and her cultivation base was so strong that she was one of the top experts in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. Moreover, because the Black Dragon King of the Endless Sea Territory had gone to the Immortal Cooking Realm with Bu Fang, the attitude of the Oceanic Species toward the Illusory Spirit Swamp had improved a lot, so it had been a long time since the swamp was invaded or attacked by the Oceanic Species.

That was why Yu Fu had the leisure to leave Serpentmen City and come to Fang Fang’s Little Store in the capital of Light Wind Empire, where she studied cooking together with Xiao Xiaolong and helped him run the restaurant.

“It’s really Owner Bu!” Yu Fu’s mouth opened in surprise, and there was a hint of incredulity on her face. She thought that after Bu Fang went to the Immortal Cooking Realm, she would never have a chance to see him again, but she didn’t expect to see his face again so soon.

“My eyes didn’t deceive me, did they?” She rubbed her eyes. After making sure that she was not mistaken, her face turned red with excitement. In front of Bu Fang, the queen of the great Serpentmen was still the little snake girl of that year.

Xiao Xiaolong, of course, saw other people besides Bu Fang, whether it was Jing Yuan, Xixi, or Niu Hansan, who was eating a spirit fruit in the distance.

‘Where is this?’ A doubt arose in his mind.

With a creak, another door opened. A huge figure slowly emerged from it, followed by a coquettish figure. They were Bu Fang’s apprentices in Cloud Mist Restaurant, Yang Meiji and Sorceress An Sheng.

As soon as Yang Meiji appeared, her aura overwhelmed all the other apprentices, while the sight of Sorceress An Sheng, who was so charming, made them gasp.

Both of them froze when they saw Bu Fang.

Even then, the last door opened. A handsome, carefree figure walked out from it, dressed in a chef’s robe that exposed his chest.

Wenren Shang staggered out of the door, still holding a jar of wine and reeking of alcohol.

“Huh? What is this place? Why does it look so strange?” He looked around dubiously, then fixed his eyes on Bu Fang’s face.

“Owner Bu?” Wenren Shang grinned. “I’m really getting old. I’ve only had a few drinks, but I’m hallucinating already...”

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. His apprentices were all very unique.

Xixi looked curiously at these people, her big eyes full of surprise. She didn’t expect that Bu Fang would have so many apprentices.

“All right, I want you to wake up and get to know each other,” said Bu Fang, his cold voice ringing in everyone’s ears.

It was the first time his apprentices met each other, so he asked them to introduce themselves, such as what region they were from. When everyone was introduced, the atmosphere was noticeably more cordial.

After that, Bu Fang introduced them to the Heaven and Earth Farmland and told them that it would be a place where they could gather in the future, where they could discuss cooking and improve together.

All the apprentices were shocked. They never thought that they could learn in this way. In the past, they would just immerse themselves in the kitchen and practice cooking by themselves, which was boring and inefficient. Now they could finally discuss cooking with other apprentices. It was simply the best thing Bu Fang had ever done.

Bu Fang let them chat with each other, then he dragged Niu Hansan into the wooden hut.

Niu Hansan was very curious about what Bu Fang did and also admired him for having so many apprentice chefs.

“Is there any progress in the integration of the Will of the Great Path?” Bu Fang asked.

“How could it be so fast? Owner Bu, you have to give me more time. You need to be patient,” Niu Hansan looked at Bu Fang and said with a smile.

Bu Fang knew he was too impatient. Niu Hansan was right. A watched pot never boiled. After talking for a while, he left the wooden hut, went to his apprentices, and gave them Explosive Meatballs. As his apprentices, how could they not have the strength to protect themselves? These meatballs were just enough to arm them.

In the Hidden Dragon Continent, these Explosive Meatballs were deadly weapons capable of destroying everything. With them, his apprentices would not have to worry about any enemies at all. Even the strongest Divine Spirit Realm experts in the Hidden Dragon Continent would be killed instantly by those meatballs.

Of course, it was not that useful for Jing Yuan, but Bu Fang gave it to her anyway.

As for Xixi, Bu Fang gave her a few more. After all, she was still very young, and there were so many bad guys out there. If she ever met Fatty Ding again, she could throw a meatball at that fat face.

After handing out the meatballs, Bu Fang let his apprentices talk among themselves and left the Heaven and Earth Farmland. They were now able to travel freely to the farmland through the portals built by the System. These were their doorways, and when they had finished communicating, they could go back to their own places through them again.

...

Time went by quickly. It had been half a year since Meng Qi came back to the Immortal Cooking Realm. The whole realm had undergone tremendous changes after the Immortal Tree had recovered. The immortal energy in the air had become richer, and genius immortal chefs were constantly popping out everywhere.

Every day, the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion was very lively. Geniuses came to be assessed in an endless stream, constantly breaking the records set by previous geniuses.

The golden age of the Immortal Cooking Realm seemed to have arrived.

In addition, the tension between the Immortal Cooking Realm and Nether Prison had eased considerably.

Many Nether Prison merchants came to the Immortal Cooking Realm to do business and brought many good things with them. Many of their specialties sold well here, and they also brought many of the products here back to Nether Prison for sale. Of course, the Immortal Cooking Realm's merchants also visited Nether Prison. This exchange of needed goods had allowed the two powers to understand each other better, and they were not as hostile as before.

Realm Lord Di Tai had not returned from the Abyss yet, which was a torment for all the City Lords. Had it not been for the fact that nothing unusual had happened in the realm, Meng Qi and the others would have gone to the Abyss to look for him.

As the lord of the realm, Realm Lord Di Tai was directly related to the Immortal Cooking Realm. If he died, the whole realm would be filled with various phenomena, and heaven and earth would mourn.

The resurrected Immortal Tree had slowly returned to its peak. It grew more and more luxuriant and bore more and more fruits, which produced many good things.

The overall strength of the Immortal Cooking Realm was continuously rising.

One day, a huge Abyssal Winged Dragon flew slowly toward the Immortal Cooking Realm. The wind stirred up by its two pairs of wings was strong enough to blow everything away. This kind of dragon was huge but unintelligent, and yet it was considered one of the top-grade beast emperors.

When it appeared in the fifth layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm, it attracted the attention of many experts in the Immortal City. The whole city was immediately put on alert. Everyone thought an enemy was going to attack them.

Just when everyone was tense, a figure stood up from the dragon's back and waved excitedly at them. The next moment, the figure kicked the dragon's shoulder, turned into a stream of light, and shot toward the city wall like a missile. With a rumble, he landed on top of the wall.

Startled, the guards raised their weapons. However, when the smoke and dust cleared, everyone saw a very familiar face.

“Realm Lord?!”

“It's really the Realm Lord!”

“The Realm Lord has returned!”

When the guards saw the man's face, their eyes lit up, and their faces beamed with excitement.

Realm Lord Di Tai looked at the excited guards on the wall with a complicated expression. He's back. He finally returned from the remains of the Divine Chef. His face was covered with a beard, which made him look much older, but his aura and cultivation base had become much stronger, giving him a completely different air.

Surrounded by the crowd, he returned to the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

The news of his return soon spread all over the realm. The few City Lords went to see him at once. When Ya Ya saw him, her beautiful face burst into tears of joy. She bolted over and put her arms around his shoulder, which seemed broader now.

Realm Lord Di Tai used to be handsome, but now he had become matured and seasoned. It was as if he had transformed from a young man to an uncle, but the change made Ya Ya like him all the more.

A calmer Realm Lord would be a good thing for the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Meng Qi, City Lord Zou, and Gongshu Baiguang all looked at Realm Lord Di Tai excitedly.

“I appreciate your hard work,” the realm lord said as he looked at the familiar faces.

“Your Highness, have you gotten the Divine Chef’s inheritance?” Meng Qi asked curiously.

Realm Lord Di Tai had disappeared for almost half a year. Although Bu Fang kept telling her that he was safe, she was still in a rather nervous state. Now that he had finally returned, she could finally breathe a long sigh of relief.

The others also expressed curiosity about Meng Qi’s question.

Realm Lord Di Tai’s mouth was encircled by a beard. Although it made him look a little untidy, it also made him look more mature.

“The Divine Chef’s inheritance is indeed a great opportunity. The Divine Chef I met this time is the most supreme Divine Chef of the Abyss, and his inheritance is very complicated. I fought with a genius from the Shadow Demon Clan of Nether Prison, and in the end, he and I each got half of the inheritance,” Realm Lord Di Tai said.

“In any case, I’m more confident now about how to become a Divine Chef. Given enough time, I will surely be able to break through the Divine Chef realm!”

His words quieted everyone for a moment, and then they broke into cheers. This meant that the Immortal Cooking Realm would soon have a real Divine Chef!

After talking to them for a while, Realm Lord Di Tai told them that he was going to Immortal Chef Little Store.

Soon after, four city lords and a realm lord walked out of a transport array, heading for Immortal Chef Little Store in the first layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

When they were still far away, they saw a long line in front of the restaurant. On one side of the line, at the door of the restaurant, a young man was lying on a chair, resting with his eyes closed. The warm sunlight sprinkled on him. Next to him lay a black dog, and beside the dog sat a graceful girl.

Nethery sat on a chair in her long black dress, swinging her fair legs, her gray-green hair gently waving in the wind.

The sound of footsteps disturbed Bu Fang's rest. He slowly opened his eyes and saw the five familiar figures in the distance.

"Oh?"

He was momentarily stunned when he saw the leading figure.

"You're back?" he said, looking at Realm Lord Di Tai as the corner of his mouth twitched slightly.

Realm Lord Di Tai gave Bu Fang a deep and complicated look. Bu Fang's performance on the Stairway of Culinary Arts made him understand the horror of this young man.

Not only did Bu Fang pass the Stairway of Culinary Arts, but he also broke the death gate of the Culinary Gates of Life and Death. His performances showed how easy it would be for him to get the Divine Chef's inheritance. In the end, however, he chose not to accept the inheritance and gave the opportunity to Realm Lord Di Tai.

This kindness must be thanked.

Realm Lord Di Tai nodded seriously to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang understood what the realm lord wanted to say from his eyes, but he didn't take it to heart. He had his own way, and becoming a Divine Chef was not his destination.

"By the way..." Looking at Bu Fang, Realm Lord Di Tai's eyes suddenly became more serious. "The Lord of Abyss City and the Great Judge seem to be looking for you. You have to be careful. The Abyss has now become independent from Nether Prison, and they have reached an agreement. They are now preparing for the Tournament of the Netherworld Great Path, so they're too busy to pay attention to you. However, once they have free time, they will definitely find you."

Bu Fang paused for a moment, but he just nodded indifferently. It was meaningless for him to worry about that now. He would deal with them when they came.

"Also, I want to talk to you about the tournament," Realm Lord Di Tai added.

Bu Fang frowned and gave him a deep look.

"What is there to discuss? I'm just a restaurant owner. I'm not interested in those major events," Bu Fang said with a straight face.

However, Realm Lord Di Tai shook his head and said, "No, you will definitely be interested."

Chapter 1229 A New Death Food Tool, the Crazy Sword Pot!

Bu Fang paused momentarily at the name Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path. He was no longer a cub just out of his cot.

The Netherworld was a vast world that included Ruin Prison, Earth Prison, and Nether Prison. It was truly a behemoth. Both the Hidden Dragon Continent, where Bu Fang stayed before, and the Immortal Cooking Realm, where he was now, were small compared with the whole Netherworld.

Since the Tournament of the Great Path mentioned by Realm Lord Di Tai was held by the Netherworld, the meaning behind it was very unusual.

Of the three prisons in the Netherworld, Ruin Prison was too weak to mention for the time being.

The relationship between Earth Prison and Nether Prison was not good enough for them to hold the tournament together. The previous Nether King had once led an army to attack Nether Prison, resulting in a terrible slaughter and countless casualties. Their relationship was supposed to be mortal enemies. How could they sit down and hold a tournament together?

“The three prisons of the Netherworld are one and inseparable,” Realm Lord Di Tai said with a wry smile when he saw the doubt in Bu Fang’s eyes. He knew that when he brought up the subject, Bu Fang would reject it. “Before this, the Immortal Cooking Realm is not qualified to take part in the Tournament of the Great Path because we were too weak, so we were always excluded from the tournament.”

Behind him, the few city lords listened curiously.

“However, the whole Netherworld has been in turmoil recently. The Abyss, Earth Prison, and the Immortal Cooking Realm are all pressuring Nether Prison, pushing the dominant Nether Prison into a passive situation. Therefore, what was originally just the Nether Prison’s Tournament of the Great Path has expanded into the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path.”

The main reason for all this was that Nether Prison had become a bit vulnerable to outside pressure. As the leader of the Netherworld, Nether Prison was under pressure not only from Earth Prison, the Abyss, and the Immortal Cooking Realm, but also from many other places.

There were forbidden lands in Nether Prison, and the powers in these forbidden lands were not under its jurisdiction.

Whether in Earth Prison or Nether Prison, the existence of forbidden lands was like a bone stuck in the throat, which made them very uncomfortable and afraid.

Moreover, the Netherworld was not the only land in the vast starry sky. This secret was unknown to many people, but Realm Lord Di Tai knew it because he was the lord of the realm. In everyone’s view, the Netherworld was heaven and earth, the only world in existence, but that was not the case.

“Since it’s a tournament held by Nether Prison, why don’t you just send any people? Is it necessary to discuss it with me?” Bu Fang said.

Meng Qi and the others also looked at the realm lord, confused.

Although the relationship between the Immortal Cooking Realm and Nether Prison had eased in the past six months, they only needed to send people to participate in the tournament symbolically, a gesture to show that the realm was giving Nether Prison face. Why did they have to discuss it so seriously?

“No, it’s not that simple. This time, Nether Prison invited not only the powers in the Netherworld but also powers from all the surrounding continents and small worlds. They will compete and rank in the tournament, and the higher the ranking, the greater the reward. The biggest reward may even be the nourishment of the Netherworld’s Will of the Heavenly Path,” said Realm Lord Di Tai.

Meng Qi and the others gasped.

The nourishment of the Netherworld’s Will of the Heavenly Path?! How could anyone offer such a reward? Even Nether Prison couldn’t afford it, right?

The effect of the Will of the Heavenly Path was indisputable. If one could be nourished by it, one’s qualification would be greatly improved, and there was even a chance of becoming a Saint instantly. It was indeed a generous reward.

Even Bu Fang’s pupils shrank when he heard that.

Bu Fang still remembered that Lord Dog had bitten off a chunk of the Will of the Heavenly Path even when he knew he would be seriously injured. This spoke volumes about its benefits. If the reward was true, it would be enough to drive everyone crazy.

Nether Prison had really come up with a gift that no one could refuse.

“It hasn’t actually been announced yet. I got it from Ying Ya. He’s the Nether Prison genius who fought with me for the Divine Chef’s inheritance. But I’m sure the rest of the world will find out soon,” Realm Lord Di Tai said. “In a few days, Nether Prison should be sending experts to talk to us. This is actually a good opportunity for the Immortal Cooking Realm.”

Meng Qi and the others fell silent.

If the reward was really what Realm Lord Di Tai said, then they must send experts to take part in the tournament. Of course, if all the surrounding continents and small worlds were participating, then the Immortal Cooking Realm couldn't just send any random people. Not only the realm's honor was at stake, but it would be the time to show the realm's strength.

Although the Immortal Cooking Realm was still slightly weak against Nether Prison, it couldn't afford to fall into a weaker position when facing other planes. Honor was still very important for the realm.

"That's the point." Realm Lord Di Tai nodded. He felt that everyone should have understood what he meant.

Bu Fang naturally understood, but his mind hadn't changed. What did it have to do with him?

He had been having a headache lately. He learned from the System that Whitey's repair had been basically completed, but it couldn't be revived due to the lack of the heart of a Three-revolution Sacred Nether Puppet. He was racking his brain to figure out how to get the puppet's heart, so of course he wouldn't be interested in participating in the tournament.

Suddenly, Bu Fang seemed to remember something. His eyes lit up, and he turned to Realm Lord Di Tai. "Will the nine clans of Nether Prison also participate in this so-called Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path? Will the Nether Puppeteer Clan also take part?"

That gave Realm Lord Di Tai a brief pause. He knew that the Nether Puppeteer Clan was the second-largest clan among the nine clans of Nether Prison, but why did Bu Fang ask this question now? Still, he nodded and answered, "Although the specific rules for this tournament have not been announced, according to normal circumstances, the Nether Puppeteer Clan will definitely take part. In fact, all nine clans will take part in the tournament.

"The Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path is originally the Nether Prison's Tournament of the Great Path. Although they expanded it to include the entire Netherworld this time, it is still the arena of the nine clans. Earth Prison's participants may be strong enough to compete against the geniuses of the nine clans, but participants from other small worlds and continents are mostly just making an appearance in the tournament.

"Nether Prison clearly wants to use this tournament as a link that can unite the entire Netherworld and the many small worlds around it. Its ultimate purpose is to unite forces."

Unite forces?

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, while Meng Qi and the others were lost in thought. The purpose of uniting forces had always been to fight against something, but was there anything Nether Prison needed to fight against?

For a moment, they all didn't understand.

"If the Nether Puppeteer Clan is going to participate in the tournament, I'll participate as well," Bu Fang said after considering for a moment. He thought it would be easier to find the puppet's heart in the tournament.

Realm Lord Di Tai's eyes lit up, and he nodded. He didn't expect Bu Fang to give in so easily.

After that, they didn't continue to talk about it.

After taking a look at the crowded restaurant, Realm Lord Di Tai bade farewell to Bu Fang and left with the few city lords to the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, which was now the headquarters of the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Bu Fang went on with his leisurely life.

The days went by.

As Realm Lord Di Tai had predicted, Nether Prison soon sent experts into the Immortal Cooking Realm.

A huge metal warship appeared from behind the bronze gate, sailed into the Immortal Cooking Realm, and floated magnificently outside the Immortal City in the fifth layer. The terrible pressure it exuded made the experts on the wall tremble with fear.

Several Nether Prison experts stepped out of the warship and entered the Immortal City. After three sleepless days of discussion with Realm Lord Di Tai and the others, the warship flew back to Nether Prison.

Realm Lord Di Tai stood on the wall, his robes flapping in the wind as he stared at the departing ship with a deep look in his eyes.

...

The night fell.

The restaurant had closed after a busy day, but the kitchen was still brightly lit, from which a delicious smell wafted forth.

Bu Fang came out of the kitchen with steaming dishes. He placed a plate of drunken ribs in front of Lord Dog, whose eyes lit up and began to attack the food.

The table was also full of dishes.

Xixi was resting after a hard day's work. To be able to relax while enjoying Bu Fang's dishes was a very satisfying experience. Nethery, Flowery, and Black Dragon King also held out their chopsticks and tasted the dishes. Bu Fang ate with them. The aroma of dishes lingered in the restaurant.

After dinner, everyone went back to their rooms to rest, and Xixi excitedly rushed into the kitchen, opened the portal, and stepped into the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

Xixi was very excited when the time came for her daily meeting with the other apprentices.

Bu Fang tidied up everything and breathed a soft sigh of relief. He was somewhat speechless. It seemed that he really needed to fix Whitey as soon as possible. Otherwise, he would have to handle many things himself.

With a thought, he also entered the farmland.

Niu Hansan had been waiting for him in front of the wooden hut.

"I've finally managed to integrate the Will of the Great Path into the Sword Feather Crane! The research on the Death Food Tool can continue now!" Niu Hansan said excitedly.

It took him more than half a year to successfully integrate the Will of the Great Path into the Sword Feather Crane. It was a complicated process.

Bu Fang's eyes lit up. He took the crane from Niu Hansan and started cooking in the wooden hut. After half a year, he was already familiar with the cooking of Sword Pot.

After a long time, an aroma filled the wooden hut. In front of Bu Fang was a clay pot the size of a basin, which contained reddish-brown crane meat. This was the latest Sword Pot. Sharp beams of sword energy wheeled around it, making people feel a stabbing pain in their minds.

Although the cooking was completed, Bu Fang still had a difficult task, and that was to carve the Gourmet Array into the Sword Pot. Only then would the creation of the Death Food Tool be considered complete.

Buzz...

It was a very complicated process to carve a Gourmet Array. Bu Fang's spirit sea was raging, and before him floated an earthy-yellow clay pot. A strong fragrance lingered around it, and sharp sword energy kept shooting out of it.

Niu Hansan had already run far away. He had a very accurate understanding of the power of Death Food Tools.

Buzz...

A faint white array appeared and was driven into the clay pot by Bu Fang. To his delight, there was no obstacle in the process. The array he used was Explode, which was the same as the Perishing Pot.

The sword energy in the clay pot became more and more violent as if it were about to explode and destroy everything.

Bu Fang didn't stop there, however. He didn't seem quite satisfied after fusing a Gourmet Array.

With a thought, thousands of light spots gathered in front of him, forming an Imprison array. Then, he slowly sent this array into the clay pot as well.

In the distance, when Niu Hansan saw what Bu Fang was doing, his face suddenly turned pale! “Is Owner Bu crazy?! He actually wants to merge two Gourmet Arrays?! He’s killing himself! A Gourmet Array is already very violent and difficult to control, let alone two! Is he courting death!?”

Niu Hansan shivered with fear, and he quickly ran further back before staring at Bu Fang’s movements.

Rumble!

A rumbling resounded through the air.

Bu Fang’s face lit up with excitement. He also had no idea what would happen if he added two Gourmet Arrays to a Sword Pot. He had tried with the Perishing Pot before, but the pot exploded the instant he added the Imprison array. This Sword Pot before him was different. He felt as if it could carry another array, so that gave him confidence.

His mental force poured out from his spirit sea and wrapped the Sword Pot like silk. It was an exhausting task even for Bu Fang.

The whole Heaven and Earth Farmland seemed to be shaking, causing Xixi and the others to look curiously in Bu Fang’s direction.

Buzz...

An invisible wave suddenly spread through the whole farmland. After that, a dazzling light broke out, then slowly faded away and finally disappeared.

There was a feverish look in Bu Fang’s eyes as he stared at the clay pot in front of him, which looked nothing unusual.

The Death Food Tool that had two Gourmet Arrays in it was completed!

A new Death Food Tool, the Crazy Sword Pot, was born!

Chapter 1230

Great Demon King? I've Always Wanted To See You!

Bu Fang looked at the clay pot suspended over his hand. Although it looked ordinary, the murderous aura and power contained in it were extremely frightening. Why was it called the Crazy Sword Pot? Because Bu Fang was crazy enough to integrate two Gourmet Arrays into it, making its power extremely horrible. According to his estimation, it would be an even more formidable weapon than the Perishing Pot, which was the strongest offensive means he had been able to use so far.

Of course, that didn't count Spirit Possession. Bu Fang had no specific estimate of how strong he would be after using it, but he thought he should be able to reach the level of Little Saint. However, even he was a little uncertain about this. After all, none of the Artifact Spirits in his spirit sea looked very reliable.

This Crazy Sword Pot actually had one shortcoming, and that was it consumed too much of his mental force. Bu Fang could feel that it had endless demand for his mental force, like a bottomless pit. He didn't know if he had enough mental power to use it. In fact, the mental force required to use a Crazy Sword Pot was almost equal to that of several Perishing Pots. It was also because of this reason that he didn't choose to experiment with its power.

He didn't feel he had enough mental force to use this Sword Pot now, not to mention that he didn't know where to test its power. Therefore, he decided to put it away for the time being, until he was strong enough.

Still, Bu Fang was excited about the addition of one more offensive means.

Far off, his apprentices were already struck dumb. Naturally, they now knew the Death Food Tools he had. Whether it was Explosive Meatballs or Perishing Pots, those were terrible attacks that they never imagined before. They didn't expect that he would develop another new Death Food Tool today.

With Death Food Tools, even chefs could demonstrate great fighting capacity.

Bu Fang asked his apprentices to continue their discussion. Once in a while, he would give them some advice and teach them some new knowledge. Although he had taken them as apprentices, he always believed in the principle of 'the master teaches the trade, but apprentices' skills are self-made.' He didn't take the initiative to teach them anything, because only they knew what was best for them. Of course, if the apprentices had questions, they could come to ask him, and he would always answer them.

After glancing at the apprentices, who were having a heated debate, Bu Fang turned and left the farmland and returned to the restaurant.

He went back to his room, took a hot bath, and then came out of the steam-filled bathroom, clad in a bathrobe. He was content with this leisurely life.

He leaned against the window, looking out as a breeze came blowing at his face. With a thought, he took out a blue-and-white porcelain cup and poured himself a drink.

When his hair was dry, Bu Fang climbed into bed and slept quietly.

It was quiet throughout the night.

The next day, warm sunlight came slanting through the window and fell on his face. It was as if little hands were caressing his face, and it made him feel at ease.

He sat up in bed, tied his loose black hair with a velvet rope, and stepped into the bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his face.

As he came out of his room, he caught sight of Nethery opening her door. Her gray-green hair fell over her delicate face.

She looked up at him.

After more than half a year of recuperation, Nethery's face had grown rosy, but her gray-green hair couldn't go back to its previous color. After all, the outbreak of the cursed snake still had an impact on her body.

They went downstairs. Bu Fang went into the kitchen, while Nethery walked to the front of the restaurant.

In the kitchen, Xixi was already practicing cooking in high spirits. When she saw Bu Fang come in, she smiled cheerfully at him and said good morning.

Bu Fang nodded, grabbed a kitchen knife, and began to practice his knife techniques.

A busy day began again.

As for Xixi, it was just another busy day for her as well.

...

At the door of the restaurant, Bu Fang lay back in a chair with his head raised. The warmth of the sun shone on his body and made him exude an air of laziness.

Realm Lord Di Tai came at full speed from a distance. At this hour, there were not many diners in the restaurant. After he greeted Bu Fang, he stepped into the restaurant, ordered his food, and then went outside again to speak solemnly to Bu Fang.

What he told him was about the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path.

"A few days ago, the nine clans of Nether Prison sent their men here. I've confirmed a few things with them," Realm Lord Di Tai told Bu Fang as he grabbed a blood lobster, expertly peeled off its head, sucked the liquid out of the head, and grabbed the body with one hand.

Bu Fang sat in his chair and looked at the realm lord without expression.

Realm Lord Di Tai crushed the lobster shell with his teeth, then concentrated on peeling it.

"Ugh, what do I want to tell you now?" said the realm lord. In his hand, the glittering flesh of the lobster jumped out of its shell and was put into his mouth. The soft, smooth texture put an excited look on his face.

"This is the taste! That little girl Xixi is getting on with her skills! Now she can cook something up to your standard!" Realm Lord Di Tai grinned.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and said, "Get to the point."

Realm Lord Di Tai licked his finger stained with red and spicy juice and sucked it for a moment before he looked up at Bu Fang.

“It has been confirmed that the nine clans will take part. However, although Nether Prison has opened up the Tournament of the Great Path, the nine clans still cherish their skins. Therefore, they won’t show up in the preliminaries and semifinals, but only in the finals. Of course, you can meet them in the team competition.”

Bu Fang was puzzled.

“Also, Nether Prison has discussed with all parties. The first three preliminary rounds will be held in Earth Prison, so we will have to decide who will take part in the tournament in the next few days, then set off for Earth Prison.”

After he had finished speaking, Realm Lord Di Tai pulled out another blood lobster and peeled it expertly. With a crack, spicy red juice trickled down from the shell, and he quickly licked it with his tongue.

“Will the Nether Puppeteer Clan participate in the tournament?” Bu Fang asked the question he was most concerned about.

“Of course. However, you may only meet them if you enter the finals in individual competitions or the top ten in the team competitions. Well, my advice for you is to not provoke the Nether Puppeteer Clan. Of the nine clans in Nether Prison, apart from the most powerful Di Ting Clan, the Nether Puppeteer Clan is the most unfathomable. You’d better not mess with them,” Realm Lord Di Tai said.

Bu Fang twitched his lips. He had no intention of messing with them. He just wanted to borrow the heart of a Three-revolution Sacred Nether Puppet from them.

“I’ll participate in the tournament. Inform me of the exact departure time when you have it.”

“No problem. By the way, Owner Bu, your cultivation base has now reached the level of half-step Saint, but your cooking level is still at that of the Third Grade Immortal Chef, which is somewhat inappropriate. Why don’t you try to break through the Qilin Chef realm?”

After swallowing a lobster, Realm Lord Di Tai grabbed a glass of wine Xixi had brought him with his greasy hand and drank it. When he had finished, he grinned with satisfaction.

Bu Fang frowned. ‘Breaking through the Qilin Chef realm?’ He twitched the corner of his mouth and thought, ‘That’s not the most important thing...’

He hadn’t taken the System’s Little Saint realm assessment yet. Once he passed, his standard would be basically the same as that of a Qilin Chef. Of course, his cooking level now was comparable to the average low-level Qilin Chef. But none of this mattered. Whenever Bu Fang broke through a realm, it was always related to the System’s assessment, and that was the most important. And so, he turned down the realm lord’s offer.

“Well, I won’t force you. I’m going to find other participants now, and then you can form a team to represent the Immortal Cooking Realm. Although the realm has recovered, we have only developed for a very short time, so there are still too few top experts. We’d still struggle if we were to face Earth Prison, Nether Prison, and even the Abyss,” Realm Lord Di Tai said, sighing. He felt a little sad. After removing the shell of the last blood lobster and putting it in his mouth, he paid the immortal crystals and swaggered away.

Bu Fang couldn’t help but twitch his lips as he watched the realm lord leave. This guy didn’t look sad at all.

As soon as Realm Lord Di Tai was gone, Bu Fang leaned back in his chair again and closed his eyes for a nap.

As the day began, the line outside the restaurant grew longer.

Bu Fang was bathed in the warm sunshine, while Lord Dog was lying not far away from him, basking in the sunshine as well.

...

The next day, Bu Fang got out of bed, dressed in his striped red-and-white Vermilion Chef Robe, and walked out of the restaurant toward the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

The pavilion was noisy with people coming and going. There were dark clouds and thunderstorms constantly gathering over it, caused by the assessments of immortal chefs inside.

The revival of the Immortal Tree had raised the immortal energy level of the whole Immortal Cooking Realm to a new height, so there were more and more geniuses. These people were the hopes of the realm.

Bu Fang came to the pavilion's council hall. The city lords were already sitting in their seats with serious looks, while Realm Lord Di Tai was sitting on the throne, toying with his fingers.

All eyes turned to him when he came in.

“Oh, Owner Bu, there you are at last! I’ve been waiting for you for a long time!” City Lord Zou’s eyes lit up, and he held up his fingers like a woman when he saw Bu Fang.

Meng Qi covered her mouth with a hand and smiled, while Gongshu Baiguang cleared his throat.

Bu Fang gave City Lord Zou an expressionless look, then took a seat.

“It’s great that Owner Bu didn’t turn down the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path,” said Realm Lord Di Tai. As soon as he saw Bu Fang sit down, he started talking.

“The tournament is divided into individual and team competitions. We are facing opponents from the Netherworld, the Abyss, and dozens of other small worlds and continents at the same level of fighting capacity. The rewards are great and tempting, but most importantly, it’s a good experience. This kind of fighting and competition is necessary if the Immortal Cooking Realm wants its juniors to stop being flowers in the greenhouse. We have to let them compete with the real experts and geniuses out there!”

Bu Fang glanced at Realm Lord Di Tai and said, “Say what people can understand.”

Realm Lord Di Tai smiled. “What I mean is I hope Owner Bu can take these juniors out to see the world. The other participants are selected by the city lords and me after discussing and voting.”

Bu Fang frowned. “You don’t plan to send city-lord-level experts? The average juniors of the Immortal Cooking Realm are no match for the geniuses of Nether Prison, Earth Prison, and the Abyss.”

“The city lords are all very busy. The Immortal Cooking Realm is now in the stage of taking off, and there are too many things to deal with, so naturally, they cannot participate in the tournament,” Realm Lord Di Tai said with a wry smile. He did understand what Bu Fang said.

“And don’t you worry. There is not much for you to do in this tournament, and you don’t have to be the leader. I just need you to take care of the little ones when it’s time. The main purpose is to show them the world.

“The participants are three juniors selected from the geniuses of the top families in the whole realm and a newly rising genius immortal chef from the first layer, who went from a First Grade Immortal Chef to a Second Grade Immortal Chef in just six months. He’s not from an aristocratic family, but...” Realm Lord Di Tai wanted to continue, but he was interrupted by an impatient Bu Fang.

Bu Fang felt that after the realm lord came back from the Abyss, his other skills did not improve. However, his ability to nag became much better.

“Well, I won’t say too much. I’ll just let the few lads meet Owner Bu.” Realm Lord Di Tai grinned, raised his hands, and clapped.

With a sound of footsteps, a few figures slowly appeared outside the door.

A hearty but extremely proud voice rang out, “So, he’s the Great Demon King who shook the entire Immortal Cooking Realm? I’ve wanted to see him for a long time!”