

Gourmet 1231

Chapter 1231 You Won't Let Me Follow Bu Fang?

"So, he's the Great Demon King who shook the entire Immortal Cooking Realm? I've wanted to see him for a long time!" A hearty but extremely proud voice rang out. Then, several figures quickly walked in from the door. There were four of them altogether. The first three were dressed in magnificent chef robes trimmed with golden threads, making them look extremely luxurious, and behind them came a well-behaved young man, who pursed his mouth and looked hopefully into the hall.

Bu Fang naturally heard that, and the arrogance in the voice shocked him slightly. 'Are all young people so arrogant nowadays?'

He turned his head and saw the four people.

Realm Lord Di Tai looked slightly embarrassed. He gave a dry smile with an unhappy look in his eyes. On the other side, the embarrassed expressions on Meng Qi and City Lord Zou's faces were more obvious.

As soon as the four stepped into the hall, their eyes were fixed on Bu Fang.

Bu Fang's appearance was close to their age, and there was nothing unusual about it, but his status was something that they couldn't take lightly.

The Great Demon King.

He was the Great Demon King who shook the whole Immortal Cooking Realm, and his story spread like myths among restaurant-goers.

However, that was six months ago. Great changes had already taken place in the Immortal Cooking Realm today. The miracles once created by the Great Demon King could now be achieved by many geniuses. In only half a year, many geniuses in the realm had gone from First Grade Immortal Chefs to Third Grade Immortal Chefs, and the Great Demon King's once-proud records had already been trampled by them.

As for the story of the Great Demon King forcing thousands of Nether Prison enemies back by himself, they didn't care about it. They just regarded it as a myth. When a hero's name gets around, his deeds tend to be deified, and that was what happened to the Great Demon King. Perhaps, the Great Demon King in real life was not so special at all.

In fact, they had secretly visited the Great Demon King's restaurant and found that he wasn't involved in the cooking at all. He just sat in front of the restaurant every day, lazily basking in the sun. How could a man like this be the Great Demon King capable of forcing thousands of enemies back alone?

Zhu Yan squinted at Bu Fang. He was strangely excited. It wasn't the excitement of seeing an idol, but the feeling that it was time to demystify a legend. He had recently made a breakthrough and become a Third Grade Immortal Chef, and his cultivation base was formidable as well, sitting at the level of Six-star True Immortal Realm. Among the younger generation in the whole Immortal Cooking Realm, his talent and cultivation base were considered rare.

Standing beside him were a man and a woman. The man, like him, was a son of an aristocratic family from the former fifth layer. His name was Fang Yu. As a genius of the Fang Family, the young man was also a Third Grade Immortal Chef and a Six-star True Immortal, just like Zhu Yan.

As for the woman, she was a genius junior from a great aristocratic family in the former fourth layer, the Mo Family. Her name was Mo Yan, and she was also a Third Grade Immortal Chef. However, she was only a Five-star True Immortal. Her cultivation base was slightly weaker than the others, but it was still not bad.

The last man was looked down upon by Zhu Yan and his two companions, but the fact that he was selected by Realm Lord Di Tai and the city lords proved that he was also an extraordinary genius. He was from the first layer, once the most backward place in the Immortal Cooking Realm. He didn't come from an aristocratic family, and he wasn't the apprentice of some famous immortal chef. He was just a commoner.

However, he had created a legend as a commoner. His cooking skill had not only reached the level of Third Grade Immortal Chef, but his cultivation base had also reached Six-star True Immortal Realm!

In the first layer of the Immortal Cooking Realm, he was called a genius. This man was Xuanyuan Xiahui.

Bu Fang was slightly surprised when he saw Xuanyuan Xiahui, and he nodded at him.

Xuanyuan Xiahui bit his lip. It never occurred to him that when he met Bu Fang again, it would be under such circumstances. However, he didn't say anything. He knew very well about Bu Fang's talent and genius, so he didn't show his pride. He could not be proud in front of Bu Fang.

When he first met Bu Fang, the latter was not even an immortal chef and didn't pay for his meal at his restaurant. Now, Bu Fang had already become an existence he needed to look up to, a formidable expert who could stand alone against a thousand Nether Prison experts.

He knew it was not a myth, but something that actually happened.

"Greetings, my lords." Zhu Yan squared his shoulders with a confident smile on his lips. He first glanced at Bu Fang, then ignored him and turned to nod at Meng Qi.

The aristocratic families that used to be on the fifth layer were now on the third layer, so Meng Qi was the focus of his attention.

Realm Lord Di Tai and the others nodded.

"Zhu Yan, you will be the team leader for the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path in Earth Prison. Owner Bu will go with you. If you encounter any difficulties, you can consult him," said Meng Qi.

Zhu Yan raised his eyebrows when he heard that. Consult? Why did he need to consult anyone? With his talent, his goal in this tournament was to finish in the top ten. If he couldn't even make it to the top ten, how could he face the folks in the Immortal Cooking Realm?

"Thanks for the reminder, my lord. I will definitely lead the team and make it into the top ten." Although he thought nothing about what Meng Qi said, he still bowed respectfully to her.

After that, Zhu Yan turned to look at Bu Fang.

"This must be Owner Bu? Once the Great Demon King? Nice to meet you," he said with a smile and then held out a hand to Bu Fang as if to shake hands.

Bu Fang saw an unconvinced look in Zhu Yan's eyes, but he didn't take it to heart. He knew that all young men were proud of themselves. He twitched the corner of his mouth, raised his hand, and was going to shake hands with Zhu Yan.

However, Zhu Yan's eyes suddenly lit up, and the moment Bu Fang reached out a hand, he pulled his own hand back and turned to Mo Yan, who was standing at his side, smiling and saying something irrelevant to her.

Bu Fang's raised hand froze on the spot. For a moment, the atmosphere became a little awkward.

"Young people these days are really grumpy." He twitched his lips, withdrew his hand, and glanced at Zhu Yan. He was too lazy to say anything to this young man again.

The looks in the eyes of Meng Qi and the others changed instantly, and they furrowed their eyebrows. They were all a little dissatisfied with Zhu Yan's behavior.

They knew how strong Bu Fang was, not to mention how terrifying his talent was. Although he was just a Third Grade Immortal Chef like Zhu Yan and the others, the dishes he cooked were no worse than those of Qilin Chefs!

These were the things that Bu Fang hid.

Zhu Yan and his friends of the younger generation were too arrogant.

Meng Qi wanted to scold them, but Realm Lord Di Tai stopped her and said, "He will face these things sooner or later. Let them work it out by themselves. It will backfire if you yell at them."

Then, the realm lord turned his eyes to the stone-faced Bu Fang and prayed in silence for Zhu Yan. 'You better don't do stupid things because they will come back and bite you in the ass...'

"Well, now that you all know each other, I won't waste time to introduce you. The tournament is held by Earth Prison and includes the geniuses from many small worlds around the Netherworld. This is the perfect opportunity for us to show not just the strength of the Immortal Cooking Realm, but also to let them understand our potential. This important task now falls on you," said Realm Lord Di Tai.

Bu Fang was unmoved by such sensational remarks, but it was very effective for Zhu Yan and the few young people. They were so excited that they couldn't help but clench their fists. The task of representing a realm's honor seemed to have ignited the fire in these juniors' hearts.

Bu Fang glanced at them and twitched the corner of his mouth. 'They're still too young...'

"Your team will be led by Zhu Yan. If you have anything you don't understand or can't solve, you can consult Owner Bu. You can go back and prepare now. You will set off for Earth Prison in the afternoon. We'll see you off ourselves!"

No sooner had the realm lord finished than Zhu Yan and the others clenched their fists and roared excitedly.

Bu Fang rolled his eyes, clasped his hands behind his back, and walked out of the hall.

Xuanyuan Xiahui couldn't fit in with Zhu Yan's group, so he quickly followed Bu Fang and left as well.

In the eyes of Zhu Yan and others, Xuanyuan Xiahui was just a lowly commoner. They thought he was just lucky enough to have the opportunity to take part in this significant tournament with them. However, because he was recommended by Gongshu Baiguang, they couldn't force him out of the team. Still, it didn't stop them from isolating him.

There was nothing scarier than isolating a person in a group.

Yet, they didn't expect that he would be shameless enough to cling onto the Great Demon King.

Bu Fang went back to the restaurant. He told Xixi that he would be away for some time, gave the little girl a few more Explosive Meatballs, then asked Nethery to follow him to Earth Prison. The curse in Nethery's body was now at an important stage of being suppressed, and he didn't dare to leave her alone in the restaurant.

Nethery naturally didn't object to his invitation. She would go wherever he went, as long as she had delicious food to eat.

Flowery wanted to go with them. She felt bored being confined to the restaurant every day with nothing to do. But her suggestion was turned down by Bu Fang. She clung to Nethery, but Bu Fang gave her forehead a tap with his finger, making it swell slightly.

This angered Flowery, and she wanted to fight Bu Fang to the death. Of course, there was no duel in the end.

Bu Fang also took Foxy with him, who lay comfortably on his shoulder. In just half a year, the little fox had doubled in size. The food in the restaurant was just too good.

Later, they walked out of the restaurant and headed toward the square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

Today's first layer had become the administrative, economic, and commercial center of the Immortal Cooking Realm. Many places were expanded, including the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. A vast square was constructed around it, which was the largest square in the entire realm.

When Bu Fang and Nethery arrived, Zhu Yan and the others had been waiting for a long time with their luggage.

Zhu Yan's eyes narrowed when he saw them. "Senior Great Demon King, even though you're our senior, you still have to abide by the rules, don't you think so? We're going to participate in a tournament, not on vacation. You can't take others with you."

He glanced at Nethery. With her gray-green hair, Nethery became more attractive and charming now. Her beautiful face was slightly pale, making her appear a little weak, and this kind of look could always stimulate men's desire to protect her. On top of that, her curvy figure and straight legs were full of temptation.

Zhu Yan was amazed. Even Fang Yu and Mo Yan were attracted by Nethery's beauty.

"Oh? I didn't know there's such a rule." Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and gave Zhu Yan an indifferent look.

"I'm the team leader, and I've just set this rule. It's to make sure that everyone will not be distracted during the tournament," said Zhu Yan as his eyes kept sweeping across Nethery's beautiful face.

In fact, he was beginning to regret it. To refuse such a stunning beauty in order to embarrass the Great Demon King was truly a huge loss.

“Your rules?” Bu Fang raised an eyebrow.

However, before he could speak again, Nethery’s cold face had already flashed with a fierce look.

‘This man won’t let me follow Bu Fang?’

She moved her long legs, her gray-green hair waving in the wind. As she moved, a faint fragrance filled the air.

Zhu Yan’s eyes turned blurry for a moment when he saw the breathtakingly beautiful woman appear in front of him.

Meng Qi and the others were heading toward the square from a distance when they saw Nethery standing in front of Zhu Yan. Their pupils constricted instantly.

“You won’t let me follow Bu Fang?” Nethery said in a cold voice as her dark eyes fixed on Zhu Yan.

The look in her eyes sent a shiver through Zhu Yan. “As the leader of the team, I have the right to...” His voice trailed off.

Staring at Nethery’s beautiful face from such a close distance, Zhu Yan felt he was suffocating. ‘This woman is truly stunning! Even City Lord Meng Qi is not as beautiful as her!’

He was deeply fascinated by her cold temperament as well. Even so, he refused to let her follow them. He was only halfway through what he wanted to say when his pupils suddenly constricted.

To his horror, Nethery’s eyes turned completely black in an instant, while veins appeared from the corners of her eyes and spread to her ears.

Realm Lord Di Tai’s mouth twitched as he watched.

‘If you don’t do stupid things, they won’t come back and bite you in the ass. But if you do, they most certainly will... Why doesn’t this young man understand?’

Boom!

Zhu Yan felt cold all over, unable to move. It was as if there was a strong wind blowing in his face. A cold hand clutched his neck and pressed him hard against the wall, causing the wall to crack with lines.

He struggled with a look of fear in his eyes.

“Now, are you going to let me go with Bu Fang or not?” Nethery asked coldly as she tightened her grip on Zhu Yan’s neck.

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. Nethery had become very bad-tempered recently because of the curse’s outbreak...

Chapter 1232 How Could the Great Demon King Do That in Broad Daylight?

Nethery’s sudden outburst startled all the people present. They couldn’t believe that she was able to grab Zhu Yan by the neck and pin him against the wall.

Zhu Yan was a Six-star True Immortal and would soon break through to Seven-star True Immortal Realm. This made him almost invincible among the younger generation. However, this stunningly beautiful woman had grabbed his neck with a single move, and he was unable to resist.

She was so young and beautiful, but why was she so bad-tempered?

Zhu Yan’s eyeballs almost popped out. He kept slapping Nethery’s arm, and when his palm touched her, he felt her smooth skin. At the moment, however, he had no wild thoughts at all. He knew that if this woman wanted to kill him, it would be as easy as flipping a palm.

She was simply a female demon!

“You won’t let me follow Bu Fang? Why am I not allowed to go with him?” Nethery said coldly, her dark eyes flashing with killing intent.

Zhu Yan’s face was already turning purple.

Boom!

Nethery jerked him against the wall with such force that the whole wall seemed to cave in.

“You...” Zhu Yan felt aggrieved. He wondered if this was the woman behind the Great Demon King? He remembered his mother had told him that behind every successful man, there was a woman. Now it seemed that his mother did not lie to him!

“G-Go... You can... go together...” He struggled to say the words.

He finally gave in. He felt that if he didn’t speak up, he would probably be strangled by this woman. As the leader of the team, if he died before even leaving the Immortal Cooking Realm, his name would surely be remembered forever as a joke.

After getting Zhu Yan’s consent, the veins on Nethery’s face disappeared, and her dark eyes returned to normal. She then loosened her grip and released his neck.

Zhu Yan fell to the ground. His eyes were wide as he covered his throat with both hands and coughed violently. Fang Yu and Mo Yan hurried over, patting him on the back to help him breathe better.

At that moment, Realm Lord Di Tai and the few city lords came over, and they gave Zhu Yan a sympathetic look.

‘How could this fellow be so insensible as to provoke the Netherworld woman? This woman has been so bad-tempered lately that she doesn’t even give His Highness face...’

When they saw Nethery’s gray-green hair, they knew that the curse in her might soon be out of control, and once it broke out, the whole Netherworld might plunge into an abyss of misery, let alone the Immortal Cooking Realm.

‘How dare this fellow mess with the Netherworld woman?!’

“If Nethery wants to follow Bu Fang, let her follow. She won’t take part in the team competition and won’t affect you,” Realm Lord Di Tai said, then glanced at Zhu Yan with a half-smile. He thought it was a good thing to let this arrogant little fellow be taught a lesson by Nethery.

Zhu Yan was finally able to breathe normally. He felt very aggrieved, but he couldn’t complain. Apparently, even Realm Lord Di Tai took sides with that woman. What could he do if he was dissatisfied? It made him more determined to achieve remarkable results in the tournament. He vowed in his heart that he would make everyone think differently about him.

“We should set off now. Stop wasting time,” Bu Fang said indifferently.

Realm Lord Di Tai and the others nodded.

The next moment, a spirit boat appeared in the square. It was a glittering boat with arrays covering its surface. At a glance, anyone could tell that it was an extraordinary vessel. It was a little smaller than a warship, but the Immortal Cooking Realm had no warship, so it had to be replaced by a spirit boat. After all, the realm had no habit of invading in the past, so it didn’t build as many warships as Nether Prison. It had taken them great effort to find this spirit boat.

The sight of the spirit boat excited Zhu Yan and the others. The feeling of boarding a spirit boat and fighting for the Immortal Cooking Realm made their blood boil!

When they set foot on the spirit boat, a sense of honor seemed to come over them.

“Your Highness, please wait for our good news! We will definitely defeat all our opponents and make the name of the Immortal Cooking Realm known throughout the Netherworld!” Zhu Yan said excitedly, clenching his fist.

Realm Lord Di Tai thought he was dying of embarrassment.

‘He’s fearless as a young lion, but...’

The realm lord was hoping that they would win the tournament, but the realm was just getting back on its feet and was still in the early stages of taking off. As a result, these few young geniuses were the only people he could send.

To the geniuses of the Netherworld, these Six-star True Immortals were as weak as ants, and the experts of both Earth Prison and Nether Prison could easily crush them. In fact, any genius from any of the nine clans could kill Zhu Yan and the others in the blink of an eye. Realm Lord Di Tai just hoped that they wouldn't lose too badly. After all, he just wanted them to go out and see the world. Even so, he felt he had better not discourage them, so he put on a gentle smile.

"Well, just do your best. I want you to take part in the tournament with a learning attitude because every opponent is worth learning from. Also, if you encounter any difficulties or problems, you can consult Owner Bu," the realm lord stressed again.

Bu Fang was very talented, and he was not weaker than those Netherworld geniuses. If these little fellows could follow him, they might be able to see the scenery at a higher level.

But his words immediately upset Zhu Yan and the others.

In their eyes, Bu Fang was nothing more than an outdated Great Demon King. Although their families had warned them not to offend him before they left, they didn't think that a has-been was worth fearing. After all, they were geniuses, and all young geniuses were proud of themselves.

They might respect him if he were a Qilin Chef. However, over the past six months when the Immortal Cooking Realm took off, his cultivation base and cooking skills had not improved at all. He was still a Third Grade Immortal Chef just like them.

Since they were on the same level, why should he tell them what to do?

It was worth noting that in the past six months, there had been several more Qilin Chefs in the Immortal Cooking Realm. Even their families now had Qilin Chefs. Could these Qilin Chefs be afraid of a Third Grade Immortal Chef?

Bu Fang, of course, was too lazy to explain anything to these little fellows. In fact, he didn't care about what they thought of him at all.

“All right, you can go now,” Realm Lord Di Tai said with emotion, glancing at the people standing on the spirit boat.

Nether Prison was now trying to integrate the Netherworld. It was a huge shift, and even the Immortal Cooking Realm couldn’t stay out of it. That being the case, he would try his best to fit in. At least, he needed to let the realm occupy an important role in this change.

Realm Lord Di Tai’s face grew heavy as he thought of what Ying Ya had said to him when he left the Divine Chef’s inheritance.

The Immortal Cooking Realm must grasp the opportunity in the next major shift.

The spirit boat rose slowly into the air, burst into dazzling light, and then suddenly turned into a beam of light, streaking across the sky at top speed and disappearing into the horizon.

“It’s time for the little ones to go out and see the world. There will be a lot of such activities in the future. If we don’t want them to become flowers in the greenhouse, we need to put them through more hardships. While Owner Bu is away, we will also try our best to improve our cultivation base. Now the realm is taking off, and resources are growing, so everyone has the chance to break into higher realms. When Owner Bu returns, we’d better all attain a breakthrough,” said Realm Lord Di Tai as he looked at Meng Qi and the other city lords with a serious face.

Everyone nodded.

“I will begin to cultivate in seclusion from today, and I will not come out until I break through the realm of Divine Chef. Also, Nether Prison experts will set up projection arrays in the realm so that people can watch the tournament. Meng Qi, arrange for these experts to set up an array in the square of every Immortal City on each layer. It’s time for the people of the Immortal Cooking Realm to learn about the formidable and cruel Netherworld.”

Meng Qi nodded. ‘Arrays that can project the tournament? Then we should be able to watch Bu Fang and the others fight their opponents. That’s a pretty clever idea.’

...

The spirit boat streaked across the sky.

Bu Fang stood at the front of the deck with his hands clasped behind his back. The wind, which was constantly blowing, was greatly weakened by the array on the boat, but there was still a faint breeze ruffling his hair and his robes.

Nethery stood next to him with a hint of disdain on her face.

“This spirit boat is not as good as my Netherworld Ship,” she said seriously.

“The Netherworld Ship was specially built by the previous Nether King for you. Surely it is extraordinary and far superior to this spirit boat,” said Bu Fang.

Nethery nodded with a proud look on her face. Her Netherworld Ship was invincible!

Inside the cabin, Zhu Yan and his two companions fixed their eyes on Bu Fang and Nethery, who were standing on the deck. As for Xuanyuan Xiahui, he sat quietly in a corner, his eyes closed as he took this chance to cultivate.

“Nethery, come here,” said Bu Fang, suddenly remembering something and turning to Nethery.

That gave Nethery a pause, but she didn’t say anything. Instead, she went straight to Bu Fang’s side. She was about half a head shorter than he was, with the top of her head at the same level as his nose.

“Move your head closer to me,” said Bu Fang with a straight face.

“Oh.” Nethery looked at him with her dark eyes, then leaned forward and moved her head closer to him.

Inside the cabin, the eyes of Zhu Yan and his two companions widened.

“This shameless couple! How could they do that in broad daylight?!”

“So much for the legendary Great Demon King! It turns out that he, too, can be swayed by beauty.”

Mo Yan was very beautiful. As a genius from an aristocratic family, she was always proud of herself. However, with Nethery around, she felt inferior.

Fang Yu didn't say anything. He just blinked and looked curiously at them.

Nethery leaned her head over, while Bu Fang held out his hand. There was an array flashing on his finger as he touched her forehead with it.

Zhu Yan and his two companions stared at both of them.

"What strange quirk is this?"

"It's like being pampered..."

"Aren't they supposed to have closer contact than this?"

The three of them wished there was a more exciting scene.

Boom!

Suddenly, they felt cold all over.

As they had been staring at Nethery, they saw that just as the Great Demon King pointed his finger at her forehead, her body burst into dazzling light, and in the next instant, they felt a chill envelop them, making them almost suffocate.

After that, all they could see in their eyes were green.

It was a ferocious turquoise snake, so terrible that it seemed to devour their souls.

Bu Fang frowned as he looked at the cursed snake, which seemed to have grown somewhat larger. He removed his finger, and without saying a word, he took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and began to cook.

The only way to suppress the cursed snake was with dishes. However, he felt that the cursed snake was slowly developing resistance to his dishes. That worried him.

As Bu Fang began to cook, Nethery stood obediently to one side. She turned her head slightly, glancing at the three juniors in the cabin with cold eyes.

The three of them had a sudden tremor and were drenched in sweat. They turned away, sat cross-legged down, regained their composure, and began to meditate. However, no matter how hard they tried to calm themselves, fear was all that remained in their hearts. The turquoise snake haunted them like a nightmare.

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The spirit boat tore through the sky, moving faster and faster. Then, it suddenly broke the void and began to jump through it.

After a long time, the void jump finally ended. They began to shuttle through the boundless space toward Earth Prison.

As soon as they entered the territory of Earth Prison, they heard the sound of air being pierced. At that moment, numerous warships appeared and surrounded their little spirit boat.

Chapter 1233 Arrive and See You Ji Again

Numerous warships flew through the boundless space. They were incredibly fast and making loud noises. Each ship was made with tough natural materials, which made them look ferocious and powerful. These warships came from the nearby worlds who were here to take part in the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path.

There were many worlds around the Netherworld, and dozens of them were able to participate in the tournament, including Winged Man Valley and West Little Buddhism Realm, which were among the few other prominent worlds. These little worlds all had many Great Saints, and some were even protected by top Great Saints, so naturally, they were above the ordinary.

The Immortal Tree was once a top Great Saint, but unfortunately, the realm had gone through a downfall, and it was currently recovering and still far from returning to its peak form.

These small worlds were all situated around the Netherworld, and each had reserves that were no weaker than it. However, the Nether Prison had the nine clans, which made it slightly stronger than them, so these small worlds had been showing their respect. Otherwise, given Nether Prison's grumpiness, it might have attacked them with warships. When it was at its prime, its warships had almost visited all the small worlds around it. Back then, it wanted to unify the whole surroundings and form the Great Netherworld. Today's Nether Prison was not so aggressive anymore, though. It was troubled by both internal strife and foreign aggression, and it was no longer as fierce as it was. Even so, a lean camel was still bigger than a horse. It was still not a power that these little worlds could defeat.

Warships ripped through space. The arrays on them spun rapidly, making a rumbling noise that sounded like thunder.

Zhu Yan and his companions, who were meditating in the spirit boat, woke with a start by the noise and opened their eyes in shock. They walked out of the cabin and saw Bu Fang and Nethery, who were eating on the deck.

'Why are they still eating? They have been eating nonstop all the way!'

Because the cabin was closed, they couldn't smell the food. Otherwise, they would be enveloped by the food's fragrance and couldn't concentrate on their meditating. They took deep breaths, and the aroma immediately filled their nostrils.

"It smells so delicious..." Mo Yan praised.

Nethery glanced up. The look in her eyes turned sharp instantly, and her hands moved faster. The remaining few pieces of meat were quickly picked up and stuffed into her mouth. With bulged cheeks, she stared at Mo Yan and said, "There's no more..."

That left Mo Yan and the others speechless. Were they the kind of people who would fight her for food?

Rumble!

Even then, they were startled again by a rumbling sound. They turned to look at either side of the boat, and what they saw struck them dumb. There were huge glowing warships on both sides of their boat, which were so tall that they almost couldn't see their tops.

"These... These are warships?!" Zhu Yan swallowed and sucked in a cold breath. He had never seen such huge warships before. They looked like ancient monsters to him.

On one warship, someone leaned against the railing and looked down at them. "Hey, where does this little boat come from? Are they here to take part in the tournament too? Or are they here to make us laugh?" He chuckled, his voice filled with unconcealed disdain.

There was one more warship on the other side of the spirit boat, which was as tall as the first one and emanated a terrible pressure that made Zhu Yan and his companions suffocate.

"I think they come from the Immortal Cooking Realm... It is said that the realm has recovered now and even managed to stop the Nether Prison's invasion, but it seems they are not as formidable as we might have thought. Look, they can't even get themselves a warship."

There were also people leaning on the railing of the second warship and looking down at the spirit boat. They were all sneering as if they were looking at a joke.

Zhu Yan and his companions flushed with embarrassment.

"Dammit! They are too arrogant..."

Bu Fang remained calm, however. "Where do these people come from?" he asked curiously, then put a piece of meat in his mouth and chewed.

Nethery, with her cheeks bulged, glanced at the warships and said in a vague voice, "The one on the left comes from Wandering Soul Realm, a small world specializes in cultivating souls. It was almost taken by Nether Prison. Luckily, one of its Great Saints broke through and became a top Great Saint, and he managed to stop the invasion.

"The one on the right comes from the Vajra Realm, a world inhabited by experts who specialize in the cultivation of fleshly bodies. They attain the Great Path with their fleshly bodies."

Nethery once stayed in Earth Prison, so she knew a lot about the small worlds with top Great Saints. Nether Prison's policy of invasion was not to invade small worlds with top Great Saints.

Zhu Yan and his companions knew nothing about these, though, and they all gasped when they heard the term top Great Saints. They had no idea how strong those top Great Saints were, but they knew that Realm Lord Di Tai, who was the strongest man in the Immortal Cooking Realm, was just a Little Saint.

"A top Great Saint is about at the same level as the Immortal Tree," Bu Fang glanced at Zhu Yan and said.

'The Immortal Tree? The symbol of the Immortal Cooking Realm? If the tree dies, the realm will die, and if the tree grows, the realm will grow... A top Great Saint is as strong as the Immortal Tree?'

After the people on the warships had enough fun, the arrays on their ships rumbled, and they were gone the next instant.

Zhu Yan and his companions were very aggrieved. They could feel the disdain in those people's words, but they couldn't fight back.

"That's fine... Our boat may be small, but that doesn't mean we lack strength. Once we arrive in Earth Prison, we will prove to them that the Immortal Cooking Realm is formidable!" Zhu Yan consoled his companions. As the leader of the team, he felt it was his duty to motivate them.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu nodded.

Bu Fang glanced at them and sighed inwardly. 'They're really young and naive...' He didn't say anything to demoralize them, though. It was a good thing to be motivated. He was just worried that they would lose all their spirits before they even reached Earth Prison.

Boom!

Zhu Yan, his fist clenched, felt that his companions were encouraged by his words, and that put a smile on his face. However, a rumbling noise rang out beside them again as another warship zoomed past them, stirring up a cloud of dust that enveloped them and making their tiny spirit boat sway violently. Their faces grew unsightly instantly.

“Dammit! Do these people know how to control their ships?! Can’t they see our spirit boat?! Are they blind?!” Zhu Yan growled.

Even then, many other warships came up from behind and zoomed past them. People on some of the ships let out sharp roars while making obscene gestures at them.

Zhu Yan flew into a rage, and he leaned against the edge of the spirit boat, roaring back at those people.

Looking at Zhu Yan, Bu Fang and Nethery couldn’t help shaking their heads, thinking that he was too young after all. There was a barbecue grill in front of them, on which chunks of meat were spitting grease and giving off delicious fragrance. During the leisurely journey on the spirit boat, activities like barbecues were the most satisfying.

The delicious aroma filled the air. When they sniffed it, Zhu Yan and his companions, whose throats were dry from all the shouting, felt hungry instantly. They swallowed and glanced at the meat on the grill. A few moments later, they, too, produced their own barbecue grill and began cooking on the deck.

Time passed. After sailing for two days and two nights, the spirit boat finally approached Earth Prison.

The ship swayed after it passed the barrier, then turned into a beam of light that sped across the sky. The vast expanse of land in Earth Prison amazed the juniors on the boat. Standing on the deck with his hands clasped behind his back and looking at the world, Bu Fang’s expression remained unchanged. Nethery, on the other hand, had a hint of excitement in her black eyes. After all, Earth Prison could be considered her home.

Zhu Yan and his companions had not visited any other world before, and they were marveled by Earth Prison’s rich spiritual energy, vast land, and all the strange plants. Even Xuanyuan Xiahui, who had been meditating throughout the entire journey, walked out of the cabin, took a deep breath, and soaked up the vastness brought by Earth Prison.

After some time, rumblings could be heard from behind them. They turned around and immediately saw many warships slamming through Earth Prison’s barrier, emanating formidable pressure.

Suddenly, a loud boom rang out in the sky, and a colossal black metal warship came slowly and floated in front of the spirit boat. Zhu Yan quickly stopped the boat.

Tap, tap.

A figure gradually emerged on the deck of the warship, looking down at them. It was a beautiful woman with a heroic air, clad in a black suit of armor that gleamed magnificently. As soon as she showed up, she waved a hand at the boat, and immediately, it soared and fell on the warship's deck.

Zhu Yan and his companions took deep breaths. They thought this warship should be the guide sent by Earth Prison. They walked out of the spirit boat and saw the woman in black armor, and when they saw her face, they gasped.

‘The f*ck?! What happened?’

The few juniors' eyes went wide as they looked at the guide, then at Nethery.

‘Why do they look so similar?!’

Bu Fang couldn't help but twitch his lips as he looked at the woman. He didn't expect that they would send her here, but he thought she should have learned the news that Nethery was coming to Earth Prison with him.

You Ji carried a broadsword on her back, and there was a fierce look on her face. She glanced at the crowd, then rested her eyes on Nethery. When she saw Nethery's gray-green hair, her pupils constricted.

“What happened to your hair? Did the curse break out?!” You Ji exclaimed. Then, she took a deep breath and disappeared. When she reappeared, she was standing at Nethery's side, touching her gray-green hair with a trembling hand. The look in her eyes suddenly grew violent. The next moment, the broadsword on her back jumped into the air, produced a terrible sound, and swept toward Bu Fang.

That startled Zhu Yan and the others. Their expressions changed drastically as they trembled all over. The pressure exuding from the woman had pinned them to the spot. It was a horrible aura, and it seemed to them that it was even scarier than that of Realm Lord Di Tai.

‘Who is this woman?!’

Bu Fang’s expression remained unchanged, however. He just stood in place with his hands clasped behind his back. The sword came to him the next instant, but abruptly stopped an inch from the tip of his nose. His hair waved in the sharp sword energy.

Nethery grabbed You Ji’s hand, frowned, and kept shaking her head. “Sis, this is not Bu Fang’s fault.”

“I’ve asked him to take good care of you, but he had failed to do that,” You Ji said coldly.

“The curse had been suppressed. I’m fine.”

You Ji gave Nethery a deep look, then glanced at Bu Fang. Only then did she retract her aura and pull back her broadsword.

“You are the representatives of the Immortal Cooking Realm for the tournament, aren’t you? I’m the guide who will lead you to the arena. I’m one of the Earth Prison Overlords, You Ji,” she said coolly, glancing at Zhu Yan and his companions. “How weak.”

After introducing herself, she didn’t say anything else.

Zhu Yan and the others nodded, trembling. ‘So she’s an Earth Prison Overlord... No wonder she’s so domineering.’

The next moment, You Ji took a step forward, turned into a black beam of light, and shot out of the warship to hover in the sky, facing the warships that had passed the barrier into Earth Prison in the distance.

“Attention! All warships will follow behind Earth Prison’s guide ship! Anyone who wanders around without permission will be executed on the spot!” You Ji said in a cold voice.

As soon as she said that, the broadsword on her back fell into her hand, and she pointed it at the warships in the distance. At the same time, monstrous sword energy exploded out of her body.

Even then, plumes of aura thrust out from those ships, trying to fight against her aura.

You Ji narrowed her eyes and made a slash with the broadsword, sending a huge sword beam toward them.

The people in those ships fought back, but after a while, they all coughed blood.

No one else dared to complain after that.

You Ji returned to the warship with a cold face. The ship rumbled and began to sail through the void.

Zhu Yan and his companions were already filled with admiration for her. They thought this was what an expert should behave. Of course, they were also very curious about the relationship between You Ji, Bu Fang, and Nethery. At this moment, the so-called Great Demon King had become a weak man who depended on a woman. If Nethery hadn't stopped her just now, he would have been cut in half by this Earth Prison Overlord.

The so-called Great Demon King was nothing special, after all.

The Earth Prison's warship was faster than the spirit boat. After flying for a long time and traveling hundreds of thousands of miles, it finally stopped.

The air rang with the sound of a rushing river, which sounded like bestial roars.

Zhu Yan and his companions leaned against the ship's railing and looked down. They saw a river of blood filled with white skulls, and countless broken souls were wailing in it. The sight of it sent shivers through them, and they felt as if their souls were about to be sucked away by the river. For a moment, they were enveloped by fear.

Earth Prison was indeed a horrible place! Even a river here was so frightening!

The river was bleeding, shrouded in death and destruction...

The preliminary round of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path would be held on the banks of this bloody river.

Chapter 1234 The Beaten Up Zhu Yan

The bloody river was called the Yellow Spring River. Bu Fang was no stranger to it. He had been here once. Back then, he was very weak, and he had no idea about the river's might. He had seen many things since then, and when he looked down at it from the warship now, he could see its horror. The waters of the Yellow Spring River rolled fiercely as bones swam in it and broken souls wailed, filling the air with a terrifying atmosphere.

What was truly unforgettable to Bu Fang was the Yellow Spring Grass that grew by the river and the Senseless Lotus that drifted in the river. He had brewed the Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine with Yellow Spring Grass and Flower of Helplessness, and on the day it was opened, its aroma had filled the whole Valley of Gluttony. Back then, he had used only a one-leaf Yellow Spring Grass and an ordinary Flower of Helplessness to brew the wine. He reckoned that if he were to use a nine-leaf one, the wine might be better than the three great wines of the Abyss.

Bu Fang was just thinking, though. After all, the nine-leaf Yellow Spring Grass was the Yellow Spring Great Sage's precious treasure, who was a figure feared by even Lord Dog. In the past, he had no idea how strong the Great Sage was, but now he knew... The Yellow Spring Great Sage was an existence not weaker than Lord Dog. Even the woman in God Vanishing Mountain was afraid of him.

Although the Yellow Spring River was not a forbidden land, it was comparable to one because of the Yellow Spring Great Sage. Also, there was a formidable spirit beast in the Yellow Spring Valley, the Blood Illuminating Dragon. Bu Fang didn't understand why they chose it as the venue for the tournament. He wondered if they had obtained the consent from the Yellow Spring Great Sage.

Fortunately, the venue was not at the source of the Yellow Spring River, but at its middle near the lower reaches. The river here was not that horrible. Bu Fang recalled his experience when he visited the river last time. There was the Bridge of Helplessness, the Reborn Boat, and the Soul Fisherman... They were all very mysterious, which made the river no less frightening than the other forbidden lands.

The warship rumbled and landed not far away from a huge city.

The city was built at the lower reaches of the Yellow Spring River. It was bold to do so. Perhaps that was the reason why the river could not become a forbidden land. It was too long, slithering through the whole Earth Prison, and on top of that, it was gentler than the other forbidden lands.

When Bu Fang visited the Yellow Spring River last time, he arrived directly at the source of the river. It was quite far away from here, so he didn't discover this city.

"This is Forbidden Soul City, the venue for the preliminary round. Enter the city, register yourself, and someone will bring you to your accommodations," You Ji said, glancing at Bu Fang. Then, she asked them to leave the ship without even looking at Zhu Yan and the others.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The group of six people left the warship and came up to the city gates. The towering gates were built with blood-colored bricks, which made them look rather gruesome. Earth Prison Guards clad in black armor were posted outside the arched doorway, inspecting the visitors.

Zhu Yan and his companions took deep breaths. They had finally arrived at the venue.

Bu Fang glanced at the Forbidden Soul City. It was a majestic city, and he could sense a terrible aura inside. Clearly, it was guarded by an expert.

People were coming and going in front of the city gates.

"I've heard about this city, but I never visited it before," said Nethery. There was a curious look in her eyes.

They didn't stop for long because Zhu Yan and his young friends had already walked up the gates and were stopped in front of the entrance.

People around rested their eyes on the group of young juniors, and many were smiling derisively at them. What attracted those smiles were their weak cultivation bases. Among the other participants, the weakest ones were Nine-star True Immortals or even half-step Saints, and some stronger worlds only sent One-revolution Little Saints. Compared to them, Six-star Immortals were too weak.

Zhu Yan and his friends were puffed up with pride before they came here. They thought they could get amazing results in the tournament. However, upon sensing the auras of the participants from the other small worlds, their expressions changed, and they were no longer so confident. They found that the auras and cultivation bases of almost all the other participants were stronger than theirs.

The scorn-filled gazes made them very uncomfortable.

Bu Fang, who was following them, kept the same expression. When Zhu Yan and the others saw his face, they somewhat admired his strong will. After all, Bu Fang's cultivation base was about the same level as them, or so they thought.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The ground suddenly shook. A group of burly bald men with an average height of two and a half meters walked up from behind them. These men were naked to the waists. Their bodies were full of muscles, and their bronze skin shone like metal.

"Oh, we meet again, weaklings of the Immortal Cooking Realm," said the one leading them. His voice rang in every ear as loud as a bell, and when he walked, the ground shook.

Zhu Yan thought of what Nethery had said earlier, and he knew these men should be the experts from the Vajra Realm. An angry look crept up his face. He could suffer the gazes, but the man's blatant sarcasm had infuriated him.

BOOM! BOOM!

The group of men came up to them, leaving numerous footprints on the ground. The leader's eyes shone coldly as he said with a contemptuous tone, "You're the leader of the Immortal Cooking Realm team? So weak... I can kill you with just a pinch."

Zhu Yan glared at the man. He was boiling with rage inside. "Weak? Show me how strong you are..." He could not tell the man's cultivation base, but that didn't stop him from flying into a rage. Perhaps this big fellow was just slightly stronger than him, and he might have a chance to win. After all, his family had given him many treasures before he left.

"Oh... Do you want to die?" The burly man narrowed his eyes and sneered.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was fearsome when it was at its prime, but today's Immortal Cooking Realm was just too weak.

“Hurry up and enter the city! If you have conflicts, settle them during the tournament. Don’t block the way!” The cold voice of a guard rang out suddenly.

Zhu Yan’s movement paused, and he gritted his teeth.

The burly man grinned. He thought nothing of Zhu Yan and the others, but he didn’t dare to cause trouble in Earth Prison. He had seen how the woman who guided them here defeated an expert on the warship next to his with just one move. That kind of strength was enough to show how formidable Earth Prison was. His Vajra Realm was no match for it.

“Don’t let me see you in the arena, or I’ll kill you with my finger!” he sneered, then strode into the city.

Zhu Yan’s face was almost purple, but at the same time, he felt a sense of powerlessness. Before setting off, he was full of confidence, and yet when he finally stepped into Earth Prison, he realized that his cultivation base meant nothing here.

“Brother Zhu, don’t be discouraged. We are from the Immortal Cooking Realm after all. Ask him to compete in cooking skills with us, and we’ll surely defeat him.” Mo Yan tried to console him.

Zhu Yan nodded with a serious look on his face. After that, the three of them walked into the city.

Bu Fang was speechless when he heard that.

‘If the tournament is about cooking, why should we come all the way here to Earth Prison? This tournament is all about cultivation bases and fighting strength... These little fellows are too young and have not seen the cruel world... But it’s fine. There’s still plenty of time, and they will grow,’ he thought to himself.

He clasped his hands behind his back and walked into the city with Nethery.

Xuanyuan Xiahui followed at Bu Fang’s side. He knew very well that it would be much better to follow Bu Fang than that arrogant Zhu Yan. That fellow was just a spoiled son of an aristocratic family, and he was nothing after leaving the Immortal Cooking Realm.

The Forbidden Soul City was huge. There were inns specially prepared for contestants from different worlds. Bu Fang soon found his room in one of the inns, but he was at a loss. The organizer only provided him one room. He turned around and looked at Nethery, who was blinking at him, and rubbed his temple with a thumb...

...

As time went by, the atmosphere of the competition became more and more intense.

The Forbidden Soul City now had more contestants from other small worlds than the locals. After all, the tournament was organized by Earth Prison, so they had to come to show their respect. On top of that, the tournament was of great significance. Their final rankings could reflect the overall strength of their worlds, which was very important.

There was no competition on the first day of Bu Fang's arrival. Everyone was resting and recovering from the long journey to get here.

All sorts of venues had been set up in the city, and of course, there were projection arrays that would let every small world watch the competition.

The tournament officially started on the second day.

On this day, all the contestants had to go to the square in the city, where many arenas were built.

Before the competition began, lots had to be drawn for both team matches and individual matches because there were too many contestants. There would be a few preliminary rounds, and those who lost during the rounds would be eliminated from the tournament.

There was a rap on the door. Bu Fang, who was grilling meat with Nethery in his room, rose to his feet and opened the door.

As soon as the door was opened, a delicious aroma wafted out of the room, and the people outside were struck dumb. Bu Fang saw Mo Yan and Fang Yu, while Zhu Yan was hiding behind them. This struck him as a little strange.

"What is it?" he asked lightly.

Fang Yu and Mo Yan were somewhat speechless as they sniffed at the aroma in the air...

‘A man and woman share the same room, and yet they are barbecuing... This Great Demon King is such a weirdo.’

“We need to draw lots today, so we’re here to ask you to come with us,” said Mo Yan.

Bu Fang nodded, then squinted at Zhu Yan, who was shrinking backward. He arched an eyebrow and asked, “What happened to him?”

Mo Yan paused, and her face became somewhat strange and embarrassed.

Cough... Cough...

She was lost for words, and so did Fang Yu.

“He was beaten up,” Xuanyuan Xiahui said. He didn’t really like Zhu Yan, so nothing stopped him from telling the truth.

“You...” Zhu Yan made a low growling sound as if he was angry.

Bu Fang raised a hand and signaled Fang Yu and Mo Yan to step aside. They did, and then he saw the poor fellow. The sight of Zhu Yan’s face made the corner of his mouth twitch.

Zhu Yan’s face was all twisted. His nose was bloody, and his cheeks were swollen. The person who did this had very precise control of his strength. The force had penetrated the wounds, swirling constantly in them and preventing Zhu Yan from healing himself. As a result, his bloody nose and swollen cheeks could not be healed.

“You’re really beaten up...” Bu Fang said, twitching the corner of his mouth. If he were to pass by Zhu Yan, he wouldn’t be able to recognize him.

Zhu Yan’s heart surged with bitterness. He had looked down on Bu Fang, and it angered him now that his ugly look was seen by him. He began to resent Xuanyuan Xiahui.

A moment later, a door in the distance creaked open, and some burly men walked out through it. They were the group from the Vajra Realm.

Coincidentally, they stayed in a room opposite to Bu Fang's room.

When they saw Zhu Yan's miserable look, the group of burly men guffawed, their voices thick with disdain.

"Little piece of rubbish... Are you having a fun time being tortured?!"

Chapter 1235 I'm Scared of Myself When I Get Violent

"Are you having a fun time being tortured?" A mocking voice rang out as the burly man of the Vajra Realm looked derisively at Zhu Yan, who had a bloody nose and swollen cheeks. He made no effort to conceal the disdain in his eyes.

Zhu Yan shivered with rage, but at the same time, he felt a sense of powerlessness. He was helpless and desperate. In the Immortal Cooking Realm, he was a genius, but when he came here and met the real geniuses, he realized that he was nothing.

This burly man was a genius of the Vajra Realm. His fleshly body was extremely tough, so much so that he could fight cold weapons with it.

All his attacks had no effect at all when they hit the man. As a result, he was brutally beaten up, unable to fight back. It was like a nightmare, and he shivered at the thought of it.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu were helpless as well, and they even felt all their hopes were lost. After staying in the Forbidden Soul City for one day, they had met the geniuses from the other worlds. They thought they were strong and gifted enough, but they finally realized how tiny they were when they met the experts and geniuses from the other worlds.

They were too young and too naive.

When they thought of the promise they had made to Realm Lord Di Tai, they felt a burning sensation on their faces. They were too ignorant.

The burly men of the Vajra Realm laughed scornfully. They looked at Bu Fang, then at Zhu Yan, and their laughter grew louder.

That attracted many curious glances from around them, and some people recognized Zhu Yan and his companions. The Immortal Cooking Realm was still famous among the other worlds. After all, it was once as powerful as Nether Prison at its prime.

“Oh, they’re the contestants from the Immortal Cooking Realm. They look weak...” said one guy from the other world in a disdainful voice. The people around him laughed.

Zhu Yan felt his cheeks tingle, and his eyes turned red. Mo Yan remained in silence, while Fang Yu bowed his head and didn’t say a word.

Xuanyuan Xiahui seemed to have expected this, so he kept a calm face. Compared to these juniors of aristocratic families, he was much matured because he often experienced such bullying himself. Zhu Yan and his friends thought they were geniuses, but they would realize that they were nothing when they saw the real world.

Zhu Yan was annoyed. He felt that he had disgraced the Immortal Cooking Realm.

Bu Fang gave him a surprised look. He didn’t think this little fellow had such a strong sense of honor. Nevertheless, as he represented the Immortal Cooking Realm now, he couldn’t let the little guy be bullied by others for nothing. After all, Realm Lord Di Tai had asked him to take good care of them.

He clasped his hands behind his back and slowly walked out of his room.

“Tell me who beat you,” Bu Fang said faintly, looking at Zhu Yan.

His unexpected words gave Zhu Yan a pause.

“Oh?” The Vajra Realm experts narrowed their eyes as if something had piqued their interest.

Zhu Yan clenched his jaws and said, “I don’t need you to help me... I’m the one who got beaten up, and I’ll suffer it alone!”

After saying that, he turned and ran away.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu looked helpless, while Bu Fang twitched his mouth.

In the distance, the Vajra Realm experts burst into laughter when they saw Zhu Yan run away, their voices seemingly lifting the roof off the inn. When the laughter died, their leader grinned and walked up to Bu Fang, looking down at him from a height of over two meters.

“You want to stand up for your buddy? I’ll be waiting for you... If I meet any of you from the Immortal Cooking Realm in the arena, I’ll definitely beat you to death!” the burly man said. Then, he turned to the side and spat. “Who do you think you are? Do you still think you are the Immortal Cooking Realm in its heyday? How dare a few Six-star True Immortals take part in the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path... You really have no idea of death or danger. A bunch of bumpkins!”

Sneering, he gave Bu Fang a sideways glance, then turned and walked away.

The people from the other small worlds around them laughed in low voices.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu were so embarrassed that their faces flushed. They represented the Immortal Cooking Realm, and someone had mocked them like that... However, they could not fight back. It depressed them so much that they felt like coughing blood.

Bu Fang gave a soft sigh. Looking at the burly man’s back, he said expressionlessly, “What an arrogant guy...”

Mo Yan and Fang Yu were left speechless. ‘Even the Great Demon King is going to succumb to the pressure of these burly fellows?’ they thought. ‘It seems that the legendary Great Demon King has lost his courage...’

Suddenly, something flashed in Bu Fang’s hand. A piece of steaming white tofu appeared in his grip.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu looked confused as they stared at the tofu.

Xuanyuan Xiahui looked at Bu Fang, and the corner of his mouth curved upward.

Bu Fang was about to... stir up trouble again.

“We’re from the Immortal Cooking Realm, and we’re chefs. Since we’re chefs, we should use the methods of chefs to deal with him.”

Mo Yan and Fang Yu didn’t understand, but a moment later, they sucked in their breath.

“Hey... Big guy,” Bu Fang looked up and shouted at the burly man.

The Vajra Realm experts all turned to him at the same time.

“What do you want?”

As soon as the leader said that, he heard a splat and felt something warm hit and smear his face. He also smelled a refreshing fragrance of soybean.

The Vajra Realm experts were all struck dumb as they stared incredulously at the stuck pieces of tofu on their leader’s head.

“You’re going to kill me in the arena? I’m looking forward to it...” said Bu Fang.

The burly man wiped his face with a hand. When he saw the tofu in his palm, his body instantly exploded with a terrible aura. A rumbling sound filled the air like thunder.

“How dare you hit me with a piece of... tofu?!”

Veins bulged on his forehead as his eyes went wide and his face turned savage.

Splat!

No sooner had he said that than another piece of tofu smashed him on the head. Even with his cultivation base, he didn't see it coming.

The sound of people sucking in breaths filled the air.

Nobody could believe that someone from the Immortal Cooking Realm dared to fight back and that someone actually hit the Vajra Realm expert in the face with tofu... Many people felt incredulous as they watched with shocked looks in their eyes.

It was known that the Vajra Realm experts attained the Great Path with their fleshly bodies, and the realm had their own Great Saints. It was a realm that could not be underestimated. Therefore, their contestants were naturally fearsome. Why would the Immortal Cooking Realm have the courage to offend them?

“You're courting death!”

The burly man growled, and his aura soared like a blood-colored pillar. He stared at Bu Fang with bloodshot eyes as he wiped the tofu on his face away with a hand. The ground under his feet sank deeply. A brutal torture was about to begin...

Mo Yan and Fang Yu shivered with fear, despairing. They were cursing in their minds, ‘This Great Demon King indeed has an undeserved reputation! How could he provoke such a formidable man... He's courting death!’

“You little lizard of the Immortal Cooking Realm! I'm going to rip you to pieces!” the man growled with bits of tofu on his face. The next moment, he kicked the ground and bolted out.

An oppressive aura made the whole inn seem to burst.

Bu Fang was calm. He was holding a piece of tofu as he looked at the burly man from the corner of his eyes.

The man had just taken two steps when a loud shout exploded right beside his head, causing him to stagger backward. His face turned pale, and his aura scattered instantly.

“You...”

At that moment, a heroic figure slowly walked over. She had a broadsword on her back, and her face was cold.

“Go to the square quickly, and don’t waste your time here. If you want to fight, please do it in the arena...” You Ji said coldly. She then glanced at the burly man and asked, “Who allowed you to fight here?”

The Earth Prison Overlord... You Ji!

The burly man was wild and arrogant in front of Bu Fang and the others, but when he was facing You Ji, he immediately shrank back like a dog. He knew that she was a mighty figure who could force a warship back with her sword, so he didn’t dare offend her.

“That boy hit me with tofus...” he glanced at Bu Fang and said hatefully.

Pak!

However, as soon as he said that, You Ji slapped him in the face.

“He hit you with a tofu, so you want to hit him back? Do you know what time it is now? You should draw your lots in the square... Can you afford to cause a delay in the tournament? Or... Do you want me to disqualify the Vajra Realm?” said You Ji.

The Vajra Realm expert was dumbfounded.

‘What does she mean? F*ck... I’m the one who got hit in the face with tofus, and now I’m the one who takes the blame? Why does it sound so weird?’

The people around were struck dumb as well. They felt incredulous about You Ji’s logic.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu, on the other hand, twitched the corners of their mouths. They knew why You Ji was siding with Bu Fang. They glanced at Nethery, who wore a cold face.

‘It turns out that Nethery’s sister is here. No wonder the Great Demon King suddenly became so tough...’

What just happened further strengthened their opinion that the Great Demon King was just a guy who lived off a woman.

The big guy of the Vajra Realm felt aggrieved. He finally realized that You Ji was here to stand up for this boy toy from the Immortal Cooking Realm and that he no longer had the chance to seek his revenge today.

“Little lizard of the Immortal Cooking Realm... Let’s see if anyone can protect you when we are in the arena!” After saying that, the burly man turned and left.

The people around all gave Bu Fang contemptuous looks, thinking that he was indeed a chef of the Immortal Cooking Realm, for he was good at living off women.

Bu Fang was very calm.

Living off women? He was just holding himself back. He would scare himself when he got violent.

You Ji gave Bu Fang a deep look and said nothing to him.

“Go to the square now, all of you! Stop wasting your time here!” she shouted coldly, her voice reverberating through the whole inn.

After that, all the people walked out of the inn toward the square.

Zhu Yan had run away earlier, so Bu Fang walked at a steady pace toward the square with Mo Yan, Fang Yu, Xuanyuan Xiahui, and Nethery.

The square was huge. Because of the preliminary rounds, it was now packed with people.

Bu Fang was slightly dazed by the magnificent scene.

You Ji followed Nethery and was talking to her, while Mo Yan and Fang Yu kept giving Bu Fang strange glances.

The layout of the square was interesting. There was a huge official path in the middle, and it led straight to a round square where five arenas were built.

“It’s very lively but also looks empty. I think it lacks something...” Looking at the crowd, Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and became lost in thought.

‘It lacks something? What is it? I don’t see anything missing here...’ Mo Yan and Fang Yu looked suspiciously at Bu Fang. They didn’t understand what he was talking about.

You Ji squinted at him and thought, ‘What is this guy trying to do this time?’

At that moment, Zhu Yan walked over from a distance. He still had a bloody nose and swollen cheeks. When he came up to them, he turned away from Bu Fang.

Bu Fang felt it was amusing. Although Zhu Yan was a member of an aristocratic family and had the pride that all aristocratic juniors had, he also had a rare sense of honor.

‘He must be worried that I would be beaten up by that big guy for standing up for him, so he quickly ran away... What a cute little fellow...’

“Zhu Yan, you will draw the lots for the team matches,” Bu Fang glanced at Zhu Yan and said lightly.

Zhu Yan turned around and seemed a little surprised. Then, he said stubbornly, “I’m the leader of the team, so of course I’ll draw the lots!”

“What are you going to do then?” You Ji asked, squinting at Bu Fang. She had a feeling that this guy was about to do something strange.

Bu Fang gave her a sideways glance, then reached out a hand and drew a half-circle in the air.

“The square is packed with people, but there is no food...” he said.

There is no food...

Mo Yan and the others were struck dumb, then their eyes went wide.

‘Is this Great Demon King going to...’

“That’s right. I’m going to open a business here...” Bu Fang said.

The corner of Xuanyuan Xiahui’s mouth twitched. Sure enough, Owner Bu was still the same Owner Bu.

‘We are here for the tournament, not to open a shop...’

Chapter 1236 Fang Fang Teppanyaki

‘Open a business? You’re really something...’ You Ji was speechless. She turned around and looked at the packed square. ‘There are so many kinds of people here... How did this guy come up with the idea of opening a business here? Is he so crazy about making money?’ Bu Fang was very excited. As soon as the idea came to him, he couldn’t get it out of his mind anymore. Rubbing his chin, he became lost in thought.

‘To open a business, I’ll need a store, but I can always open a stall in this square... A stall can achieve great results as well and attract countless people, a spot where many people flock to.’

He nodded and had a general idea in his mind. Then, he thought of a question, asking the System, ‘System... If I open a stall in the square, can the Immortal Crystals or Nether Crystals I earn be counted in the sales target?’

The System remained in silence for a while as if it was calculating the practicability of his idea. At last, its serious voice rang in his mind, ‘The Host can open a stall in the square, and the revenue will be included in the sales target.’

Bu Fang’s eyes lit up instantly. With so many people in the square, it was absolutely a huge resource, and the most exciting thing was that no one else had come up with the same idea.

The next question was, what should he sell in his stall? He needed to consider it carefully.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu rolled their eyes as they watched Bu Fang become lost in thought again.

‘Is the Great Demon King really planning to open a business in the square? That’s kind of... cool.’

Zhu Yan, on the other hand, was a little speechless about Bu Fang’s idea. ‘Realm Lord Di Tai sent us here to take part in the tournament, not to open a business...’ he thought.

However, he couldn’t say anything to Bu Fang now, so he turned and walked toward a raised platform, where lots were being drawn. He needed to draw lots for team matches. For individual matches, there was no need to draw lots, but they needed to send a representative to collect number tags, which represented their identities.

Bu Fang let Zhu Yan handle all these matters. Looking at the young man’s dwindling figure, he finally recovered from deep thought. He placed one hand on his back, touched his chin with another, and narrowed his eyes.

Nethery stood at his side, while You Ji gave him a look, curled her lips, and said, “Whatever you want to do, do it at your own discretion. Just don’t push things too far. I still have things to handle... Oh, remember to keep a low profile here. You’re still too weak. If I hadn’t come today, do you think you could have gotten away with it?”

You Ji wasn’t very clear about Bu Fang’s current cultivation base, but when she saw him last time, he was still very weak. It had only been a short time since then, so she didn’t think he would be any stronger.

‘This guy’s cooking is good, but his cultivation base is too... weak.’

After that, she turned and walked away, disappearing into the crowd in just a flash.

“Are you really going to open a business here?” asked Xuanyuan Xiahui, looking at Bu Fang.

“Can’t you see so many people here? It would be a waste not to open a business in such a big market,” Bu Fang said.

“What are you going to sell? Hotpot?”

Xuanyuan Xiahui knew that Bu Fang had a lot of experience when it came to stalls. When he first arrived at the Immortal Cooking Realm, he had set up one in front of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

“Hotpot?” Bu Fang gave Xuanyuan Xiahui a look and shook his head. “Hotpot is not a suitable food in this place... The traffic is high here, and most people are getting ready to take part in the competition, so I can’t open a stall with a fixed position. They don’t have time to eat slowly. It’s better to sell food that can be taken out and eaten on the go...”

That puzzled Xuanyuan Xiahui. Food that could be taken out and eaten on the go? What would that be?

When Fang Yu and Mo Yan saw that Xuanyuan Xiahui and Bu Fang were talking about the idea of opening a business, they were speechless. They knew Xuanyuan Xiahui was a commoner, and it was said that the Great Demon King was also a commoner.

‘Sure enough, only commoners would come out with the idea of opening a stall... What a disgrace!’

They exchanged a look and shook their heads in disappointment.

Xuanyuan Xiahui had only talked with Bu Fang for a short while, and he was already confused by all the strange terms. He hesitated for a moment before saying, “In that case... Let’s do it! I believe in you, Owner Bu.”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched, then he nodded and said, “Follow me.”

After saying that, he walked into the crowd. He was surveying the location. He needed to find a spot with high traffic where people also gathered.

It was not difficult to find such spots in the square, and he quickly found one.

“Wait for me here. I’ll get something ready...” Bu Fang said.

Xuanyuan Xiahui paused. The next moment, he found that Bu Fang had disappeared.

...

Inside the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Xixi and the others were debating fiercely about some new dishes. Bu Fang’s appearance made them stop their discussion.

“Don’t mind me, I’m just passing by. Carry on.”

After saying that, Bu Fang walked toward the wooden hut and asked Niu Hansan to find him some timbers. Then, he built a wooden stall with the timbers and even hung a cloth banner over it.

“What are you going to do this time, Owner Bu?” Niu Hansan gave Bu Fang a confused look.

“Oh, just a fun little thing.”

When he was done, he carried the wooden stall and left the farmland, taking with him many ingredients as well.

...

Standing in the middle of the crowd, Xuanyuan Xiahui felt a little embarrassed. The glances that were constantly thrown at him made him shiver. He suddenly felt that Bu Fang’s idea was not feasible. How could one have the mood to cook when it was already so uncomfortable to stand here and soak in all the strange glances?

After some time, Bu Fang appeared with a huge wooden stall.

Xuanyuan Xiahui looked at him in disbelief.

The stall fell to the ground with a boom, kicking up a cloud of dust. The crowd was startled, and many people quickly moved away from it, creating a large empty space.

Glances were thrown over, some dissatisfied, some annoyed, and some frustrated. After all, it was normal for people to feel that way when a huge obstacle was placed in a spot with high traffic.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged. With a thought, he produced the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and placed it on the wooden stall.

Many people around let out surprised sounds as they wondered what Bu Fang was trying to do.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu were watching from a distance, and they felt so embarrassed.

'Is the Great Demon King really going to open a little stall here?! What is he going to sell?'

The flapping banner over the stall attracted the eyes of many people.

"Fang Fang Little Stall?"

"He's only joking, isn't he? Is he trying to... open a stall in the Forbidden Soul Square?"

"He's very business-minded, but... this is a stupid thing to do here."

The people around them were all chattering. Those who came here were participants in the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path, and they would not have the time to buy food from that stall. It was a waste of time to open a stall here.

Xuanyuan Xiahui blushed when he heard all the voices around them, but Bu Fang was calm. Looking at him, Xuanyuan Xiahui felt calmer as well.

Bu Fang kept a straight face. With a thought, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his hand, while a wooden stick appeared on his other hand. He threw the stick up into the air and exhibited his Meteor Knife Skill, slashing so quickly that the knife looked like meteors falling from the night sky. In just a flash, he had cut the stick into countless thin skewers. He then placed the bundle of wooden skewers on the stall.

The competition had not yet started, so many people had gathered around to watch Bu Fang's performance. They looked at him as if he was performing a show. In their eyes, he was like a clown.

Many people had recognized Bu Fang and Xuanyuan Xiahui. They knew they were both chefs from the Immortal Cooking Realm.

"Chefs will always be chefs. They can never stop their habit of cooking. Look, he's going to cook even when he's here for the competition," said one of the onlookers.

Bu Fang looked around. The amused glances from the crowd made the corners of his mouth curve upward.

'Very good...'

Suddenly, a huge octopus tentacle appeared in his hand. He grabbed it with one hand, and it curled up and seemed to be moving.

The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell rapidly like meteors, cutting the tentacle into small pieces. Then, he slapped the stall with a palm, causing all the wooden skewers to jump up and pierce those pieces of octopus...

Tap, tap, tap.

Skewers of octopus tentacles fell back onto the wooden stall.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok was hollow, but as a God of Cooking Set, it had its special magic ability. Under the control of Bu Fang's mind, it slowly rose and became flat.

Xuanyuan Xiahui was confused as he watched. "What are you going to do, Owner Bu?"

Bu Fang glanced at Xuanyuan Xiahui, then he suddenly thought of something. "Oh, help me hang this banner." He threw a banner to him and continued working.

Holding back his curiosity, Xuanyuan Xiahui took the banner, walked to the stall's side, and hung it there.

The banner unrolled, and soon the words on it were revealed, attracting the eyes of many.

“Fang Fang Little Stall. First-day dish: Teppanyaki.”

“Menu: Octopus Tentacle, Squid, Dragon Liver, Dragon Claw, Dragon Tail, Demon Frog...”

“Price: Ten Immortal Crystals (Nether Crystals) per skewer.”

“Good quality and low price. First come, first served. Opening promotion: The first ten customers will enjoy a 90% discount.”

There was a lot of information on the banner, and many people were confused after reading it. Even Xuanyuan Xiahui, who had hung the banner, was slightly taken aback, and he sucked in a cold breath.

“Teppanyaki?! What is this?”

Xuanyuan Xiahui was completely puzzled. He knew about hotpot. He had witnessed Bu Fang’s hotpot with his own eyes, and that level of creativity had shocked everyone. Later, there was a barbecue. When he saw those wooden skewers, he thought Bu Fang was going to grill meat, but now it seemed that he was wrong.

The banner also mentioned the first-day dish... Could there be a second-day dish?

The people around burst into an uproar when they saw the banner, and many of them were laughing contemptuously.

“Ten Immortal Crystals per skewer... Why doesn’t this guy just go and rob someone?!”

The people present were all geniuses from different worlds, and some were even leaders of their teams. Their cultivation bases were strong, and they didn’t lack money. However, no one got their money from the wind. A tiny skewer cost ten Immortal Crystals... Did this guy really think they were stupid?

Many people had made up their minds that they would never buy Bu Fang's food. They wanted to let this chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm suffer so much loss that he would cry!

In the crowd, You Ji also saw what Bu Fang was doing, and the corner of her mouth twitched violently.

'I knew it. This guy is going to do something strange...'

Nethery stood quietly behind Bu Fang. Her eyes shone brightly as if she was looking forward to tasting Bu Fang's teppanyaki. She had been with him the longest, so she knew very well that whenever he came out with a new dish, it would never disappoint her!

Teppanyaki... sounded very delicious.

Bu Fang paid the contemptuous laughter and mocking remarks no mind. How would they know the charm of teppanyaki without tasting it?

When all the ingredients were prepared, Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth, took a step back, opened his mouth, and breathed a plume of white flame.

Sizzle...

Wisps of steam immediately rose from the Black Turtle Iron Plate!

At the same time, the draw in the raised platform had officially begun.

Chapter 1237 Owner, Give Me Ten More Skewers!

In everyone's view, this new stall in the square was like a joke.

Teppanyaki was such a strange name that nobody had heard of it before. How could someone want to earn some quick money with a dish that jumped out from nowhere? If he wanted to make money and satisfy people's appetites, he should at least choose famous dishes, such as Roasted Tyrannous

Dragon Leg of the Vajra Realm, Redemption Vegetarian Rice of the West Little Buddhism Realm, the wine of Abyss, or Blood River Fish of Earth Prison...

Only this kind of delicious food could attract people. As for Teppanyaki... nobody had heard of it before, and because of that, the stall had become a laughingstock for everyone.

The mocking remarks grew louder after people read the words on the banner. Who would be stupid enough to buy a skewer that costs ten Immortal Crystals? On top of that... who would have the mood to taste this thing when the competition was about to start?

In the distance, Mo Yan and Fang Yu couldn't help but slap their foreheads as they watched. They felt a sense of helplessness.

"The Great Demon King has indeed fallen to a new low..."

"The legendary Great Demon King is nothing more than this"

"Why did the Realm Lord send someone like this to take part in such an important competition? Isn't this a joke? He'll make the Immortal Cooking Realm into a laughingstock for all the surrounding worlds!"

Bu Fang paid no mind to all the glances thrown at him, but instead began his cooking with concentration.

Teppanyaki was a cuisine of stalls. Of course, there were fancy restaurants that hired chefs to specially cook it for diners, but in essence, it still had the flavor of stalls in it. A group of people surrounded an iron plate, watching the chef handle food on it, from which all sorts of rich smells and steam rose as the food quivered and sizzled. It was an unforgettable experience. Teppanyaki was actually a kind of worldly cuisine.

In fact, the cuisines in some fancy restaurants were good, but when compared with food sold by stalls, they lacked a touch of worldliness. The loftiness attached to them made food lose some of their flavors. On the contrary, people always enjoyed food sold in street stalls.

This was the beauty of different cuisines.

Sizzle...

Under Bu Fang's control, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok had transformed into the Black Turtle Iron Plate. As the fire heated it from below, the plate's temperature was constantly rising, causing steam to rise from it and hot air spread out into the surroundings.

Bu Fang glanced at the people around him. When he saw all the disdainful eyes, he twitched the corner of his mouth.

He rolled up his sleeves and exposed his fair arms, then picked up a small plate from the stall and gently upended it, sprinkling the oil in it onto the iron plate. After that, he grabbed a flat spatula and rubbed it against the plate to evenly distribute the oil. Soon, the oil was heated and filled the air with its aroma.

Next, he picked up three skewers of octopus tentacles and placed them on the plate. As soon as they touched the hot iron, they began to sizzle noisily as the liquid in them boiled and bubbled fiercely. The tentacles gave off a rich fragrance as the oil cooked them. At first, the smell was not obvious, and the fragrance was not as strong as one would have imagined.

Many people were slightly surprised when they saw Bu Fang could really cook under all the contemptuous glances. They fixed their eyes at him, feeling curious.

Xuanyuan Xiahui was nearest to the stall, and his eyes lit up instantly. He took a deep breath.

'It smells delicious. Very delicious. The ingredient has just been put onto the plate, and it already gives off such a rich aroma... Owner Bu is really cooking something new.'

Bu Fang straightened his back and didn't stop his movements. He kept pressing the tentacles with the flat spatula, squeezing out their juice. The more juice came out, the stronger the aroma. He grabbed the three skewers with one hand. When the fragrance wafted out of them and their color changed, he flipped them upside down. The tentacles sizzled again when they touched the plate, while milky white juice seeped out, boiling noisily.

He looked at the side that was flipped over. The color had changed to pink, which made the tentacles look delicious. However, this was only the beginning. Although teppanyaki didn't seem like a dish that needed skills to prepare, it actually required the chef to have very precise control of the fire. A minor mistake would completely ruin the taste.

Xuanyuan Xiahui watched as Bu Fang cooked. He suddenly had a feeling that the cuisine Bu Fang was making would be very unusual as well. It might not be as subversive as hotpot, but at least... it should have no difficulty to make this tournament boil.

Sizzle!

Both sides of the tentacles had turned pink, and because of the rising steam, they seemed to be wriggling. At this moment, the aroma was already very strong. It was the original flavor of the ingredient. The fragrance gradually spread, causing the expressions of those who kept watching at the stall to change.

“It smells wonderful... The aroma is somewhat enticing.”

“Wow... Why does this smell make me unable to restrain my emotion?”

“What a strange aroma... It smells surprisingly delicious!”

The nearby people all stared at Bu Fang’s stall, and the disdainful looks in their eyes gradually disappeared. Perhaps they were so enticed by the aroma that they couldn’t help but put away their contempt for him. Many of them kept sniffing at the fragrance and looked intoxicated.

Sizzle!

Bu Fang sped up his movements. He flipped the three skewers and slapped them onto the iron plate, then kept pressing them with the flat spatula. The sizzling sound grew fainter with each press, but as soon as he lifted the spatula, the aroma boiled and filled the air. Suddenly, he grabbed a small long-necked bottle placed on the edge of the stall, covered its mouth with a thumb, took a step back, and upended the bottle over the iron plate, spilling the liquid in the bottle and sprinkling it on the octopus tentacles.

Sizzle!

A fog of steam instantly rose.

The people who had been watching him burst into an uproar. Obviously, they were shocked by the sudden steam. Of course, they were also attracted by the aroma of wine and meat that permeated the air. The wine was mellow, and the tentacles smelled delicious, mingling together into a unique fragrance.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and suddenly felt a surge of emotion. With a thought, he produced a spicy strip and held it between his lips. Half squinting, he flicked his fingers. A drop of golden oil immediately soared into the air and floated over the iron plate.

All eyes were attracted by the drop of golden oil.

The next moment, Bu Fang pointed out a finger. At the gesture, the oil fell through the rising steam and splattered across the iron plate.

Boom!

A plume of flame instantly rose like a dragon, drawing gasps and cries from the crowd.

“Cool!”

“So beautiful! It looks great!”

“I can’t believe the aroma of wine and meat can be so perfectly combined! My appetite has been aroused!”

The onlookers were shocked and talked to each other in amazement. As Bu Fang kept cooking, the aroma spread and attracted more and more people. The smell was too enticing, so many people had turned around and looked in his direction.

...

Zhu Yan walked down the raised platform with a somewhat absentminded look. His face was pale. The result of the draw had sent him into despair.

As the leader, he was responsible to draw the lots for team matches. There were about thirty small worlds in the team matches, some were strong and some were weak. Of course, he had hoped that he could draw themselves a weak opponent. If their opponent was a fearsome world such as the Vajra Realm, Winged Man Valley, or the West Little Buddhism Realm, it would be a nightmare.

Fortunately, he didn't draw the Vajra Realm as their opponent, but the world that he had drawn was not a weak opponent either.

Their opponent would be the Blackwind Continent. It was a continent near the Abyss. Of its five contestants, three were half-step Saints and two were Nine-star True Immortals.

To the Immortal Cooking Realm team, this was an absolute nightmare since the whole team consisted only of Six-star True Immortals. Or so he thought.

‘Why are all the other contestants so strong?’

Zhu Yan felt a little depressed. He was full of hope, thinking that he could show off his strength in this Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path. However, he had drawn themselves such a fearsome opponent for their first team match. He thought he had let Realm Lord Di Tai and City Lord Meng Qi down.

He walked blankly like a puppet, holding the number tags and the jade talisman for the team matches. Suddenly, an aroma drifted into his nostrils. It woke him up, causing him to look up immediately into the distance, where people were gathering around something. He walked over, pushed through the crowd, and saw Bu Fang, who was cooking on a wooden stall.

He was rendered speechless.

‘A stall... I can't believe he actually opened a stall during the tournament! What hope do we have left now when even the Great Demon King is not dependable... All hope is gone now...’

On the other hand, Mo Yan and Fang Yu stared at Bu Fang with gleaming eyes.

More and more people had returned from the draw, and they all gathered around Bu Fang's stall. Everyone was attracted by the delicious aroma coming out of it.

Bu Fang had a sharp look in his eyes. With a spicy strip dangling from his lips, he waved a hand. Immediately, a small jar appeared and began to spin in his hand, sprinkling spices onto the tentacles and making them look extremely enticing.

“The teppanyaki octopus tentacles are ready...” Bu Fang said, putting down the flat spatula and holding three skewers of octopus tentacles.

His voice was not loud, but it echoed through the air, waking the onlookers who were still immersed in his cooking.

“Here, try it,” he said, handing Nethery one of the skewers.

Nethery took it impatiently, parted her tender lips, and bit into the steaming tentacle. Her mouth seemed too small for it, and part of the tentacle dangled from her lips. The next moment, she felt a delicious aroma explode in her mouth, slamming at her oral walls like missiles.

Her eyes grew wide, her cheeks bulged, and her lips stained with sauce. As she began to chew, her face turned rosy instantly!

‘It’s yummy!’ Nethery was amazed.

“There are still two skewers left. The first ten customers will enjoy a ninety-percent discount, which means one skewer cost only one Immortal Crystal,” Bu Fang said. He glanced at the crowd gathered in front of the stall and wondered if anyone would buy from him.

Many people swallowed as they watched Nethery eat, but they were still waiting. If no one was buying, they would not buy either.

However, they soon realized that they had made a mistake.

“Give me one! It smells so f*cking delicious! This humble monk can’t wait to taste it!”

No sooner had Bu Fang finished speaking than an impatient voice rang out from among the crowd. Then, a young monk in yellow robes pushed through the crowd, staring at the skewers of octopus tentacles in Bu Fang’s hands as saliva dripped from the corner of his mouth.

“Wow! He’s a monk from the West Little Buddhism Realm!”

“Can monks eat meat?”

“Do octopus tentacles count as meat? I think so...”

The little monk’s appearance caused an uproar.

After paying the Immortal Crystal, he took the teppanyaki octopus tentacles from Bu Fang and shoved them into his mouth right away. The oil stained his lips while juice dripped from the corner of his mouth.

Suddenly, several monks, who were also clad in yellow robes, pushed through the crowd. When they saw the little monk eating the octopus tentacles, they were rendered speechless.

“You should stop eating now, Junior Brother Fa Shang... It’s our turn to fight in team matches now!”

“Senior Brother Fa Wu... You should try this... It’s f*cking delicious!” The little monk’s eyes gleamed as he handed the remaining tentacles to the other monks.

“Fine, fine, fine... We’ll go and fight our opponent after eating this. After all, this is the West Little Buddhism Realm’s first match, and we can’t afford to be a disgrace...” Senior Brother Fa Wu said helplessly. He really doted on this little junior brother.

He sniffed the steaming teppanyaki octopus tentacles, then opened his mouth and took a bite.

“Dammit! This is f*cking tasty! Owner, give me one more skewer! Oh, no, give me ten more!”

Chapter 1238 Even Though the Wine and Meat Go Through My Body...

‘Senior Brother Fa Wu... please don’t be like that.’

The onlookers were struck dumb when they heard the older monk shout that he wanted ten more skewers of octopus tentacles after taking the first bite.

‘Didn’t you say you will go to fight your opponent after eating? Didn’t you say you will fight for the honor of the West Little Buddhism Realm? Why are you surrendering to a skewer of octopus tentacles?’

Junior Brother Fa Shang also stared blankly at his senior brother, and he thought, ‘Sure enough... these octopus tentacles are delicious!’

“Ten skewers?” Bu Fang looked up at Fa Wu with surprise and arched an eyebrow. “Oh, a monk?”

“Dear benefactor, your octopus tentacles are very tasty,” said Senior Brother Fa Wu, putting his hands together before his chest and bowed.

“Thank you. Have more if you like it. My teppanyaki can be taken out,” said Bu Fang.

Senior Brother Fa Wu’s eyes lit up instantly. “Oh, I can order takeout? That’s a great idea! I can enjoy the food without delaying the competition... Perfect!” Fa Wu grinned.

The other little monks around him also grinned like fools and kept nodding.

The onlookers were already speechless.

‘Your team match is about to start. Even if this owner cooked the octopus tentacles, you also can’t eat them... Most importantly... Can monks f*cking eat meat?! Don’t tell me that octopus tentacles are not meat!’

“Hey, monk! Isn’t your West Little Buddhism Realm the most disciplined, and you are forbidden from drinking wine and eating meat? Are you not afraid of breaking the precepts?” Someone in the crowd couldn’t help asking when he saw the group of drooling monks.

Fa Shang, the little monk who showed up first, put his hands together before his chest, turned to the onlooker, and said, “Buddha once said that octopus tentacles are... not meat.”

The man who asked the question almost coughed blood. ‘When did Buddha say that? Stop lying or you will be struck by lightning!’

Bu Fang kept a calm face. Since they were his customers, he would cook for them.

With a thought, ten skewers of octopus tentacles fell into his hand.

Sizzle...

As oil was drizzled onto the Black Turtle Iron Plate, hot steam rose into the air.

He slapped the ten skewers onto the iron plate. In a flash, hot white steam rushed out of them, spreading toward the group of monks standing in front of the stall. The meaty aroma that came with it was extremely enticing. The monks from the West Little Buddhism Realm couldn’t help taking deep breaths, immersing themselves in the rich fragrance.

Even the onlookers were exclaiming now, their mouths watering. They hesitated just now, but when they saw the monk order so many skewers after eating the first one, they realized that the octopus tentacles must be unusual. It made them want to try it themselves. On top of that, the fragrance that came blowing into their faces smelled really delicious!

What happened next amazed everyone. The chef was cooking ten skewers of octopus tentacles at the same time. He drizzled oil onto the iron plate, which immediately produced a plume of flame that seemed to slither over the plate like a dragon... It was an extremely cool performance.

For a moment, they forgot to remind the monks about the competition.

...

As the contestant of the day’s first team match, the West Little Buddhism Realm team attracted the attention of countless people.

The judge for the match was a Commander. The hierarchy of Earth Prison was strict, and its experts were divided into Prison Generals, Commanders, and Prison Overlords. The Nether King sat atop them all.

Prison Generals' cultivation bases were slightly weaker, but on average, they had all reached the level of Nine-star True Immortal or half-step Saint. Commanders were mostly One-revolution or Two-revolution Little Saints, and Prison Overlords were even stronger.

People had already crowded around the arena.

The square was huge, so although Bu Fang's stall was constantly emitting aroma, it was impossible to attract everyone's eyes. Most of the people were watching the team match in the arena.

Buzz...

A wave of array fluctuation spread and projected onto the arena. Meanwhile, light screens emerged in a corner not far away from the center of the square, which were projected by the array. This was a top-grade projection array Earth Prison had specially prepared for the tournament.

As the fluctuation continued to spread, figures began to emerge across different light screens, and the view of the arena was perfectly projected as well.

Many people in the square exclaimed as they looked curiously at their images on the light screens, some even waved their hands excitedly.

...

Meanwhile, in the Immortal Cooking Realm...

Many immortal chefs had gathered in the square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. There were also stalls selling all kinds of food mixed between the people.

The aroma of food and the smoke and heat from the cooking enveloped the whole square.

A group of people crowded around the center of the square. There was a huge light screen, which was formed by beams of light coming from a profound array built with several talisman stones.

The array was very precious because it could project the images in Earth Prison to the light screen, allowing the people in the Immortal Cooking Realm to watch the competition in real time.

From all the preparations, one could tell that Nether Prison attached great importance to the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path. After all, it had the ambition to combine all the surrounding worlds into one Great Netherworld.

“Look! There are images on the light screen!”

“So this is Earth Prison? It looks so vast...”

“So many people! Are they all the contestants from other worlds?”

It was the first time that these immortal chefs had been exposed to something so novel, and they were all very curious. They brought their own chairs and sat in front of the light screen, watching excitedly at the images.

Of course, as the paradise of chefs, how could there be no food when they were watching the light screen? As a result, the business of the nearby stalls was extremely good.

The immortal chefs all held delicious food, looking at the light screen and immersing in a happy atmosphere.

City Lord Meng Qi, City Lord Zou, City Lord Gongshu Baiguang, and the others sat in the chairs placed in front of the light screen. With their noble status, they naturally enjoyed the best view.

As their breathing quickened, the image in the light screen changed.

The first team match finally kicked off.

...

Clad in dark-red armor, Commander Mo Yuan's face was cold. His hair was grayish-white, but his body was shrouded in a murderous aura.

"The rules of team matches are different from that of the individual matches. Each team will have five contestants, and the team that wins three matches will qualify for the next round," he announced, his husky voice echoing through the whole square.

"Now, I invite both sides of the first team match to step into the arena. The match will be fought between the West Little Buddhism Realm and the East Island Realm."

The audience burst into cheers and roars.

Among the little worlds around the Netherworld, the East Island Realm was a nice world with its own Great Saints. However, they were very unlucky. They had drawn the West Little Buddhism Realm as their opponent for the first match.

Although the Buddhism Realm was a world of monks, these monks were not to be trifled with. The realm's overall strength was not much weaker than Nether Prison.

For the East Island Realm, it was just plain bad luck. Their leader was still blaming his bad luck even now.

As the leader, he was the first one to fight. His cultivation base was very good. In fact, he was a One-revolution Little Saint, which made him one of the top contestants in this tournament. However, he didn't feel relaxed at all.

"Where are the West Little Buddhism Realm's contestants..." Commander Mo Yuan suddenly frowned. It was a defiant gesture to him that after so long, the contestants had not yet taken the stage.

His aura gradually spread, striking fear into the hearts of the experts watching the competition around the arena.

The Prison Overlords watching the competition from a far distance also furrowed their eyebrows.

They wondered if the West Little Buddhism Realm had decided to withdraw from the first match? But then they thought it was impossible because the decision would not fit in with the realm's belief. Although the East Island Realm was strong, those monks had no reason to be afraid of their contestants.

The audience was talking noisily as well. Clearly, many people didn't understand why the West Little Buddhism Realm was late. Were those monks really withdrawing from the match?

Meanwhile, in front of the Little West Pagoda in the West Little Buddhism Realm...

Many acolytes were staring at a light screen with confused and unwilling looks. On the screen, Commander Mo Yuan was calling the contestant of the West Little Buddhism Realm. However, no one answered him.

The East Island Realm experts were already laughing excitedly. They wondered if they were dreaming. Were they really so lucky to have an opportunity to defeat a small world who was strong enough to be one of the top three teams in this tournament? If it were true, it would be their biggest achievement!

Buzz...

In the West Little Buddhism Realm, Buddhas with huge bodies that radiated golden light were staring at the light screen with deep looks in their eyes. The air rang with chanting voices, and dragons and phoenixes could be seen wheeling around them. They were the supreme experts of the realm.

One of the Buddhas seemed to be upset. He pinched his fingers, plucked a flower, and flicked it with his fingers. The flower quivered, letting out a noise that sounded like thunder.

...

In front of Fang Fang Little Stall, Senior Brother Fa Wu took the ten skewers of steaming and fragrant octopus tentacles handed to him by Bu Fang. Grinning from ear to ear, he gave the tentacles a deep sniff. The delicious aroma immediately went into his nostrils, filling his heart with joy.

Suddenly, a thunderous noise rang out in his mind. His expression changed, and so did the other monks, who were staring enviously at the octopus tentacles he was holding.

After paying Bu Fang the Immortal Crystals, Senior Brother Fa Wu grabbed his robes with one hand and ran in the direction of the arena, his other hand holding the ten skewers of octopus tentacles.

“Amitabha! I’m going to be late for the match... I have sinned!”

...

“If the contestant of the West Little Buddhism Realm doesn’t step into the arena now, I’ll consider the team has chosen to withdraw from the match,” Commander Mo Yuan said coldly.

He swept the audience with his eyes and waited for a little while, but nobody came into the arena.

The East Island Realm experts were so happy that they were grinning from ear to ear. They never thought that they would win the first team match in this way. After the tournament, they could tell others with straight backs that they, the East Island Realm, had once defeated the West Little Buddhism Realm.

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the crowd, and then a delicious aroma wafted into the arena.

Boom!

A plume of air thrust into the sky while golden light filled the air. The next moment, a monk, clad in bright red robes and radiated dazzling golden light, floated up from among the crowd. He had a benign face, which made him look like a Buddha.

If one didn’t see the skewer of teppanyaki octopus tentacles in his hand, which was dripping with golden juice, perhaps they would be fooled by Fa Wu’s mighty appearance. He looked rather funny with the octopus tentacles in his hand now.

“Amitabha! Sorry to have kept you waiting...” Fa Wu said kindly.

The East Island Realm expert widened his eyes and opened his mouth, at a loss for words.

Commander Mo Yuan glanced coldly at Fa Wu. His eyes narrowed when he saw the octopus tentacles in the monk's hand.

'Is... Is that food? This monk is eating... meat?! And he even brought the meat into the arena?!'

"How arrogant!" The East Island Realm expert flew into a rage. The monk was not only late but also brought skewers of octopus tentacles into the arena... Was he looking down on the East Island Realm?!

"The West Little Buddhism Realm has gone too far in bullying others!" shouted the other East Island Realm experts.

Many people among the audience were rendered speechless.

However, Fa Wu's expression remained unchanged. He still wore the benign face and was floating in midair.

Even then, he pulled out a tentacle, put it in his mouth, and began to chew. His jaws moved as oil and juice seeped out from the corners of his mouth.

Many people smacked their lips as they watched him eat. The food he was eating looked... delicious.

"You stinking bald donkey! Let's fight now!" The East Island Realm expert growled. The next moment, his aura soared as he leaped like a dragon toward Fang Wu, who was sitting cross-legged in midair and eating Teppanyaki octopus tentacles. As he drew closer, he threw out his fist, causing dust to fly up the air.

A fierce battle was about to unfold.

However, Fa Wu didn't seem to be panicked. After pulling the last piece of tentacle into his mouth with his tongue, he glanced at the East Island Realm expert, who was rushing toward him, and smiled. "Even though the wine and meat go through my body, the Buddha stays evermore in my mind... Dear benefactor, please calm down."

After saying that, Fa Wu flicked his fingers. Immediately, a layer of golden light covered the thin wooden skewer, and then the thin stick shot out, roaring like a divine dragon and radiating blinding golden light.

Rumble!

The East Island Realm expert's fist collided with the wooden stick, and for a moment, they froze in midair.

Even then, the sound of chewing was clearly heard by all. Everyone's eyes went wide.

With a slash, another wooden stick shot out.

The East Island Realm expert roared, but the next instant, he was pierced by the stick and pinned to the arena.

The golden light faded away, and the wooden stick quivered.

Slash! Slash!

One wooden stick after another shot down and stuck into the ground around the expert, trapping him in place.

Fa Wu put his hands together before his chest, nodded slightly, and licked the corners of his mouth.

He slowly descended into the arena, then turned and walked out of it.

“Amitabha! The flavor is perfect, but it's a little bit too spicy for me.”

Chapter 1239 Are There No Worthy Experts From the Immortal Cooking Realm?

The match ended as quickly as it began. A few wooden sticks shot down, and the East Island Realm expert was pinned to the ground by Fa Wu. Of course, there was no killing. The monk had only nailed the man in the arena.

The tails of those wooden sticks were quivering.

The faces of the other East Island Realm experts turned ashy. They didn't expect the match to end so quickly.

Behind the light screens, many experts also watched with wide eyes. The leader of the East Island Realm was a Little Saint, and yet he was so easily defeated.

Although the fight happened in a flash, the struggle within was not as simple as one would have thought. It was a fierce battle, the fight between morale, strength, and mental force. In the end, Fa Wu had defeated the leader of the East Island Realm, suppressed his strength, and overwhelmed his mental force. As a result, a Little Saint was nailed to the ground.

There was no killing, but the result was no less cruel.

The leader of the East Island Realm looked dull and absentminded. The first victory for the West Little Buddhism Realm came so naturally, and the monk was even eating octopus tentacles when he won the match.

His leisurely attitude rendered the East Island Realm experts helpless. After all, the West Little Buddhism Realm was a fearsome world.

There was a break after the first match. The winning side could choose to let the contestant continue to fight the next match or send another contestant. In any case, the team that won three matches won the team competition.

Fa Wu had thought of letting his junior brothers experience the atmosphere of the competition, but when he turned around, he found none of them. The corner of his mouth twitched, and he touched his bald head. He knew without thinking that his junior brothers must be gathering in front of that stall.

"They can really ignore the tournament for the sake of delicious food..." Fa Wu sighed helplessly. In the end, he had no choice but to remain in the arena. It was not something difficult for him, though. With his strength, he could effortlessly defeat all the opponents from the East Island Realm.

Sure enough, the following matches were one-sided ones. Fa Wu defeated all his opponents without showing mercy, and his leisurely look made the whole East Island Realm feel defeated.

For the East Island Realm contestants, it was plain bad luck to have encountered the West Little Buddhism Realm, and they had expected such results. Had it not been for them, their realm would have gone further in the team matches.

They had lost their hopes for the team matches. After losing so miserably, they didn't even have the chance to advance to the next round. Therefore, they could only lay their hope in individual matches. Only in individual matches could they bring honor back to the East Island Realm and exhibit their strength.

...

Meanwhile, there was a long queue in front of the stall.

Bu Fang held a spicy strip between his lips, narrowed his eyes, and cooked skillfully.

Around the stall, many people were holding skewers of steaming and aromatic octopus tentacles, their faces covered in happy smiles.

Juice and oil oozed as the tentacles were being bitten by them, and the chewiness of the meat widened their eyes. It was so delicious that they wished they could have more. Therefore, those who had finished their octopus would go to the end of the queue and wait patiently to buy again.

Xuanyuan Xiahui swallowed with a look of disbelief on his face. He turned to look at Bu Fang, who seemed extremely calm. A great wave was stirring in his heart.

'The Great Demon King is indeed worthy of his reputation. Everything is under his control. He has once again created a miracle, conquering everyone in this strange place with the charm of delicious food...'

Looking at those Immortal Crystals the customers paid him, Xuanyuan Xiahui was dumbfounded.

'A skewer cost ten Immortal Crystals. Owner Bu cooks at least ten skewers and up to thirty skewers at a time, which means he's earning three hundred Immortal Crystals at one time...'

He had thought that a stall would not earn a decent profit, but now it seemed that he was wrong, terribly wrong.

The stall's profit was far beyond his imagination.

Besides, there was only one stall here in the whole square, which belonged to Bu Fang.

Looking at the oily lips and excited faces around him, Xuanyuan Xiahui breathed a long sigh of relief. 'Sure enough, I did the right thing in believing in Owner Bu!'

Mo Yan and Fang Yu were already stunned and confused. The development was completely beyond their expectation.

'The Great Demon King... really managed to get his stall up and running... He really publicized the Immortal Cooking Realm's cuisine...'

As for Zhu Yan, there was an incredulous look in his eyes, which looked funny with his bloody nose and swollen cheeks. He couldn't help but feel shocked when he saw that Bu Fang's business had exploded, that the Immortal Crystals kept pouring in.

However, his expression soon returned to normal. He even looked somewhat desperate. What was the use of running a successful stall? If they lost the competition, they would have to return home.

It was no big deal to go back to the Immortal Cooking Realm, but what upset him the most was that he would become the laughingstock of all and couldn't wash away the shame. He had been in high spirits, wanting to show everyone the dignity of the Immortal Cooking Realm, but now he could only become a laughingstock. How could he not feel upset?

"The next match will be fought between the Immortal Cooking Realm and the Blackwind Continent," Commander Mo Yuan said from the arena. As soon as he said that, the audience watching the competition began to chatter noisily.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was a famous world. After all, it was not weaker than Nether Prison in the past. Of course, today's Immortal Cooking Realm was in decline and no longer had its former reputation, but that had not stopped others from being curious about it.

The Blackwind Continent was a continent near the Abyss. Its strength in this tournament was considered to be below the average. For a truly superior world, it was pitifully weak, but for the Immortal Cooking Realm, it was not weak at all and could even be considered as a tough opponent. It was mainly because Realm Lord Di Tai didn't send any true experts this time.

Far off, when Zhu Yan, who was standing in front of the stall, heard Commander Mo Yuan's words, his face turned pale instantly.

Mo Yan and Fang Yu also heard that, and both of them turned to look at Zhu Yan.

"It's our turn?"

Mo Yan and Fang Yu suddenly became nervous. This was the first time they took part in such a major competition, so naturally, they were very rattled. They had been so surprised by Bu Fang's actions that they had no time to be nervous. Now, they finally came to their senses, and their bodies were shaking.

"You go tell the Great Demon King... Fang Yu and I will go first," Zhu Yan told Mo Yan. He glanced at Bu Fang, who was busy cooking and taking Immortal Crystals from customers. A helpless look flashed across his face, then he turned and walked toward the arena with Fang Yu.

Mo Yan froze in place. It was not until Zhu Yan and Fang Yu had gone that she came to her senses.

She turned to look at Bu Fang, who held a spicy strip between his lips and shouting with the customers. Suddenly, she was a little scared.

"What is it?" Xuanyuan Xiahui glanced at Mo Yan, who appeared to be hesitating, and asked with a frown.

"It's our turn to fight in the team matches. Zhu Yan and Fang Yu already went to the arena... They asked me to inform... the Great Demon King..."

Xuanyuan Xiahui nodded. "Who are we up against? Do you know about their strength?"

“Our opponent is the Blackwind Continent. They have three half-step Saints and two Nine-star True Immortals...” Mo Yan answered. After that, she fell into silence.

Xuanyuan Xiahui nodded again.

Clearly, the Blackwind Continent’s strength was far greater than theirs. It looked like they needed Bu Fang’s help. After all, the results of the team match would affect the honor of the Immortal Cooking Realm, and Xuanyuan Xiahui would not dare to mess with it.

However, before he could say anything, Bu Fang’s voice already rang out beside his ear.

“You go watch the match. Inform me when both of them are defeated. I’m very busy at the moment.” After saying that, Bu Fang continued to cook the octopus tentacles.

That gave Xuanyuan Xiahui a pause. He nodded hurriedly, then ran toward the arena with Mo Yan.

Bu Fang glanced at their departing backs with an indifferent expression.

“Owner, give me ten more skewers!”

“Coming...”

...

When Zhu Yan stepped into the arena, the audience roared with laughter. It was because of his swollen face. The Vajra Realm expert had cunningly beaten him up, causing the injuries to stay on his face even now.

Zhu Yan’s face flushed with embarrassment.

“Haha! So this is the immortal chef of the Immortal Cooking Realm? A guy with a pig’s head?”

“Is he beaten up by someone before stepping into the arena?”

“I heard he’s the leader of the Immortal Cooking Realm team... The once fearsome realm has indeed declined...”

The audience’s laughter resounded incessantly.

“Hahaha! Do you guys see that? I’m the one who beat up that little lizard! I thrashed him well, didn’t I?!” The Vajra Realm expert was laughing in the distance. His voice seemed to send waves across the air, causing people around him to burst into laughter as well.

Zhu Yan’s face shifted between blue and red as he shot a hateful glance at the Vajra Realm expert.

...

Meanwhile, in the Immortal Cooking Realm...

In front of the light screen, all the people were silent and breathing rapidly.

None of them had thought that the contestant of the Immortal Cooking Realm would look so miserable as soon as he stepped into the arena. It was not what they expected.

The head of the Zhu family looked gloomy. The junior of his family was humiliated, and naturally, he was outraged.

It was a humiliation for the Immortal Cooking Realm!

“Fight! Defeat them!”

“Show them the Immortal Cooking Realm’s strength... Beat them to death!”

“Dammit! Chop them with your kitchen knife!”

All the immortal chefs were aflame with indignation. Their anger seemed to be ignited.

...

On the light screen, the battle slowly began.

The Blackwind Continent took their opponent lightly. After all, Zhu Yan was only a Six-star True Immortal, too weak to arouse their interest. Therefore, the Blackwind Continent sent their weakest Nine-star True Immortal to fight the match.

Even though he was the weakest Nine-star True Immortal, he didn't take Zhu Yan seriously.

“So much for the Immortal Cooking Realm...”

Outside the arena...

Mo Yan and Fang Yu were hopeful. They knew Zhu Yan had trump cards, and before they set off, their families had given them excellent things.

The Zhu Family had high hopes for Zhu Yan, so he naturally had more trump cards.

Buzz...

Sure enough, Zhu Yan's expression changed as soon as the battle began. He became serious, and he produced an icy-blue kitchen knife. The moment the knife appeared, the whole arena seemed to turn into an icy field.

“A supreme-grade immortal tool?” The Nine-star True Immortal of the Blackwind Continent narrowed his eyes and took a deep breath. He glanced greedily at the kitchen knife in Zhu Yan's hand.

‘The Immortal Cooking Realm is truly worthy of its reputation. A lean camel is bigger than a horse... Supreme-grade immortal tools are extremely rare in the Blackwind Continent, and yet a mere Six-star True Immortal from the Immortal Cooking Realm could have one. But... this supreme-grade immortal tool will soon be mine!’

With a roar, the Blackwind Continent expert moved. His figure suddenly turned into a dark shadow and emanated a towering aura that kicked up a powerful wind.

The whole arena was shaking.

All of a sudden, a gust of black wind blew over.

Zhu Yan focused his eyes, roared, and swung his kitchen knife, sending countless knife lights to fight the black wind.

However, it was a fight between a Nine-star True Immortal and a Six-star True Immortal. Even though the Six-star True Immortal had a supreme-grade immortal tool, the result was expected.

Accompanied by a cold laugh, Zhu Yan got a few more blows on his swollen head.

Blood spurted from his face as his body spun on the spot before crashing into the arena. His nose and mouth were spraying blood, and his breathing was weak.

The sight of blood excited the audience, making them scream with great excitement.

The Vajra Realm experts, on the other hand, were sneering.

“Weak... He’s too weak. He can’t even defeat a guy from the Blackwind Continent.”

The Blackwind Continent expert walked up to Zhu Yan, who was sprawled on the ground.

Zhu Yan tried to struggle to his feet, but the expert kicked him on the back and threw him back to the ground.

“You...” Blood spurted out of his mouth.

“You’re as weak as a lizard... so you’d better stay on the ground.” Sneering, the Blackwind Continent expert put a foot on Zhu Yan’s head, then snatched the kitchen knife from his grasp. While toying with the knife, he kicked Zhu Yan again and threw him out of the arena.

Xuanyuan Xiahui's face turned bloodless as he clenched his fists. No matter what, Zhu Yan was from the Immortal Cooking Realm. The fact that he was humiliated by someone was like a slap in the realm's face.

Besides...

What happened might have been seen by the whole Immortal Cooking Realm. Their weakness was openly displayed to everyone in the realm, and it was bloody torture to their hearts.

"I'll fight the next match!" Fang Yu roared, already furious. He kicked the ground and leaped into the arena.

Xuanyuan Xiahui gave Fang Yu a deep look. After asking Mo Yan to take good care of Zhu Yan, he turned and walked toward the stall in the distance.

Xuanyuan Xiahui knew that Fang Yu was definitely no match for the Blackwind Continent expert.

However... were there really no worthy experts from the Immortal Cooking Realm?

No... The Immortal Cooking Realm still had Owner Bu, the Great Demon King who could stir up storms!

'Beat them all to death... Owner Bu!'

At the thought of the scene when Zhu Yan was being tortured by his opponent, Xuanyuan Xiahui felt as if a fire was burning in his heart. At this moment, he felt a surge of emotion. He was looking forward to what would happen when Bu Fang stepped into the arena!

The Great Demon King could definitely achieve what they couldn't!

Chapter 1240 Bu Fang Makes a Move!

Octopus tentacles had run out. This was somewhat unexpected to Bu Fang, but it didn't surprise him too much. Anyway, he still had many other kinds of meat, such as demon frogs, dragon claws, and dragon tails. All of them tasted really good.

He placed a piece of demon frog meat on the Black Turtle Iron Plate. A puff of white smoke rose into the sky. With the flat spatula in his hand, he kept pressing the meat, causing the juice in the meat to ooze out. As soon as the milky juice touched the hot plate, it boiled and emitted rolling steam.

The fragrance of frog meat spread, brightening the eyes of the onlookers. Many of them were drooling and staring at the piece of meat on the iron plate, looking eager to try and taste it.

Bu Fang was very calm. Cooking took time, and waiting was a kind of training.

In the distance, Xuanyuan Xiahui was running at full speed toward the stall. His eyes were a little red, his whole body was shaking, and his mood seemed unstable.

The frog meat on the iron plate was cooked. A delicious fragrance wafted out of the red meat. Bu Fang sprinkled some wine and a few drops of oil onto it, and a plume of fire instantly rose and burned over the plate.

At that moment, Xuanyuan Xiahui arrived with bloodshot eyes.

“Why did you come back so soon? They lost?” Bu Fang didn’t stop cooking as he gave Xuanyuan Xiahui a doubtful look.

Xuanyuan Xiahui nodded in silence.

By the look of Xuanyuan Xiahui’s face, Bu Fang knew that those little fellows must have been badly defeated. As for how bad, he wasn’t sure. However, since they lost so quickly, it must be quite serious. This was actually a stimulus to them. If they could overcome this psychological shadow, their future achievements would be unlimited.

Bu Fang exhaled softly and waved at Xuanyuan Xiahui. “Come here.”

“Me?” Xuanyuan Xiahui didn’t quite understand why Bu Fang asked him to come over.

“Help me watch the fire. You just need to keep it at this temperature. I’ll be back in a minute,” Bu Fang said.

Xuanyuan Xiahui’s eyes widened. ‘What did he just say? He’ll be back in a minute? Shouldn’t he just close the stall? Our opponents are no weaklings! They have three half-step Saints and two Nine-star True Immortals! Their strength overwhelms ours!’

He trusted Bu Fang, but if Bu Fang didn’t take their opponents seriously, he might fail miserably!

“Owner Bu...”

Xuanyuan Xiahui got a little worried, but Bu Fang ignored him and just handed him the spatula. Despite his qualms, he took the spatula, and the look in his eyes changed instantly.

Boom!

A horrible impact suddenly hit his mind. He felt as if he had smashed his face against the wall, and blood was going to spurt from his nose and mouth.

‘This is a lot of pressure...’

As soon as he took over Bu Fang’s cooking, Xuanyuan Xiahui immediately felt the horrifying pressure. He had always assumed that Bu Fang’s cooking level was the same as theirs. Now, it seemed that he was really too naive.

‘A Third Grade Immortal Chef? I think Owner Bu’s cooking skill has long reached the level of Qilin Chef!’

The pressure exuding from the demon frog meat made his forehead sweat. He did not dare to be distracted, for he was afraid that if he did, he would ruin the dish.

Bu Fang glanced at all the people who were looking at him and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, I’m sorry, but I have a match to fight. The business will be suspended until I return.”

After that, he put his sleeves down, clasped his hands behind his back, and walked at a leisurely pace toward the arena in the distance.

Everyone around was stunned.

‘What’s this? You’re halfway through the cooking, and now you want to fight a match? How can a match be more important than cooking for us?’

However, they naturally did not say that to him. Instead, many people followed him with curiosity. They thought that if the little chef was badly beaten, they would have no chance of eating his teppanyaki again. They wouldn’t want that to happen.

A group of people had clustered in front of the arena. However, Bu Fang’s arrival brought another group of people. They mixed with the crowd like a river flowing into a greater river, making the place even more crowded and noisier.

Bu Fang walked slowly toward the arena, followed by the monks of the West Little Buddhism Realm, who appeared in the first team match.

Mo Yan saw Bu Fang. Her eyes were red, and there seemed to be tears in them. Leaning against her arm was Zhu Yan, who had been beaten into a pig’s head with blood spurting from his nose and mouth. He looked miserable.

Bu Fang was silent. He felt a little sad. Zhu Yan, who was so arrogant in the beginning, now looked as miserable as a dead dog. He was also slightly angry. For better or worse, Zhu Yan was from the Immortal Cooking Realm, and since he now represented the realm, he could not let others bully them without doing anything. Moreover, Realm Lord Di Tai had asked him to take good care of these little fellows.

In the arena, Fang Yu roared wildly. All his bones were shaking and making a crackling sound. His opponent, the Blackwind Continent expert, was toying with the kitchen knife with one hand while using the other hand to beat him until he could not move.

“Weak... Too weak!” The Blackwind Continent expert grinned, his eyes flashing with contempt.

In the distance, the Vajra Realm experts laughed mockingly, as did the rest of the audience.

“Get out of here!”

“Go back to your puny Immortal Cooking Realm! Don’t come out and make a fool of yourself again!”

“As a cook, you ought to just stay in the kitchen! You shouldn’t come out to compete with experts!”

Laughter and banter filled the air.

Meanwhile, in the Immortal Cooking Realm...

The experts watching the competition through the light screen were furious. They all clenched their fists and felt very aggrieved. They didn’t expect that the Immortal Cooking Realm was so looked down upon and considered weak in the outside world.

“We shouldn’t have sent the juniors!”

“We have Nine-star True Immortals too! We should have sent Nine-star True Immortals to participate in the tournament!”

Some of those experts roared.

City Lord Meng Qi, City Lord Zou, and the others were silent. Looking at the light screen, they also felt sad and depressed. However, they also understood that this was what Realm Lord Di Tai wanted them to see.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was not strong among the worlds around the Netherworld. The realm was no longer a greenhouse, and the people living in it could no longer live in dreams. They had to feel the law of the jungle in the outside worlds, and the tournament could stimulate everyone to cultivate harder and strengthen their cultivation base.

That was Realm Lord Di Tai’s goal.

Still, they felt oppressed when they saw the Immortal Cooking Realm's contestants being abused by their opponents.

"He lost..." Gongshu Baiguang sighed with a complicated look in his eyes.

On the light screen, Fang Yu was cut in the body using the knife the Blackwind Continent expert had seized from Zhu Yan. After that, he was thrown out of the arena, his head nearly crushed.

Everyone in the Immortal Cooking Realm fell into silence.

Fang Yu was defeated. The Immortal Cooking Realm had lost two matches in a row, and one more loss would be the end of their journey in the team matches. Everyone felt bad about it.

In fact, Fang Yu had tried very hard. He fought with all his might, but the gap between him and his opponent was still too wide. A Six-star True Immortal was much weaker than a Nine-star True Immortal.

Fang Yu coughed out a mouthful of blood and turned deathly pale. Before he left the Immortal Cooking Realm, he thought that he was very strong, that he was a favored child of heaven. But when he came here, he finally learned the cruelty of the world and realized that he was only a frog in the well. It turned out that, in fact, he was nothing.

All of a sudden, his body was supported by a gentle force and then slowly placed on the ground.

Not far away, Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back, released his divine will, and controlled Fang Yu's body. Looking at the young man, who was coughing blood, he said in a faint voice, "Don't be discouraged. You're young, and life has its ups and downs."

Fang Yu looked at him blankly.

'Great... Great Demon King? Yes, we still have the Great Demon King!' At that moment, he recalled the miracles that Bu Fang had created. 'Maybe he could save the Immortal Cooking Realm some face...'

However, he was soon disappointed. Along the way, Bu Fang had given him a bad impression.

‘He’s just a guy who depends on women... How can such a guy possibly create miracles?’

Not far away, Zhu Yan woke up. He had an inscrutable expression on his face as tears trickled down his cheeks. He felt that he had disgraced the Immortal Cooking Realm. Beside him, Mo Yan bit her lip with mixed emotions.

Bu Fang controlled Fang Yu’s body with his divine will and placed him next to Zhu Yan.

Zhu Yan looked at Bu Fang with his swollen eyes.

Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance and slightly twitched the corner of his mouth. After that, he clasped his hands behind his back and walked toward the arena.

The Immortal Cooking Realm’s third contestant stepped into the arena.

When the people in the Immortal Cooking Realm saw Bu Fang slowly walking into the arena on the light screen, they fell silent for a few seconds before breaking out into an uproar.

“Wow! It’s the Great Demon King! It’s Owner Bu!”

“The Great Demon King has finally made his appearance! You must show the Immortal Cooking Realm’s dignity to the other worlds!”

“The Great Demon King is invincible!”

Everyone in the Immortal Cooking Realm was boiling at this moment. They could only rely on Bu Fang now. Even those from the aristocratic families who did not like him also clenched their fists, praying nervously in their hearts. Personal feuds really counted for little when it came to the realm’s honor.

“The Great Demon King... Defeat them all!”

As soon as Bu Fang stepped into the arena, he attracted the attention of the whole audience. After a few seconds of silence, the crowd burst out laughing, and the first to do so were the Vajra Realm experts.

“Oh, it’s that little toy boy from the Immortal Cooking Realm! He’s a little lizard who depends on women!”

“So there are still people from the Immortal Cooking Realm who have the courage to stand up? I thought they’d already withdrawn from the tournament!”

“Owner, leave the arena and just stay in the kitchen to cook!”

The audience clamored louder and louder.

On a high platform not far away, You Ji carried the Overbearing Hefty Sword on her back and looked indifferently at the arena. The words of the audience reached her ears and made the look in her eyes turn sharp. She wondered why Bu Fang had the courage to come forward.

‘His cultivation base... Wait...’ Her eyes suddenly narrowed.

The Blackwind Continent expert toyed with Zhu Yan’s kitchen knife and stared at Bu Fang with a playful look in his eyes. “Here comes another guy who wants to die. The Immortal Cooking Realm really produces a lot of crap... Well, I just have to defeat you so all of you can stop dreaming. I’ll be the first contestant in the Blackwind Continent’s history to defeat an entire team of a small world!”

He grinned, and the next moment, he swept out the kitchen knife. With a slash, a flash of light tore through the air and went straight toward Bu Fang’s head with icy energy. At the same time, he moved. His black robe flapped noisily as his body transformed into a gust of black wind and shot toward Bu Fang.

The audience screamed and watched the battle in the arena excitedly.

Zhu Yan and the others from the Immortal Cooking Realm turned pale, while Mo Yan closed her eyes and did not dare to look, fearing that she would see the sad sight of Bu Fang being cut in half by his opponent.

All of a sudden, the clamor stopped.

The black wind flew back abruptly as if it had been hit by a mighty force, while the kitchen knife, which looked like an ice crystal, was held by Bu Fang like a flower.

Everyone was dumbfounded, their faces filled with disbelief. At this moment, a hush fell over the arena.