

Gourmet 1241

Chapter 1241 I“m Also a... Half-step Sain

‘Where am I? What happened? What am I doing?’ The Blackwind Continent expert was stunned. For a moment, he felt that his body did not belong to him. A powerful force smashed him and sent him flying backward, causing his blood and energy to rock inside him. The force was too mighty. He tried to resist, but he couldn’t withstand it at all.

Everyone outside the arena was shocked. They thought the Blackwind Continent expert would still defeat this guy from the Immortal Cooking Realm, but the result was somewhat different from what they imagined. The guy was not beaten up by him.

Boom!

Bu Fang put down the foot that kicked the expert. His Vermilion Chef Robe fluttered in the wind. His face was expressionless, looking extremely indifferent. The next moment, he raised his hand and held the kitchen knife in his hand like a flower.

Buzz...

The kitchen knife was shining brightly, and there seemed to be light flashing across its surface. It quivered slightly, but when Bu Fang took it in his hand, the throbbing of its artifact spirit soon subsided. He flicked his finger on its surface, and the knife began to shiver again.

“The correct way to use a supreme-grade kitchen knife is not like that...” Bu Fang said lightly, glancing at the Blackwind Continent expert, who was thrown to the ground and had his face revealed after the black wind scattered. His voice was not loud, but it resounded through the whole audience.

“You’re courting death!” The Blackwind Continent expert let out a loud roar and immediately stood up, glaring at Bu Fang. A feeling of being tricked made him angry from embarrassment.

“A crap from the Immortal Cooking Realm... How dare you fight back?! Do you think only chefs like you know how to play with kitchen knives? If you’re so good at it, show me the tricks you know!”

His aura spread in all directions while energy danced on his body. The next moment, his eyes turned reddish, and there seemed to be the hiss of wild animals in the air. At the same time, a strong wind rolled up around him again, which spun rapidly and turned into a tornado.

The audience was relieved. They thought the Blackwind Continent expert was defeated. That would be a slap in the face. After all, they had been loudly supporting him just now, and if he were killed the next second, the change would be too dramatic and too fast.

“Dammit! That gave me a fright! Kill the boy toy! What good are you if you can’t even deal with a boy who depends on women?!” The Vajra Realm expert spat, stomped hard on the ground, then roared.

The audience erupted into an uproar once again!

Mo Yan gritted her teeth. A look of surprise came over her face when she saw that Bu Fang was still alive. “The Great Demon King is truly worthy of his reputation... I can’t believe he can hold on for so long!”

Meanwhile, Zhu Yan and Fang Yu clenched their fists. They were desperate for Bu Fang to kill that Blackwind Continent expert!

All the people in the Immortal Cooking Realm cheered with joy. Many nervous faces beamed as they watched Bu Fang have the upper hand at the first move. They all thought that he was indeed the miracle of the Immortal Cooking Realm, for the strength he had shown was indeed extraordinary.

Of course, many more were swearing because the Vajra Realm expert’s words had angered them. The light screen didn’t just show the images, but also the sounds in the arena and the audience.

“Great Demon King! Defeat him!”

“How dare he despise the Immortal Cooking Realm?! Show him how to use a kitchen knife!”

“Owner Bu is mighty!”

...

Naturally, the voices in the Immortal Cooking Realm could not reach Bu Fang's ears, but he could clearly hear the sarcastic remarks around him. Holding the kitchen knife in one hand, he glanced around from the corners of his eyes, then slightly twitched the corner of his mouth.

"You want to know how to use a kitchen knife?" he said indifferently, looking at the black wind swirling not far in front of him. The next moment, he started to walk at a leisurely pace toward it.

The black wind became stronger and stronger, as if it had turned into a tornado that would devour heaven and earth. It was filled with monstrous killing intent, capable of cutting Bu Fang's flesh off his body with its sharp wind force.

Commander Mo Yuan took a step back, squinting and watching coldly. His duty was to control the order in the arena, and killing and death were allowed. The Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path was never meant to be a gentle competition. In his opinion, the previous matches were too boring, and it was time for some blood to spice up the atmosphere.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged in the face of the strong wind. His hair was waving, and his robes were flapping noisily. Looking at the approaching wind, he raised the kitchen knife and said, "Watch carefully, this is how a kitchen knife is used."

Outside the arena, Mo Yan closed her eyes again. She couldn't believe that Bu Fang was stupid enough to fight the wind with a kitchen knife. It was suicide!

Zhu Yan and Fang Yu watched with wide eyes, while the clamor in the air subsided. Everyone was wondering how a kitchen knife was supposed to be used.

Buzz...

As one knife light after another appeared in the air, a huge shadow suddenly emerged behind Bu Fang. Holding a long knife in its hand, it threw its head back and gave a roar, then slashed out the knife. The next moment, the knife light all over the sky converged into a knife that seemed powerful enough to rip the sky apart.

Even then, a domineering aura swept out from Bu Fang's body.

“Overlord Thirteen Blades!”

Knife lights blotted out the sky, roaring and sweeping over the black tornado, filling the air with a constant clanging noise. The next moment, blood sprayed out from the black wind, accompanied by a miserable howl. In the blink of an eye, the black wind had turned into a bloody wind.

Bu Fang put one hand behind his back, then used the other hand to spin the kitchen knife a few times before holding it by the handle.

The wind came to an abrupt end.

With a thud, the Blackwind Continent expert fell to the ground, covered in blood and barely breathing. His clothes were ragged, and he looked very miserable. He seemed to be dying.

The other experts from the Blackwind Continent froze. They couldn’t believe a Nine-star True Immortal was defeated so easily. Also, they didn’t see how the kitchen knife was being used.

“What the hell is going on?!”

Commander Mo Yuan’s eyes lit up as he looked at Bu Fang in surprise, while You Ji, who was watching from a distance, felt a little amazed.

“This guy...”

Boom!

Suddenly, a half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent jumped into the air and landed in the arena. After sending his seriously injured companion to the others, he stared at Bu Fang.

“How dare a mere chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm hurt a man from the Blackwind Continent...” the half-step Saint said coldly, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Among the crowd outside the arena, the Vajra Realm expert who shouted the loudest nearly choked on his own saliva. His eyes widened in disbelief. He couldn’t believe Bu Fang had such strength. Even he was shocked by the quick attack just now.

“Dammit! No wonder he can rely on the Earth Prison Overlord... He’s quite strong... But if I meet him in the arena, I’ll definitely crush his bones one by one!” He laughed, his voice full of sarcasm.

The din around the arena stopped abruptly with the end of the battle. The result surprised everyone. No one could have imagined that the match would end like that.

Mo Yan’s eyes widened in disbelief, and her mouth opened wide enough to fit an egg. “The Great Demon King... won?!”

Zhu Yan was shaking, and Fang Yu laughed even as he coughed blood. It was a great relief to them to see the guy who tormented them in such a miserable state.

‘Screw them, Great Demon King! I will be your loyal supporter from now on!’ Zhu Yan roared in his mind.

Suddenly, a kitchen knife fell from the sky and struck the ground in front of Zhu Yan, making him break out in a cold sweat.

“Take good care of your kitchen knife. As a chef, you can’t let others take your knife with force under any circumstances. You must cherish it as if it is your own life. Do you understand?” Bu Fang said in a faint voice, looking sideways at Zhu Yan.

Zhu Yan grabbed the kitchen knife with a trembling hand, his blood boiling as he thought, ‘You are the chief now, so whatever you say is right!’

After that, Bu Fang turned to look at the half-step Saint. “Let’s fight now. I’m in a hurry,” he said seriously.

“What an arrogant guy! How dare you humiliate me like this?! Do you think you’re invincible after you defeated a Nine-star True Immortal from the Blackwind Continent? You know nothing!” The half-step Saint narrowed his eyes. The next moment, a pike appeared in his hand. With a furious roar, he dashed toward Bu Fang at full speed.

As he approached, the pike vanished into thin air, drifted through the distance between them like a gust of wind, and then struck the ground where Bu Fang was standing. The ground exploded, and the rubble kept flying in all directions.

The half-step Saint roared again. Holding the pike in one hand, he waved it so fast that it seemed to have turned into a wall. He was going to fill Bu Fang's body with holes.

The pressure of a half-step Saint was incredibly strong. The whole arena seemed to have become his stage, enveloped in his killing intent.

“Die!”

Black beams of light suddenly shot toward Bu Fang. However, his hands were still clasped behind his back, and his expression remained indifferent. He kept moving, avoiding all the beams that came at him. The dangerous scene caused many people among the audience to exclaim.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, everyone held their breath as they stared intently at the light screen. The battle was in full swing, making them anxious.

It was a crucial battle that could only be won and not lost. If he lost, the Immortal Cooking Realm's journey in the team matches would be over. However, many people knew that winning this one was really hard because... Bu Fang's opponent was a half-step Saint!

Even some city lords were not half-step Saints. How could Bu Fang defeat an opponent of this level?

However, those who knew Bu Fang thought otherwise.

Meng Qi's eyes glowed as she stared at the light screen. She was just curious about how Bu Fang would teach that Blackwind Continent expert a lesson!

The ground kept exploding, and the air was filled with the shadow of pikes, while sharp energy swept out in every direction. Suddenly, the pike bent and shot abruptly toward Bu Fang's chest.

Bu Fang stopped dodging. Instead, he raised his hand and grabbed the pike.

Boom!

Everyone stared in disbelief.

“You...” The half-step Saint’s pupils constricted. “How dare you do that?!”

“I’m really in a hurry...” Bu Fang said, frowning.

Suddenly, his belt turned into a beam of white light and lashed the half-step Saint, knocking him flying backward.

‘A belt?! He lashed me with his belt?!’

“Do you know the consequences of enraging a half-step Saint?!” said the expert as he raised a hand. His pike pierced through the air toward him, which he caught deftly.

Boom!

The next moment, a fearsome black wind gathered behind him, as if it were blowing out of ancient times.

“This is the top-grade peculiar wind in the Blackwind Continent, which can blow out everything, including even your soul! You have no idea about the horror of a half-step Saint!”

He waved his pike, and the black wind immediately perched on it. A tearing sound rang out, and the void seemed to be crumbling.

A peculiar wind was like an immortal flame. They were both extraordinary things produced by heaven and earth and possessed great power.

The audience burst into an uproar again.

“He is truly worthy to be a half-step Saint! I can’t believe he knows such a terrifying skill!”

The half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent smiled triumphantly and said, “Boy, if you have the next life, remember never to anger a half-step Saint, especially one with a rare natural treasure like me!”

As soon as he had finished speaking, the pike in his hand bent sharply and shot out a crescent-shaped beam.

“Taste my Peculiar Wind Pike! Die now!”

Bu Fang stood in place with his hands clasped behind his back, his face expressionless and his robes flapping noisily. The ground around him exploded continuously as a gust of crescent-shaped black wind kept closing in on him. He twitched the corner of his mouth while looking at the grinning half-step Saint.

“I’m sorry to disappoint you, but I’m also a half-step Saint.”

As soon as his voice rang out, his aura changed. He finally unleashed his divine will, and his cultivation base that had been concealed by the divine will was revealed at this moment! At the same time, his striped red-and-white Vermilion Chef Robe turned crimson and let out a deafening bird cry!

His words made everyone dumbfounded again.

“Ah?!”

The half-step Saint of the Blackwind Continent was so shocked that he could hardly hold his pike!

Chapter 1242 Eat a Meatball to Quell the Fear?

The bird’s cry was loud and clear, and it sounded as if it was coming from the sky. All the people present were shocked. They turned to the arena, and then they saw Bu Fang. His crimson robes fluttered around him, making him look as if he were in a blazing fire. In everyone’s perception, his cultivation base, which had been extremely obscure, became clear and was exploding and rising continuously.

Boom!

It was as if the shackles that bound him were taken off. At this moment, his cultivation base was fully revealed, and an aura of a half-step Saint exuded from his body, towering into the sky. Even then, a pair of flaming wings appeared behind him, accompanied by a loud bird's cry, while flaming feathers kept falling in the air.

It was an amazing sight, and everyone was dazzled by his sudden outburst of power.

His divine will was unexpectedly strong, enveloping him like a layer of hazy golden light. It spread like the sea and pressed on everyone's heart, causing their breathing to become rapid and their pupils to constrict.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him and stood where he was. His faint voice made everyone's mind tremble.

Of all the people, the half-step Saint was the most shocked because he was directly facing the pressure from Bu Fang. To him, it was as if an ant had suddenly become an existence no weaker than himself. It was a feeling that could not be described with words, and it brought a great impact on his mind.

After a brief shock, however, he came to his senses.

"So what if you are a half-step Saint? I have a peculiar wind, and I can blow out your soul and your flesh with it!" he growled. His eyes narrowed at Bu Fang as he tightened his grip on his pike.

The next moment, he stepped forward and dashed toward Bu Fang, following the black crescent-shaped slash shot out by the Peculiar Wind Pike.

Rumble!

The audience outside the arena held their breaths and were completely captivated by the intensity of the fight.

In the arena, Bu Fang's robes fluttered noisily. His expression grew serious in the face of his opponent's powerful attack. With a shake of his hand, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his

grip. As soon as the knife appeared, a dragon roar rang out, and it emitted a dazzling golden light, attracting everyone's attention.

“DIE NOW!” roared the half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent.

The ground kept crumbling as if the topmost layer had been lifted, while oppressive blasts kept blowing toward Bu Fang.

Even then, he raised his kitchen knife and gently swung it at the black crescent-shaped pike light. It was a simple and direct cut, but as soon as it appeared, the atmosphere in the arena changed.

Boom!

A vague shadow suddenly emerged behind Bu Fang. It seemed to have come out of the void, emitting a very terrible aura as it stood above the sky and looked down at the vast world. In its hand, it held a knife so powerful that it seemed to cut the sky to pieces.

The next moment, the shadow brought the knife down. Heaven and earth seemed to have quieted down, as if even if a deity descended now, he would be beheaded by this knife as well.

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style,” Bu Fang said in a cool voice, his face expressionless.

In the blink of an eye, a golden knife light burst out of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and collided with the black crescent-shaped pike light. A deafening rumble resounded through the sky, and powerful blasts swept out in all directions.

The half-step Saint followed the pike light to give Bu Fang a fatal blow. However, he never expected that Bu Fang's attack would be so powerful. In a flash, his black wind and pike light crumbled and disappeared, and then the knife light continued to approach him. It was too late for him to dodge, so he had to fight it with his flesh. He thrust out his pike, crashing it with the knife light.

The next moment, his chest exploded, and his body flew backward like a cannonball, smashed to the ground, and was pushed out of the arena by a mighty force.

The audience fell into a dead silence.

Ever since Bu Fang revealed his half-step Saint cultivation base, he had been suppressing his opponent, whether in momentum, mental force, or even skills. The end result was that the half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent, who had thought he could win, was defeated with only one stroke of a kitchen knife.

The air was thick with the smell of the half-step Saint's blood.

The previously clamoring audience was petrified. No one thought that the weak Immortal Cooking Realm had quietly produced a half-step Saint, who managed to turn the tide at the last moment by defeating two contestants from the Blackwind Continent in a row. It was like a slap in everyone's face, for almost all the audience had supported the Blackwind Continent.

The Vajra Realm expert's face grew dark as if he had constipation, and his eyes widened in disbelief. He punched the ground and said, "Dammit! Rubbish! All the contestants from the Blackwind Continent are crap! I can't believe they can't even defeat this lizard... Garbage!" His forehead was covered with veins as he flew into a rage.

Bu Fang's true cultivation base surprised everyone. Although a half-step Saint was nothing to them, the sudden increase in his strength still frightened them. They all thought that perhaps the Immortal Cooking Realm could go further in this tournament.

"Amitabha! This poor monk knew from a look at Owner that he's not an ordinary man."

"A man who can cook such delicious dishes is naturally not ordinary..."

"Owner, it's boring to fight and kill. Just finish the fight and go back to cook teppanyaki for us!"

After a moment of silence, someone in the audience spoke. Bu Fang surprised everyone with his strength, but the experts who had tasted his teppanyaki octopus tentacles still preferred his cooking.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched when he heard them. Soon, the golden light faded away. He put the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife away, clasped his hands behind his back, and stood in the middle of the arena with an expressionless face.

His image was transmitted to all the surrounding worlds through the projection array.

The team match had attracted a lot of attention.

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The whole square in the Immortal Cooking Realm was silent. Everyone was staring blankly at the light screen. Some people rubbed their eyes, wondering if their eyes had deceived them. However, when they saw the figure on the light screen, the man who clasped his hands on his back and stood in the middle of the arena, their blood boiled.

“He won! The Great Demon King has won!”

“The Great Demon King is invincible! He didn’t disappoint us!”

“He really is the Great Demon King who always walks at the forefront of miracle creation! He shocked us all once again!”

The Immortal Cooking Realm experts burst into an uproar. They talked to each excitedly, unable to restrain their emotions. Many vendors in the square even offered a fifty-percent off on their food because of excitement. The aroma of food, the heat coming from the stoves, and the excitement of the people were mixed together, making the whole square very lively.

Meng Qi was smiling. ‘I knew this would happen... Bu Fang’s strength is always hard to see through, and he never lets anyone down.’

...

‘He won?!’ Mo Yan gawked at the heroic figure standing in the arena. She couldn’t help getting excited. ‘He relies on women? A boy toy? A greedy peddler? No... All these are our false perceptions of him. It turns out that our arrogance is so laughable in the Great Demon King’s eyes. He’s really very strong!’

Zhu Yan’s swollen face was filled with excitement. Bu Fang had won two matches in a row, and as long as he won the next one, he would lead the Immortal Cooking Realm team to the next round. How could this not excite him? Of course, he also felt guilty and ashamed to face Bu Fang. After all, he had been so arrogant and impolite to him. He thought that the Great Demon King was getting

old, and he had not taken him seriously. That, it now seemed, was just his wishful thinking. The Great Demon King didn't take him seriously at all. Now he finally understood why Realm Lord Di Tai had asked the Great Demon King to take care of them. It turned out that Bu Fang really had the strength to do that.

'Dammit! From now on, I'm a loyal supporter of the Great Demon King!'

"Bah! He had just defeated a half-step Saint, one that came from a backward world, and yet they all acted as if they had won the tournament. What a bunch of bumpkins," said the Vajra Realm expert coolly, his huge muscles twitching. Looking at Zhu Yan, who was laughing excitedly, he sneered discontentedly. He just didn't like how Zhu Yan looked so excited with that swollen face.

"What the f*ck are you excited about?"

The Vajra Realm expert's voice rang beside Zhu Yan's ears, filling his eyes with anger.

In the arena, Commander Mo Yuan announced Bu Fang's victory, then asked him if he needed rest.

"I'm in a hurry. Let's just move on to the next match. Otherwise, the meat I'm cooking will burn," Bu Fang said, twitching the corner of his mouth.

Although Xuanyuan Xiahui was also an immortal chef, he might not be able to handle the demon frog meat. It was because the meat contained Bu Fang's spiritual pressure. If he couldn't handle it, the meat would burn.

Bu Fang's words made everyone gasp.

"How arrogant he is..."

"When did the Immortal Cooking Realm have such arrogant people?"

"Does he really think that by defeating a half-step Saint, he has won the whole world?"

"The Blackwind Continent is just a small world, and the strongest experts there are only half-step Saints... What has he got to be proud of?"

Even then, another expert stepped into the arena. He was the other half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent. As he made his appearance, a terrible aura swept through the audience. His eyes were full of violence, and he even had the Blackwind Continent's Will of the Great Path swirling above his head.

"This half-step Saint... has almost fully stepped into the Little Saint realm!"

"His aura is not much weaker than that of a Little Saint! This chef is in trouble..."

"He has begun to fuse with the Will of the Great Path. This kind of strength is far greater than the mentally retarded half-step Saint just now! The chef's going to be severely beaten!"

Looking at the mighty half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent, the audience chatted noisily, their eyes beaming with excitement. They were not happy with Bu Fang. To them, it was boring for an underdog to turn the tide and defeat the strong one. What they wanted was blood, and what they wanted to see was a weakling being tortured by an expert! That was what got them excited! They didn't want to be shocked. They wanted excitement!

"Kill him!"

The audience roared and clamored outside the arena.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows and looked at the half-step Saint standing opposite him.

"I thought I didn't need to fight... I didn't expect the Immortal Cooking Realm to hide so deep. You made a Six-star True Immortal your leader, while your real expert is waiting to surprise your opponents... You despicable reptiles!" The half-step Saint's eyes turned red as he growled.

Boom!

There was once again a black wind in the arena. Compared with the previous half-step Saint, this one was indeed much stronger. The scene made many people nervous again.

The Immortal Cooking Realm experts watching through the light screen quieted down. Their eyes were fixed on the screen, and their hearts were praying. They had passed one obstacle, but they met another right away. How far could they go?

Zhu Yan and his companions clenched their fists with mixed emotions.

“Can the Great Demon King... still create miracles?!”

Boom!

The black wind kicked up a cloud of sand. Suddenly, the Blackwind Continent’s Will of the Great Path descended from the sky, turned into a huge hand full of mighty pressure, and slapped down toward Bu Fang.

“I’m going to slap you into meat paste!”

There was a roar of rage as the last half-step Saint of the Blackwind Continent mustered all his energy and threw out a palm. The attack shocked many people, as it was as powerful as that of a Little Saint!

Many experts from other small worlds of the same standard as the Blackwind Continent looked wary, and they told themselves to watch out for this half-step Saint’s attack in the upcoming matches should they were to fight each other. At the same time, they were very excited because they would finally see the little reptile from the Immortal Cooking Realm be slapped to death!

“What will the chef use to resist a palm that has the Will of the Great Path? A kitchen knife?!”

No one could have predicted how Bu Fang would fight this move.

His mind stirred, and suddenly, a meatball appeared in his hand, blooming with bright golden light. Then, with a straight face, he lifted the meatball and took a bite. The meatball split open, and a rich aroma burst from it.

The scene left everyone dumbfounded again!

“A meatball? I can’t believe he pulled out a meatball during the match!”

“Is it because this little chef knows he’s going to lose, so he wants to eat a meatball to quell his fear?!”

“Is this guy here to joke around?!”

Chapter 1243 Big Brother with Big Breasts and No Brain

“A meatball?” The audience was somewhat speechless.

“Everyone knows that you are a chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm. You don’t have to pull out a meatball in the arena to prove who you are.”

“But... That meatball is surprisingly fragrant.”

Many people watched Bu Fang as he put the meatball into his mouth and slowly took a bite. Shortly after, they all smelled the strong, intoxicating aroma that wafted out of it.

“It seems really delicious!”

Some were so amazed that they swallowed. They couldn’t understand why they would be attracted to a meatball. However, they soon came to their senses and stared at Bu Fang, wondering how a meatball could win the match for him.

Meanwhile, the top half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent sneered. His cold laughter came from the spinning black wind as the huge invisible hand condensed of the Will of the Great Path mercilessly slapped down at Bu Fang.

Commander Mo Yuan watched coldly and didn’t intervene. His eyes were flashing. He was a little curious about how Bu Fang would cope with his opponent’s move. After all, the match had already involved the Will of the Great Path. In other words, it had escalated to the level of Little Saints, and he knew that this level would be the standard for future matches. In this tournament, half-step Saints couldn’t last to the end.

“A meatball?” Commander Mo Yuan squinted at Bu Fang.

Not only him, but many people also exclaimed in surprise.

“I think this boy has lost all hope! He wants to eat his fill before he dies, so he will not become a hungry ghost after death!” The Vajra Realm expert grinned and mocked outside the arena.

Many people around him agreed with him. However, there were also others who looked serious, such as the monks from the West Little Buddhism Realm, the blond experts from the Winged Man Valley, who wore masks and had pure-white feathered wings on their backs, and the Wandering Soul Realm experts, whose faces were deathly pale.

Their perceptions were very strong, and the top experts among them had even condensed divine wills. Therefore, they could sense the terrible power contained in the golden meatball in Bu Fang’s hand and the Will of the Great Path in it. They didn’t dare to underestimate the meatball, and they couldn’t predict who would be the final winner of the match. However, they also wondered why the meatball contained the Will of the Great Path, and what a meatball could achieve.

On the other hand, the people in the Immortal Cooking Realm were fired up. Yes, they were actually looking forward to what would happen next. When they saw Bu Fang take out the meatball, they couldn’t contain their excitement.

Of course, some people were confused, but then the immortal chefs around them excitedly explained to them.

“The meatball is the Great Demon King’s terrifying weapon!”

“It’s the Great Demon King’s gourmet bomb, and it’s invincible!”

“Do you know how the Great Demon King stood against an army alone?”

“That’s right! He did it with meatballs, the magical meatballs!”

The immortal chefs chattered excitedly as they stared at the light screen, eager to see the explosion caused by the meatball. This time, they trusted Bu Fang without reservations. After all, there were no other meatballs in this world like his.

Buzz...

The palm that blotted out the sky came slapping down. The arena began to crack as if it could not withstand the tremendous force. Rubble rolled down, and under the mighty pressure, broke and crumbled into powder. Since this was only the preliminary round, Earth Prison had not prepared stronger arenas. As a result, it began to break as soon as a move that contained the Will of the Great Path was used.

Boom!

Bu Fang stood where he was. The meatball, half-bitten by him, was spewing hot steam and twitching violently in his hands as if it couldn't wait to leave his grip and destroy everything. He held it between his fingers with an indifferent look. As the pressure came falling down, the Vermilion Chef Robe flapped noisily and clung to his skin.

Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes, and with a flick of his finger, the meatball shot out, flying in a graceful curve toward the hand that was falling from the sky.

"A mere meatball... also wants to resist the destruction of the Will of the Great Path? Go to hell, you little reptile from the Immortal Cooking Realm!" the half-step Saint of the Blackwind Continent roared as he stood in the void, his body looming in the black wind.

Even then, the golden meatball soared into the sky and collided with the palm.

Boom!

With a loud rumble, the palm was suddenly torn apart.

Buzz...

The meatball whistled with steam rising from it, while its speed kept increasing. Eventually, it turned into a golden shooting star, pierced out of the invisible palm condensed of the Will of the Great Path, and shot straight toward the half-step Saint.

Boom!

An explosion broke out in the sky. Flames swept in all directions, filling everyone's vision. The crowd gasped and couldn't believe what they saw.

"The meatball exploded!"

"This is so bizarre! Does the Immortal Cooking Realm have such means now? Meatballs that will explode?"

A miserable scream rang through the void. The half-step Saint from the Blackwind Continent was enveloped in flames. He kept howling and struggling, but he couldn't get rid of them—the flames grew stronger when there was a wind. Before very long, he was completely devoured by the flames.

Down below, the audience fell into silence. The people who saw this didn't know what to say. They thought the half-step Saint would crush his opponent, but in the end, he was the one who was being crushed. The chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm didn't even make a move but just threw out a meatball to defeat him. Such a method was truly extraordinary.

The Vajra Realm expert didn't know what to say anymore. His mouth twitched as he stared at the void.

Among the audience, some were astonished, some were shocked, and some had monstrous killing intent in their eyes.

The contestants from the Abyss were all clad in blood-colored robes. They were elites carefully selected from the law enforcement team, and their aura and strength were very strong. Looking at the explosion in the sky, their eyes were full of killing intent.

They were very familiar with the meatball, the explosion, and the flames in the sky because countless of their brothers were killed by similar explosions.

The guy from the Immortal Cooking Realm who destroyed their array had finally shown up.

"Captain..." an Abyss expert said to their leader.

“It’s not the right time. If you meet any contestant from the Immortal Cooking Realm in the arena... Show no mercy!” A cold voice resounded through the air, and the contestants from the Abyss all nodded.

The battle ended in a way that no one expected. The contestants of the Blackwind Continent turned pale. Not only them, but everyone watching the match on the light screen in their homeland also turned white with fear. They couldn’t believe that the top half-step Saint from their world would be killed by a meatball and lost the match in such an ugly way. It was probably the worst defeat in history, being killed by a meatball.

With a thud, the half-step Saint fell miserably into the arena. Although he was not dead, he was seriously injured. Now that Bu Fang’s cultivation base had improved a lot, it was not difficult for him to severely injure a half-step Saint with an Explosive Meatball.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang glanced at the miserable half-step Saint, then turned to Commander Mo Yuan.

“The winner is the Immortal Cooking Realm team,” announced the commander as he gave Bu Fang a deep look.

Upon hearing the announcement, Zhu Yan burst into tears of joy, Mo Yan put a hand over her mouth, and Fang Yu waved his fist excitedly. They made it to the next round!

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched slightly as he thought, ‘Good. I should go back and continue cooking, or else the demon frog meat will really burn.’

When Commander Mo Yuan announced that the match was over, Bu Fang took out a velvet rope from the System’s storage space, tied his hair with it, and walked slowly out of the arena. His calm look made the female immortal chefs watching the match on the light screen in the Immortal Cooking Realm scream incessantly.

To them, this handsome, cool, and indifferent Great Demon King exuded a different kind of attraction.

Tap, tap, tap...

With his hands clasped behind him, Bu Fang walked toward his stall. Suddenly, he stopped. A hand appeared in front of him and was slapping toward his head. His eyes narrowed slightly, while the people who had been watching him all cried out. Even then, he raised his bandaged arm and collided with the hand.

A loud bang rang out as a tremendous force erupted from the hand. Bu Fang felt his body tremble slightly. He raised his eyes in surprise and saw that it was none other than the Vajra Realm expert who was blocking him.

The big guy had a shocked look on his face as if he didn't expect Bu Fang to be able to resist his slap with pure physical strength.

"What's the matter?" Bu Fang looked at the big guy with a straight face.

The expert grinned and was about to speak, but Bu Fang cut him off. "Don't say anything. I don't want to listen to you now. If you continue to block me, my frog meat will burn. If the meat burns, can you pay for it?"

The man's face turned purple as he stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes. "Dammit! I'm so f*cking sick of you that I want to trash-talk you! Why are you talking about your frog meat?!"

Bu Fang sighed, drew back his hand from the expert's palm, and said in a faint voice, "Guys... this big brother with big breasts and no brain stopped me from cooking. What do you think I should do?"

The Vajra Realm expert was stunned. 'Big breasts with no brain? Who the f*ck do you say has big breasts and no brain? These are my pectoral muscles! Do you know what a pectoral muscle is?!'

"Dammit... You're courting death!"

The burly guy flew into a rage. However, he soon felt a chill. He felt as if there were many murderous eyes looking at him from behind, and that gave him a pause.

"Amitabha! My dear benefactor with big breasts and no brain... What you did is wrong." The monk, Fa Wu, suddenly appeared in front of him.

The Vajra Realm expert's eyes went wide. "An eminent monk of the West Little Buddhism Realm?"

The next moment, he saw a fist getting bigger and bigger. In a twinkling, it hit him in the eye. To his disbelief, the monk rolled up his robes and was the first to beat him.

"Dammit! F*cking eminent monk... How dare you hit me?! You bald donkey!"

He flew into a rage and growled. However, his voice came to an abrupt stop, because in addition to Fa Wu, there was a large group of people in front of him. Many of them were experts from small worlds stronger than his world, sending shivers down his spine.

"I..." The Vajra Realm expert wanted to say something, but as soon as he made a sound, he was drowned by the crowd and could only whimper sadly.

Bu Fang shook his head. 'Is the wrath of foodies so easy to hold back? He is too young, too naive...'

"Dammit! Little lizard from the Immortal Cooking Realm, just you wait! If we meet in the arena, I'll break your bones one by one... Ouch! Who is it? Don't touch my chest!" The Vajra Realm expert's angry voice rang out from the crowd.

Looking at the commotion outside the arena, the audience was rendered speechless.

Bu Fang didn't linger. Under the stunned gaze of Zhu Yan and others, he walked straight away from the arena.

In front of Fang Fang Little Stall, Xuanyuan Xiahui's eyes grew wider and wider as sweat poured out of his body like a waterfall, flowing all over the ground. His eyes were bloodshot, and his mental force was almost fully exhausted. The pressure from the demon frog meat on the iron plate was about to crush him.

'Owner Bu, why haven't you come back yet? I can't hold on any longer!'

Just when his nerves were so tense that they were about to break, a powerful mental force suddenly poured over, enveloped his mental force, and relieved him of all the pressure. He looked up and saw Bu Fang coming toward him.

...

It was not until Commander Mo Yuan shouted at them that the fight in front of the arena stopped. The crowd dispersed and swaggered toward Fang Fang Little Stall, which aroused the curiosity of many people.

Commander Mo Yuan glanced at the Vajra Realm expert, who had been beaten black and blue, and thought, 'He who plays with fire gets burned...' Then, he gave the jade talisman in his hand a look, cleared his throat, and announced, "The next match is between the North Cloud Sea team and the Abyss team."

Chapter 1244 The Immortal Cooking Realm Is Being Targeted

The Vajra Realm expert was not only beaten up in front of the arena but also groped by someone in the chest. On top of that, the scene was transmitted to all the small worlds by the projection array. It made him the laughing stock of countless people.

"How dare he stand in the Great Demon King's way? He's courting death!

"The moral of the story is never underestimate any chef, because behind every chef, there are probably thousands of foodies, especially awesome chefs."

"He thinks he can bully the Great Demon King because he has a big chest? Dammit! Give his chest a punch for me!"

Everyone in the Immortal Cooking Realm was cheering as they ate delicious food and enjoyed the Vajra Realm expert's miserable howl.

Meanwhile, in the Vajra Realm, countless experts stared speechlessly at the light screen. After some time, someone broke the silence and said, "This fellow has disgraced us all! I can't believe he got beaten up by so many people at the same time. This scene is transmitted to other small worlds... I think the name 'Vajra Realm expert with a big chest and no brain' will soon be well-known..."

...

More people were curious about the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm. They couldn't understand why so many experts, including a prominent monk from the West Little Buddhism Realm, stood up for him. Bringing with them their doubts, these people followed the group of men who had finished beating the burly guy as they headed to Bu Fang's stall.

Before they could get close to the stall, they already smelled the rich aroma of meat in the air. The taste was unusual and had a unique flavor, which made their hearts beat faster.

"It smells delicious! The taste is simply intoxicating!"

"Why is it so fragrant?"

"Is that the smell of barbecue? No, it's a taste that's hard to put into words! I've never tasted something that smells like this!"

The group of people chattered and fixed their eyes on a stall not far away. The chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm, who had just shown his prowess in the arena, was busy cooking behind the stall with his sleeves rolled up. He grabbed a handful of meat skewers and pressed them all on an iron plate, filling the air with the unique aroma.

"Owner Bu! Give me a skewer of teppanyaki demon frog!"

"A skewer is not enough for me! I want ten skewers!"

"Owner, give me as many as you have!"

...

There was a long line of people at the front of the stall. Everyone's eyes seemed to be spitting fire as they stared at the meat skewers on the iron plate, looking hungry and couldn't wait to taste the food.

The sight startled those who had just arrived.

“What? He actually set up a stall near the arena? And the business seems to be booming?!”

Many people’s expressions changed slightly at the smell that filled the air. The aroma of the food stimulated their taste buds, causing their mouths to salivate and their bellies to growl.

“I can’t stand it anymore. I’m going to buy a skewer and taste it myself!”

Immediately, another group of people joined the long line in front of the stall.

Zhu Yan and his companions had already been stunned by the booming business of the stall. They were in awe of Bu Fang now. Both his fighting capacity and the popularity of his stall were completely beyond their imagination. Moreover, when they smelled the meaty aroma in the air, their appetites were also aroused.

“Because there are too many people, each person can now only buy one meat skewer at a time. If you want to eat another, please queue up again...”

Looking at the dense crowd, Bu Fang felt a little headache. However, his mood was cheerful and happy. In just a short time, his sales had reached a very frightening figure.

Demon frog meat was more popular than octopus tentacles. Every customer couldn’t wait to try it because it was more flavorful and chewy.

Before this, Bu Fang’s rule was that each person could only buy ten meat skewers at the most. He could cook thirty to forty skewers at a time, so he could complete orders for three to four people. It was a good speed, but he thought it was still too slow. Therefore, he made a change to limit each person to buy one skewer at a time. It was a lot faster, and he could serve thirty to forty people at a time, and as efficiency increased, customers who were impatient to wait had become less grumpy.

Fa Wu rolled up his robe, grinning from ear to ear. He held in his hand a skewer of reddish-brown demon frog meat, which was covered in a sauce that made it look particularly tempting. The layers of the steaming meat were very noticeable. When he gave it a deep sniff, the slightly spicy smell immediately squeezed into his nostrils and made him salivate even faster.

He tore off a small piece of meat with his teeth. The frog was actually white under its reddish-brown skin, and the texture was extremely smooth and chewy. The aroma of meat enveloped his taste buds and made him deeply intoxicated. His lips were oily, and his face was red.

The stall's booming business caused a great uproar, and because the food was delicious, its reputation quickly spread among the crowd.

After buying from the stall, some people took their meat skewers around the arena and ate them while watching the match. This caused dissatisfaction among other audiences. Many people lost their interest in the competition and stared at the meat skewers in those people's hands from time to time, and then those satisfied customers would always be kind enough to tell them where to buy the food. As a result, more and more people joined the queue to buy teppanyaki. Many people found the match a little boring without a meat skewer in their hands.

...

The next match was between the Abyss team and the North Cloud Sea team.

The North Cloud Sea was a small world that was not very strong, but it was not weak either. There were no Little Saints in its team, but all its contestants were half-step Saints. That made their overall strength stronger than that of the Blackwind Continent.

As for their opponent, the Abyss, most people didn't know much about it because it had been a vassal world of Nether Prison until recently. Although many people had heard of its name, and many people from other small worlds would choose it as their destination if they were to flee from their homes, they didn't have a clear understanding of its strength.

The contestants of the North Cloud Sea were all very proud.

In the arena, an Abyss law enforcer wearing a blood-colored robe hung his arms at his sides. Opposite him was an expert from the North Cloud Sea, who was holding a meat skewer in his hand. A delicious aroma wafted out of the meat, causing an uproar among the audience.

"He's gone too far! How can he eat a meat skewer in the arena?"

"Bastard! I waited in line for half a day just to buy one meat skewer!"

"Finish it before starting the fight! Don't waste such delicious food..."

Many people outside the arena stared at the North Cloud Sea expert and shouted loudly.

The expert grinned, lifted the skewer, and took a bite of the meat. Dripping with oil, the springy meat was separated from the wooden stick, and he chewed it with relish. The other contestants from the North Cloud Sea were also eating meat skewers.

The scene was transmitted to many surrounding worlds through the projection array.

“Wow! What’s he eating?”

“This is absurd! How can he eat during the match? This is sheer nonsense!”

“The meat skewer looks delicious! I want to try it...”

Looking at the light screens, many experts in the surrounding worlds felt their mouth water. The appearance of the meat skewer had made the boring matches more interesting and thus attracted more people to watch it.

“Just a minute, brother. Let me finish this meat skewer first, and then we’ll start the match. Such delicious food is not to be wasted,” the expert from the North Cloud Sea said to his opponent while chewing the demon frog meat.

Commander Mo Yuan looked speechlessly at him. ‘Is eating really that important to you?’ he thought.

“Well, I’ll wait for you...” the Abyss expert smiled darkly. His voice sounded a little cold.

The next moment, a powerful aura burst from him, then his body abruptly turned into a bloody beam of light and shot forward at full speed. At the same time, he produced a black scythe and slashed it out at the North Cloud Sea expert.

The Abyss expert shocked everyone with his move. The oppressive pressure that emanated from him and made everyone breathless told the audience that he was a... Little Saint. No one expected this low-key expert to be a Little Saint.

With a slash, a head shot up into the sky while blood spilled all over the ground.

The Abyss expert put the scythe on his shoulder, held the bitten meat skewer in his hand, and sneered. “I don’t have much time to wait for you.” After that, he threw the skewer on the ground, stomped on it with his foot, and gave it a twist.

The body of the North Cloud Sea expert fell to the ground with a thud.

“He’s killed just like that?!”

“It seems a bit... cruel... The experts of the Abyss are indeed murderous...”

“It’s a pity that the meat skewer is wasted! It’s a shame to waste food!”

The audience was in an uproar. The North Cloud Sea expert was killed with just one move. It was the first killing so far in the team matches. In the match between Bu Fang and the Blackwind Continent expert, although he used an Explosive Meatball, he had only wounded his opponent. This Abyss expert, on the other hand, didn’t hesitate to kill and had cut off the head of his opponent with just one slash.

Commander Mo Yuan narrowed his eyes as a cold smile brushed his lips. ‘Yes... This is more like it. Matches with no blood or death are just boring!’

The other North Cloud Sea contestants froze. After a while, they all roared angrily. The death of a teammate, for them, was a huge blow. Their eyes turned red with rage, and some growled in suppressed voices.

“A bunch of rubbish. I alone can kill all of you!” The Abyss expert laughed coldly. His arrogant attitude made many people gasp. Carrying the scythe on his shoulder, he stepped out from the arena, while another Abyss expert, who was also clad in a blood-colored robe, stepped into it.

An expert rushed out from among the North Cloud Sea contestants with the North Cloud Sea’s Will of the Great Path swirling over his head. “How dare you kill my brother? The Abyss will pay for this!” He growled furiously, his eyes bloodshot. The next moment, a powerful aura exploded out from him and turned into layers of waves, surging fiercely toward his opponent, while the Will of the Great Path fused with these waves and filled them with destructive power!

The Abyss expert's face beneath his blood-colored robe flashed a sneer of disdain, his black lips parted. The next moment, his robe exploded, and his body turned into a bloody beam of light, shooting straight into the waves that were coming toward him. With a boom, the waves with the Will of Great Path were knocked away by him.

"If this trick is used by a Little Saint, I might have been afraid. However, you are just a half-step Saint... A piece of rubbish."

A bloody beam of light appeared in front of the North Cloud Sea half-step Saint, and the next moment, two scythes were placed around his neck. With a slash, a stream of blood shot up into the air. A few seconds later, a head fell from the sky.

Another half-step Saint from the North Cloud Sea was killed. His body collapsed on the ground with a thud that exploded like a drum in everyone's ears.

The contestants from the Abyss were indeed ruthless!

Everyone outside the arena fell silent. This Abyss contestant was another Little Saint, which showed that the Abyss had come prepared.

Two of the North Cloud Sea experts had died in a row. A sad atmosphere enveloped the remaining contestants. Suddenly, a roar rang out as their strongest expert rushed into the arena, and then his energy began to boil. In the shocked eyes of the audience, he chose this moment to forcibly break through a higher realm. He was a peak half-step Saint, and he originally planned to break through and become a Little Saint during the tournament. However, he didn't expect that two of his teammates would be dead before he could do that.

The Abyss expert in the arena stuck out his tongue and licked the blood on his scythes. With a cold face, he slowly turned and left the arena.

The next moment, another figure in a blood-colored robe jumped out from among the Abyss contestants, raised a black pike, and threw it out with all his might. Accompanied by a sonic boom, the pike hit the North Cloud Sea expert in an instant.

With a bang, the pike bounced back, but the Abyss expert quickly grabbed it with a hand and thrust it out again, piercing the body of the half-step Saint who was making a breakthrough.

Apparently, this contestant from the Abyss was also a Little Saint.

“Damn Abyss...” The North Cloud Sea expert’s eyes went wide in disbelief as he made an attack and knocked his opponent back.

The Abyss expert coughed up a mouthful of blood, but as he flew back, he threw out the pike in his hand, which pierced the North Cloud Sea half-step Saint’s head and nailed him to the ground.

Blood poured from the half-step Saint’s head.

The Abyss expert landed in the arena with a boom. His blood-colored robe had been torn, revealing the scars on his body. He wiped the blood from the corners of his mouth with the back of his hand and said, “Bah... A piece of rubbish.” With a disdainful sneer on his face, he went to the body and pulled out his pike.

The audience fell into silence, and some even forgot to eat the meat skewers in their hands. The brutality of the Abyss experts shocked them all, and it was then that they realized that the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path was not just a game.

Holding the bloody pike, the Abyss expert sneered and said, “Our chief has said that what happens to the rubbish from the North Cloud Sea is what will happen to the reptiles from the Immortal Cooking Realm. Don’t let us meet you in the arena, or else we will show you what death is. You will all die!” After that, he turned and stepped out of the arena.

The audience was in an uproar again. They didn’t expect the Abyss to target the Immortal Cooking Realm.

“Confronted by such a murderous team, the Immortal Cooking Realm is finished for sure this time...”

“Yeah. I can’t believe they have three Little Saints.”

“The Abyss is surprisingly strong. How can the Immortal Cooking Realm stand up against such an opponent? I think even that amazing chef couldn’t do anything about it...”

“It seems that I have to eat more meat skewers before the Immortal Cooking Realm meets the Abyss in the arena. Otherwise, I’ll never be able to taste it again...”

Behind the stall, Bu Fang’s hand paused for a moment. He narrowed his eyes slightly and looked up in the direction of the arena. He felt a cold killing intent coming toward him from there.

He heard every word of the Abyss expert’s threat.

‘Law enforcers from the Abyss? It looks like I didn’t give them enough explosion,’ Bu Fang thought seriously, his face expressionless.

Chapter 1245 Kebab Boiled with Soup!

The Abyss expert’s words were very arrogant. Of course, his arrogance was not unfounded. There were three Little Saints in his team, and the strength of the two contestants who had not yet appeared was unknown. This level of strength was not the strongest in this tournament, but it was not weak either. At the very least, they were comparable to worlds like the Vajra Realm. What surprised the audience even more was the Abyss’s threat to the Immortal Cooking Realm. It was clear that the Abyss team was targeting the Immortal Cooking Realm team. No one knew why, and many felt sorry for the realm. It was not pleasant to be targeted by such a murderous team.

When the Abyss’s threat was transmitted to the Immortal Cooking Realm through the projection array, the immortal chefs in the square were silent, and no one dared to breathe too loudly. They had all witnessed the strength and brutality of the Abyss contestants. Even three half-step Saints from the North Cloud Sea were mercilessly killed by them, and the gruesome sight of blood gushing and heads flying sent chills through them.

“Why would the Abyss target us?”

Many people in the Immortal Cooking Realm felt sad, aggrieved, and oppressed. At this moment, the immortal chefs who had been living in peace finally felt the malice of the outside worlds. They finally understood that being weak was an original sin, and weaklings could only be bullied by others. They knew that only by becoming stronger can they avoid being bullied and live with dignity.

Both Nether Prison’s aggression in the past and the Abyss’s relentless taunts and threats in this tournament had shaken these immortal chefs to the core.

Meng Qi was silent. She knew what the people of the Immortal Cooking Realm were worried about. Indeed, even when they had Bu Fang, the Immortal Cooking Realm team's death was almost certain if they were to meet the Abyss team.

The contestants from the Abyss were too strong.

In fact, she knew very well why the Abyss contestants were eyeing the Immortal Cooking Realm team. Apparently, it was because of Bu Fang's Explosive Meatballs. When they were at the Abyss, his meatballs had killed countless Abyss experts. In addition, his Perishing Pots also caused terrible destruction and numerous casualties. That was why the Immortal Cooking Realm team was targeted by the Abyss contestants in this tournament.

In the past, Bu Fang always threw out his meatballs and ran away. But how would he run this time? In the fight against the Abyss, he had the help of Whitey, Shrimpy, and Foxy, but in this tournament, he could only rely on his own strength. How was he going to fight the Abyss contestants?

Meng Qi felt a little anxious, but she could only pray silently in her heart, 'Owner Bu, you must not die...'

...

The first day of the tournament was over. Although only the team matches were held on the first day, the whole atmosphere was already completely boiling. Both the Immortal Cooking Realm's counter-attack and the Abyss's brutality made everyone understand the uncertainty and cruelty of the tournament. The constant surprises excited many people and satisfied their thirst for thrills.

Moreover, because the matches were transmitted to all small worlds through the projection array, people in these worlds could watch the teams from their worlds fight, and that had made their fighting spirit boil.

Team matches represented the honor of every small world. If you won, you would have glory; if you lost, you would lose face. That was the cruelty of the tournament.

Nether Prison didn't participate in the preliminaries of the team competition. Nether Prison was very strong, so it was basically above the rest. Teams from different small worlds would only have a chance to meet its two teams in the semifinals. That's right, Nether Prison had two teams participating in the tournament. After all, it was so vast and had nine clans, so it was not unusual to have two teams.

Another thing that spread to all the small worlds was the Immortal Cooking Realm's cuisine. The realm was already famous for its food, and now, as the first day of the tournament progressed, Bu Fang's delicious food had conquered countless contestants. The fact that many people were eating his food during the matches was enough to show how tasty they were.

The scene was transmitted to the other worlds through the projection array, making many people eager to taste the food. Some had decided to go to the Immortal Cooking Realm simply for food. Now that Nether Prison had opened up the once-closed realm, the rest of the world had a chance to visit it, so it was not impossible for people to get a taste of the Immortal Cooking Realm's cuisine now.

The Immortal Cooking Realm had unknowingly become famous in the small worlds around it. Of course, it still didn't change the fact that its team was not strong.

The first day was over. All the contestants returned to the inn, and Bu Fang's stall also closed for the day. The people who were still waiting in line watched him close the stall with sad looks, and some even begged him to continue cooking. But he refused. After cooking for the whole day, he had made a lot of money, and he was also a little tired.

The money-making power of Fang Fang Little Stall was simply too scary, even more terrifying than Fang Fang's Ice Cream Store.

"Tomorrow's menu will be different. Please look forward to it. Business will resume tomorrow when the competition starts," Bu Fang said.

After hearing him say so, the crowd finally left with unwilling looks on their faces.

Bu Fang went back to the inn. Zhu Yan and the others followed at his side, looking at him with wild enthusiasm in their eyes. They finally knew his prowess. This was the Great Demon King who always created miracles.

Standing in front of the door, Bu Fang looked at them with a straight face and said, "Continue to train hard when you go back. This tournament is a good experience for you guys. Take a moment to summarize the reasons for your failure."

The four juniors kept nodding. Needless to say, they couldn't be blamed. The main reason for their failure was their weak strength—the strength of Six-star True Immortals was simply not strong enough. Had it not been for Bu Fang, the Immortal Cooking Realm team would have been defeated long ago.

“The important thing is that you have participated in this tournament,” Bu Fang said.

Of course, he was trying to console them, but Zhu Yan and the others didn't mind. Today's matches had taken a lot of edge off their swagger... No, it really hit them hard, but it also motivated them to grow.

They turned back to their rooms, and Bu Fang closed his door. Then, he went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland and began to prepare ingredients. Tomorrow's menu was one of his favorite foods. In addition to preparing the ingredients, he also talked to Niu Hansan about making new Death Food Tools.

His apprentices were in the farmland as well, talking to one another. They had been coming here every day since he built them the portals. Besides communicating with each other, they spent the most time cultivating here because the Spirit Energy of Heaven and Earth here was too rich. The Immortal Tree and the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea had produced a tremendous amount of energy. Except for Jing Yuan and Xixi, who had already gotten used to it, everyone else immersed themselves in the rich energy and cultivated seriously. This had led to a rapid improvement in their cultivation bases.

The next day arrived quickly. The second day of the tournament was not team matches, but individual matches. In fact, individual matches were crueler than team matches.

Zhu Yan had already given Bu Fang his number jade talisman the day before. His number was 1,300, which was very far behind.

At dawn, the square in the Forbidden Soul City came alive.

Bu Fang was still full of doubts about the organizer's decision to set up the competition venue in the city that was situated on the bank of the Yellow Spring River. Whenever he thought of Yellow Spring Grass and Flower of Helplessness, he could not help wanting to pick them and use them to make Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine. Of course, he was just thinking. Yellow Spring Great Sage sat at the headwaters of the Yellow Spring River, which was as dangerous as a forbidden land. Ordinary people dared not to go there at all. Besides, contestants had already been banned from leaving the city.

Bu Fang brought Zhu Yan and the others to the bustling square. He chose the same spot as the day before, and then took out the stall that he had put into the System's storage space and placed it on the ground.

His action immediately caused an uproar among the nearby people. Many diners who had been waiting for him gathered around, led by the monks from the West Little Buddhism Realm.

Fa Wu put his hands together before his chest, wore a compassionate expression, and asked in a gentle voice, "Amitabha! Owner Bu, what are you going to cook today? Is it still teppanyaki?"

The people around them were also curious. They saw Bu Fang take out more ingredients than yesterday, which were also held together with wooden sticks. They thought he might be cooking teppanyaki today as well.

"Teppanyaki? No, today I have a new menu," Bu Fang replied, shaking his head. He didn't answer other people's questions but continued to concentrate on preparing the ingredients.

...

Because of the large number of participants, there were not one but five arenas for the individual matches, so all the preliminaries could be completed in the shortest possible time. Since there were so many arenas, Earth Prison had sent many people to preside over projection arrays and cover each arena. A commander-level expert was assigned as the referee in each arena, who was also responsible for maintaining order in it.

Soon, the competition began, and so did Bu Fang's cooking. He put the Black Turtle Constellation Wok on the stall. The wok had been divided into nine compartments, each with a different soup boiling inside.

Many people wondered what he was going to cook this time.

After all the preparations were completed, Bu Fang handed Xuanyuan Xiahui a banner and asked him to hang it up.

As soon as the banner was hung, a large crowd gathered in front of it.

“Fang Fang Little Stall. Today’s special: Kebab Boiled with Soup.”

“Ten Immortal Crystals (Nether Crystals) per skewer. Maximum ten skewers in a bowl.”

“The first ten customers will enjoy a 90% discount...”

Looking at the writings on the banner, the crowd was once again stunned.

“Kebab boiled with soup? What is this? Where is teppanyaki? Where are octopus tentacles?!”

Many people were unhappy. All they wanted were teppanyaki and octopus tentacles.

“This kebab boiled with soup is definitely not delicious! How can it be as tasty as teppanyaki?!”

“When the stall opens for business, I won’t patronize Owner Bu! Yes! I want to protest!”

“If Owner Bu doesn’t sell teppanyaki, we won’t give him business! Let him lose all the money!”

Everyone was shouting. Even Fa Wu, the monk, touched his bald head and said, “Amitabha! Owner Bu, you’d better make teppanyaki... Otherwise, I will protest to the end!”

Xuanyuan Xiahui looked at Bu Fang with some concern. He was afraid that these customers would not patronize the stall.

Bu Fang looked up at the crowd while preparing the ingredients, then he twitched the corner of his mouth and said lightly, “Don’t worry. Although they said they won’t patronize my stall, when I open for business... Well, their stomachs are very honest...”

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Deafening bells rang out from different arenas. At this moment, the whole square boiled up—the individual matches of the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path finally began!

Bu Fang shook off the water on his hands and gently exhaled. He looked at the noisy crowd in front of the stall and said faintly, “Fang Fang Little Stall is open now. Please stand in line. The first ten customers can enjoy a 90% discount.”

No sooner had Bu Fang said that than the crowd exploded in an uproar. Then, Xuanyuan Xiahui saw the group of people, who had just said not to patronize the stall, quickly form a neat line in front of the stall. Standing in the first place was the bald monk, Fa Wu, who was holding a blue-and-white porcelain bowl in his hand, sniffing with an expectant look on his face.

Xuanyuan Xiahui was rendered speechless.

‘I must be f*cking out of my mind to believe your protest! Talk about moral integrity with foodies? I guess I was stupid...’

Chapter 1246 Everyone Has a Bowl of Shish Kebab

The dish that Bu Fang was going to cook today was shish kebab. Shish kebab was a grassroots delicacy in Bu Fang’s previous life. It originated in Sichuan and was popular among the common people. It was said that wherever there were people, there were shish kebabs. Of course, this might be an exaggeration. The dish was somewhat similar to a hotpot, so it was sometimes called a little hotpot. Shish kebab was a popular cuisine. After all, it was very convenient to eat. The fact that it could be eaten while walking made many people like it very much.

The cooking of shish kebab was not complicated, but it took a lot of time to prepare. The ingredients needed to be cut into pieces, then held together with thin wooden sticks. Moreover, its ingredients were different from those of Teppanyaki. It was not all meat, and there were plenty of spirit herbs and spirit plants to suit everyone’s tastes.

Teppanyaki required ingredients with high fat content so that the cooking process would be able to release the flavor of the food to the greatest extent. When cooked at high temperatures, the aroma of fat from ingredients such as octopus tentacles and demon frog was very enticing.

Many people were curious about shish kebab.

At Bu Fang’s will, the inside of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was divided into nine compartments, each containing a different soup, including Qilin bone soup, Abyssal Chili Sauce soup, carrot soup, the Spring of Life, and spirit herbal soup. The different soups provided diners more choices.

“Nethery, come and show everyone how to order and eat shish kebab,” Bu Fang said to Nethery, who was standing quietly behind him.

Nethery paused, then her eyes curved into crescents as she quickly came to Bu Fang’s side.

“You can choose what you like to eat from all the ingredients here, but you can only choose ten skewers in total. You can have ten skewers of the same ingredient or ten skewers of different ingredients,” Bu Fang explained to her.

Nethery nodded seriously, then leaned over all the different ingredients. Her gray-green hair fell over her face, and she pushed them over her ear.

The people in line watched as she chose her ingredients.

She took a blue-and-white porcelain bowl handed to her by Bu Fang, picked out what she wanted to eat from different ingredients, and put them in the bowl. She chose octopus tentacles, demon frog, fire mushroom, demon beef, and peeled little lobster. In just a short time, the bowl was already filled with ten skewers of ingredients.

Bu Fang took the bowl, slightly twitched the corner of his mouth, and then asked, “Very good. What flavor of soup do you prefer? Do you want something spicy?”

After thinking for a brief moment, Nethery replied, “Yes, I want it spicy.”

Bu Fang nodded and didn’t ask her any more questions. He skillfully put the ten skewers of ingredients in the bowl into different compartments in the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. The peeled little lobster was put into spicy soup and the fire mushroom in the Spring of Life. Using different soups to cook different ingredients allowed the flavors to be fully extracted, making them more appealing.

Soon, all ten skewers of ingredients were put into the wok. The soups boiled, emitting plumes of steam that obscured the ingredients. They smelled very fragrant, and when the aroma of nine different soups spread and combined together, they became irresistible.

The people in the queue were very curious because it was the first time they had seen this cooking method. Even Xuanyuan Xiahui was watching with wide eyes. 'It's similar to the hotpot the Great Demon King had introduced before... However, this shish kebab looks more convenient and less cumbersome than hotpot...' Of course, he knew both cooking methods had their own advantages and their own ways of eating and enjoying the dish.

After waiting for a while, the ingredients were cooked. A serious look flashed in Bu Fang's eyes. He raised his hand and slapped it on the stall, causing the skewers to jump out from the soup. Then, he sent out his mental force, using it to take all the ingredients off the wooden sticks and putting them into the bowl.

Holding the bowl in one hand, he pointed to the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with the other hand. At the gesture, the soup rushed out of the wok like a dragon and poured into the bowl.

Finally, he sprinkled the seasoning into the bowl and added some other toppings, and a simple bowl of boiled shish kebab was ready.

He handed the bowl to Nethery.

Nethery held out her hands and took the bowl. The soup was boiling hot, and the ingredients were floating in it, its rich fragrance wafting out of it to greet her.

The spice-making methods Bu Fang learned in the Abyss were on full display at this moment. The spices he added to the bowl had intensified the flavor of the shish kebabs.

"Give it a taste," he said.

Nethery pursed her red lips slightly. There seemed to be saliva coming out from the corners of her mouth. She nodded, picked up a porcelain spoon, and gently stirred the soup. The ingredients she had chosen loomed in the roiling red soup, and a spicy smell spread instantly to pervade the air.

Everyone around the stall was watching her movements.

Nethery stirred the soup gently, then scooped up a round, pink little lobster meat and half a spoon of red soup. The meat half-submerged in the soup looked very delicious. Steam shrouded it, making it look like a delicate work of art.

She parted her red lips, revealing her beautiful teeth, then put the lobster meat into her mouth. Her tongue wrapped the meat, moving it between her teeth. After that, she gave it a gentle bite. The meat was very springy, which surprised her. The sweetness in the lobster meat brightened her eyes in an instant, and she could taste a different and unique flavor when this sweetness was mixed with the spiciness of the soup.

She brought the bowl up and took a sip of the soup.

As soon as the hot soup got into her stomach, Nethery felt as if she was on fire. Her fair skin turned a little ruddy, and there was even sweat rolling down her forehead.

She breathed a sigh of relief, stuck out her tongue, and licked her lips, which had turned red from the heat. Then, she narrowed her eyes and said, "It's delicious..."

The way she ate completely aroused the appetite of the people in the queue. They thought the shish kebab would not be as delicious as teppanyaki, but when they saw her eating, they thought it should not be too bad. And when they saw her take a sip of the boiling soup, every one of them swallowed. They couldn't wait to try it!

Bu Fang had put ten skewers of ingredients in each of the nine compartments, so he could sell to ten people at a time. The people in front of the line had already taken the blue-and-white porcelain bowls he had given them.

The monk, Fa Wu, was impatient. He came closer to the stall and fixed his eyes at the Black Turtle Constellation Work with bright eyes.

"Pick ten skewers of ingredients," said Bu Fang as he rolled up his sleeves and exposed his fair arms.

"Amitabha! Owner, you have so many ingredients today that this poor monk doesn't know what to choose," Fa Wu put his palms together before his chest and said with a smile.

"Just pick randomly. They're all delicious," Bu Fang was very confident.

Fa Wu did as he was told, picking random ingredients which included demon frog meat, octopus tentacles, little lobster meat, demon beef, spirit port, and emerald gizzards. In the end, he picked ten skewers of meat.

Bu Fang froze a little when he saw that. ‘I thought monks are vegetarians? All the ten skewers he picked are meat...’

“Amitabha! Even though wine and meat go through my body, the Buddha stays evermore in my mind. My Master is not here, so I can eat whatever I want,” said the monk unabashedly. He had thrown all caution to the wind in order to eat.

Bu Fang didn’t say anything. He grabbed Fa Wu’s bowl, took the ingredients from the wok, removed the meat from the skewers, and put them in the bowl.

“What soup do you want?” he asked.

“Qilin bone soup,” Fa Wu said with a smile, putting his palms together before his chest.

‘A meat soup... Well, it seems that this monk really likes to eat meat.’

Bu Fang didn’t refuse him. He pointed a finger at the wok. Immediately, a stream of Qilin bone soup rushed out of it and poured into the bowl. After sprinkling the seasoning, he handed the bowl to the monk.

Fa Wu happily took the bowl, paid the Immortal Crystals, and went to the side to enjoy his food. As soon as he took the first bite, a powerful meaty aroma burst out of the food, causing his eyes to go wide. The taste was different from that of teppanyaki, but it was no less delicious. The freshness of the ingredients had perfectly combined with the fragrance of the soup, and the fact that he could eat them from a bowl while standing in a random place was an exotic experience. He felt as if he was flying in the sky.

“This is such an intoxicating feeling! This boiled shish kebab is no less tasty than teppanyaki!”

Fa Wu’s praise and the way that he attacked the bowl of food like a madman had driven the people in line completely crazy. An uproar broke out instantly as everyone shouted to have a bowl of boiled shish kebab.

...

Meanwhile, the individual competition of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path had already started. The first preliminary round of the individual competition was fought by contestants randomly matched from among thousands of participants. Of course, because of the uneven strength, such matching was not very fair. But that was the rule of the competition. If a person was strong, he could still enter the next round even when the rules were unfair. The so-called unfairness was only for the weak.

...

With a slash, a head was cut from its body by a knife and sent up into the air. The contestant from the Abyss was still so ruthless. The cold killing intent from his body sent chills through those who watched the match and filled their hearts with indignation. Even though they were angry, there was nothing they could do because the tournament didn't ban the contestants from killing each other.

Mo Yan and the others were in charge of watching the matches and informed Bu Fang when it was his turn. Of course, when it was their turn, they would step into the arena and fight with all their might.

"It's Zhu Yan's turn!" Mo Yan cried out suddenly.

Fang Yu, who stood at her side, widened his eyes and turned to look at Zhu Yan's direction. Zhu Yan had already stepped into the arena. He was taking deep breaths and relaxing his body.

The projection array was covering his match. Because of Bu Fang, all the matches that involved the Immortal Cooking Realm would become the center of attention. As soon as Zhu Yan stepped into the arena, he had attracted the attention of all. After all, he was a contestant from the Immortal Cooking Realm.

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, people had already gathered in the square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. Watching the tournament together had become a big thing in the realm.

When the head of the Zhu Family saw Zhu Yan, he was so nervous that he clenched his fists tightly.

After calming his excitement, Zhu Yan opened his eyes, waiting for his opponent to show up.

Suddenly, the audience broke out in an uproar. That gave Zhu Yan a pause. He turned around and immediately saw a man, who was naked to the waist and full of muscles, step into the arena. The familiar figure made his pupils shrink.

“An expert from the Vajra Realm?!”

Mo Yan and Fang Yu turned pale in an instant.

“Dammit! Er Zhu, break all the bones in this boy’s body for me!” Outside the arena, the Vajra Realm expert, who was beaten up by the crowd yesterday, growled and slammed his chests with both hands.

The burly man who stepped into the arena grinned hideously and clenched his fists. “I never thought I could meet someone from the Immortal Cooking Realm so quickly... Well, little lizard, come over here now and let me break all your bones!”

As soon as his voice rang out, a mighty aura exploded out of his body. The aura of a half-step Saint instantly turned Zhu Yan’s face bloodless.

Chapter 1247 The Ultimate Boss, Bu Fang

Zhu Yan never thought that he would meet a Vajra Realm expert in his first individual match. Although the man was not the one who had beaten him up, it made no difference. They were both experts of the Vajra Realm. Mo Yan and Fang Yu had already turned deathly pale. They felt sad for Zhu Yan and were wondering if these people from the Vajra Realm were his bane. The bruises on his face had not disappeared, and now his opponent was from the Vajra Realm in the individual competition. The last time he was beaten, they were in the inn, so the Vajra Realm expert didn’t beat him too hard. However, they were in an arena now, so the burly man could beat him without the fear of being punished. Without a doubt, Zhu Yan’s fate this time would be even more miserable.

“What should we do?” Mo Yan asked anxiously.

Fang Yu was also at a loss. How could he know what they should do?

“Why don’t we inform the Great Demon King? Or maybe we ask Zhu Yan to withdraw from the match?” Fang Yu suggested.

It was a good idea to withdraw from the match, so Zhu Yan might not have to deal with the wrath of the Vajra Realm expert. However, would he choose to withdraw?

“I...” For a moment, Mo Yan didn’t know what to say. “Let’s ask him to withdraw... He’s no match for that Vajra Realm expert,” she said helplessly.

“Zhu Yan! Give up this match and withdraw now!” In the end, it was Mo Yan who shouted those words

That immediately caused a burst of laughter in the audience, while the other contestants from the Vajra Realm grinned and looked disdainfully at Mo Yan and Fang Yu.

“Little lizards from the Immortal Cooking Realm... What else do you know besides withdrawing?” said one of the Vajra Realm experts.

Zhu Yan’s face was very pale. The bruises on his face seemed to become very obvious at this moment. In fact, at some point, he almost had the impulse to give up. He knew he should act according to his capability. However, the sarcasm and disdainful remarks that came from all around him pierced his chest like steel needles, turning his face red.

He refused to give up like that. Although this was just the individual competition, he still represented the Immortal Cooking Realm. Should he disgrace the Immortal Cooking Realm? No! He could never do that!

“Giving up... No, I won’t do it!” His eyes gleamed with determination. Gritting his teeth, he let out a roar, and energy began to swirl around his body.

“You won’t give up? Brave, but very stupid.” Zhu Yan’s opponent grinned. His muscles suddenly bulged, and the energy and blood in his body seemed to be rocking. The next moment, he stomped the ground with a foot and disappeared like a phantom. By the time he appeared again, he was standing in front of Zhu Yan and had punched him hard in the stomach.

There was a look of disbelief in Zhu Yan's eyes. Before he could react, the energy swirling around his body had been completely scattered by the punch. Time seemed to be at a standstill at this moment. He opened his mouth and coughed up blood, while his face twisted with pain.

"Isn't it very uncomfortable? We experts in the Vajra Realm specialize in cultivating our fleshly bodies, so we know a lot about the structure of the human body. Once my strength enters your body, it can completely stimulate your pain nerves," said the Vajra Realm contestant, whose eyes flashed with cruelty. "Next, you will feel so much pain that you wish you were dead..."

The burly man pulled out the fist that had crashed into Zhu Yan's stomach. His bones began to crackle, and the next moment, he threw his fist upward and hit Zhu Yan on the chin, knocking him up into the sky with a boom.

"You've missed the best time to beg for mercy..." The Vajra Realm expert grinned hideously. His thumb pressed against his index finger and made a sharp click, then he threw out another punch.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

His arms kept lashing out like whips, smashing Zhu Yan on the body. The air rang with the latter's miserable howl as his blood spilled in all directions.

"Hahaha!" The Vajra Realm experts were all laughing, and their eyes were full of wild enthusiasm. They just loved the feeling of abusing the weak and hearing the screams of their opponents under their mighty power!

Boom!

The group exploded.

The next moment, the Vajra Realm contestant jumped up, reached out a thick palm, and grabbed Zhu Yan's arm. With a crack, Zhu Yan's arm twisted at a weird angle. His bones had been crushed by his opponent like crispy cookies!

"Stop it!" Fang Yu and Mo Yan went as white as a sheet. They shivered as they watched the fight in the arena.

It was a bloody torture.

Even the referee was silent.

Crowds of spectators surrounded the arena. Some of them were excited, while others were silent. However, no one stepped forward to stop it. After all, it was a duel. When a contestant chose to stand in the arena, he or she was ready to face death. The Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path had never been a game that was safe to play.

...

In the square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, the lively crowd fell into a dead silence at this moment. Looking at Zhu Yan, who was being tortured on the light screen, they felt a rush of anger in their chests.

The head of the Zhu Family trembled all over and his eyes were bloodshot. The one who was being tortured in the light screen, the one whose bones were crushed, was the most promising junior of the Zhu Family! It made him explode with rage to see Zhu Yan being abused, and yet there was nothing he could do!

After a brief silence, everyone in the square was boiling. They were outraged, but there was nothing they could do now. They realized at that moment that not everyone was the Great Demon King. Bu Fang was nothing but a miracle. They also realized that the world outside the Immortal Cooking Realm was not a paradise, but a brutal battlefield.

Zhu Yan fell into the arena with a thud, his limbs twisted at weird angles. His face had lost all color, and all his bones had been crushed by the Vajra Realm expert. He looked very miserable.

When Mo Yan saw that, she put a hand over her mouth and burst into tears, her whole body shaking. Fang Yu, on the other hand, clenched his fists tightly and roared in a low voice.

"The winner for the match is Er Zhu from the Vajra Realm," the referee announced with a straight face.

"Bah!" The Vajra Realm contestant, Er Zhu, spat. "You look more like a lizard now. Don't worry, all of you will end up like him. Don't think that the Abyss is the only one after you, we from the

Vajra Realm are also after you! Soon it will be your turn!” He burst out laughing, his bones making cracking sounds as he slowly walked out of the arena.

The referee in the arena, who was an Earth Prison Commander, was silent. It was not a coincidence that Zhu Yan met a Vajra Realm expert in this match. Er Zhu had secretly swapped places with his original opponent.

The Vajra Realm contestants would not let the Immortal Cooking Realm enter the second round. They were going to crush every member of the team in the first round. In fact, their main target was the chef who showed extraordinary fighting capacity in the team competition yesterday.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was going to suffer.

Many people around the arena sighed under their breaths.

“Poor Immortal Cooking Realm...”

“The weak will suffer the strong’s endless torture. This is the cruel law of survival.”

“Since they’ve participated in the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path, they naturally have to face these...”

...

Looking at Zhu Yan, who lay sprawled like a dead dog in the arena, the Abyss experts clad in blood-colored robes sneered and turned away. Weaklings like Zhu Yan were not their targets. Their target was the expressionless chef. If they could, they would break every bone in the chef’s body and throw him to the ground like a dead dog. However, they were different from the Vajra Realm contestants. They wouldn’t show mercy. They would use their weapons to pierce the bodies of these immortal chefs from the Immortal Cooking Realm and taste their blood.

...

Fang Fang Little Stall’s business was as booming as ever. The line in front of it was getting longer and longer, while slurping sounds filled the air around it. Many people squatted on the side of the

streets with porcelain bowls in their hands and sipped at the delicious soup. In contrast to the brutality in the arena, the atmosphere here was quite joyful.

Compared with other flavors, soup with Abyssal Chili Sauce was more popular. Most customers chose the spicy soup. They were deeply fascinated by its red hue, which moistened their lips and numbed their mouths.

After finishing their food, many people would run to the end of the queue and order again. There were even people who ate while queuing up. When it was their turn, they had finished eating and could fill their bowls with ten more skewers.

The satisfaction had deeply intoxicated them.

The contestants who could take part in the tournament were all geniuses from different small worlds. Immortal Crystals and Nether Crystals meant nothing to them. In their opinion, a bowl of boiled shish kebabs sold for a hundred Immortal Crystals was a bargain.

Xuanyuan Xiahui realized that he was wrong again. He thought yesterday's Teppanyaki was already a scary money-grubber, but when he saw the popularity of boiled shish kebabs, he found that he was terribly wrong. The kebab was an even greater money-grubber than Teppanyaki!

Bu Fang was also very satisfied because he had made a lot of money. He felt that he would soon accumulate enough turnover to take part in the Little Saint examination. Once he passed it, he would instantly become a Little Saint. He didn't have to break through the bottleneck between the half-step Saint realm and the Little Saint realm that all the others had to face.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of hurried footsteps. He stopped cooking immediately, looked up, and saw three figures running toward him, accompanied by a very strong smell of blood.

He furrowed his brows. "What's the matter?"

Mo Yan ran toward him with tears all over her face, while Fang Yu was carrying a man behind his back. The man was covered in blood. His breathing was weak, and he was almost on the verge of death. The people who were queuing up broke out in an uproar and parted to give them a way. The monk, Fa Wu, frowned at them, his lips shining with oil.

“Great Demon King... Help Zhu Yan. He’s dying!” Mo Yan said sadly, covering her mouth with one hand.

Frowning, Bu Fang glanced at her. He then picked up a bowl, filled it with the Spring of Life, and grabbed a few skewers of immortal herbs. Carrying the bowl of steaming boiled kebabs, he walked over to Fang Yu. He had seen Zhu Yan—the boy looked very miserable.

Behind Fang Yu and Mo Yan, the crowd followed. The guy who grabbed a projection array spirit talisman also followed them all the way to transmit the scene to the other small worlds. When he saw Bu Fang’s stall, the scene of people enjoying bowls of boiled shish kebabs immediately showed up on the light screens in the other worlds.

Everyone who was eating gave the spirit talisman a blank look. Fa Wu froze in place, then quickly wiped the oil off his lips with a hand and said, “Amitabha! Owner Bu’s fire mushrooms taste marvelous!”

The Immortal Cooking Realm was already boiling.

“The Great Demon King is running a stall near the arena?! And there are so many people waiting in line? This... He really deserves to be the Great Demon King! That’s amazing!”

Of course, most people were still focused on Zhu Yan. The image on the light screen switched back to him, and his miserable appearance made them gasp.

“What happened to him?” Bu Fang asked with a straight face. Although Zhu Yan, Mo Yan, and Fang Yu were a little cocky, he would not go back on his promise to Realm Lord Di Tai that he would take good care of these little ones.

Mo Yan told Bu Fang the threat of the Vajra Realm expert in a crying voice.

Bu Fang frowned. ‘Targeting the Immortal Cooking Realm contestants? They have gone too far...’

He didn’t say anything, though. He handed Mo Yan the bowl of boiled shish kebabs and asked her to feed Zhu Yan.

With Mo Yan's help, Zhu Yan soon finished the bowl of boiled shish kebabs soaked in the Spring of Life. His aura, which was dying, gradually became stronger and more stable, and his broken bones were slowly mending.

"They're going to break all the bones of the Immortal Cooking Realm contestants... It seems their temper is very bad." Bu Fang slowly rolled down his sleeves, and his calm eyes began to flash with anger.

"The next match is between number one thousand and three hundred, Bu Fang from the Immortal Cooking Realm, and number six hundred and thirty-one, San Zhu from the Vajra Realm! Contestants, please come to arena number three at once!" Commander Mo Yuan's cold voice came from the direction of the arenas.

The whole square broke out in an uproar, and everyone gasped.

"The Vajra Realm contestants are really at odds with the Immortal Cooking Realm!"

"Another chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm is going to have his bones crushed..."

Chapter 1248 Bu Fang's First Individual Match

Commander Mo Yuan's voice came from a distance, causing an uproar. Many people's eyes fell on Bu Fang with strange expressions on their faces. It was his turn at last. Yesterday, his moves had shocked everyone. No one would have expected that the Immortal Cooking Realm had a half-step Saint and that he managed to launch a counterattack, winning the team competition by defeating the Blackwind Continent contestants alone and bringing the Immortal Cooking Realm to the next round.

Now, it was his turn to fight again. This time, however, it was not a team competition but an individual match, and his opponent was not a contestant from a third-class small world like the Blackwind Continent but an expert from the Vajra Realm, a first-class small world.

The classification of small worlds was recently proposed with the holding of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path. They were divided into third-class, second-class, and first-class. There was also a sub-class in the first-class small worlds, which was called the overlord-class.

The Blackwind Continent didn't have a Little Saint, so it was just a third-class small world. The Immortal Cooking Realm was also rated as third-class. It was originally ranked at the bottom, but

because of Bu Fang's appearance, it went up the ranks. Even so, it still didn't reach the standard of a second-class small world. After all, small worlds without Little Saints were all rated as third-class.

There must be at least three Little Saints in a small world for it to be rated as a first-class small world. Such worlds included the Vajra Realm, the West Little Buddhism Realm, Winged Man Valley, and the Wandering Soul Realm.

There was only one overload-class small world, and that was Nether Prison. It was so strong that it had to be in a separate class, and it didn't even have to participate in the preliminary round of the team competition.

The fact that Bu Fang was a half-step Saint surprised everyone. However, he was only a half-step Saint, and a half-step Saint was not considered very strong. Even so, he was the Immortal Cooking Realm's only hope. However, this hope might soon be destroyed. The Vajra Realm was eyeing him, and so was the Abyss. The consequences of being targeted by two of such fearsome small worlds would be terrible, unless he withdrew himself from the match.

"Bu Fang... Why don't we just give up?" Mo Yan was shaking all over. Instead of calling him the Great Demon King, she called him by his name because she was worried that he would not listen to her. After all, the Vajra Realm expert was up to no good. If his bones were crushed as well, the Immortal Cooking Realm would really become the laughing stock of all small worlds.

Fang Yu gritted his teeth and wanted to say something too, but before he could open his mouth, Xuanyuan Xiahui stopped him. "Why?" He gave the latter a puzzled look.

"You must trust Owner Bu... The Vajra Realm contestants will pay for what they have done," Xuanyuan Xiahui said coldly. He saw Zhu Yan's miserable look. Although he didn't like this arrogant guy very much, they had come here together, and that made them teammates. When he saw one of his teammates being bullied, there was a fit of unspeakable anger surging in his chest.

"But..." Fang Yu opened his mouth and wanted to say something else.

"You don't have to say anything. I know what to do," Bu Fang said in a faint voice, glancing at Fang Yu. Then, he turned around and looked at the puzzled customers who were holding bowls. "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry, but I have to pause again. I'll be back after fighting the match. It'll be quick this time."

All the customers quickly nodded. Bu Fang was the chef, so he had the say. Even if they didn't let him go, would he listen to them? Definitely not. Moreover, they also wanted to see if he could create another miracle this time. A comeback was always the most exciting.

"Amitabha! Owner Bu, just go ahead and fight your opponent. This poor monk will give you spiritual encouragement," Fa Wu said kindly.

Bu Fang glanced at him. 'This meat-eating monk hasn't wiped the oil from the corner of his mouth...'

"Nethery, watch the stall for me. I'll be right back."

Nethery's eyes lit up. Let her watch the stall? She quickly nodded and said, "Alright. Leave it to me."

Xuanyuan Xiahui paused. 'Owner Bu doesn't need me to take care of the stall for him this time?' When he thought again, he understood the reason. After all, today's dish was only a little hotpot, so it wouldn't be a problem for the chef to leave for a while. He also wanted to see Bu Fang's fighting strength.

"You two take good care of him." After glancing at Fang Yu and Mo Yan, Bu Fang flipped his sleeves, put his hands behind his back, and walked toward the arena.

As soon as he stepped forward, the crowd began to move. He was followed by a group of people, all holding bowls and eating boiled shish kebabs. The steam from their soup rose into the sky to form something that looked like a dark cloud.

The Earth Prison expert in charge of the broadcast took a deep breath. He was astonished by the sight. 'Dammit, if people who don't know anything were to see this, they would definitely think that this is some Nether Prison big shot, but it turns out he's only a half-step Saint from a third-class small world... I have to admit, though, this chef looks very dashing!'

With his hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang walked toward arena number three.

The people around the arena were startled to see Bu Fang and the group of people behind him approaching, while Commander Mo Yuan, who was standing in the arena, twitched the corners of his mouth. 'Did the chef bring a bunch of foodies to support him?'

The captain of the Vajra Realm team flew into a rage when he saw the group of foodies. He was the one who was severely beaten by the crowd yesterday. When he saw them, he immediately recalled what happened to him. “Dammit! San Zhu, kill this guy for me! Break all his bones inch by inch! Let’s see if he’ll still be so arrogant after that!” he roared at the top of his lungs.

Behind Bu Fang, the group of foodies turned their gaze to the Vajra Realm captain. They then took a piece of shish kebab from their bowls, stuffed it into their mouths, and began to chew. That sent a shiver through the captain, and he covered his chest warily.

Bu Fang exhaled softly and walked slowly into the arena. Commander Mo Yuan was already standing in the middle, and on his side stood another Vajra Realm expert, San Zhu.

San Zhu wasn’t very strong. Still, he had the cultivation base of a peak half-step Saint, and he was ready to break through at any time. All experts in the Vajra Realm devoted themselves to the cultivation of their flesh, so his physical body was as tough as a rock. When he stood in the arena with a height of two-and-a-half meters, he looked like a giant. His muscles were constantly twitching, while his chest muscles looked very bulky.

“Here you are at last... I don’t mind telling you, but I spent a lot of money to swap places with your original opponent!” San Zhu’s lips curled into a hideous grin.

Commander Mo Yuan glanced at San Zhu. Although this behavior was not allowed, he and the other referees were too lazy to dig into it. After all, this was a cruel competition, and as it progressed, it would only get crueler!

San Zhu’s eyes sparkled with excitement. The muscles on his back twitched suddenly as a mighty aura exploded out of him. At the same time, a plume of energy rose from his body, making him look like a furnace with flames roaring in it.

“Prepare to die! Soon you’ll be as miserable as your teammate!” San Zhu burst out laughing, his eyes filled with monstrous killing intent.

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, everyone who heard San Zhu’s words was filled with indignation and outrage.

“Great Demon King! Kill him!”

“This guy is too arrogant! Does he really think there are no experts in the Immortal Cooking Realm?!”

“AHH! I wish I could fight him myself!”

The Immortal Cooking Realm experts clenched their fists and wished they could fight San Zhu in the arena! The Vajra Realm contestant was too arrogant!

...

In the Vajra Realm, it was a different scene.

“Kill this piece of crap! He’s just a little lizard from a third-class small world!”

“Use your big chest muscles to clamp this pretty boy’s face! Kill him, San Zhu!”

“The Vajra Realm is invincible!”

The Vajra Realm experts were all howling, full of excitement as their eyes fixed on the light screen.

...

At this moment, a strong smell of gunpowder spread through the light screens between the two small worlds. Even then, many people were paying attention to this match. There were far more people around arena number three than the other arenas, and a lot of people who were watching the other matches had started to gather around it.

The Abyss experts, clad in black robes, fixed their eyes on Bu Fang. On the other side, several experts, pale and smelling of death, were also staring at the arena. They were the contestants from the Wandering Soul Realm. The experts of Winged Man Valley, who wore white masks and white robes with their wings folded up behind them, were also watching the match. The contestants of

Earth Prison were also watching. The monks from the West Little Buddhism Realm had a bowl of shish kebabs in their hands, eating while watching.

Commander Mo Yuan looked at Bu Fang, then at San Zhu. “Are you two ready? Let me remind you once again that death is allowed in this competition. Good, the individual match begins now!”

As soon as he said that, Mo Yuan’s figure turned into a beam of light and disappeared from where he was standing. He left the arena to Bu Fang and San Zhu!

“It’s starting...”

Everyone looked nervously and excitedly at the two contestants in the arena.

Could this Immortal Cooking Realm chef who did wonders yesterday create another miracle today, when his opponent this time was a half-step Saint from the Vajra Realm, a first-class small world?

“My fists can’t wait to kiss your face!” The moment Commander Mo Yuan disappeared, San Zhu’s aura changed, while wisps of golden light appeared and swirled around him. Suddenly, the ground crumbled with a loud boom, and his body shot toward Bu Fang like a flash of light. As he drew nearer, he raised his fist surrounded in wisps of golden energy, each weighing more than ten thousand catties.

“Die!”

He threw his fist out at Bu Fang. The void seemed about to collapse, and a gust of strong wind filled the arena. The pressure brought by a two-and-a-half-meters-tall man rushing at Bu Fang was enormous.

In the crowd, Mo Yan and Fang Yu supported the sickly-looking Zhu Yan and watched the match with pale faces.

The Vajra Realm contestant was really fearsome! That was how Zhu Yan was beaten. Could the Great Demon King withstand such an attack?

At this moment, everyone held their breath and fixed their eyes on the battle in the arena.

Rumble!

With a loud noise, a ripple of blasts spread out, kicking up a gust of wind. The roar in the arena came to an abrupt end. Everyone's pupils constricted as they stared incredulously at the arena.

San Zhu's punch was blocked.

Bu Fang's Vermilion Chef Robe fluttered slightly. He had lifted his bandaged arm and held San Zhu's huge fist in his hand, stopping it from moving closer.

San Zhu took a deep breath, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"You..."

He wanted to say something, but he was immediately interrupted by Bu Fang.

"Were you the one who crushed all of Zhu Yan's bones?" Bu Fang asked without expression.

San Zhu froze. "Not me! But I'm going to break all your bones! I'll beat you into a dead dog! Your paralyzed face really annoys me!"

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly. 'When did my paralyzed face offend you?'

"Oh, then I mistook you for someone else. Still, you are as big-breasted and brainless as he is." As soon as Bu Fang said that, his aura soared, and his divine will exploded, slamming into San Zhu's body.

San Zhu's eyes went wide as he let out a roar. "These are not breasts! These are chest muscles!" Suddenly, a golden light exploded from him, and his aura rose, making him look like a monster who had gone berserk!

Chapter 1249 The Yin and Yang Taotie Arm and the Violent Bu Fang!

The Vajra Realm was a rather formidable small world near the Netherworld. The experts in this small world were extremely irascible and capricious because they specialized in cultivating their flesh. They were generally tall and strong, and relying on the techniques they practiced, each of them had the physical strength to crush mountains. Their mightiest experts could even travel across the void with their fleshly bodies. As soon as San Zhu made his move, a powerful pressure filled the whole arena. His energy was surging, and he looked like he was about to punch Bu Fang to death.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's body vanished like a phantom. The sleeves of his Vermilion Chef Robe flapped as he rushed to the side like a plume of fire.

The next moment, San Zhu's fist struck down hard with a boom. The whole ground completely sank in an instant and cracked with lines that spread continuously. He turned his head, rested his eyes on Bu Fang, and said, "You're really as slippery as a lizard!"

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back. He wore a calm face, which made him look somewhat laidback. His Vermilion Chef Robe had turned fiery scarlet, and the flaming wings on his back were unfolded with burning feathers fluttering around him. With a thought, one golden Explosive Meatball after another appeared and floated around him.

"I will break your bones inch by inch and turn you into a dead dog, just like your teammate! I will turn you into a real lizard!" San Zhu roared, his aura soaring higher and higher. All of a sudden, he took a step and threw himself forward at a great speed, raising a fist and aiming it at Bu Fang's head. He was going to kill Bu Fang with this punch!

San Zhu's words made Bu Fang's eyes grow sharp. When he thought of Zhu Yan's miserable look and the Vajra Realm's targeting of the Immortal Cooking Realm, he suddenly felt that it was too light of a punishment to kill this guy with an Explosive Meatball.

'Can the Great Demon King withstand his attack?'

Mo Yan and the others were worried.

The other Vajra Realm contestants were all laughing. They liked nothing better than to see their enemies tremble. Whenever they saw their enemies trembling like lizards under their pressure, they felt extremely excited.

The match had attracted the attention of countless people. As a first-class small world, the Vajra Realm naturally attracted many eyes. A lot of people wanted to find out the fighting patterns of

experts from first-class small worlds, hoping that they could find some opportunities in them so that they could turn defeat into victory in future battles.

No one expected Bu Fang to win.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was recovering, and when it was at its prime, it was also a first-class small world, even reaching the level of an overload-class world. But it was too weak now. After all, the Immortal Tree had just been resurrected not too long ago, and the realm had not had much time to recover, so now it could only be regarded as a third-class small world, one that was almost at the bottom of all the third-class small worlds.

This could be seen from the strength of the contestants they sent out. Among them, the only one who was strong enough was only a half-step Saint. How could a mere half-step Saint from a third-class small world be strong enough to stand up against a half-step Saint from the Vajra Realm?

The match would be a bloody murder!

There was a constant rumble in the arena as the ground was constantly smashed to pieces. San Zhu was extremely violent. His muscles bulged, making him look as if he had turned into a giant, and each of his punches carried horrible power that could cause the air to collapse.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was constantly moving at high speed. He had put away all the Explosive Meatballs that floated around him. His hair was waving in the wind, and his face was extremely cold.

“Stop running, you little lizard!” San Zhu threw a punch, and the void was breaking inch by inch. His eyes were bloodshot, and the veins stood out on his neck. His fist went straight toward Bu Fang’s face.

Suddenly, Bu Fang stopped moving. He heaved a deep breath and raised his bandaged arm. The next moment, the bandage unwound, revealing his black and white arms covered with patterns. He narrowed his eyes as a Taotie roar burst out of the arm. His Taotie Arm, which had been silent for a long time, finally appeared again in front of everyone at this moment.

The arm was the product of the fusion of the souls of two Taoties in the Valley of Gluttony. In the beginning, the souls were still quite weak, but with the improvement of his cultivation base, they also became stronger and stronger and seemed to show signs of evolution. As a result, the physical strength they provided to him was also getting better and greater.

Bu Fang hadn't really experienced the full power of his Taotie Arm, and he had decided to release its potential completely this time.

He let out a soft breath, looked at the ferocious and violent San Zhu with a straight face, then suddenly raised his Taotie Arm and collided with the Vajra Realm expert's arm, which was as massive as the trunk of a century-old tree.

Everyone's eyes went wide as they stared in disbelief at Bu Fang's move.

"Is this guy crazy?!"

"What is he doing? Why is he throwing a punch at the Vajra Realm expert?"

"He wants to compete for physical strength with a Vajra Realm expert? Is this Immortal Cooking Realm chef stupid?"

The audience broke out in an uproar. They thought Bu Fang was absolutely crazy. Everyone knew that the Vajra Realm experts specialized in cultivating their bodies. They relied on their flesh to become Saints, and their strength was so mighty that they could crush mountains with a punch. No sane person would dare let a Vajra Realm expert approach.

However, Bu Fang chose to go head-to-head with his opponent!

The other Vajra Realm experts were howling with excitement. As San Zhu and Bu Fang's fists got closer and closer to each other, their excitement grew stronger and stronger. They would soon be able to see San Zhu rubbing the little lizard from the Immortal Cooking Realm on the ground!

"Trying to compete for physical strength with us? I really don't know what this lizard thinks!"

Mo Yan and the others turned very pale. They didn't expect Bu Fang to make such a choice.

"Doesn't the Great Demon King have those meatballs that explode? All he has to do is throw a meatball and blow up this Vajra Realm expert... Why did he choose to fight head-to-head with

physical strength? Why did he make such an unwise move? Why did he use his weakness to attack the other's strengths? Why?!"

The people watching the match in the Immortal Cooking Realm were in despair, and the audience at the scene didn't think Bu Fang could win. The Vajra Realm had never lost to anyone when it came to pure physical strength!

With everyone watching, and when everyone seemed to have guessed the result, Bu Fang and San Zhu's fists collided. A powerful blast swept out in an instant.

Bu Fang's face was cool and expressionless, while San Zhu opened his mouth and growled like a savage beast. As the fist met the fist and the flesh collided with the flesh, a clear and crisp sound instantly reached all ears. That was the sound of flesh hitting on flesh. Even the air was shaken and rippled by the force produced from the collision.

Even then, two bestial roars rang out. On Bu Fang's arm, the souls of the two Taoties materialized, while wisps of black and white energy swirled around and wrapped his arm as if they had taken physical form.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Footsteps could be heard ringing out from the arena. San Zhu was stepping backward. Every step he took dented the ground. Finally, he stomped his foot hard and managed to stop stepping back and stabilize his body.

He was forced back by Bu Fang?! He was weaker in terms of pure physical strength?!

"How is this possible?!"

San Zhu's pupils constricted as he looked at Bu Fang in disbelief. He, a burly man who stood two and a half meters tall, lost to a weak pretty boy in terms of pure physical strength?!

Outside the arena, everyone was stunned. They couldn't believe that Bu Fang was the stronger one in the clash of pure physical forces just now. How was that even possible? How could a chef suppress an expert from the Vajra Realm in terms of physical strength? Was this a joke? Was San Zhu just a paper tiger? Or maybe the Vajra Realm had an undeserved reputation?

“San Zhu, hurry up and kill this little pretty boy! Stop being merciful!” The other Vajra Realm contestants, who were shocked by what just happened, roared furiously through clenched teeth. They couldn’t stand the fact that someone was stronger than them in physical strength!

San Zhu threw his head back and roared. His muscles grew bigger, and his veins stood out suddenly across his whole body. At the same time, his aura soared again, becoming more oppressive than before. The next moment, the Vajra Realm’s Will of the Great Path emerged above his head. As a peak half-step Saint, San Zhu’s cultivation base was enough to attract the Will to strengthen him!

The appearance of the Taotie Arm made Bu Fang’s arm more muscular. He felt as if there was endless power surging in it. The feeling delighted him. Although he was calm now, there was a trace of irascibility inside him that couldn’t be restrained. Perhaps it was the influence of the Taotie souls on him. Of course, the influence was negligible to him. With his present mental force, he could directly erase this influence by using his divine will.

However, Bu Fang didn’t do it. It suddenly occurred to him that it might be well to be a little grumpy at times.

“The collision of pure physical strength... really made me a little excited.” Bu Fang clenched his fist, and there seemed to be endless power in his palm waiting to be unleashed.

Suddenly, San Zhu charged at him again from a distance, throwing out a punch that rolled up a gust of wild wind.

“Die now, pretty boy!”

San Zhu’s punch came with a mighty momentum and rumbled like a thunderclap. Everyone seemed to have difficulty in breathing. The power of this punch was almost comparable to that of a Little Saint! Moreover, his physical strength appeared to be slightly greater than that of a Little Saint as well!

“This chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm must die this time, right?”

In the eyes of the audience, a fierce collision erupted again.

Even then, Bu Fang threw a leisurely punch. With a boom, wisps of black and white energy swirled and turned into Yin and Yang energy that covered his arm. His physical strength was rising, and he felt as if he could now crush mountains or topple seas with one punch.

BAM!

Under everyone's shocked eyes, San Zhu was knocked flying backward. The muscles of his arm were trembling, while a clear and crisp sound of bone breaking could be heard coming out of it.

BOOM!

The next moment, he fell and slid backward across the ground.

Bu Fang walked slowly toward San Zhu, raising his Taotie Arm wrapped in black and white souls.

"You..." San Zhu was boiling with rage. He raised his remaining left arm to ward off Bu Fang's punch. However, it was useless. He was pressed against the ground by Bu Fang.

Boom!

The whole arena suddenly shook, and rubble fell from it. San Zhu's body had sunk into the ground, and the bones in his left arm were crushed, causing it to twist grotesquely.

"You are mighty because of your flesh? You attain the Great Path with your flesh?" Bu Fang murmured under his breath as he rubbed his fingers, the ones on the Taotie Arm. His eyes were cold and a little red.

The next moment, he raised his fist again and smashed it down. The arena shook again, and the ground cracked with lines that kept spreading.

"You paid a lot of money to trade places with my opponent so you can fight me? You want to crush every bone in my body?" Bu Fang pulled his Taotie Arm out of San Zhu's abdomen. The corner of his mouth twitched slightly with a hint of sarcasm. "So, are you here for torture?"

San Zhu's eyeballs were about to pop out. His body had sunk further into the ground, while blood was pouring out of his mouth. His faith was shattered. He couldn't believe that he had been completely suppressed in terms of physical strength.

'Why is this guy's flesh so strong? Why is his strength so strong?!

Bu Fang gently breathed a sigh of relief. Black and white energy swirled over his Taotie Arm, while horrible bestial roars kept ringing out of it. He raised his fist, squinted at San Zhu's sprawled figure, and said in a faint tone, "This is the last punch. Let's see if you can withstand it."

San Zhu's pupils constricted as he felt a shock of cold go through his body.

Chapter 1250 A Happy Nethery

The whole audience fell into silence. Everyone was standing in the same place, staring at the arena. The result of the match surprised them. The chef, who no one thought would win, had made a comeback. No, he wasn't just making a comeback. He was crushing his opponent! He had rubbed the Vajra Realm half-step Saint against the ground in a violent manner!

Everyone expected the chef to be tortured, but instead, the seemingly stronger Vajra Realm expert was the one who was thrown down and rubbed against the ground. How did that happen?

The audience saw it clearly. The Immortal Cooking Realm chef didn't use any special tricks but simply threw the Vajra Realm expert to the ground with physical strength. Then, with just one hand, he beat the big guy bloody.

...

The square in the Immortal Cooking Realm was shrouded in shock. Everyone looked at the light screen with weird expressions, at a loss for words.

After a long time, someone recovered from the shock and shouted, "The Great... Great Demon King is... mighty!" His words instantly ignited the excitement among the crowd.

"The Great Demon King is invincible!"

“Heaven! I can’t believe he threw the arrogant Vajra Realm contestant to the ground with only one hand!”

“The Great Demon King deserves to be the Immortal Cooking Realm’s miracle creator! He will always be invincible!”

Everyone in the Immortal Cooking Realm was extremely proud, and every face was flushed with excitement. They whispered to one another, thrilled at what they had just seen. They didn’t understand why Bu Fang was able to crush his opponent with physical strength, but it didn’t matter. In their view, what mattered was not the process, but the outcome. As long as he gave the arrogant fellow a good beating, they would be satisfied!

They supported the Great Demon King unconditionally!

Meanwhile, the whole Vajra Realm was silent. The people there were stupefied, and their arrogant air instantly vanished. After San Zhu was pressed to the ground and punched three times in a row, they just couldn’t laugh anymore. At this moment, their pride was thrown to the ground like a joke.

“Why is this happening…”

The Vajra Realm experts finally woke up from the shock and all howled miserably. Their contestant had been defeated!

This was the preliminary round of the individual competition, and it was also a cruel knockout match. Once a contestant was defeated, he would lose the chance and qualification to move further in the tournament! In other words, after being defeated, San Zhu was eliminated from the tournament!

...

The whole Forbidden Soul City in Earth Prison was very quiet. In the square, people crowded around Arena Three. Everyone watching the match kept roaring in excitement.

Suddenly, an angry cry broke out from the crowd.

“How dare you!”

The audience fell silent, gasped, and looked at the person who shouted. That was a Little Saint! He was the Little Saint from the Vajra Realm who had been thrown to the ground and beaten up by Bu Fang's customers!

At this moment, when Bu Fang was about to throw his last punch, Yi Zhu could no longer stand it and made a move. It was as if a savage beast had awakened, and a horrible aura pervaded the whole world. He was furious, his whole body shrouded in monstrous killing intent. He attacked like a hidden dragon coming out of the deep, sending the whole city into a roar.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged. His Taotie Arm, surrounded by Yin and Yang energies, went straight down toward San Zhu's abdomen again.

San Zhu was in complete fear, and he felt a chill in his body. He knew that even if this punch didn't kill him, he would certainly be crippled.

All of a sudden, a formidable aura poured over. The speed of experts at Little Saint-level was extremely fast, especially those with strong fleshly bodies. Almost immediately, Yi Zhu was already in front of Bu Fang, reaching out a hand between San Zhu's abdomen and Bu Fang's fist.

Rumble!

Bu Fang's fist collided with the Little Saint's palm, causing a tremendous force to blast out. He narrowed his eyes slightly. The Taotie shadows on his arm disappeared, then he raised his fist and took two steps back. Although the Taotie Arm had significantly improved his physical strength, it at best made him invincible in the half-step Saint realm. Against a Little Saint, and one who specialized in the cultivation of the flesh, his strength was still not strong enough.

However, even though Yi Zhu's palm had forced Bu Fang to step back, it couldn't stop the power of the latter's punch. A horrible force hit San Zhu in the abdomen. His eyes became bloodshot, and he spouted a mouthful of blood and fainted.

A half-step Saint from the Vajra Realm was knocked unconscious by a chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm with physical strength. This incident would soon become the laughingstock of many small worlds.

“I told you to stop! Didn’t you f*cking hear that?!” Yi Zhu was furious. He didn’t expect that even though he had come at great speed, he didn’t manage to completely block Bu Fang’s attack. This made him feel mortified.

“If I stop when you ask me to stop... I’ll lose my face,” Bu Fang said in a faint voice. His Taotie Arm slowly returned to normal, and the bandages wrapped it up again. “I heard that you guys from the Vajra Realm are targeting us. Very good. I’ll wait for you.”

“You’re courting death!” Yi Zhu’s nostrils flared. He roared inwardly, ‘This pretty boy is too arrogant! He really deserves to die!’

The next moment, his body flickered, and he appeared in front of Bu Fang, growling like a savage monster and throwing a punch. In front of the fist that contained the Will of the Great Path, the void began to twist and distort.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and remained calm. Suddenly, a dark shadow appeared in front of him. The next moment, a plume of horrible Nether energy rose into the sky, with a pair of red eyes that looked like lanterns looming in it. With his back to Bu Fang, Commander Mo Yuan opened his mouth, revealing pointed teeth that glinted sharply.

“GET LOST!”

Commander Mo Yuan’s roar resounded through the void as he raised his fist to meet the Vajra Realm Little Saint’s attack.

Yi Zhu’s pupils constricted, and he immediately retreated to the distance.

“Do you want to be disqualified? How dare you stir up trouble in the arena? If you want revenge, wait for your own match and settle your disputes in the arena!” Commander Mo Yuan was wearing a dark suit of armor, his eyes red and his face ferocious. The strength of an Earth Prison Commander was not weak.

Yi Zhu looked at Commander Mo Yuan with fear and didn’t continue to attack, but his eyes were still full of killing intent. He turned to Bu Fang and said, “Little lizard from the Immortal Cooking Realm, just you wait! I’ll definitely make you wish that you can die quickly! In your next individual match, I’ll definitely beat you to death with my fists!”

San Zhu's defeat angered Yi Zhu. He thought San Zhu would win, but instead, he was beaten like a dead dog and lost to Bu Fang in physical strength. That was the last thing he could accept.

"Haha." Bu Fang twitched his mouth, turned his back to Yi Zhu, and walked slowly out of the arena.

His carefree look infuriated Yi Zhu and made him feel like he was about to explode! 'How can this guy be so calm? Is he not afraid of the threat from a Little Saint at all?!'

The audience was silent. Everyone looked at Bu Fang with shocked eyes. They really didn't expect that the match would end like this.

Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and the others looked at Bu Fang with nothing but fiery admiration in their eyes.

The Great Demon King... This was the Great Demon King!

He was indeed the Great Demon King who never stopped creating miracles!

He was their idol! The pride of the Immortal Cooking Realm!

"My match is over, so I'll go back now... Fang Fang Little Stall will resume business, and you are all welcome to visit it."

Bu Fang's faint voice rang through the air and brought everyone to their senses like thunder. The next moment, the crowd broke out in an uproar, while a group of people holding bowls followed him and left. Some people who were shocked by Bu Fang's strength and curious about him also followed the crowd of foodies.

"Amitabha! It's over at last. This poor monk is already hungry and thirsty," Fa Wu muttered, holding a bowl in one hand and putting another hand before his chest. After that, he quickly followed Bu Fang's footsteps.

Commander Mo Yuan watched Bu Fang leave, and his eyes grew serious. He unclenched his fist and looked at it. After exchanging a blow with Yi Zhu, his palm had been shaking. The statement that Vajra Realm experts were fearsome in terms of fleshly bodies was not unfounded. Their flesh was really strong.

‘But... that chef had defeated a Vajra Realm half-step Saint with pure physical strength and even withstood an attack from a Little Saint. What an interesting chef! He deserves to be the man who even Prison Overlord You Ji is paying attention to!’

Yi Zhu helped San Zhu out of the arena. He was furious, his blood boiled and his eyes red. “Find out who that chef’s opponent is in the next match! I’m going to swap places with him and kill that stinking lizard!”

The Vajra Realm contestants were all fuming with rage. Perhaps it was because they specialized in cultivating their flesh that they were very easily angered.

An Abyss expert clad in a blood-colored robe watched Bu Fang leave unharmed and glanced at the exasperated Vajra Realm contestants. The corners of his mouth twitched. “A bunch of crap. The Vajra Realm is a dead duck. Let’s get ready. It’s almost time to start targeting that chef. He must die.”

...

The prowess of the Taotie Arm greatly surprised Bu Fang. He was somewhat puzzled because he found that it seemed to be different in some way. The Taotie souls attached to it seemed to have turned into Yin and Yang energies, and when they were intertwined, they made his physical strength even stronger. The Taotie souls were no longer just souls.

‘System, what’s going on?’ he frowned and asked the System in his mind.

However, the System didn’t answer him immediately, as if it was thinking about the question. After a long time, its serious voice rang in his head, ‘The Taotie souls have merged with the Host’s divine will and produced a unique change. Today’s Taotie souls are no longer souls. They have become embryonic forms of Yin and Yang energies. The Host can nourish them with divine will, which will promote the complete formation of the embryonic forms of Yin and Yang energies.’

The System explained a lot to Bu Fang, but it only deepened his frown. His divine will could be used to nourish the embryonic form of the embryonic forms of Yin and Yang energies? There should be something in it that he didn’t know. He had a feeling that the System was hesitating and seemed to keep something from him.

‘How can I perfect the Yin and Yang energies? Can the souls of half-blooded Taoties condense the pure Yin and Yang energies?’ Bu Fang asked the System dubiously. He didn’t believe it very much, because if it was true, it would be too low of a starting point to condense the Yin and Yang energies.

“The Host can condense Yin and Yang energies by combining the souls of the spirit beasts with Yin and Yang attributes,” the System replied.

“The souls of the spirit beasts with Yin and Yang attributes?”

“Spirit beasts with Yin and Yang attributes are very rare. One can only find them by chance and not through seeking. The Host is currently too weak to know the list of such spirit beasts,” the System said seriously.

Bu Fang fell into silence. He thought for a long time and was relieved.

‘It looks like I need to speed up. I have to get the turnover up to the level of Little Saint assessment, then push my strength to the level of Little Saint. It seems that the fact that the Taotie Arm had condensed the embryonic forms of Yin and Yang energies is a little unexpected to the System...’

He didn’t care much about it now. After all, in his opinion, the Taotie Arm’s function was to make his physical strength a little bit stronger and his body a little bit tougher.

If this thought of his were known by others, they would surely vomit blood. How could he consider that increment as a little bit when he could crush a Vajra Realm expert with pure physical strength?

When Bu Fang came out of his thoughts, he had already arrived at the stall.

As they approached, the group of foodies found something was wrong with the stall.

Nethery was holding a blue-and-white porcelain bowl filled with ingredients. The food was covered with the Abyssal Chili Sauce Bu Fang had placed on the stall, which made them look appetizing. She narrowed her eyes, happily picked up the food in the bowl with a pair of chopsticks, and put it in her mouth. As the steaming food entered her mouth, she gave it a gentle bite. The thick and aromatic soup burst out instantly. Her red lips were stained with a little oil, which made them glistening and charming.

Nethery felt extremely happy at this moment.

Foxy lay gracefully on Nethery's shoulder. The little fox's eyes were fixed on the food in the bowl as her white hair glowed and her mouth watered. Judging by all the food in the bowl, Nethery should have fished out all the cooked ingredients in the wok. She put one piece of food into her mouth, gave another piece to Foxy, then gave herself two more pieces and gave the little fox one more. After that, she gave herself three pieces and another one for Foxy.

The two of them had a great time eating.

The group of foodies behind Bu Fang stared at Nethery with sad eyes, while Bu Fang didn't know whether he should laugh or weep. He thought he was too naive. How could he ask Nethery to take care of the stall for him?

After stuffing a piece of demon frog meat into her mouth, Nethery's movements halted, and she looked up at the crowd with an expressionless face. Her cold eyes met the foodies' sad eyes.

The air suddenly became unusually quiet.