

Gourmet 1251

Chapter 1251 Lord Buddha Said, Strike When You Must!

Nethery had a good time eating. Bu Fang didn't know whether he should laugh or weep, but his face did not show his emotion. Behind him, the faces of all the foodies had already changed, and their hearts were filled with indignation and bitterness.

Didn't Owner Bu tell you to take care of the stall? How could you eat all the delicious food he was supposed to sell us?

When Nethery's eyes met the glum eyes of those foodies, the atmosphere became somewhat awkward, and the air suddenly became very quiet.

"Foxy, here, open your mouth." Nethery sniffed, then picked up a piece of demon frog meat and gave it to Foxy, who was lying on her shoulder. The little fox took the meat happily, chewing it while wagging her two tails. "Is it delicious?" Nethery asked seriously. Foxy's eyes glowed as she nodded repeatedly. "Then let's go to a corner and eat quietly."

With that, she turned away with a bowl full of food, cleverly avoiding the glares from the group of foodies.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. 'This woman...' He walked up to the stall, looked into the pot, and found that all the ingredients had indeed been fished out by her. He had no other choice but to take out new ingredients and put them into the wok for cooking.

The foodies felt a little sad because they couldn't enjoy their favorite food right away. Once again, there was a long queue in front of the stall. Although Nethery took all the boiled shish kebabs, they just had to wait for new batches to be cooked. The nearer they were to the stall, the sooner they could eat the delicacy.

On the other side, the individual competition was still going on. The voices of Commander-level experts kept ringing and spreading throughout the square.

"Next, Fa Wu from the West Little Buddhism Realm will fight with Zhang Yi from the Blackwind Continent!" Commander Mo Yuan's voice rang out in everyone's ears.

“Ah?! It’s my turn to fight?!”

In front of the stall, Fa Wu, who was second in the line, widened his eyes in disbelief. Looking at the stall so close at hand, he felt a stab of pain in his heart. He had waited a long time to get to this place, only to have his name called for the individual match. Who could understand the pain in his heart?!

Even then, Bu Fang’s faint voice rang out, “Well, the food’s ready. The stall is now open for business. First customer...”

Fa Wu felt as if his heart had been pierced by an invisible arrow. The pain was so great that he almost wept.

‘Why...’

He felt a surge of anger when he watched the first customer slowly order his food. “Amitabha! Dear benefactor... Can you f*cking choose faster?!” he shouted at the guy in front of him.

The customer was not happy. He turned to look at Fa Wu and said, “What’s the rush? Haven’t you heard that you can’t eat delicious food when you’re in a hurry? You’re already in second place! Look at the customers behind you and try to think about how anxious they are. You should be glad that you’re next! Be patient and be calm. Only in this way can you enjoy the delicious food and...”

As he watched the guy in front of him babble, Fa Wu suddenly felt an urge to beat him to death with a wooden fish stick. However, after thinking for a moment, he gave up the idea.

When the first customer in line saw that Fa Wu was silent, he was instantly satisfied. He turned leisurely, looked into the wok, stroked his chin, and began to ponder again.

“Owner Bu, I want a skewer of demon frog meat. Yes, I don’t want it spicy. But can I have more spice in the octopus tentacles? The Spring of Life is also delicious. I think I should have a bowl of it too... It’s so hard to choose... What should I choose... Owner Bu, why don’t you help me decide?”

“Forget it, I’ll choose it myself. I don’t want this, this, and this. I want a skewer of this. Yes, that one... Give me two more skewers of that... Ugh, I think one skewer is enough...”

The first customer was taking his sweet time to order, while Fa Wu's heart was bleeding.

“Contestant from the West Little Buddhism Realm, where are you? If you don't get into the arena now, I'll take it as you've withdrawn from the match!” Commander Mo Yuan's cold voice rang out again.

The audience immediately broke out in an uproar. Did the contestant from the West Little Buddhism Realm really withdraw from the match? That would be an explosive piece of news. Many people were curious, because the Buddhism Realm was a small world stronger than the Vajra Realm. Although they were both first-class small worlds, there were different levels of first-class small worlds.

Fa Wu, of course, couldn't withdraw from the match, so his heart was bleeding. He glanced over his shoulder at the long line behind him, feeling extremely depressed. “Amitabha! Dear benefactor, can you choose faster?” He was so anxious that he forced himself to ask again.

As soon as he said that, the customer in front of him turned around and said angrily, “There you go again! Did you hear what I said just now? As a monk, how can you be so impatient?”

The guy cleared his throat, put his arms on his hips, and was ready to start babbling again. Suddenly, his eyes widened, and he covered his mouth in disbelief. “Aha, aren't you the Fa Wu from the West Little Buddhism Realm?”

Fa Wu wore a straight face. He felt that his chest was once again pierced by an invisible arrow, and someone rocked it vigorously.

“Listen, someone is calling your name,” the first customer said seriously.

The corners of Fa Wu's mouth twitched. “Amitabha! The Lord Buddha once said, strike when you must... Dear benefactor, you are possessed by demons!”

That gave the first customer a pause. When did he become possessed? Did he hear it correctly? The next moment, when he came to his senses, he saw a wooden fish stick growing larger and larger in his eyes. He wanted to unleash his aura to block it, but Fa Wu had locked his body with the energy of a Little Saint.

Dong!

A crisp and melodious sound rang out.

Bu Fang and all the people in the queue were stunned.

Fa Wu threw the knocked-out customer into the distance and said impatiently to Bu Fang, "Owner Bu, give me a bowl of boiled shish kebabs. I want it the same as the one I ordered before. Oh, remember to add Abyssal Chili Sauce!"

Bu Fang nodded without expression. He lifted his hand, added the Abyssal Chili Sauce from a jar into the bowl of boiled shish kebabs in his other hand, and then handed the bowl to Fa Wu.

"Ah?" Fa Wu paused.

"That's right. He took such a long time to order all the meat ingredients... so you just take this bowl," Bu Fang said.

Fa Wu was so touched that he wanted to cry. 'He's such a good man... I seem to have hit him a little too hard.' But that was not important anymore. He took the blue-and-white porcelain bowl Bu Fang handed him, paid a string of Immortal Crystals, and left immediately. Holding a bowl in one hand and clutching his robes with the other hand, Fa Wu rushed toward the arena at top speed.

Surprisingly, he made it on time. When he finally stood in the arena, he almost wept with joy.

His opponent was somewhat stupefied.

"Do not be late again. The match now begins." The corners of Commander Mo Yuan's mouth twitched as he looked at the bowl of boiled shish kebabs in Fa Wu's hand.

Fa Wu nodded kindly. Then, he fished out a piece of meat with a porcelain spoon and put it in his mouth, feeling the rich fragrance blooming in his mouth. The happy look in his eyes sent an uproar across the audience.

"Is it really that good?"

“It looks delicious! And its smell is very fragrant!”

“It seems that the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm had opened a stall not far away. Let’s go and buy a bowl now. Something about the way that monk eats makes me want to try it too.”

When the audience saw Fa Wu eating such delicious food in the arena, they couldn’t help but swallow and discuss with one another whether they should buy boiled shish kebabs to eat later or not.

The Blackwind Continent expert was very angry. He didn’t expect that he would be so despised by his opponent. ‘Is this monk looking down on me? Why is he eating during the match?’ His homeland was only a third-class small world, which was really not comparable to the West Little Buddhism Realm, but he still deserved some respect! ‘But to be honest, the food in that bowl smells delicious!’ Looking at the way Fa Wu was eating, he felt that his appetite was also aroused.

The battle began. Fa Wu didn’t move, but the Blackwind Continent expert naturally needed to attack. Although he was only a half-step Saint, he still had the desire to win.

Dong!

The match ended as quickly as it began.

The Blackwind Continent half-step Saint’s aura towered into the sky. As he approached Fa Wu, he mustered almost all his strength. He wanted to defeat his opponent with one blow because he only had one chance.

It was a good strategy, but reality was always cruel. A wooden fish suddenly fell from the sky and hit him on the head. His violent aura scattered in an instant as he was knocked unconscious and fell to the ground.

“It’s delicious, but there seems to be less Abyssal Chili Sauce. Owner Bu is really stingy! A little more chili sauce won’t hurt him!” The wooden fish flew back to Fa Wu’s waist, and he continued to eat.

‘An instant kill... And he did it while eating. He deserves to be an eminent monk from the West Little Buddhism Realm. He’s indeed fearsome.’ Looking at the Blackwind Continent contestant, who was unconscious and sprawled on the ground, Commander Mo Yuan couldn’t help but sigh.

“The winner is Fa Wu from the West Little Buddhism Realm.”

When he heard someone announce his name, Fa Wu immediately looked up. Holding the porcelain bowl in one hand and a porcelain spoon in the other, he grinned with half-chewed food in his mouth.

Similar situations happened again and again. In several matches, there were scenes of contestants hurrying to the arenas with porcelain bowls. When such scenes transmitted through the projection arrays, the audiences in other small worlds boiled up. Most of them felt a little amused. They were watching the cruel Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path, but they all had a feeling that they were watching some food program.

Meanwhile, more people went straight to Fang Fang Little Stall and joined the long queue.

Perhaps even the organizers didn’t expect that the serious and cruel tournament would become like this. In fact, they were also a little confused.

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“Chief, I found it. The Immortal Cooking Realm chef’s next opponent is a contestant from a small world called Mingluo,” said a law enforcer clad in a blood-colored robe to his leader.

An expert sitting cross-legged on the ground opened his eyes. “Very good. Let’s go and swap places with him now. The next match will be the death of that chef!” said the chief coldly with a cruel smile.

Tap, tap, tap...

The group of law enforcers soon reached the spot where the Mingluo contestants rested.

Mingluo was a second-class small world. Although it had Little Saints, its overall strength was not too strong.

“Oh? Looks like we’re late...”

The leader of the Abyss team squinted at several tall Vajra Realm experts in the distance. They were leaving, while the Mingluo contestant was grinning from ear to ear. By the looks of it, the latter had benefited handsomely by trading his place.

As he watched the Vajra Realm experts leave, the Abyss leader said in a faint tone, “These Vajra Realm contestants are really annoying. If you meet them in the arena, kill them.”

Behind him, the other law enforcers nodded.

“If the Vajra Realm fails this time, we’ll wait for the team competition. When the time comes, we will kill all the Immortal Cooking Realm contestants at once. That will save us time.” When he had finished, he turned and left.

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The second day of the tournament was about to come to an end. Fang Fang Little Stall’s business was still booming.

Suddenly, Commander Mo Yuan’s voice rang in Bu Fang’s ear. “The next match will be between Yi Zhu from the Vajra Realm and Bu Fang from the Immortal Cooking Realm. Contestants, please come to Arena One at once.

Chapter 1252 White Tiger, I Choose You!

Commander Mo Yuan’s voice resounded through the square. Bu Fang paused his movements and slightly furrowed his eyebrows. In front of him, many customers held their breaths and stared at him with strange eyes. The next match was between Yi Zhu from the Vajra Realm and Bu Fang from the Immortal Cooking Realm.

‘Can Owner Bu not escape bad luck after all? Yi Zhu is a Little Saint from the Vajra Realm, and his strength is naturally extraordinary. Owner Bu may be killed this time...’

It was difficult to make up the gap between a Little Saint and a half-step Saint, and the main difference between them lay in their understanding of the Will of the Great Path.

Many people knew that Yi Zhu had arranged the match. The opponents in the individual matches were decided by a strict and impartial selection array provided by Nether Prison. Generally speaking, it was impossible for contestants below the Little Saint level to meet Little Saints unless they were very unlucky. Normally, the strength of their opponents would be at the same level. For example, the opponent of a half-step Saint would usually be a half-step Saint. Cross-level matches like this didn't usually happen.

However, the organizers weren't so strict in their management this time, so it was not impossible for contestants to swap places. Moreover, the organizers acquiesced in this matter. This tournament was a cruel knockout competition, after all, and anyone weaker would be eliminated.

That was the purpose of the tournament.

"Owner Bu... why don't you withdraw from the competition?"

"Yes! Your opponent is a Little Saint... If you fight him, you'll probably get killed. If you're dead, no one will cook us delicious food."

"I don't want you to go... The Vajra Realm is deliberately targeting you. You'd better withdraw from the competition."

Before Bu Fang could speak, a group of customers in front of him had already spoken, urging him not to go. Although he showed great strength in both the team and individual competitions, and had even defeated a Vajra Realm half-step Saint, this time was different. His opponent in this match was a real Little Saint, one from the Vajra Realm! A real Little Saint who specialized in cultivating the fleshly body and wanted to attain the Great Dao with flesh could easily turn rivers and seas upside down and level mountains with just one punch! This kind of pure physical strength was incomparable, and no half-step Saint could withstand it.

Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and the others looked worried. Although they had come to trust Bu Fang, they were still nervous. After all, he was not facing a half-step Saint this time, but a real Little Saint! In the whole Immortal Cooking Realm, only Realm Lord Di Tai had broken through to the realm of Little Saint, and he was already the realm's top fighting force. If they remembered correctly, this was Bu Fang's first encounter with a Little Saint in the tournament.

"It's fine..." Bu Fang said lightly. He then scooped out the soup from the wok, poured it into a bowl, and then handed the bowl to the customer in front of him.

The customer took the bowl and stared blankly at him. At that moment, Nethery came running with Foxy, her eyes sparkling. “Bu Fang, I’ll keep an eye on the stall for you,” she said seriously as she approached.

The customers in front of the stall all stared at Bu Fang and Nethery with red eyes. They kept shaking their heads, hoping that Bu Fang would not let this woman take care of the stall again. Otherwise, they would have nothing left to eat.

“No need. Judging by the time, today’s competition is coming to an end. Let’s call it a day.” Bu Fang reached out his hand, rubbed Nethery’s gray-green hair, then gave Foxy’s nose a tap with his finger.

The little fox reached out her two front paws and rubbed her nose.

The customers in front of the stall immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

“All right, Owner Bu, you go and fight the next match.”

“Yes! It doesn’t matter if you lose. Just remember to save your life.”

“I hope we can continue to eat Owner Bu’s delicious food tomorrow.”

The customers suddenly became a little sad, and for a moment, a sorrowful atmosphere hung in the air. Bu Fang was somewhat confused by them. He twitched the corners of his mouth, waved his hand, and put away the wooden stall. “Please look forward to tomorrow’s cuisine.” With that, he clasped his hands behind his back and strode off to Arena One. There, Yi Zhu and Commander Mo Yuan had been waiting for him for some time.

Nethery paused for a moment, then followed Bu Fang with Foxy. Once again, the group of foodies rushed toward Arena One.

As Commander Mo Yuan’s voice resounded through the square, everyone’s eyes were focused on Arena One.

This was a cross-level match, with a half-step Saint against a Little Saint. It was the first cross-level battle in the individual competition so far, so many people were curious and expectant. Moreover, the contestants were not just anybody. The Little Saint from the Vajra Realm, Yi Zhu, had unparalleled fighting strength. He specialized in cultivating the flesh, so even ordinary Little Saints dared not be approached by him. After all, the Vajra Realm experts were physically strong enough to kill their opponents with their chest muscles. The difference in physical strength contributed to the difference in overall strength.

On the other hand, Bu Fang, the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm, had surprised and appalled everyone since his appearance. He was a chef who was good at creating miracles.

Tap, tap, tap...

The sound of footsteps rang through the air. With his hand clasped behind his back, Bu Fang calmly stepped into the arena, his Vermilion Chef Robe fluttering with his movements. It was almost dusk. The setting sun shone on the arena, making it look as if it was enveloped in flames. Bu Fang's figure was obscured by the red glow, giving him a touch of mystery.

Many people stared at the arena in amazement.

Commander Mo Yuan was in the middle of the arena, and Yi Zhu was on the other side. A grim expression came over his face when he saw Bu Fang. He smashed his fists together and shook the air in front of him. "Here you are at last! I can't wait to tear you to pieces, little lizard!" said Yi Zhu coldly, his eyes flashing red. Before the match had even started, his aura began to soar.

The whole audience felt that their breathing became a little difficult. The aura of a Little Saint was so fearsome and terrible that their minds trembled under the oppression.

'Can this little chef survive such a violent and mighty Little Saint?!'

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Everyone in the Immortal Cooking Realm was looking at the light screen with concern. They had unreserved confidence in Bu Fang, but when they saw him facing such a formidable opponent, they still wavered.

"That is a Little Saint... a real Little Saint!"

“Can the Great Demon King win? How could a half-step Saint stand up against a Little Saint?”

“Great Demon King, you mustn’t die!”

The people in the Immortal Cooking Realm clenched their fists and looked worried. Meng Qi was quite calm, though. She had witnessed with her own eyes the scenes of Bu Fang fighting the Abyss’s Judges, so she knew very well that he was not defenseless against a Little Saint. Perhaps, this time, everyone would be shocked by him again.

‘It’s Owner Bu’s miracle hour again...’

“Death is allowed in the Tournament of the Great Path.” Looking at Bu Fang and Yi Zhu, Commander Mo Yuan asked in a faint tone, “Are you ready?”

Glances were thrown at the two contestants from all around. The match had attracted the attention of more people. After all, one of the contestants was a Little Saint from the Vajra Realm. Vajra Realm experts were opponents that many people fear, so it was only natural that they should pay more attention.

As soon as Commander Mo Yuan said that, he disappeared from where he was standing, leaving the arena to Bu Fang and Yi Zhu.

Yi Zhu stared coldly at Bu Fang and said, “I’ve told you that I’ll crush every bone in your body!”

With a cracking sound, the ground under his feet suddenly shattered, apparently unable to bear the pressure emanating from his body. These arenas had been specially strengthened. They were so tough that they could withstand the battles of ordinary Little Saints. Without a doubt, Yi Zhu’s fighting capacity was much stronger than that of a One-revolution Little Saint, and that was mainly contributed by his physical strength.

Suddenly, Bu Fang’s pupils constricted as he saw Yi Zhu’s body turn into a streak of golden light and appear in front of him in a flash.

“I’m going to swat you like a little lizard!” Yi Zhu’s eyes were wide as copper bells. His arms were outstretched, and he brought both his palms together as hard as he could. He was going to kill Bu Fang with a slap!

Pak!

A slapping sound rang out, and the whole void in the arena was shaking. Bu Fang’s body fell back, and in an instant, he was free of Yi Zhu’s aura.

“Trying to escape from me?” Yi Zhu twitched his mouth in disdain. With a turn of his palm, veins stood out one by one all over his body, while a plume of mighty energy burst out from him, as terrible as crashing waves.

At this moment, the whole arena seemed to be shrouded in his energy.

“So... strong...”

“The Vajra Realm Little Saint lives up to his name!”

“This energy is as scary as that of a legendary monster!”

The audience broke out in an uproar, shocked as they watched Bu Fang take the brunt of Yi Zhu’s power directly.

Rumble!

Yi Zhu slapped his palm on the arena. The ground immediately exploded, and rubble flew in all directions. Even then, he swept out a hand, and all the rubble turned and flew like shooting stars toward Bu Fang.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With an expressionless face, Bu Fang kept moving like a phantom, avoiding all attacks. Although the ground had burst open, he was unharmed. He clasped his hands behind his back and looked relaxed.

“Not bad for a little lizard like you! Let’s see how long you can hold out!” Yi Zhu let out a roar. The next moment, he ran toward Bu Fang like a monster, stepping on the void. The void twisted with every step he took.

Bu Fang’s pupils constricted as he saw Yi Zhu appear in front of him.

“This punch is for San Zhu!”

The void was constantly cracking. Yi Zhu’s eyes went wide as he threw a mighty punch. He was going to kill Bu Fang completely with this blow.

An uproar swept across the crowd outside the arena.

“What a terrible punch! The little chef is dead!”

“He simply can’t defend against it! Their strength is not on the same level. How can he resist it?”

“It’s over... The Little Saint is getting serious. The little chef is going to die.”

The audience gasped as they watched Yi Zhu force Bu Fang into a tight corner with the punch.

A tight corner?

Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth. He was just too lazy to dodge anymore. Yi Zhu’s physical strength was indeed very strong, stronger than his strength after unleashing the Yin and Yang Taotie Arm, However, it was not stronger than he imagined.

Bu Fang didn’t use his Taotie Arm. He simply raised his palm in front of him with a relaxed look. The next moment, Yi Zhu’s fist landed hard in the palm with a bang, but the mighty punch didn’t even cause a ripple. At the same time, a red light flashed over Bu Fang’s body. His striped red-and-white Vermilion Chef Robe had completely turned fiery scarlet—the invincibility of the robe had helped him block the blow.

“What?!” Yi Zhu’s pupils constricted, his face filled with disbelief. “How is this possible?!” He had no idea why the little chef could block his punch so easily.

The next moment, the look in Bu Fang’s eyes changed. A storm was set off in Bu Fang’s spirit sea!

“Little Host, let Nicholas the Handsome Dragon out quickly! I can kill him with just a roar!” The Golden Divine Dragon kept growling. He couldn’t wait to go out and fight.

“You should let Mulberry out. I’ll make him feel what despair is!” cried the Vermilion Bird with wide eyes.

The Black Turtle was hovering lazily on one side, motionless, while the White Tiger lay proudly on the other side and gave a snort.

Buzz...

Bu Fang appeared in his spirit sea. To defeat this Little Saint, his only means was the Perishing Pot. However, he didn’t want to use it now, so he had only one option left, and that was... the Spirit Possession.

After glancing at the Golden Divine Dragon and the Vermilion Bird, who were eager to try, he turned to the Black Turtle. When he saw the green color of the turtle, the corners of his mouth twitched. ‘If I was possessed by the Black Turtle, would my hair turn green? I think I’d better choose the other...’

His eyes finally rested on the White Tiger lying proudly on one side.

The White Tiger’s hair bristled as he looked up at Bu Fang. “What do you want?”

“Very well, I choose you. It’s time to go out for some fun,” said Bu Fang.

As soon as he finished speaking, a mighty tiger roar rang through his spirit sea!

Chapter 1253 The Cocky White-haired Bu Fang

It never occurred to the White Tiger that Bu Fang would choose him. When Bu Fang was in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, he didn't even choose to let him go out for some fresh air. 'Does the Host know what I'm capable of? Does he know the consequences of being possessed by me? How dare he let me possess him without knowing anything?'

The White Tiger lay prone in a corner with a look of doubt in his eyes. However, since Bu Fang had chosen him, he would not refuse. As an Artifact Spirit, he also desired to go out and get some fresh air. He had not gone out for a long time since the previous host died.

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The whole audience was in an uproar. They were completely shocked by what happened in the arena. The little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm had blocked the punch thrown by the Vajra Realm Little Saint with his bare hand. How could he possibly do that? He didn't even use his mighty arm as he did in the last match. The counterintuitive situation baffled them.

The other Vajra Realm contestants were all frozen. Their mouths were open, and their eyes went wide as if they were completely stunned by what they saw in the arena.

"What's this trick?"

The eyes of contestants from other small worlds lit up. They were also a little confused by Bu Fang's movements.

"That's not his own power. It's the ability of the robe he's wearing. The robe should be a treasure, probably a supreme-grade immortal tool, or even a sacred-grade immortal tool," said a man wearing a white jade mask from the Winged Man Valley. His voice was soft and pleasant to the ear.

The crowd suddenly understood. After all, the Immortal Cooking Realm used to be an overlord-class small world, so it was perfectly normal for it to have some rare treasures.

Yi Zhu was also taken aback. Suddenly, his pupils constricted, for he had discovered something more terrible. The aura of the little chef before him began to change noticeably. He looked down, while the young man slowly looked up. When their eyes met in midair, he saw his opponent's pupils narrow at a speed visible to the naked eye, looking like two sharp swords.

‘Those pupils don’t belong to human beings!’ Yi Zhu gasped. What made it feel even more creepy was that the little chef’s lips slightly curved upward into a smile. ‘Is this guy f*cking smiling? This is the first time I’ve ever seen this paralyze-faced chef smile! So he does know how to smile!’

“I haven’t been out for a long time...” said Bu Fang under his breath. His black hair turned white at a speed visible to the naked eye, spreading like silk behind him and looking as smooth as milk.

His transformation completely attracted the attention of the audience and caused an uproar among them.

“What’s going on? Does this little chef have the ability to transform?”

Outside the arena, Nethery looked blankly at Bu Fang with Foxy in her arms. She suddenly thought of the two strange Bu Fang in the Heaven and Earth Farmland, and a curious look came over her face. ‘There’s a blond Bu Fang and a red-haired Bu Fang, and now his hair is white... It seems he likes to change his hair color recently.’

All eyes were drawn to Bu Fang’s dazzling white hair.

“Brother Yi Zhu, beat him to death!” On the other side of the arena, a Vajra Realm expert gave a roar. His voice was so loud that everyone couldn’t help looking at him, and then the crowd saw that all the Vajra Realm contestants were growling with indignation.

In the distance, the Abyss experts in blood-colored robes stared at the arena. Their eyes narrowed slightly as they looked at Bu Fang quizzically. “His white hair looks a bit strange...”

“Do you think I’ll be afraid of you just because you changed your hair color?! Go to hell!” Yi Zhu growled loudly. A powerful force burst out of his fist, pushing the white-haired Bu Fang flying back.

Bu Fang had a wicked smile on his face that sent shivers down everyone’s spines. He stood on the ground, closed his eyes, spread his arms, and took a deep breath. As he felt the fresh air, an intoxicated look came over his face. “What a pleasant smell...” he said, then opened his eyes.

“Acting all mysterious!” Yi Zhu said coldly. His aura soared again, and the shadow of a fiend seemed to emerge behind him. A horrible power instantly swept across the audience.

White-haired Bu Fang raised his chin, folded his arms over his chest, and looked indifferently at Yi Zhu in the distance. “Weak, too weak. You’re as weak as an unweaned kitten,” he said, his voice full of pride. His words were matched with his chin-lifting look, making him appear rather cocky.

Cocky?!

How could this word be associated with this paralyze-faced chef? Everyone found the situation incredible.

In fact, the people in the Immortal Cooking Realm were the most surprised. The scene in the arena had been transmitted to the square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, and everyone who saw Bu Fang’s hair changing color was stunned.

“It’s over... The Great Demon King’s hair had changed color under the pressure of the Vajra Realm expert...”

“His hair had turned all white! He must be at his wits’ end.”

“It feels strange. He’s a little different from the usual Great Demon King...”

All the immortal chefs could feel the strange air emanating from Bu Fang, so they all chatted with each other doubtfully.

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In the arena, Yi Zhu’s anger flared at white-haired Bu Fang’s attitude. He felt as if a roaring flame were burning in his chest. “You conceited fellow! You’re just a little lizard from the Immortal Cooking Realm, and you dare provoke me?! I’m going to crush you completely and smash you to a pulp!” he growled furiously, his hair standing on top of his head. It was plain to see how angry he was at the moment.

“This guy is dead... He has really angered Chief Yi Zhu!”

“When Chief loses his temper, everyone backs down!”

“This fool! Doesn’t he know that the angrier we Vajra Realm experts get, the stronger we become? With Chief’s fury at the moment, his punch will probably turn this fellow into a pulp!”

The Vajra Realm experts were extremely excited, and their eyes were full of zeal. They all seemed to be able to picture Bu Fang turning into pulp under Yi Zhu’s fist. The mere thought of it thrilled them.

“What a big-breasted and brainless guy. Your furious look is just like a stupid angry cat,” said white-haired Bu Fang disdainfully, standing in the distance with his arms folded over his chest and his chin raised.

Arrogant and conceited. That was everyone’s impression of Bu Fang at the moment. No one could believe that he dared to speak to a Little Saint like that. Where did he get the courage to provoke a Little Saint? He was just a half-step Saint!

“You’re courting death!” Fury rocketed through Yi Zhu, his whole body seemingly burning as hot as an oven. The rubble on the ground kept floating up in midair, shattering under his pressure. Suddenly, the air burst into a ripple with a deafening boom as he shot himself toward Bu Fang, throwing a punch to kill this arrogant white-haired fellow.

“Well, well... A weak guy is a weak guy. I’ll let you attack me three times without fighting back. If you can touch me within the three attacks, I’ll spare your life,” said white-haired Bu Fang indifferently, clasping his hands behind his back.

Even Commander Mo Yuan in the distance frowned and shook his head when he heard those words.

‘How did this guy become so cocky? He’s a completely different person.’

Before this, Bu Fang was calm and indifferent. He was quite annoying, but that was all. However, the current white-haired Bu Fang was arrogant and conceited, which not only annoyed people but also made them want to beat him.

‘He’s merely a half-step Saint, and yet he said he will let a Little Saint attack him three times without fighting back... Who the f*ck does he think he is? Even Nether Prison’s top half-step Saints dare not say so. Where on earth did this little chef get his confidence?’

Commander Mo Yuan had been a little fond of Bu Fang. After all, he was the one Prison Overlord You Ji asked him to take care of. However, now it seemed that he was just a stupid and arrogant guy.

Rumble!

Bu Fang's words naturally made Yi Zhu's anger burn even more fiercely. He ran over like a prehistoric beast, causing the ground to rumble while throwing a punch at Bu Fang. The void shattered instantly, and everything in the arena seemed to be crushed!

"YOU'RE DEAD!" Yi Zhu roared wildly. His voice resounded through the square like a clap of thunder, and the crowd could feel a tremendous pressure washing over them. It made their expressions change drastically. He was extremely strong! Even a few experts from the other first-class small worlds looked serious upon sensing the power.

The punch was getting closer and closer to Bu Fang! The wind from the fist was like a sharp sword, cutting through the air and making a whistling sound.

Bang, bang, bang!

The air kept exploding in front of the punch. This was the ultimate punch from an expert whose flesh had reached the level of Little Saint. How could Bu Fang withstand it? The attack of a Little Saint was accompanied by the locking of aura, so a half-step Saint couldn't escape at all. If the punch hit him, Bu Fang would surely turn into a pulp!

Closer! It was getting closer and closer!

White-haired Bu Fang was still standing where he was. His striped red-and-white Vermilion Chef Robe flapped noisily, and his white hair was waving in the wind. His expression remained unchanged, and his chin was still raised, looking extremely cocky.

Two inches, one inch...

The horrible blast almost hit Bu Fang in the face.

There was a ferocious look in Yi Zhu's eyes as he roared, "DIE!!!"

With a loud explosion, the ground suddenly burst apart. Half of the arena collapsed under the punch.

The power was absolutely terrifying. The array in the arena was completely useless against it. After all, this was only the preliminary round, so the organizers didn't use a better array to stabilize the arena. If a Little Saint's power reached a critical point, it would be enough to smash the entire arena to pieces.

Smoke and dust spread out of the arena, slowly revealing the aftermath. Everyone thought that the little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm should have died, but they were wrong. After the smoke and dust dispersed, an uproar swept across the audience!

Yi Zhu's pupils shrank as tiny as beans. His punch didn't hit the little chef! 'How did this happen? My fist is clearly one inch away from the tip of the boy's nose, and my aura had locked him in all directions... But why didn't my punch hit him?!'

Tap, tap.

Bu Fang crossed his arms over his chest and landed behind Yi Zhu. His white hair was waving in the wind, giving him a graceful air. He turned slowly, raised his chin, and said cockily, "Weakling... You have two more chances."

"IMPOSSIBLE!"

Yi Zhu gave a roar, raised his fist, spun around, and threw a punch at Bu Fang again. All of a sudden, the punch turned into countless punches, for he had thrown hundreds of punches in a flash, each aimed at one of Bu Fang's vital points. As long as one of the punches hit the target, he could completely rip Bu Fang apart.

He was punching so fast that the audience could see nothing but blurry shadows. In less than half a heartbeat, he had thrown out hundreds of punches. Such a crazy speed could only be achieved by Vajra Realm experts with mighty physical bodies. Even so, Yi Zhu's muscles turned red all over, while beads of sweat streaked across his skin and fell to the ground.

What shocked people more, however, were Bu Fang's movements. His body seemed to be made of rubber. Whenever a fist was about to hit him, he could always avoid it at the last moment. Moreover, he looked relaxed.

After a frenzied attack, Yi Zhu's nostrils kept gushing with hot air. His eyes were fixed on Bu Fang, who was staring at him with a raised chin in the distance.

"I said I'll let you attack me three times without fighting back, and I meant it. You still have one more chance. Make a move quickly, weakling," said the cocky white-haired Bu Fang, his eyes full of disdain.

The sneer in his eyes made Yi Zhu seethe. The next moment, his anger reached its highest point! He was all red like a raging fire!

Outside the arena, the Vajra Realm experts broke out in an uproar!

"T-This... This is the peak of anger! Brother Yi Zhu is exploding!"

"The chef is dead! No one could stand up against the Vajra Explosive Body!"

"Brother Yi Zhu is mighty! Kill this little lizard!"

All the Vajra Realm experts kept roaring, boiling with excitement!

Yi Zhu's eyes had turned scarlet, and he looked like a fiend stepping out of ancient times. He opened his mouth and roared, and behind him, there was a fire of heaven and earth!

At this moment, even the experts from the other first-class small worlds turned pale! They recognized the technique! It was the Vajra Realm's ultimate technique called the Explosive Body!

"How annoying is this little chef to make Yi Zhu angry enough to use the Explosive Body..."

"DIE NOW!"

The fiend-like Yi Zhu's body had grown to more than three meters tall, and the muscles on his fist looked as large as boulders. Suddenly, he clasped his hands together before his chest. An invisible energy was being constantly compressed between his palms using pure physical strength, and when it was compressed to the extreme, the void in his palms became blurry and distorted.

"Void-shattering blast!" He roared and pushed his hands forward. Immediately, an energy blast shattered everything as it moved at top speed toward Bu Fang.

The white-haired Bu Fang slightly narrowed his eyes and raised his chin proudly. "Kind of interesting. Still, you are weak. Remember the name of the one who defeated you... Howling the White Tiger."

Boom!

Before he had finished his words, Bu Fang's body was completely devoured by the energy blast. Half of the arena blew apart and was enveloped by the exploding energy!

Chapter 1254 All the People Present Are...Rubbish!

Void-shattering blast was an ingenious offensive method created by Vajra Realm experts. It used pure physical force to compress the air to the extreme, making it contain destructive pressure before releasing it to bombard everything. This couldn't be done by ordinary Little Saints. Only Vajra Realm experts could do it. It was not simply compressed air, but an explosive energy that contained countless energies in the air, which were compressed to an extremely small size. Therefore, when it exploded, it produced enough energy to destroy everything.

RUMBLE!!!

Everyone was stunned. They could only see a fury of energy raging in the arena.

Commander Mo Yuan struggled. He opened his mouth, but he didn't know what to do. He had promised Prison Overlord You Ji to take care of this little chef, but in the face of this attack, he hesitated. He could only watch as the guy was devoured by the Void-shattering blast.

"Alas... Forget it. This boy is destined to die here. He shouldn't have provoked Yi Zhu to the Explosive Body state." Commander Mo Yuan sighed and felt a little helpless. Bu Fang's attitude was really annoying. He wasn't as strong as his opponent, yet he behaved so wildly, and that made Mo Yuan a little uncomfortable.

The strong had the pride of the strong, and the weak must have a clear estimation of oneself.

Bu Fang was only a half-step Saint, but he was so arrogant as to provoke a Little Saint and keep calling his opponent weak. He shouldn't be so cocky! Therefore, Mo Yuan felt that he deserved to be killed.

The audience became very quiet as they looked at the energy-enveloped arena in silence. Suddenly, the Vajra Realm contestants cheered. They were extremely excited.

“That punk is finally dead!”

“Who asked him to provoke brother Yi Zhu? He deserved to be killed by the Void-shattering blast!”

“Vajra Explosive Body is a technique with supreme power. It's almost invincible among One-revolution Little Saints!”

The excited cheers of Vajra Realm contestants roused the rest of the audience from their shock. They all breathed a long sigh, their hearts filled with mixed emotions.

“That annoying guy is finally beaten to death...”

“He's too cocky. He's totally different from before.”

“Is he sick?”

The sound of heavy breathing echoed out in the arena, and the raging energy slowly dissipated. There was only one figure left in the arena. He was red all over, and from his skin, one could see the boiling blood flowing through his body. He looked like a fiend.

“You're dead at last! That's the consequence of angering me!” Yi Zhu grinned with a ferocious look, his body heaving rapidly. In the Explosive Body state, the burden on the flesh was enormous. Even he couldn't last too long. However, he was delighted because it was rare and not that easy to get into that state.

“Little lizards of the Immortal Cooking Realm, I have killed your strongest contestant! It will be your turn soon!” Yi Zhu turned and glanced at the spot where Nethery and the others were standing.

Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and Fang Yu were already bloodless and pale as paper.

‘Is the Great Demon King really... dead?’

Yi Zhu was too strong, so much so that they couldn’t muster any courage to face him. His punch seemed to be able to destroy the world, and his Void-shattering blast had even crushed the void and made it explode, terrifying countless experts from first-class small worlds.

‘Can the Great Demon King survive that kind of attack? No... He will not live at all... He’s dead... The Immortal Cooking Realm miracle is defeated.’

Holding Foxy in her arms, Nethery stared at Yi Zhu in the arena with a strange look in her eyes, while the little fox licked her paws, her two tails wagging.

...

The square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion was silent. The air seemed to be filled with gloom, and everyone became extremely nervous. Meng Qi and the other city lords all stood up with looks of disbelief on their faces. Their eyes were wide, and their hearts were full of terror.

“The Great Demon King is defeated?”

“Can he survive that level of attack?”

“Is it over? Has the Immortal Cooking Realm’s journey in the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path finally come to an end?”

...

At the center of the square in the Forbidden Soul City...

The whole Arena One had been reduced to ruins, with rubble rolling all around. Standing in the intact corner of the arena, Commander Mo Yuan couldn't help sighing. 'A conceited man will eventually pay for his attitude...'

Yi Zhu kept laughing hysterically. He pointed his finger at Zhu Yan and the others in the distance, then said, "Don't worry, you will join him soon! A bunch of little lizards!" After killing the annoying chef, he felt as if all his Qi and blood had become more transparent.

"Who is joining who? Weakling..." A faint voice suddenly rang out.

The audience was stunned, and when they heard the unconcealed arrogance in the faint voice, they were shocked.

"That familiar voice and tone... The f*cking little chef is not dead yet?!"

The crowd came to their senses after freezing for half a heartbeat, and they all stared at the arena with wide eyes.

A gust of wind came and blew away the energy in the arena, revealing the ruins. Apart from the rubble rolling all over the ground, the audience saw no one. That gave them a pause. No one? Were they hearing voices? Had that cocky voice controlled their hearing, causing them to hear voices?

"In the sky!" Someone shouted suddenly. The crowd was shocked, and everyone looked up to the sky immediately.

There, a figure floated in midair. His white hair was waving in the wind, and his robes were flapping noisily. With his arms folded over his chest and his chin cockily raised, he squinted down, his eyes full of disdain and pride.

"It's really that little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm!"

"Heaven! How did he survive the attack?"

"He looks unscathed! How did he dodge it? When did he go up to the sky? Why didn't we sense anything?!"

The whole audience was boiling. That familiar attitude, familiar tone, and familiar arrogance... The little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm managed to dodge a devastating blow from Yi Zhu, who had entered the Explosive Body state!

This was simply unbelievable! It was a miracle!

“How can that be?!” Yi Zhu was shocked. His pupils constricted as he looked up at the sky.

The white-haired Bu Fang crossed his arms over his chest and curled his mouth with a smug look on his face. “The three chances are over. I’ve said that if you can touch me within three attacks, I’ll spare your life. It seems that... you didn’t make it.” His cold voice rang through the air. “So, it’s my turn now...”

“Spare my life? You? A mere half-step Saint?!” Yi Zhu’s Qi and blood boiled up again, and he became as wild as a raging prehistoric beast.

“Oh, the strength of this body is indeed a little weak, but if I want to kill you...” White-haired Bu Fang paused, twitched the corners of his mouth, raised his chin cockily, and continued, “It’ll be as easy as killing a dog.”

“You’re courting death!” Yi Zhu roared like a beast and threw another Void-shattering blast at Bu Fang, who was floating in midair. However, what happened next left everyone dumbstruck and gasping.

In the sky, Bu Fang walked leisurely and dodged the attack effortlessly as if he was just strolling in a garden. The aura-locking from a Little Saint had no effect on him at all.

The crowd cried out in shock. It was an amazing sight.

With his white hair waving and his robes fluttering, Bu Fang finally put his hands down. All of a sudden, he disappeared in the air like a puff of smoke.

What technique was that?!

“That’s a very strange movement technique!” The Winged Man Valley expert was finally surprised. His gentle voice came with a charm that was very pleasant to the ear.

The Earth Prison experts also narrowed their eyes.

For the first time, Fa Wu, the monk from the West Little Buddhism Realm, was seriously watching the battle in midair. “I didn’t know Owner Bu is so awesome!”

Bu Fang’s movements were like smoke, invisible and immaterial. When he appeared again, he was already standing in front of Yi Zhu.

“You’re courting death! How dare you choose to fight me at close range!” Yi Zhu bellowed, then roared like a wild animal.

“Why are you still roaring? Have you forgotten my name? My name is Howling.” In front of the roaring Yi Zhu, Bu Fang was calm and indifferent. The next moment, his pupils shrank, his mouth opened, and he let out a tiger roar.

ROAR!

Yi Zhu’s voice came to an abrupt end. He felt as if a supreme pressure had fallen from the sky and suddenly enveloped him. The feeling made all his hair stand on end. Even then, his boiling Qi and blood cooled down, and his body, which was reddish and over three meters tall, changed back to its original height of about two meters. He was forced out of the Explosive Body state by Bu Fang’s tiger roar!

...

In Bu Fang’s spirit sea, he clasped his hands behind his back and watched the battle outside with a straight face. The Golden Divine Dragon was wheeling around him, while the Vermilion Bird rolled her eyes. Even the Black Turtle, who hovered motionlessly in a corner, also opened his eyes slightly to catch a glimpse of the battle.

Looking at the cocky White Tiger, Bu Fang couldn’t help but twitch the corners of his mouth. He asked the dragon and the bird, “Is this fellow always so cocky?”

“That’s his true nature. So, does Little Host regret it now? You should have chosen Nicholas the Handsome Dragon. I’m not cocky at all...” said the Golden Divine Dragon.

The Vermilion Bird glanced at Bu Fang, sighed, and said, “You’ll get used to it. White Tiger may be cocky, but he is in charge of the killing among us. You’ll see.”

She also wanted to go out and get some fresh air. It was boring to stay in the spirit sea every day. They were not like that old fellow Black Turtle, who could sleep the whole day. They had endless energy to spend.

“White Tiger is in charge of the killing?” Bu Fang paused for a moment. He had forgotten all about that. In that case, he would like to have a good look at what she meant by killing.

“White Tiger is... a cocky maniac,” the Golden Divine Dragon couldn’t help but say.

...

Yi Zhu felt chilly all over. He stared blankly at the white-haired Bu Fang standing in front of him. At this moment, the little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm exuded an aura like that of a real prehistoric savage beast, making him feel as if he was enveloped in an aura of death.

“You...”

“Weakling, do you want to ask for mercy now? It’s too late.” At this moment, Bu Fang was a different person. He was as cold as ice.

BOOM!

Yi Zhu’s pupils constricted. He immediately raised his hand, for he felt a terrible gust of wind coming toward him.

With a bang, the white-haired Bu Fang’s fist landed on his arm. A great force exploded out, knocking Yi Zhu flying backward. The next moment, he felt a hand grab his throat, and then his whole body was forcibly pressed to the ground.

A blast of air swept out in all directions as the whole arena collapsed and sank deeply into the ground. Commander Mo Yuan jumped up into the air because he finally had no place to stand. His eyes were filled with shock. At that moment, a miserable shriek rang out from the arena.

The audience was struck dumb.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The sound of fists hitting flesh rang out repeatedly. Everyone could feel the continuous shaking of the ground.

ROAR!

A deafening tiger roar resounded through the air.

The audience gasped, and when they looked at the arena, they vaguely saw a huge white tiger!

With a ripping sound, a stream of blood rushed into the sky. All the people who saw it felt cold all over, their eyes wide with fear.

In the arena, the aura that belonged to Yi Zhu was completely gone.

As a gust of wind came blowing over and dispersed the dust, a figure with white hair slowly walked out from the haze. He folded his arms over his chest, raised his chin, and stood on the edge of the ruined arena, looking straight at all the people present with a smug look. Then, he snorted and said, "In my view, everyone present is... rubbish."

Chapter 1255 Revenge Comes Fas

"In my view, everyone here is... rubbish." White-haired Bu Fang crossed his arms over his chest, raised his chin, and glanced cockily at the crowd. His words resounded through the whole audience, ringing in everyone's ears and making everyone freeze. Even Nethery, Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and the audience in the Immortal Cooking Realm were completely struck dumb.

"Is this guy really Owner Bu?"

“Is the Great Demon King so arrogant?”

The audience was quiet for a long time, then it exploded completely in an uproar.

“This little chef is too arrogant, isn’t he? Does he think he’s invincible after killing a Vajra Realm Little Saint?”

“Haha... He’s really conceited.” A long-haired woman with a bloodless face from the Wandering Soul Realm smiled darkly.

“He has a bit of strength, but he’s too wild,” said the Winged Man Valley expert softly. One could tell from his voice that he was actually sneering.

The Earth Prison experts were grinning, too. “Prison Overlord You Ji’s favorite little chef is a little too cocky. He was just taking advantage of Yi Zhu’s weak period after the Explosive Body state was over. Does that make him feel invincible?”

Many experts from first-class small worlds were smiling. They all felt somewhat disdainful of the arrogant Bu Fang. Yes, Bu Fang had defeated Yi Zhu, but in their view, he just took advantage of his opponent’s weakness. When Yi Zhu entered the Explosive Body state, his strength and mental force would soar by leaps and bounds, but the state had a fatal shortcoming, and that was once it ended, his body would become extremely weak. It was like using a secret technique to stimulate the body. Although it was harmless, the body would definitely become weak when the state was over.

Bu Fang had struck when Yi Zhu was in a weak state, and that was the reason why he was able to kill him.

“I can’t believe this guy can really kill Yi Zhu... Well, he does have the right to be cocky, since he had killed a Little Saint with the strength of a half-step Saint!” someone said, chuckling.

Meanwhile, the Vajra Realm was shrouded in a depressed atmosphere. For a moment, the people in the realm couldn’t accept that one of their Little Saints had been killed by a chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm.

“Ahhhhhhh!!”

After a brief silence, the whole realm was boiling up. Suddenly, a figure ran toward the distance and smashed a mountain to pieces with one punch.

“Yi Zhu, you’ve died so tragically!”

...

No one in the Immortal Cooking Realm could have imagined that the match would end this way. Bu Fang had killed a Little Saint with the strength of a half-step Saint. Although they only saw the killing through the light screen, they all seemed to be able to feel the horror emanating from him. Their miracle did not pass away. The Great Demon King who kept creating miracles was still here!

“He’s so cool! ‘Everyone here is rubbish’, did you hear him say that? What a powerful statement!”

“He’s truly worthy to be the Great Demon King! He’s so bold!”

“I’ll be a loyal supporter of the Great Demon King for the rest of my life! I’ll fight anyone who insults him!”

The Immortal Cooking Realm erupted into a celebration. Meng Qi, on the other hand, didn’t know whether she should laugh or weep. When she saw Bu Fang’s white hair, she knew that this should be the Bu Fang who liked to stir up troubles, just like the Bu Fang with red hair and black hair. In any case, as long as he won the match and he was unharmed, his arrogance didn’t bother her too much. If the Great Demon King wasn’t qualified for arrogance, who would?

...

“Why? You’re not convinced?” The white-haired Bu Fang folded his arms over his chest and sneered at the audience. “If you think you are stronger than me, come up here and fight—” Before he could finish, however, his voice came to an abrupt end.

In Bu Fang’s spirit sea, the corners of his mouth twitched violently. He finally knew why the Golden Divine Dragon said the White Tiger was a maniac. ‘He’s really a f*cking maniac. He had already won, so why should he provoke everyone? This is not necessary at all!’

Buzz...

With a surge of light, the White Tiger's figure appeared in the spirit sea.

"Hmm? Why did you summon me back here? I want to fight a hundred enemies!" he said, raising his tiger's head cockily.

"Howling, stop fooling around," said Bu Fang with a straight face.

"You're making enemies for Little Host! What if you annoy someone and Little Host gets punched in the face while sleeping at night?" the Golden Divine Dragon said seriously in the distance.

"Maybe he'll be stripped, tied up with big rocks, and thrown into the sea," the Vermilion Bird added.

Bu Fang was speechless. 'Why do these Artifact Spirits seem to want me dead?'

"Hmph! Why should I be afraid of making enemies? If they dare to come, I'll kill them all! I, Howling, am invincible!" the White Tiger said, his head cocked proudly and his teeth bared.

Suddenly, he got a light knock on the head from Bu Fang. His eyes widened instantly, and he gave a loud cry. "Host, how dare you knock my head?!"

"Howling, let me hear you howl," said Bu Fang expressionlessly.

"ARRRRROOOOOO!"

"Good boy." Bu Fang nodded with satisfaction. Then, with a thought, he disappeared from the spirit sea.

For a moment, the atmosphere became very embarrassing. The White Tiger stood stiffly, while the dragon and the bird stared at him from a distance. He glanced at both of them and asked, "What did I just do?"

"You're a good boy..." said the Golden Divine Dragon.

“You didn’t see anything, otherwise, I, Howling, will kill you!” the tiger bared his teeth and said to the dragon. Then, he turned, leaped into a corner, and lay down with his back to them.

The dragon rolled his eyes. “Bah! Do you think I’ll be afraid of you? We’re all Artifact Spirits...”

...

Buzz...

In the arena, Bu Fang opened his eyes. His slit pupils returned to normal, the fluctuations on his body disappeared, and his white hair was black again. As soon as he was back in his body, his ears were filled with a flood of furious roars.

Seeing everyone was staring angrily at him, he twitched the corner of his mouth. ‘That White Tiger is really good at making enemies...’ He clasped his hands behind his back, looked at the crowd outside the arena with a straight face, and said seriously, “If I said the man just now wasn’t me, would you believe it?”

His words quieted the audience a little, but the next moment, he was drowned out by a torrent of abuse. He shrugged helplessly. In fact, he didn’t really care if the White Tiger made him more enemies. He had the Perishing Pots, after all, so he had nothing to be afraid of. He just turned his back on the angry crowd and walked out of the arena.

Commander Mo Yuan took a deep breath and landed from midair to the edge of the pit in the arena. When he saw Yi Zhu, who was lying in the pit with a face so beaten up that he could hardly recognize him, he gasped. ‘This is too horrible...’ He raised his head and glanced at the lean figure that was leaving with a serious look in his eyes. ‘This little chef is not as simple as he looks...’

“The winner is Bu Fang from the Immortal Cooking Realm.” Commander Mo Yuan’s voice echoed out and drowned all the shouts. Soon, everyone quieted down.

The half-step Saint from the Immortal Cooking Realm had won the match. The result surprised everyone. They had thought that he would be killed, and the Immortal Cooking Realm would lose all their hopes, but in the end, it was the Vajra Realm Little Saint who died tragically.

Immediately after Commander Mo Yuan announced the result, the Vajra Realm experts rushed into the arena and threw themselves on Yi Zhu's corpse, wailing. In the distance, many experts from first-class small worlds were leaving in succession. The match was over, and there was nothing else to watch. The battle had reminded them not to be careless in this tournament as even a half-step Saint might have a trump card that could kill a Little Saint. No matter what level of enemies they faced, they must do their best.

The Abyss experts clad in blood-colored robes looked indifferently at the Vajra Realm experts wailing in the arena. "A bunch of crap. It's a shame for a Little Saint to be killed by a half-step Saint. If you meet these crap in the arena, don't show mercy. They don't deserve to live.

"By the way, pay more attention to the inn tonight. If anything happens, take the opportunity to kill the chef on the spot," said one Abyss expert.

After that, they turned and left.

"Today's match is over. Tomorrow will be the second preliminary round of the team competition. Ten small worlds will be selected to enter the semi-finals. Contestants, please prepare well." Commander Mo Yuan's voice resounded through the audience. "The semi-finals of the team competition will be carried out in accordance with the new competition rules instead of the arena mode. Please be mentally prepared."

His words immediately caused an uproar in the audience. Everyone was astounded and somewhat surprised. The semi-finals would not be carried out in the arena mode? What were the new rules? The Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path was conducted according to Nether Prison's way, so everyone was curious about what mode the semi-finals would take.

Soon after, the crowd left with curiosity and anger ignited by Bu Fang's provocation. Many Little Saints had made up their minds that if they met Bu Fang in the arena, they would not hesitate to kill him. Who asked him to be so f*cking arrogant?

They thought that he had taken advantage of the situation to kill Yi Zhu, because no matter how talented a half-step Saint was, he would never be able to kill a Little Saint. The main reason for Yi Zhu's death was that he had entered a weak period after the end of the Explosive Body state, and at that time, his strength was only comparable to that of a peak half-step Saint. Therefore, it was normal that he was killed.

They wouldn't be killed so easily. They were different from the big-breasted and brainless Vajra Realm experts. They had plenty of powerful treasures and means. Once they met Bu Fang in the arena, they would definitely make the little chef wish that he had never been born!

...

The Immortal Cooking Realm team returned to the inn. Zhu Yan looked at Bu Fang, who was about to go back to his room, hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Owner Bu, shall we hide tonight? Although what you said just now is awesome, it has provoked public anger." He was really worried that some experts would sneak up on them in the middle of the night.

"Don't be afraid and rest at ease. Save your energy for tomorrow's team competition," Bu Fang said. After that, he stepped into his room with Nethery and closed the door.

Zhu Yan and the others looked at each other.

In the distance, the Vajra Realm experts looked at them with hateful eyes. Zhu Yan and the others felt chilly all over and quickly went back to their rooms.

After entering the room, Bu Fang took Nethery into the Heaven and Earth Farmland. He needed to think about tomorrow's dishes.

'What shall I cook tomorrow?'

He didn't think for long. There were only so many things a stall could sell, and he had decided on one. After talking to his apprentices and guiding them in some skills, he began to prepare the ingredients. Finally, he left the farmland with a lot of ingredients.

Nethery stayed in the farmland to play with Foxy, Eighty, and others, while Bu Fang returned to the inn to have a good rest and prepare for tomorrow's team match.

He knew that the further they advanced in the team competition, the more difficult it would be. The arena mode might be easier, and things would get unpredictable if the mode was changed. He was also curious about the way the semi-finals would be conducted.

He sat cross-legged on the bed and closed his eyes. In his spirit sea, his mental force began to rotate slowly, setting off a monstrous vortex. Soon, his divine will spread out, nourishing his body and restoring his spirit.

All of a sudden, Bu Fang frowned slightly. He opened his eyes and looked indifferently at the door. The room was silent. The next moment, however, the door exploded. With a loud bang, a terrible wave of energy came pouring toward him from outside the room, filling the air with wood splinters and a deafening explosion. At that moment, two figures rushed through the door.

“Damn lizard! Give us back Brother Yi Zhu!”

BOOM! BOOM!

Two Vajra Realm Little Saints, who had entered the Explosive Body state, approached Bu Fang with monstrous killing intent.

Their revenge came fast.

Chapter 1256 A Late-Night Attack!

Bu Fang opened his eyes with a sharp look flashing through them. He stared at the door. It was a finely carved wooden door, covered with exquisite patterns that decorated the room and made the room look luxurious. Suddenly, a great force smashed at it and blew it apart with a loud rumble. Wood splinters flew and shot toward him like bullets, filling the air with sharp whistling noises. “Damn lizard! Give us back Brother Yi Zhu!”

Accompanied by a loud, furious roar, two huge figures rushed through the shattered door into the room, looking like two ferocious beasts. The fluctuations of the Will of the Great Path rippled around them. Clearly, these two figures were Little Saints.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He didn’t expect that the Vajra Realm experts would actually dare to attack him in the inn. ‘Are these guys brainless?’ If truth be told, these burly men were simpleminded. Although their bodies were strong, their brains were underdeveloped. They act only by the heart. They disliked Bu Fang and his companions in the first place, and now they still acted in anger, wanting to crush them with their mighty cultivation bases.

The inn at night was very quiet. Most people were meditating in their rooms, recuperating and adjusting their state, so the thunderous noise coming out from Bu Fang's room naturally attracted everyone's attention.

Two huge fists flew at Bu Fang. They were so fast that the void seemed to be burning from the friction. Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows as a sharp look flickered in his eyes.

"Die now!"

The two Vajra Realm Little Saints were red all over, and their skins were covered with blue veins that stood out like dragons, making them look like two terrible fiends. They approached Bu Fang with monstrous killing intent, and a rumbling sound rang out as the two fists smashed Bu Fang's bed.

The whole bed blew apart instantly, but Bu Fang had already jumped lightly to a corner. Even then, a punch was thrown in his direction, which compressed the air and produced a Void-shattering blast. It was not as powerful as the one unleashed by Yi Zhu in the arena, but it was faster. In the blink of an eye, the place where Bu Fang stood was blown to pieces, and the whole room was reduced to rubble.

Bu Fang jumped up, put his toes on the window frame, and leaped out of the room like a fish. His black hair waved in the dark night, and his eyes were cold. With a sonorous bird cry, his Vermilion Chef Robe turned into a fiery-red color. At the same time, a pair of flaming wings spread behind him, flapping gracefully to make him float while flaming feathers kept falling around him.

The next moment, two huge figures that looked like fiends burst through the wall and rushed out of the room. The two Vajra Realm Little Saints sped up to Bu Fang and kept throwing punches at him.

Many people in the inn opened their windows and looked out curiously. Their eyes were instantly attracted by the battle in midair.

"Oh, the experts of the Vajra Realm are here to seek revenge..."

"It's the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm. He killed Yi Zhu in the match, and now the Vajra Realm experts are looking for revenge."

“The Vajra Realm people are narrow-minded. They only allow their people to kill others and don’t allow others to kill their men, or else they will chase you to the ends of the world.”

The experts watching the battle talked to one another and glanced sympathetically at Bu Fang. Even ordinary Little Saints would be miserable and feel almost hopeless if they were being chased by two Vajra Realm experts who had entered the Explosive Body state. Although Bu Fang’s ability was somewhat amazing, he was still just a half-step Saint.

When fighting in the arena, Bu Fang was able to delay the time until Yi Zhu’s Explosive Body state was over, but this time, it wasn’t so easy. The angrier the Vajra Realm experts were, the longer their Explosive Body state lasted. Bu Fang had killed Yi Zhu, so these two Little Saints probably wouldn’t end their Explosive Body state until they had killed him.

With a buzz, a golden light flashed in front of Bu Fang. He took a step forward and stood on Shrimpy’s back, who had turned into a huge golden shrimp. In the blink of an eye, Shrimpy sped away at top speed, constantly moving through the air and instantly widened the gap between them and the two Vajra Realm Little Saints.

Standing on Shrimpy’s back, Bu Fang looked indifferently at the two Little Saints. ‘So they’re here for revenge...’ He gently sighed, his eyes sparkling with a strange light.

All eyes were on the battle. Many people were looking forward to seeing Bu Fang die. After all, the arrogant words he said in the arena today had left a lot of people feeling a little resentful. It was already good that they didn’t take advantage of this time to attack him.

A Void-shattering blast approached Bu Fang in a flash and then exploded. The terrible blast shattered the void. The technique of compressing the air to the extreme and then making it explode was quite powerful. However, Shrimpy was really fast. In just a split second, it had already flown away. The power of the explosion couldn’t even touch Bu Fang’s robes.

“Damn little lizard! Don’t you run away from us!” The two Vajra Realm Little Saints looked at Bu Fang angrily and growled.

In the inn, Zhu Yan and the others from the Immortal Cooking Realm saw the battle in midair through the windows. They were so nervous that their hearts were almost in their throats.

“Can the Great Demon King escape from the attack of two Little Saints in the Explosive Body state?!”

Bu Fang twitched his mouth, and his divine will spread in all directions like water. The next moment, one meatball after another appeared around him, shining with golden light and looking like many dazzling suns in the dark night. Their appearance instantly attracted the attention of countless people.

“Meatballs?!”

“Those are meatballs that can explode. He used them to injure the Blackwind Continent half-step Saint.”

“Are these things useful against Little Saints?”

The onlookers were very curious. Many people had studied Bu Fang’s tricks, so they naturally knew what these meatballs could do. They wouldn’t naively think that these were just delicious meatballs.

Bu Fang’s eyes narrowed slightly, and his face was cold. Those who wanted to kill others would also be killed. Since the two Vajra Realm Little Saints wanted to kill him, he wouldn’t need to show them mercy. He thought of using Spirit Possession, but after considering it, he decided not to use it. After all, frequent use of this ability was too much for his body. He felt it was time to show his real skills.

As the Explosive Meatballs floated closely around him, their golden light grew brighter and brighter, forming a golden halo.

“Die!”

The two Vajra Realm Little Saints roared, their voices harsh in the quiet of the night. The next moment, they turned into two red beams of light and shot toward Bu Fang at full speed.

Bu Fang’s eyes focused. Then, a few meatballs sped away, spinning rapidly and producing a shrill noise as they pierced through the air with tails like that of a meteor.

“Do you think you can scare us off with a few meatballs?!” A Little Saint roared loudly while his body burst into bright red light.

Even the onlookers were smiling disdainfully. Meatballs were useful against half-step Saints, but they were not necessarily useful against Little Saints, let alone the Vajra Realm Little Saints who were known for their formidable fleshly bodies. Their physical defense was extremely fearsome, and they were not afraid of any ordinary attacks at all.

Boom!

Several Explosive Meatballs hit them in an instant and exploded.

“Hmm?” A Little Saint’s pupils suddenly constricted as a tremendous force knocked him flying backward and threw him on the inn’s wall. He was astonished by the meatballs’ power.

“Their bodies are really tough...” Standing on Shrimpy’s back, Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him and looked at the two Little Saints, who had gone into the Explosive Body state and seemed to have blood flowing on their reddish skin. Three Explosive Meatballs had exploded on their bodies, but not even their skin was damaged. The only evidence of the explosion was the wisps of smoke curling up from their bodies. They had withstood the power of the explosion simply with their flesh.

Suddenly, Bu Fang furrowed his brows. He glanced at the ground out of the corner of his eye. He felt that he was targeted by another terrible killing intent. ‘So... Besides the Vajra Realm experts, there’s someone else who wants to kill me!’ The moment he thought of that, the look in his eyes turned sharp.

Boom!

The two Vajra Realm Little Saints slapped on the wall of the inn, denting the wall and leaving deep palm prints as they threw themselves like two giant meatballs toward Bu Fang in midair. One of them was on top while the other was on the bottom, and in a flash, they had locked Bu Fang with their auras and blocked all his escape paths. The eyes of the leading expert sparkled with bright light as he clasped his palms together and raised them over his head. He wanted to kill Bu Fang with a single blow the moment he came near him!

“Vajra Meteor Hammer!”

At this moment, the surrounding air was completely sucked away, resulting in an emptiness in midair.

Rumble!

The attack of the leading Little Saint fell, tearing the air. The power of this move was extremely horrible. It was a lethal tactic in close combat that aimed at killing the enemy in one blow!

Bu Fang's hair waved violently in the wind from the powerful attack. He narrowed his eyes. The next moment, a Rainbow-Colored Crescent Moon Dumpling appeared in his hand.

"A dumpling?!" The Little Saint who took the lead in the attack squinted, but he grinned in the next instant. To him, any attack from Bu Fang was ineffective, so he was fearless. Even the meatballs couldn't break through his defense. What could this dumpling do? He was confident that he could kill the chef with his hammer!

The onlookers all held their breath. The killing blow from the Little Saint made their hearts tremble.

"It seems that the chef cannot escape this time."

"The order keeper of Earth Prison is too slow to arrive..."

"Divine Seal Dumpling, explode!" Bu Fang crushed the dumpling. In the blink of an eye, a thousand beams of rainbow light burst out of it, enveloping the Little Saint in an instant.

"This..." The Little Saint's eyes went wide. He felt that he could not move at all at this moment. "What's going on?!" The unknown was always the scariest. In the span of one breath, he would be completely immobile, and during this period, he would be at the mercy of others!

Bu Fang, who was in front of him, moved. Seven Explosive Meatballs hit him on the body and then exploded. The power produced by the explosion of seven meatballs together could almost shatter heaven and earth!

Rumble!

The Vajra Realm Little Saint let out a miserable cry, and he immediately fell from the air, bleeding profusely. He had instantly left the Explosive Body state, and that made him extremely weak. Soon, he fell to the ground with a loud bang and made a deep hole in the ground.

Another Vajra Realm Little Saint sucked in a cold breath. “How’s that even possible?!” It all happened so fast that he didn’t see it clearly. However, since Bu Fang was able to knock his companion out of the Explosive Body state in a flash, it proved that the power of the attack was absolutely tremendous.

“You’re just a half-step Saint! I don’t believe you can use that trick twice!” He stepped across the void and rushed at Bu Fang. At the same time, his body grew taller again, looking bloody now, and he threw out a punch that contained the Vajra Realm’s Will of the Great Path.

At this moment, a figure carrying a heavy sword came flying from a distance, accompanied by Commander Mo Yuan and many other commanders.

In the sky, Bu Fang stood on Shrimpy’s back with his hands clasped behind him, his Vermilion Chef Robe flapping noisily in the wind.

“Stop it!” cried You Ji, her voice rang through the air like thunder.

However, the Vajra Realm Little Saint didn’t show signs of stopping at all. His eyes were filled with monstrous killing intent as he roared, “DIE!”.

Suddenly, within the range of Bu Fang’s divine will, a blood-colored light exploded, shining like a bloody lotus in the dark. In a twinkling of an eye, two blood-colored scythes came cutting down at his neck from different angles.

The Abyss killer, who had been hiding in the dark for a long time, had finally struck!

The sudden attack stunned all the onlookers and sent an uproar through them.

You Ji’s eyes grew unusually cold. She was shocked and angry. She had asked them to stop, but they ignored her. Did they really regard her, an Earth Prison Overlord, as a mere decoration?

“In that case, I’ll deal with you altogether.” Looking at the lethal attack that locked him up from almost every direction, Bu Fang’s face also grew cold. The next moment, a glowing lotus Perishing Pot emerged in one of his hands, while his other hand crushed another Divine Seal Dumpling!

Chapter 1257 Defeats Three Little Saints Alone

The sudden appearance of the blood-colored light instantly attracted the attention of all onlookers. No one had thought that there was still someone waiting secretly under the ground, only to burst out when the time was right. The light soared into the sky, blooming like a lotus and giving off a bloodcurdling murderous aura. Two bloody scythes came right up to Bu Fang's neck with the goal of killing him on the spot.

The Vajra Realm expert's eyes widened, then he burst out laughing. His body shook, and in an instant, he had changed his attack to match the Abyss experts' attack. He wanted to take the opportunity to kill Bu Fang. "It seems that you're hated by too many people, little chef!" He growled, then threw a punch at Bu Fang's head.

Three killing intents enveloped Bu Fang instantly.

Everyone sucked in a cold breath. They could sense two Little Saints in the blood-colored light. Together with the two Vajra Realm Little Saints, it meant that four Little Saints were attacking this little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm at the same time.

"Since when was this little chef so hated by people? Is it really because of the arrogant remark he had made in the arena?"

You Ji came from a distance with the Overbearing Hefty Sword on her back. Her face was extremely dark, and her cold voice had resounded through the air like thunder. However, the experts from both the Abyss and the Vajra Realm ignored her and continued to attack Bu Fang.

'Even a Little Saint would be overwhelmed if he is attacked by three Little Saints at the same time, let alone this chef who is merely a half-step Saint. His death will be a worthy one...' All the experts watching the battle in the inn couldn't help but let out deep sighs.

However, to their surprise, Bu Fang didn't give up. He flipped his hand, and immediately, a wave of divine will swept through their bodies, making them shiver. The next moment, a bright silver light appeared in their eyes. It was dazzling and contained the profound fluctuation of the Will of the Great Path. At the same time, a white fire emerged under the silver light. The strange combination of scorching heat, rising steam, and delicious meaty aroma made all the onlookers feel very awkward.

"What is that?"

“It seems to be a dish, and it’s still warm.”

“Is the little chef finally going to give up in this moment of life and death? Does he want to have a mouthful of the dish before he dies?”

The onlookers were all confused. They didn’t understand the meaning of taking out a dish at this moment. However, when the two Abyss experts saw the Perishing Pot, their pupils constricted.

“It was him!” said one of the Abyss experts in a low voice. The familiar fluctuation and smell told them it was the weapon that had thrown the Abyss into turmoil. The Abyss could have released all the Abyssal Demons, but it had failed to do so because the array was destroyed, which had caused their recovery to be delayed. All this was because of this dried pot. The explosion it caused had destroyed heaven and earth, and even the array.

“Kill him at once!” After confirming Bu Fang’s identity, the Abyss experts were even more merciless. They wanted to kill him with one blow. They knew the incredible power of the Perishing Pot, which even they dared not to face head-on. Therefore, they planned to kill him the moment he unleashed it.

With the clanging noise of metal on metal, two scythes swung down toward Bu Fang’s neck.

In the distance, an Abyss expert clad in a blood-colored robe put his hands behind his back and coldly watched the battle that was taking place in midair. He was the leader of the Abyss team. He wanted to see the chef die at the hands of his men with his own eyes.

The powerful, almost suffocating killing intent made Bu Fang’s eyes flicker. He saw the two bloody scythes approach at full speed, and he could already feel the sharpness of their blades. He knew that they were sharp and strong enough to behead even a Little Saint. At the same time, he also felt a gust of wind blowing from behind his head. It was the wind from a punch that was accompanied by a furious roar. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the two scythes were just inches away from his neck.

In everyone’s eyes, Bu Fang was in a desperate situation with no hope of turning the tables.

You Ji’s eyes had turned extremely cold, and her aura had exploded out. She was flying from a distance at high speed while her aura kept soaring. She wanted to save Bu Fang, but it seemed that she was too late. ‘Dammit!’ she cursed in her mind as she reached a hand over her shoulder and grabbed the hilt of the Overbearing Hefty Sword.

Everyone seemed to be expecting to see the fall of a genius. Death was just around the corner. All of a sudden, a clear and crisp sound, as if something had been crushed, resounded through the air and lingered in everyone's ears. The next moment, a rainbow light burst out in midair, enveloping the three Little Saints in an instant!

The blood-colored light was instantly swallowed by the rainbow light, revealing the figures within. They were two experts in blood-colored robes. Bu Fang was very familiar with their attires because those were exactly the same robes worn by Abyss experts. The two men who attacked him were from the Abyss.

At that moment, the pupils of the two Abyss experts constricted, and their faces were filled with disbelief. They were shocked to find that their movements had stopped. It was as if time had suddenly stopped, causing them to be fixed in midair. The indescribable feeling filled their hearts with fear. 'What trick is this?!'

Bu Fang looked calmly at the two Abyss experts with the bloody scythes. All of a sudden, the silver light in his hand grew brighter, and he pushed it forward. As he was in a hurry, he didn't add Explosive Meatballs to the Perishing Pot. However, since it would explode in such a close range, he was confident that even if it couldn't kill the three Little Saints, it could at least seriously injure them.

The heavy silver pot flew out and hit the two Abyss Little Saints, making their eyes go wide. Everyone held their breath.

The battle in midair ended almost in an instant, and the next moment, there was an explosion that shocked the whole Forbidden Soul City. With a loud rumble, a horrible white lotus energy swept across all directions, engulfing the three Little Saints in the blink of an eye. The violent, destructive energy kept churning, washing over them and making them vomit blood.

RUMBLE!

A powerful blast hit the inn, causing the whole building to sway. Even then, the huge lotus of destruction continued to expand and seemed to be going to devour everything completely.

However, just as the explosion was about to spread to the whole city, You Ji made a move. She had no idea that Bu Fang would choose to die with his enemies. It was such a terrible decision that

frightened even her. And yet, Bu Fang had done it so that none of those who attacked him could escape!

Four swords fell from the sky and stopped in the four corners of the destructive lotus energy, forming an array that trapped the explosion in the middle. The energy rocked inside while flames towered into the sky, emitting an orange glow that turned all faces red.

Zhu Yan's eyes were wide and full of despair. He grabbed the handle of the window and crushed it without knowing it. Mo Yan covered her mouth, her face filled with sorrow. Fang Yu was silent and couldn't believe Bu Fang chose to die together with the enemies. Xuanyuan Xiaohui frowned as he stared at the destructive lotus energy. He didn't believe Bu Fang would die like this.

The air was filled with the noisy chatter of onlookers. Bu Fang's decision to end his life with his enemies was a surprise to everyone, but it also made sense. After all, he was attacked by four Little Saints at the same time. If he didn't choose to die with them, what else could he do?

People could only sigh with emotion at the Immortal Cooking Realm's bad luck. After being targeted by the Abyss and the Vajra Realm, the Immortal Cooking Realm might not even be able to move forward in the tournament. After all, their strongest half-step Saint had been killed, so how could they move on in the competition?

After a long time, the residual energy of the explosion trapped in the sword array faded away.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three figures shrouded in flames fell from the sky, smashed to the ground, and vomited blood at the same time. They were all badly mutilated by the destructive energy. The Vajra Realm expert was blackened all over, and his aura was extremely weak. He lay on the ground, unable to move. On the other hand, the Abyss experts could still move. After vomiting blood, they stood up and flew away immediately. Of course, they were also covered in blood and looked very miserable.

That sneak attack was one they would never forget. They didn't expect that a mere half-step Saint would have so many tricks. Whether it was the meatballs, the dumplings, or the dried pot that Bu Fang threw out at the end, these things were simply beyond their imagination.

A gust of wind blew over, and the smoke in midair gradually dissipated. Soon, Bu Fang's figure was revealed. His hands were clasped behind him, his long hair waving and his robe fluttering. He appeared unscathed.

“How is this possible?!”

“Is this little chef... so strong?”

“How scary... He did not only make such a frightening attack and defeated three Little Saints at once, but he’s also unscathed! How many treasures does he really have?!”

The onlookers in the inn were stunned and couldn’t believe what they saw. Four Little Saints had joined forces to kill a little chef, and yet they had failed miserably. What was more shocking was that all four of them were seriously injured, and the little chef only turned pale slightly.

“Is this guy really just a... half-step Saint?”

“This kind of genius is already on the same level as those gifted half-step Saints of Nether Prison!”

“Unfortunately, the stage of this tournament will eventually belong to Little Saints. No matter how gifted a half-step Saint is, he cannot reach the last stage...”

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and looked at the two seriously injured Vajra Realm experts. His face was calm and expressionless. After that, he glanced at the direction where the two Abyss experts had fled. He twitched the corner of his mouth. He had said that he would deal with any enemy who came to him, and he was never afraid of anyone.

“All right, everybody can go back and rest. Fang Fang Little Stall will still open tomorrow. Anyone who wants to taste something delicious, I welcome you.” After speaking, he disappeared from all eyes. He had entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

You Ji had a strange look on her face. She thought Bu Fang was dead, but he came out of the explosion unscathed.

‘Has this guy grown so strong?’

She didn’t know that he had become so strong. She recalled the time when she first met Bu Fang in the Immortal Cooking Realm. At that time, her strength was suppressed by the Will of the Great

Path and could not be completely released, but if she wanted to kill him, she only needed one finger. It had only been a short time since then, and yet Bu Fang had already grown to this level.

She put away her sword, resumed her cool demeanor, and sent the commanders to maintain order and clean up the mess. As for the Abyss and the Vajra Realm, she would ask them for an explanation. She had told them to stop, but they ignored her and continued to attack. They simply had no respect for her, who was a Prison Overlord of Earth Prison.

The battle shocked everyone and made those who looked down on Bu Fang take a deep breath. No one had expected that this little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm was playing dumb. It turned out that he had so many trump cards. If he used them in the arena, he would surely surprise his opponents and defeat them easily.

“He’s too sneaky!”

The crowd began to be wary of Bu Fang.

The battle was over. Under the arrangement of many commanders, peace returned to the inn.

The next morning, as the sun rose, the little chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm was seen in the square with his wooden stall. The smell of oil and heat spread from it.

It surprised many people that after last night’s battle, the little chef was still able to set up his stall and continue his business calmly.

Chapter 1258 Bu Fang’s Special... Crispy Pancakes!

It was the third day of the Netherworld’s Tournament of the Great Path. In a corner of the Forbidden Soul City’s central square, a wooden stall had been set up. As it was still early, there were no customers queuing in front of it. The morning sun broke through the clouds and cast a soft glow over the stall.

Steam was rising from the stall, while the sound of sizzling oil filled the air. Nethery held Foxy in her arms and stood at the side of the stall, looking curiously at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang rolled up his sleeves, revealing his slender and fair arms. He wore a serious expression and was working with a blue-and-white porcelain bowl in his hand. It was a big bowl. He held it in one

hand while his other hand was stirring it constantly. Plumes of spirit essence kept wafting out of it, accompanied by a faint fragrance.

Nethery gave Bu Fang a look. His expression was as usual, and he didn't have any mood change because of yesterday's incident. She was very angry when she learned that Bu Fang was attacked by several Little Saints in the inn last night. If she had known this was going to happen, she wouldn't have let him out of the farmland.

Actually, Bu Fang was very calm. Although last night's attack looked dangerous, everything was under his control. If it weren't for the fact that he entered the Heaven and Earth Farmland after throwing the Perishing Pot, he might have killed those Little Saints.

By the time he came out of the farmland after the destructive energy generated by the Perishing Pot dissipated, the two Abyss Little Saints had already fled with their crippled bodies. As for the two dying Vajra Realm Little Saints, they were taken away by You Ji. He could imagine that the two fellows would not come to a good end. After all, they had offended You Ji.

You Ji had asked them to stop, but they ignored her and continued to attack. It was like a slap in her face. After all, she was a Prison Overlord of Earth Prison.

Bu Fang wasn't sure what would happen to them. After the battle was over, he returned to the farmland. The main reason was that his room in the inn had been destroyed, so there was no point for him to remain there. It happened that he also wanted to prepare the ingredients and study the dish to be sold the next day in the farmland. The dish was one he was looking forward to.

Although the stall was placed in a corner of the square, it was actually quite conspicuous. The main reason was that the steam rising from it seemed to be glowing in the sunlight. When people saw it from afar, their curiosity was aroused.

Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, and Fang Yu came together. When they saw Bu Fang setting up the stall from a distance, they breathed a long sigh of relief at the same time. Judging by his appearance, he seemed unaffected by last night's assault. Since he was still in the mood to prepare for business, that meant he was fine. Even then, they couldn't help but admire him.

When they were ready to leave the Immortal Cooking Realm, they didn't take Bu Fang seriously at all. Although he was called the Great Demon King, they didn't experience the fear of being dominated by him. Now, they finally understood his horror.

He was not called the Great Demon King for nothing. Four Little Saints had joined forces to kill him but failed. Such a great man was certainly unusual!

They were now a little curious about what he would cook today. The first two days' dishes were teppanyaki and boiled shish kebabs, both mouthwatering dishes. Therefore, they were naturally looking forward to today's food.

Because it was still early, they were among the first diners. In fact, they wouldn't have come so early if they hadn't been worried about Bu Fang.

The three of them gathered in front of the stall. Just then, a man also came slowly from a distance. He was holding a huge jade plate in his hand, on which was an eyeball formed by thousands of light spots.

Mo Yan and the others recognized him. He was the Earth Prison General who controlled the projection array around the arena. Since the competition had not yet started, he was attracted by Bu Fang's stall, and he came to them with the projection array.

"Since the competition has not started yet, I'll take this time to broadcast Owner Bu's delicious food," the Earth Prison General said with a smile. By the look of his grin, he must have also tasted the dishes Bu Fang had sold the previous two days.

Bu Fang glanced at the general. He was a little curious about the projection array. "Alright," he said, nodding. He allowed the man to broadcast his cooking.

The Prison General beamed when he got Bu Fang's permission. He controlled the projection array and walked around Bu Fang, aiming at the movements of his hands.

...

Just as dawn was breaking, the projection array in the square outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion lit up. A haze of steam appeared on the light screen, and then Bu Fang's little stall was clearly presented. The first thing that appeared in everyone's eyes was his expressionless face, then the scene changed to the movements of his hands. When people in the square saw the picture on the light screen, they couldn't help exclaiming.

"Oh? Does the competition start so early today?"

“Wait, no... Look, isn’t this man the Great Demon King?”

“Is the Great Demon King cooking something new? Even the projection array is broadcasting him! How cool!”

Looking at the light screen, the immortal chefs began to talk noisily, and everyone’s face was filled with excitement. They didn’t expect to see such a scene so early in the morning. In their hearts, their admiration for Bu Fang grew stronger and stronger. When others in the tournament were facing life and death situations, he was able to open a stall and make money. They could tell from the light screen that his stall, though small, must be very profitable.

...

In other small worlds, many people brought their chairs and sat in front of the light screens very early to be the first to watch the competition. The sudden appearance of the cooking scene surprised them. Some people said that they only wanted to watch the competition and didn’t want to watch someone cook, but as the cooking progressed, their objections dwindled because it became more and more attractive. Their mouths even watered when they heard the sizzling sound.

...

“Owner Bu, what is today’s dish? Can you tell us?” the Prison General holding the projection array asked with a smile.

Bu Fang didn’t answer as he continued to work with his hands. The blue-and-white porcelain bowl was filled with a huge ball of pale-yellow batter. It was made by combining the spirit wheat flour grown in the Heaven and Earth Farmland and the Spring of Life. Soon after, he put the bowl on the stall. The batter inside was still stirring.

The projection array was aimed at the batter in the bowl. The pale-yellow batter didn’t look very appetizing. However, it was obviously Bu Fang’s dish today.

Bu Fang wiped his hands clean, glanced at the Prison General, and said nothing. He took out a banner and handed it to Xuanyuan Xiahui, who took it and skillfully hung it in front of the stall.

The banner unrolled, showing its contents.

“Fang Fang Little Stall. Today’s special: Crispy Pancake.”

“Ten Immortal Crystals (Nether Crystals) per pancake. You can choose to add extra ingredients, each ingredient cost ten Immortal Crystals (Nether Crystals). Each person is limited to buying one pancake at a time.”

It was the same familiar rules, but this time, the dish was completely different from the previous couple of days’ dishes. They were not even related.

Everyone was slightly taken aback. Crispy pancakes? Was Bu Fang going to make pancakes today? Pancake was a kind of food that was not very attractive, so it had a relatively small following. Some people even had a natural aversion to it. They thought the stall’s sales would be greatly reduced today, but they were not sure. After all, Bu Fang had become accustomed to creating miracles. Perhaps this ordinary pancake could become something amazing in his hands?

Bu Fang piled up the ingredients on the stall.

“Owner Bu, I’ll be your first customer today.” The Prison General was somewhat eager to try the food. Since he was recording Bu Fang’s cooking with the projection array, he thought he might as well be the first customer.

Bu Fang gave the man a surprised look, then nodded and twitched the corner of his mouth. “As usual, the first ten customers can enjoy a 90% discount.”

“Nice. Thank you, Owner Bu.” The Prison General chuckled. Although dozens of Nether Crystals were nothing to him, it was always good to save them.

By this time, Bu Fang was ready to start cooking. All eyes were fixed on the stall, and the projection array also broadcast the scene in the stall to various small worlds.

Like the first day, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was turned into an iron plate by Bu Fang. He picked up the blue-and-white porcelain bowl and patted it gently with his palm. Invisible fluctuations spread from it, shaking the batter in the bowl. Then, he produced a ladle and scooped a spoon of batter. Next, he added some oil on the iron plate, which sizzled and gave off a unique smell. When the oil reached the right temperature, he poured the batter on the plate. Oil

immediately splashed in all directions. Bu Fang remained calm as he pushed the batter with the ladle in a circular motion and made a perfectly round shape. A smell of flour immediately spread from the pan. There was no doubt that the spirit wheat flour used to make the batter was extraordinary.

Crispy pancakes were also a kind of delicious food that could be taken out. It wasn't too complicated to make. For Bu Fang, it was actually very easy. The step that took the longest time was the preparation of the ingredients.

"What ingredients do you want to add?" Bu Fang asked, glancing at the Prison General.

The guy thought for a while, then chose a piece of demon beef and a spirit beast egg. He didn't choose many ingredients.

While waiting for the pancake to be ready, Bu Fang picked up the demon beef and put it on the iron plate. Immediately, a sizzling sound rang out. As for the spirit beast egg, he added it directly to the pancake. Holding the egg in one hand, he tapped it gently on the edge of the ladle, then broke it with his thumb. The shell parted, and the yolk and egg white fell and landed on the pancake. He threw the eggshell aside, then used the ladle to stir the egg right on the pancake.

Everyone who saw the scene through the projection array was stupefied.

"So casual?"

"Is Owner Bu's head swollen? Why is he cooking so casually?"

"If you want to add an egg, you should at least break it up in a bowl. Is it really good to stir the egg so casually?"

They couldn't make sense of his actions.

After the egg was stirred, its aroma immediately wafted out, and when it was mixed with the aroma of wheat flour, it became unusually appetizing.

Bu Fang grabbed the ladle and flicked it over the demon beef. The beef immediately rose into the air and spun. After several turns, it fell back on the iron plate, and its color changed, getting darker and darker. A meaty aroma spread all around.

He put down the ladle, took out many bottles, threw them up one by one, and patted them with his hands. Powder sprinkled out of them, giving off an attractive fragrance. These were the spices he had prepared, and when they were added at this moment, they made the pancake extremely aromatic. The pancake seemed to have been sublimated.

He picked up the demon beef with a pair of tongs and put it onto the pancake. After that, he took out a kind of green immortal vegetable, which was still covered with water drops, placed it on the beef, then scooped a spoonful of the salad dressing he had specially made overnight and smeared it on everything. Finally, he sandwiched the two ends of the pancake together.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's movements paused. He glanced at the Prison General and asked, "Well, I forgot to ask. Do you want it spicy?"

The Prison General holding the projection array had long been dumbfounded. "Uncooked vegetable, messily beaten egg, casually added sauce... Owner Bu, are you sure this is edible?!" But he didn't say aloud the doubts in his mind. After struggling for a while, he stammered, "Y-Yes..."

Bu Fang nodded. He opened the pancake, scooped half a spoon of Abyssal Chili Sauce, poured it over the ingredients, spread it evenly, and then folded the pancake again. After that, he picked up a paper bag he had redeemed from the System and placed the pancake in it.

A steaming crispy pancake was ready. It exuded a rich and tantalizing fragrance, so rich that it didn't dissipate.

However, when the Prison General took the pancake, he was trembling. At this moment, there was only one question in his mind.

'Is this pancake... really edible?'

Chapter 1259 The Little Saint Test Begins

"Is this pancake really edible?" The Prison General doubts were shared by everyone. After seeing Bu Fang's cooking process through the light screen, the casual cooking style had left them

bewildered. They had the delusion that they could cook this dish too because it really didn't look difficult to make.

"Did Owner Bu really inflate his ego?"

"Is it because of the success of the previous two days? Is he no longer pursuing quality but just wants to make money?"

"This chef mustn't forget that people love his dishes because they're delicious! If his dish is not good enough today, nobody would want to patronize his business, and he will become a loser and leave here dejectedly."

"Try it." Bu Fang also saw the doubt in the Prison General's eyes. It was true that the cooking process of this crispy pancake looked really casual, but this was its essence. It should be casually cooked and casually enjoyed. As for the taste, one would only know after tasting it. "Because you didn't add a lot of ingredients, it may not taste so delicious," he added after thinking about it.

Upon hearing Bu Fang's words, everyone's eyes, including Mo Yan and the others, grew suspicious. 'Is Owner Bu starting to make excuses for the food's bad taste?'

The Prison General gave an awkward but polite smile and took the crispy pancake from Bu Fang. As soon as his hand touched it, a warm sensation spread out of the paper bag, which made him relieved. 'Even if it doesn't taste good, it shouldn't be too bad... After all, Owner Bu's previous two dishes were delicious,' he muttered in his mind. Then, he grabbed the pancake and prepared to eat it.

The crispy pancake in his hand was emitting steam, while tiny water drops trickled slowly on the inside of the paper bag. The outermost layer of the food was the fried pancake—it was soft and gave off the aroma of flour. Although the spirit beast egg was casually added and absorbed by the pancake, the egg fragrance was intense. Under the pancake was a piece of demon beef, which was fried to perfection. It was a little darker because it was cooked just right. Oil seeped out of the meat and soaked the pancake, making the whole thing look appetizing. Of course, the green immortal vegetable also looked delicious.

Gulp.

Unconsciously, everyone swallowed. Through the projection array in the Prison General's hand, they could clearly see on the light screen the appearance of the crispy pancake and even the shining

water drops on the vegetable. Suddenly, their appetites were also aroused. The pancake looked very attractive.

The Prison General's mouth watered, and he couldn't help taking a bite of the crispy pancake. His teeth bit through the soft and tender pancake and then touched the demon beef. The meat had a tender texture with a chewy touch, and it separated as soon as he bit into it. When he got to the crunchy immortal vegetable, a refreshing taste immediately filled his mouth.

His eyes suddenly widened. Although he thought the pancake was amazing and delicious when he bit into it, he felt that there was something missing. However, when he tasted the immortal vegetable, he realized what was missing was the vegetable's crunchy texture.

Perfect! This crispy pancake mixed almost all flavors perfectly, fully satisfying all his inner cravings!

He was so wrong! He thought Bu Fang was not serious about the dish and just wanted to make money, but when he actually took a bite of the crispy pancake, he realized how wrong he was. Today's dish was not inferior to the previous dishes at all. In fact, it was even easier to satisfy customers' appetite for delicious food because there were more ingredients to choose from.

This was a dish that could not be described by words!

"It's... delicious..." the Prison General mumbled with misty eyes. He couldn't wait to take another bite.

When he took the second bite, his nostrils widened, his face looked intoxicated, and his cheeks bulged as his mouth was full of the crispy pancake.

"The heat, the aroma, and a touch of sourness... What a perfect combination! How can there be such delicious food in this world?!" he said as he chewed, steam rushing out of his mouth.

Who said it was not delicious? This crispy pancake could only be described in one word, and any other extra words would be blasphemy against it! The word was delicious!

Mo Yan and the others were somewhat surprised. Judging from the Prison General's reaction, he seemed to have been completely captured by the crispy pancake! Was it really so delicious?

A fragrance wafted through the air. It was the aroma of the crispy pancake. Although it smelled a little greasy, it didn't make people feel bad. This kind of feeling was the most attractive.

"Owner Bu... give me a crispy pancake! I want to add this... this... and this!" said Mo Yan without hesitation, her eyes bright as she stood in front of the stall and pointed to several ingredients. Since Bu Fang's first few customers could enjoy a 90% discount, of course, she wanted to add more ingredients.

Bu Fang glanced at Mo Yan and nodded. He then scooped up a spoonful of batter and poured it over the iron plate. Steam immediately rose up into the air. Once again, he began to cook the crispy pancake.

The Prison General was intoxicated with the delicious taste of the crispy pancake. In a short time, he had finished the whole pancake. At this moment, he felt a little empty inside. It was a terrible feeling. The feeling of emptiness made his eyes go blank. There was only one thought left in his mind now: he wanted to eat again! He had been bewitched by the crispy pancake!

Unconsciously, he took a bite of the paper bag used to wrap the crispy pancake. The dryness in his mouth widened his eyes, and he immediately turned to the side and spat out the piece of paper.

"It's delicious! I want more!" After saying that, the Prison General joined the queue, waiting patiently behind Zhu Yan and the others. Since it was still early, there were not many customers, so he could take the opportunity to eat a few more crispy pancakes.

All the people looking at the light screens were stupefied. Didn't someone say that the dish cooked casually would not be delicious? Why did everyone eat it with such relish? Moreover, they felt hungry just by looking at the crispy pancakes and couldn't wait to taste it. Did this dish really have magic?

As time went by, the square became more crowded, and Bu Fang's stall was surrounded by customers. They were the same customers as the first two days, and they were still queuing up.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly. Looking at the booming business, he felt a little excited. As the Immortal Crystals kept coming in, he felt that he was getting closer to the goal of the Little Saint test. His turnover task was almost reaching the bottleneck.

The sales of crispy pancakes were very good. Its popularity was somewhat beyond his expectation. In fact, it was even more popular than yesterday's boiled kebabs. As he watched the people around him happily eat the delicious pancakes, his face was filled with a faint sense of satisfaction. There was nothing more satisfying than watching every customer around him happily eating the delicious food he had cooked.

Meanwhile, experts in different small worlds had already gone crazy. They were provoked by the scenes on the light screens. Was the crispy pancake really so delicious? They couldn't wait to try it.

This also triggered a wave of followers. Many people in various small worlds began to copy Bu Fang. They set up their own wooden stalls and iron plates, then prepared batter and ingredients just like him, wanting to make crispy pancakes and earn some money. Their cooking styles were very casual as well, and some even managed to make pancakes that looked just like Bu Fang's. However, their pancakes were tasteless, and it was very difficult for them to reach the level of Bu Fang's crispy pancakes.

It drove a lot of people crazy. They couldn't wait to go to Earth Prison just to taste those crispy pancakes. However, they quickly gave up because they knew that he cooked different dishes every day. Even if they rushed there now, they wouldn't be able to eat it. This made many people almost mad with despair.

...

The third day of the tournament finally came. On this day, the team and individual competitions would be held simultaneously. Ten teams from different small worlds would be selected for the semi-finals in the team competition, while in the individual competition, about fifty contestants would be selected to enter the semi-finals. Therefore, the third day of the tournament was very important.

One could clearly feel that the atmosphere was different from that of the previous two days. There was a tense feeling in the air that kept provoking at one's skin. That was, of course, if they didn't look to the other side of the square, which was the strangest sight in this tournament. There, a large number of people were waiting patiently in line just to get a hot crispy pancake.

Mo Yan, Zhu Yan, Xuanyuan Xiahui, and Fang Yu all chose to give up the individual competition. Although they were here to gain experience, they also understood that their cultivation bases were too weak. Since Zhu Yan was severely beaten up in the arena, they had chosen not to participate in the individual matches. However, even though they had lost their qualification to participate in the individual competition, they still had the team competition.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, decided to take part in several individual matches. This time, the matching system was quite normal. He didn't meet any Little Saints, and all his opponents were of similar strength. As a result, he naturally won all the matches. He didn't even use Spirit Possession, but only relied on his Yin and Yang Taotie Arm to beat his opponents into submission. In the end, he made it to the semi-finals of the individual competition.

The Abyss and Vajra Realm experts seemed to have learned their lesson after last night's attack. They didn't continue to target Bu Fang in the competition.

Although Mo Yan and the others were eliminated, Bu Fang had advanced to the semi-finals of the individual competition. This was great news for the Immortal Cooking Realm, and everyone was cheering and shouting his name. After all, it was an honor to reach the semi-finals.

The fifty slots in the semi-finals were basically all taken by experts from first-class small worlds. Bu Fang was the first to claim a place as an expert from a non-first-class small world. This impressed many people. No one thought he got lucky, though. After all, many people had witnessed the battle last night and saw how he alone had seriously injured four Little Saints who attacked him. Such fearsome strength had frightened many experts from first-class small worlds.

The Vajra Realm was punished by being disqualified from the individual competition and retaining only the qualification for the team competition. The Abyss, however, didn't receive any punishment because it refused to admit its involvement in the attack last night. Nevertheless, the Abyss experts didn't dare to assault Bu Fang again.

After the preliminary round of the individual competition was concluded, the team competition took place. Many teams got their spirits up because they knew that the matches would be a violent one.

Bu Fang gave Fa Wu the crispy pancake in his hand. The drooling monk took the paper bag and handed the Immortal Crystals to him. All of a sudden, the System's serious voice rang in his mind.

'Congratulations to the Host for reaching enough turnover and for qualifying for the Little Saint test. Does the Host wish to start the Little Saint test now?'

At this moment, Commander Mo Yuan's cold voice came from the direction of the arena. "The next team match will be fought between the Immortal Cooking Realm and the Wandering Soul Realm. Contestants of both teams, please come to the arena now."

Chapter 1260 Wandering Soul Realm

The System's serious voice rang in Bu Fang's mind. He froze for a moment, then twitched the corner of his mouth. 'Little Saint test? I've finally accumulated enough turnover...'

Having been with the System for so long, Bu Fang sort of understood its character. There was a test at the end of every realm, and if he wanted to break through to a stronger realm, he must complete the System's test. It had happened to him in the past.

Before this, he had been working hard to activate the Little Saint test because it required sufficient turnover, and turnover was something that took time to accumulate. Although he didn't have any shackles in his cultivation base, he was actually quite similar to other cultivators. Others needed to accumulate energy, while he needed to have enough turnover. To put it simply, all he needed was to make money from the branches he opened and his delicious food.

Bu Fang's movements stopped. He was lost in thought. 'Shall I begin the test now?' After considering for a moment, he decided to put it aside first. Now that he had reached the required turnover, he could start the test at any time. There was no need for him to rush.

At that moment, Commander Mo Yuan's voice reached his ears and pulled him back from his thoughts.

"Owner Bu, it's our turn." Mo Yan and the others looked at him with excitement in their eyes.

"This team match is a crucial one for us..." Zhu Yan clenched his fist, his face beaming. If they could win this team match, they would step into the semi-finals. It was a great honor, enough to make the Immortal Cooking Realm's name spread far and wide in all the nearby small worlds. As contestants representing the realm, they naturally wanted to help the realm's reputation.

"Yes, it's our turn." Bu Fang nodded, and his eyes lit up slightly.

As the competition progressed, Bu Fang got closer and closer to Nether Prison's team. Reaching the semi-finals was nothing. If they could enter the finals and compete with the Nether Prison's team, then he would have a chance to get a Sacred Nether Puppet heart to help complete Whitey's final repair.

After informing the customers that the business was closing early for the day, Bu Fang put the stall away. All the people around were wailing. They hadn't had enough of crispy pancakes. The dish

was so delicious that they were intoxicated. They didn't want him to close the business so early, but they also understood that he had to prepare for the team match.

“By the way, who is their opponent in the team match?”

Many people paused. Recalling Commander Mo Yuan's words, their eyes widened, and their faces looked shocked.

“Owner Bu, your opponent in the team match is... the Wandering Soul Realm?!”

“It's over! Owner Bu... the Wandering Soul Realm is a first-class small world!”

“That's right! It's a small world stronger than the Vajra Realm!”

Everyone looked at Bu Fang with sympathy. They didn't expect that the Immortal Cooking Realm would meet the Wandering Soul Realm in the team match. However, when they thought further, they could understand why. The competition was approaching the semi-finals, and it was normal to encounter a first-class small world. Even if they didn't meet the Wandering Soul Realm, they would meet more powerful first-class small worlds. It would be a nightmare if they were to fight the West Little Buddhism Realm, the Winged Man Valley, or even Earth Prison.

By comparison, they were lucky to meet the Wandering Soul Realm.

Bu Fang was indifferent to this. For him, no matter who his opponent was, he was fearless.

The stall was put away. Although the people around him were unhappy to see that, they suddenly found something more interesting. They wanted to see the Immortal Cooking Realm fight in the team match. Therefore, a large group of people quickly came to the front of the arena.

The match was held in Arena One, which was already surrounded by experts who wanted to watch the match.

The Immortal Cooking Realm was a dark horse in this tournament. The main reason was that the little chef was too strong and managed to lead several of his weak teammates to the current position. His four teammates, who were just Six-star True Immortals, were a nightmare in this competition.

From being rated as one of the weakest contestants to the fact that it was now vying for a spot in the semi-finals against a first-class small world, the Immortal Cooking Realm had raised a lot of eyebrows. It was only a third-class small world, but it was able to do many things that many first-class small worlds had not done, which was impressive enough. Therefore, no one booed them this time. Even if they lost, it was also a glorious defeat.

Bu Fang was really not used to not being booed. He stepped into the arena, his Vermilion Chef Robe flapping noisily. Behind him, Zhu Yan and the others followed. The five people who represented the Immortal Cooking Realm stood in the arena and felt everyone's attention.

Through the projection array, the scene was transmitted to the Immortal Cooking Realm. The whole realm was boiling up at this moment. Everyone was extremely excited and kept cheering. The team that was about to fight for the ticket to the semi-finals was their pride. Although everyone knew that the chance was slim, it was enough to make everyone proud. The Immortal Cooking Realm, after all, had just awakened.

Commander Mo Yuan, who was standing in the middle of the arena, glanced at Bu Fang. He was now more and more astonished at this little chef. Yesterday, he had fought alone against four Little Saints, and the result surprised many top geniuses from first-class small worlds. "I hope you can continue to create miracles," the commander grinned and gave a rare remark.

Bu Fang paused and gave him a puzzled look.

Opposite Bu Fang and his teammates were their opponents for this match.

A cold and dark aura came in swiftly, while darkness seemed to be approaching in the sky. Zhu Yan and the others were shocked. Their pupils constricted as they looked up. There, the Wandering Soul Realm contestants slowly stepped into the arena.

A terrible aura instantly spread throughout the whole audience, making everyone feel a little suffocated. The Wandering Soul Realm was a first-class small world, and it was even stronger than the Vajra Realm. An opponent of this level could not be underestimated at all. Its contestants had long black hair, pale faces, and bloodless lips, and they all wore loose white robes. They looked like corpses who walked around without souls, scary to look at.

Commander Mo Yuan glanced at both sides and said coolly, "The Immortal Cooking Realm and the Wandering Soul Realm contestants are all here..."

The leader of the Wandering Soul Realm was a scrawny woman. Her long hair was spread out, and her back was bent. Her hair covered half of her face and gave her a grim look. From the moment she stepped into the arena, her eyes had been fixed on Bu Fang. After Mo Yuan spoke, she parted her lips and stuck out her red tongue, revealing a horrible smile. “You’re dead...” she said in a very hoarse voice.

Bu Fang glanced at her and said nothing.

“Team matches use the best-of-five system. Whoever wins three matches first will be promoted to the next round,” Commander Mo Yuan said. “You have the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn to discuss and prepare.”

“There’s no need. Let the match begin now,” the grim woman said, interrupting Commander Mo Yuan.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm team, Bu Fang was the only one who could fight. The Wandering Soul Realm team obviously knew this fact, so they had already made a plan. They didn’t take the Immortal Cooking Realm seriously at all. Although Bu Fang was very strong, he was only one person after all. As for the other four contestants, they were nothing.

“Since you choose to start the match immediately, I won’t say more. Those who will fight can stay in the arena, and the rest, please leave. Let me remind you once again, death is allowed in the tournament. I wish you all the best.” After saying that, Mo Yuan disappeared and left the arena to Bu Fang and the others.

Zhu Yan and the others were trembling as they left the arena. The Wandering Soul Realm experts kept staring at them like a group of corpses, making their hair stand up.

The Wandering Soul Realm was a very mysterious, evil, and scary little world. It was said that the people there were all specialized in ghost-related cultivation techniques.

The audience was talking noisily. The match naturally attracted the attention of many people. Although Bu Fang was very strong and had shown his formidable strength by defeating four Little Saints last night, people still didn’t expect the Immortal Cooking Realm team to win. After all, he was the only one in the team who could fight.

The Wandering Soul Realm, on the other hand, had at least four Little Saints who could fight. All they had to do was take turns to wear Bu Fang out. That was why the audience didn't think the Immortal Cooking Realm could win the match. How could Bu Fang, a mere half-step Saint, had enough energy to fight four Little Saints? This was also the weakness of the Immortal Cooking Realm team.

"It has begun..."

Many people snapped out of their thoughts and looked at the arena with bright eyes. Instead of sending their strongest teammate, the grim woman, the Wandering Soul Realm sent a man who was so skinny that the next gust of wind could knock him over. His face was cold and dark, and his body was as chilly as ice as he exuded an aura of death.

"Hehehe..." The man stood in the arena with his hands hanging by his sides and gave a sneer. "You're strong... Unfortunately... your opponent is us, the Wandering Soul Realm. You will feel what despair is. Although your body is very tough, can your mental force be as tough as your flesh?"

While the man was speaking, black smoke gushed out from his sleeves, collar, nostrils, and mouth, slowly filling the air. After that, one soul after another appeared around him, and all of a sudden, there was a freezing wind blowing in the arena.

"The Wandering Soul Realm experts are best at soul attack means... We will torture your soul and let you experience purgatory-like torture. You will die in despair, surrounded by fear," the man said again.

The next moment, his eyes burst into a dark green light, and with that, one cold black soul after another bared their teeth and brandished their claws, pouncing on Bu Fang.

A freezing chill spread out in an instant.

Bu Fang stood straight like a spear and furrowed his eyebrows. He really didn't know much about the Wandering Soul Realm. When his opponent suddenly summoned so many souls, he was a little lost and couldn't think of any way to deal with them.

With a thought, the bandage on his arm came off at once. A bestial roar rang out as his Taotie Arm was unleashed, surrounded by black and white energy. He took a deep breath and threw a punch at a

soul coming from beside him. However, his fist hit nothing, and he soon found that the soul was immaterial!

“It’s useless... You can’t hit us with physical force... It’s time for you to feel the torture of purgatory!” said a shrill voice. The man had disappeared, and his voice was everywhere in the arena.

Suddenly, a sharp and harsh howling rang out, so loud that it could easily break one’s eardrums.

Bu Fang’s pupils constricted. With a rumble, the souls that surrounded him released powerful mental waves together, all aiming at his head as if they were going to turn him into an idiot in an instant.

To his surprise, the Wandering Soul Realm’s attack method was actually a mental attack!

A strange expression came over Bu Fang’s face...