

Gourmet 1291

Chapter 1291 How Much Is Your Nether Puppet?

Outside the Black Temple, one of the forbidden lands in Earth Prison...A rumbling sound suddenly rang out, accompanied by a deafening dog bark. The next moment, a horrible plume of Nether energy burst out and enveloped the entire temple in an instant.

Amid the monstrous Nether energy, a looming black dog raised his paw and slapped it hard at the Black Temple. With a loud boom, the whole building shook violently, while a huge dog paw print appeared on the temple's tough wall!

Scary killing intent rose up from the Black Temple, and then the shadow of a dagger shot out from it.

"Damn mangy dog! You're courting death!" A thunderous roar rang through the void. The voice was old and filled with towering rage.

Suddenly, a shocking aura exploded out of the temple, and an expert wrapped in black bandages like a mummy flew out, hovering in the void. However, when he came out, the black dog was already gone, leaving only the paw print on the wall.

At the sight, the expert almost vomited blood in fury. He had never seen such an impudent dog.

"How I regret it! If I had known this, I would have killed this mangy dog with a dagger, and I wouldn't have to suffer this today!"

The dog didn't fight him but kept harassing the Black Temple. It annoyed him very much.

It would have been better if the dog's strength was weak, but he was very strong! It would be even better if he dared to rush into the Black Temple. After all, it was a forbidden land and full of all kinds of forbidden means. If the dog dared to enter, he would lose a layer of skin at the least. However, he just wouldn't go in. He just kept harassing the Black Temple from the outside, leaving a paw print on the wall from time to time.

This was so irritating!

“Don’t let me catch you, or I’ll skin you and make you into a dog meat hotpot!” The expert’s deafening voice spread far and wide as if to shatter the surrounding void.

With a buzzing sound, a figure flew out of the Black Temple. This was also an expert wrapped in black bandages.

“We didn’t get the Senseless Lotus... This shouldn’t have happened! I can’t believe that piece of crap failed to snatch the lotus from a One-revolution Little Saint! I want you to go to Nether Prison immediately and assassinate that worm. Assassination is what we are best at. You’re not allowed to fail. Bring me the Senseless Lotus!

“With the Senseless Lotus, the key... I’ll be able to get out of the shackles of this forbidden land and be free to go anywhere! Then, I’ll find that black dog and kill him, no matter where he’s hiding!”

The second figure nodded, his eyes flickering with a dark-gold gleam.

With a tearing sound, a dagger emitting black smoke floated out of the first figure and fell into the hands of the second figure.

“I now give you the Soul Reaping Dagger. It was the dagger that killed the Nether King Tian Cang. It is yours now. Bring me that One-revolution Little Saint’s head as soon as possible,” said the old, hoarse voice.

The figure with dark golden eyes nodded, then turned into a shadow and disappeared into the void.

...

Nether Prison was quite vast, but it was still much smaller than Earth Prison.

There were three prisons in the Netherworld, namely Ruin Prison, Earth Prison, and Nether Prison. Ruin Prison was the smallest, and its energy level was the lowest, so it didn’t produce too many top experts.

Earth Prison and Nether Prison were actually about the same, but because Earth Prison had a much larger area, its spiritual energy was thinner than that of Nether Prison. As a result, it didn't produce as many top experts as Nether Prison.

However, although Nether Prison had more resources than Earth Prison, it had a larger population and more geniuses, resulting in higher consumption of resources. Therefore, Nether Prison experts had always wanted to invade Earth Prison.

Unfortunately, Nether King Tian Cang had led an army into Nether Prison and seriously injured many experts from the nine clans. After that, Nether Prison fell into a period of recuperation, which also gave Earth Prison time to breathe.

Tian Cang was dead now, and the Great Saints of the nine clans were almost fully recovered. Once they had recovered, they would invade Earth Prison again. Without Tian Cang, Earth Prison could not resist the invasion of Nether Prison.

However, Nether Prison was also facing a major foreign threat. That was also why it had been in a hurry to expand. The threat was like a monster that kept devouring the void, constantly devouring it. One day, it would completely swallow the whole Nether Prison.

...

There were nine clans in Nether Prison but only five major cities, which were built by the top five clans. Although the remaining four clans also had their cities, they were not considered major cities.

The Sacred Puppet City belonged to the Nether Puppeteer Clan, the second strongest clan of the nine Nether Prison clans. It was a grand city where many famous figures of Nether Prison gathered.

Of course, the clan lands of the nine clans were separated from their cities. Cities were used to accommodate people and earn them resources, while clan lands were the most important places for each clan.

Although it was the major city of the Nether Puppeteer Clan, the experts from the other eight clans also gathered here, and the finals of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path would also be held here.

In the Sacred Puppet City's transport pavilion...

With a buzzing sound, a flash of light began to flicker, and then a mysterious wave spread out of the pavilion. After a long time, when the light finally faded away, many figures appeared.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and put his hands behind his back. His Vermilion Chef Robe fluttered in the wind. He looked around and found himself in a long and resplendent pavilion.

Zhu Yan and the others stood behind him, glancing around with wide eyes and an incredulous look on their faces. It was their first time at Nether Prison, so they were naturally curious about everything.

Nether Prison was an overlord-class small world. Before this, Zhu Yan and the others did not even dare to think that they could come here. The spiritual energy in the air was very rich, and it seemed to be richer than Earth Prison. Of course, what shocked them most was the transport pavilion, which was what they saw first the moment they arrived. A dazzling array of cool portraits were painted on its ceilings.

“This transport pavilion was made by a grandmaster in the Sacred Puppet City, and each of these portraits can fetch a very high price at auction!” Lu Cheng was pleased to see the shocked faces of the crowd. He was a Nether Puppeteer, so naturally, he was proud of what the clan had. There was a touch of indifference on his face as he looked at Bu Fang, Fa Wu, and the others.

‘Now that we’re in Nether Prison, let’s see if you can still be so arrogant!’ he thought to himself.

He couldn’t believe that the first place in the semifinals was won by the Immortal Cooking Realm, a small world that had fallen behind for countless years. It was a slap in the face for Nether Prison. But it didn’t matter, for they had arrived at Nether Prison now, and they were about to face geniuses from the best team. Zhang Xuan was good, but he was a weakling compared to those geniuses.

“Come on, let’s leave the transport pavilion first. The organizers should have had someone waiting for us at the door,” Lu Cheng said, glancing at Bu Fang and the others as they looked around in amazement.

The Nether Prison contestants were looking at Bu Fang and the others with disdain. In their eyes, this group of people was like bumpkins from the countryside who had never seen the world.

Lu Cheng led the way, his hips slightly tilted. It was obvious that he had not recovered from his injury. Out of the transport array, the crowd came to a long corridor. They walked along it and soon left the building.

As soon as they came out, a massive and magnificent city lay before them. In their eyes, they were people everywhere, as well as a variety of flying devices traveling back and forth in the air. There were also many flickering light screens, which were broadcasting all kinds of pictures.

The culture, entertainment, and the arts of cultivation of a major city in Nether Prison were at least twice as developed and advanced as any other small world. The scene was transmitted to all the other small worlds through the projection array. The reason why Nether Prison chose the Sacred Puppet City as the venue for the finals was to make the other small worlds feel its advanced and mighty strength. It wanted to create the perception that Nether Prison was like a holy city.

Clearly, when such scenes spread through the projection array, they shocked the people in other small worlds, including Winged Man Valley, West Little Buddhism Realm, Earth Prison, and Immortal Cooking Realm. They suddenly felt that their worlds were so backward.

Bu Fang didn't feel anything, though. Nether Prison's spiritual civilization was indeed developed, and there were signs that it was transiting into a technological civilization. However, he had been exposed to technology in his previous life, so he wasn't impressed by what he saw now.

Just then, a clear sound of footsteps rang out. A young man with a giant puppet on his back was slowly approaching from a distance with a group of people.

"It's Lu Yu! A gifted Nether Puppeteer from the best team!" Someone among the Nether Prison contestants immediately recognized the young man.

The young man, with a puppet on his back, had a pale, clean face and cold eyes, and he gave off an arrogant air. As a genius from the second strongest clan of the nine clans, he naturally was proud of himself.

Lu Cheng led the crowd toward the young man.

"How's everything?" Lu Yu gave Lu Cheng a look as his face turned slightly gentler. After all, Lu Cheng was also a Nether Puppeteer, and they were on good terms. After greeting each other, his eyes fell on Bu Fang and the others.

Lu Cheng whispered many things in Lu Yu's ears, causing the latter's eyes to grow colder and sharper. Finally, he focused on Bu Fang.

"He won first place in the semifinal of the individual competition?"

The corners of Lu Yu's mouth curved upward into a disdainful sneer.

"Alright, thanks for telling me... The members of the second-best team are, after all, contestants who have been eliminated from the geniuses' competition. As good as Zhang Xuan is, he can't represent our actual strength. In Nether Prison, these people cannot be as arrogant as they are elsewhere," Lu Yu said.

Lu Cheng nodded.

Bu Fang stared at Lu Yu. Lu Cheng's Sacred Nether Puppet was destroyed by the skeleton, and its heart was also smashed, so he no longer paid attention to him. Since a Sacred Nether Puppet's heart was required to repair Whitey, he focused his attention on Lu Yu now, who was carrying a puppet.

The way Bu Fang looked at him made Lu Yu frown slightly, and he felt a little confused. However, he didn't think too much. The Nether Puppeteer Clan had two contestants in the best team. Besides him, there was a more formidable genius. Even if he couldn't stop this group of fellows from the Immortal Cooking Realm, they couldn't cause any trouble in the face of that genius.

Besides, how could he fail to stop them?

Lu Yu smiled disdainfully at the thought.

"Welcome to Nether Prison. The draw for the finals will be held tomorrow. As the host, we have prepared a reception for you in Nether Prison's largest restaurant. I hope everyone can be there on time," Lu Yu said with a chuckle. The next moment, he produced many jade talismans and threw them at Bu Fang and the others.

"This is the ticket to the reception. Please keep it carefully. You can't get into the restaurant without it. It would be embarrassing if you were stopped from joining the party."

Bu Fang raised his hand and grabbed the jade talisman, then slowly withdrew his gaze and looked at it. He could sense gentle energy flowing inside.

After distributing the jade talismans, Lu Yu fixed his eyes on Bu Fang and said in a somewhat disdainful tone, “I heard that you won first place in the semifinal of the individual competition, and you’re also the one who schemed against Zhang Xuan and got him killed.

“You’re famous now. You’ve picked the Senseless Lotus, killed Zhang Xuan, and won first place in the semifinal of the individual competition... Many people want to meet you, so make sure you come to the reception tonight.” Lu Yu clapped a hand on Bu Fang’s shoulder, showing a look of admiration.

The Nether Prison experts couldn’t help laughing, their eyes fixed on Bu Fang with amusement.

Bu Fang gave Lu Yu an expressionless look, then shifted his eyes on the puppet. He raised his hand and gently patted the puppet on the shoulder.

His move quieted everyone down, and Lu Yu’s face immediately turned cold.

The experts of the Nether Puppeteer Clan would never allow others to touch their puppets. That was their pride and dignity.

However, just as Lu Yu was about to speak, Bu Fang looked up slightly at him with a hint of seriousness and sincerity in his eyes and said, “You have a good puppet... How do you sell it? How much is a kilo?”

Everyone was struck dumb by his words.

Chapter 1292 How Much Is Your... Virginity?

For a moment, the atmosphere outside the Sacred Puppet City’s transport pavilion became very awkward. Everyone stared dumbfounded at the two men who put their hands on each other’s shoulders. Many couldn’t believe that another man had touched the puppet belonging to Lu Yu, who was a genius of the Nether Puppeteer Clan. To Nether Puppeteers, their puppets were as holy and inviolable as virginity. Under normal circumstances, they wouldn’t easily reveal their puppets. For example, Lu Cheng only produced his puppet during battle.

However, Lu Yu copied that top genius of the Nether Puppeteer Clan, so he carried his puppet on his back. The reason they gave to explain the behavior was to promote the spiritual connection between them and their puppet, and ultimately improve their control over it. In fact, they did so to show off.

For Nether Puppeteers, this was very cool, but in the eyes of experts from other clans, it was no different from exposing one's virginity.

Of course, under normal circumstances, no one would be foolish enough to touch their puppets. After all, only fools would do such a thing that would offend a genius.

However, Bu Fang didn't know that.

When many people saw Bu Fang's palm clapping on the puppet, they were petrified, and their eyes were filled with horror. And when they heard him utter those words, their horror was magnified.

"You have a good puppet... How do you sell it? How much is a kilo?"

They couldn't believe that the little chef would ask such a question. Did he regard puppets as vegetables in the market?

Many Nether Prison geniuses felt storms rising in their hearts, and they looked at Bu Fang as if they were looking at a freak, admiring him for his boldness.

His question was like asking Lu Yu, "Your virginity is good. How much is a kilo?"

Therefore, the atmosphere became very awkward and weird.

Lu Yu's eyes turned dark instantly, and his eyes grew icy cold. "Let go of your dirty hand..." he said coldly, his voice sharp as a knife.

The crowd took a deep breath.

"Lu Yu is angry! This boy's finished..."

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged, however. Looking at Lu Yu, he said, "I mean it. This is really a good puppet. How much is a kilo? Also... I heard that your puppets all have hearts. How much do they sell? I can pay you more... I have no shortage of... money." His voice was sincere, and his eyes were sparkling.

"This guy also wants a Sacred Nether Puppet's heart?! Is he crazy? Isn't he afraid of being hunted down by the Nether Puppeteer Clan?!"

"Let go of your hand..." Lu Yu said, his face as cold as iron.

However, Bu Fang didn't seem to hear him. He patted the puppet again and said seriously, "It's really good... I actually also have a puppet buddy, but he's a little weak now. I'll introduce you some other time."

'Why the f*ck are you still patting my puppet?!' Lu Yu's eyes were almost on fire. He felt as if Bu Fang's hand were slapping on his virginity, making his heart tremble.

He scoffed at the puppet mentioned by Bu Fang. How could there be a puppet in this world that could match the puppets of the Nether Puppeteer Clan?

Seeing Lu Yu's dark face, Lu Cheng hurried over to warn him. "Calm down... The projection array is broadcasting, so everyone is watching this. If you kill them here, people will have an excuse to give Nether Prison trouble. It would put us in a disadvantageous position."

Lu Yu frowned slightly and choked back his anger. Lu Cheng was right, so he could only control himself and suppress his indignation. He gave a stiff smile, raised his hand, and forcibly pulled Bu Fang's hand off his puppet. Gnashing his teeth, he said, "I'll... see you all... in the evening." After that, he left quickly with his men. He was afraid that if he stayed, he would go mad with anger and kill Bu Fang.

The Nether Prison experts also left.

Bu Fang withdrew his hand with a regretful look on his face. "It's really a pity... I really want to buy his puppet," he said, smacking his lips.

Everyone who saw this through the light screen couldn't help smiling.

“This little chef can really drive one crazy! To Nether Puppeteers, Sacred Nether Puppets are their virginity. However, he not only slapped Lu Yu’s virginity but also asked him how much it is! Does he think he’s buying vegetables? He’s lucky that Lu Yu has good self-restraint and didn’t kill him on the spot!”

The Nether Prison geniuses followed Lu Yu and left, leaving only one of his men behind, who was looking at Bu Fang and the others disdainfully. The people in Nether Prison all had pride, both the geniuses and their underlings.

The man took Bu Fang and the others to an inn, which was specially prepared for them by the organizers. Its environment was excellent, with mountains and rivers, and its design was elegant and gorgeous. In a major city where land was extremely expensive, it was not bad to have an inn ready for the contestants.

Bu Fang returned to his room and began to think. The Sacred Puppet City was very prosperous, perhaps the most prosperous city he had ever come across. When a city was prosperous, it usually meant that its people had strong purchasing power. If he could open a branch here, it would certainly be very beneficial. However, it was not urgent. He thought he should get a Sacred Nether Puppet’s heart and repair Whitey first.

Nevertheless, the idea of opening a branch in this city took root in his mind. If he could do this, his turnover would definitely skyrocket. By then, his cultivation base would also reach a rapid level of growth.

Bu Fang sat in the room, thinking.

Time went by quickly. Soon, the sun was setting. A sharp knock on the door interrupted Bu Fang’s thoughts. When he opened the door, he saw Zhu Yan and the others standing outside.

It was time to go to the reception.

Bu Fang actually refused to go to the reception at first. However, it then occurred to him that there would be a lot of food, and that he could go and have a look and enjoy Nether Prison food. Also, he could take the opportunity to observe the Sacred Nether Puppet. If he could buy the puppet’s heart with money, it would be very convenient.

And so, under the expectant eyes of Zhu Yan and the others, he nodded, closed the door, and followed them out of the inn.

Although the jade talisman was an invitation, it also indicated the location of the restaurant. The city was massive. Bu Fang and his companions walked for some time before they finally found the restaurant. By then, it was quite dark, but the streets were brightly lit and looked quite prosperous.

“So this is the restaurant where the reception is being held? It’s huge...”

Zhu Yan and the others were shocked. Looking at the restaurant, they gasped.

“It’s indeed magnificent, but that’s just the surface. The most important thing for a restaurant is that its dishes must be delicious. It’s no use having luxurious decorations if the dishes are not delicious.”

“We are immortal chefs from the Immortal Cooking Realm, so it won’t be easy for their dishes to gain our approval.”

Mo Yan and the others talked to each other. On the other hand, Bu Fang didn’t say anything. He just put his hands behind his back and walked slowly.

The entrance of the restaurant was very spacious. It was made of large blue jade, which gave it a touch of magnificence. It was guarded by half-step Saints, and all the people who frequented this place were celebrities in the city.

When Bu Fang and his companions handed over their jade talismans, they stepped into the restaurant. Once inside, their feet stepped on a carpet made of the fur of some formidable savage monster, which led to the base of a spiral stair. Many chandeliers hung from the ceiling, shining with colorful light.

After walking up the spiral stair, they came to a grand hall. There was soft music playing in the air, which made people feel relaxed.

There were already many people in the hall. Celebrities were walking and talking. In the center of the hall were many round tables covered with red cloth.

As soon as Bu Fang and his companions stepped into the hall, they heard someone calling them. It was Fa Wu. He was sitting at a table, and when he saw Bu Fang, he shouted at once. Bu Fang walked over with Zhu Yan and the others.

“Owner Bu, you are here at last. Do you feel it?” Fa Wu whispered, pulling Bu Fang beside him.

“Feel what?” Bu Fang paused momentarily.

“The atmosphere... Don’t you think the atmosphere here is very strange? Just look at the eyes of the people around you. Everyone is hostile. The reception is not just being held to welcome us... I’ve already felt a whiff of malice,” Fa Wu sighed. “Nether Prison deserves to be an overlord-class small world. With so many formidable experts, it is so powerful. I dare not to be arrogant here,” he said, touching his bald head.

Bu Fang said nothing and only nodded. That was because he had turned his head and fixed his eyes on Lu Yu in the distance.

Lu Yu seemed to feel something. He turned his head around and saw Bu Fang. As their eyes met in midair, the look in Lu Yu’s eyes became sharp and murderous. He wished he could kill this guy who touched his virginity immediately!

Soon, the reception started. The rhythm of the music in the hall became faster and faster. The Immortal Cooking Realm and the West Little Buddhism Realm experts sat at the same table, surrounded by Nether Prison experts. As for the Earth Prison experts, they shared a table with the Nether Prison experts. They looked timid and afraid to even speak.

All of a sudden, there was an uproar, and the lights began to flash. Then, a figure could be seen slowly descending from the spiral stair in the distance.

“It’s Lu Ban! He’s the worthy genius from the Nether Puppeteer Clan and one of the three Kings of the younger generation!”

Some people saw the figure, and they all erupted into an uproar. The Nether Prison experts looked at him with great enthusiasm and awe. Even Lu Yu’s eyes were full of excitement.

He was a young man with black hair and black eyes. The look in his eyes was cold, and he carried a puppet behind him. His style looked somewhat similar to that of Lu Yu.

As soon as the young man appeared, he fixed his eyes on Bu Fang's table. His gaze went straight through the crowd and fell on Bu Fang.

"I'm very interested in the Senseless Lotus..." the young man said in a soft voice.

As his voice echoed through the hall, the crowd fell silent. Everyone's eyes were on Bu Fang. Lu Ban, one of the three Kings of the younger generation, had spoken up.

Looking at Bu Fang, who was still sitting in his seat, a Nether Prison expert immediately shouted, "What are you waiting for? Hand over the Senseless Lotus! Lord Lu Ban has already spoken!"

The atmosphere suddenly became tense.

Lu Yu's pupils constricted. "Since my Brother Ban is interested in the Senseless Lotus, you better hand it over..." he said lightly.

In just a flash, the atmosphere in the hall had become extremely tense.

With so many horrible auras targeting them, all the people at Bu Fang's table felt it difficult to breathe.

The reception wasn't transmitted through the projection array, so the Nether Prison geniuses seemed to be a little unscrupulous.

Lu Ban looked at Bu Fang indifferently. He didn't take a One-revolution Little Saint seriously at all. However, the reception was held by Nether Prison after all, and he didn't want to ruin it. So he raised his hands, pressed them down gently, and said, "Quiet, everyone. I'm just discussing it with him. After all, they're our guests, and we can't frighten them."

After hearing what he said, the Nether Prison experts echoed him. The three Kings of the younger generations were strong contenders for the champion of the individual competition. Their status was so transcendent that it was comparable to that of ordinary clan elders. Now that Lu Ban had spoken up, they naturally stopped forcing Bu Fang.

“Oh? Your puppet also looks very nice... Much better than the puppets I have seen before. I’m very interested in it. If I may ask, how much is a kilo for your puppet?”

Just as everyone was ready to start the reception, a faint voice suddenly rang out.

It startled everyone. Lu Yu trembled, for he was very familiar with that voice!

Everyone turned and looked at Bu Fang.

What did he say?!

“How dare you! Kneel down!”

“You are not qualified to even mention Lord Lu Ban’s puppet! You’re courting death!”

“You’re just a lucky guy who won first place in the semifinals! Don’t think of yourself as a big shot!”

The Nether Prison experts were all shouting. Their eyes were cold and full of sarcasm as they looked at Bu Fang.

Lu Ban’s face also became extremely cold. “I hate it when someone mentions my puppet... Do you want me to cut off your tongue, or do you want to cut it off yourself and kowtow to me and beg for mercy?” he said indifferently. His tone was cold and ruthless, and the way he looked at Bu Fang was as if he were looking at an insignificant worm.

“Since Brother Lu Ban is so upset with this guy, I’ll cut his tongue for you.”

Suddenly, a voice rang out. Everyone was shocked, and they quickly turned around to look at the speaker.

A bright sword light soared into the air as if to tear the sky apart. The crowd gasped at its dazzling light.

“He’s Zhang Qiubai, a Sword Demon from the best team! Is he here to avenge Zhang Xuan?!” someone exclaimed.

The next moment, the sword light shot toward Bu Fang’s head as he sat calmly in his seat!

Chapter 1293 Instead of the Senseless Lotus, How About a... Sword Pot?

Zhang Qiubai! He was the top genius from the Sword Demon Clan and also one of the ten members of the best team! He was very strong. Although he wasn’t one of the three kings of the younger generation, he was considered extremely gifted.

His sword was very fast, which surprised everyone. Even the dust was crumbling under it. A shrill noise tore the air as the top of the sword went straight toward Bu Fang’s head, intending to cut him in half!

Lu Ban put his hands behind his back, his face cold. Zhang Qiubai’s sudden move was somewhat beyond his expectation.

Zhang Qiubai had mastered the Sword Demon Clan’s Sword Essence. His strength was formidable, and he was a strong opponent. However, Lu Ban didn’t take him seriously. In his eyes, only the other two of the three Kings were qualified to be his opponents. Zhang Qiubai was not even close.

The horrible sword light kept closing in. A shock of cold went through the Immortal Cooking Realm experts. They felt as if they were completely wrapped in ice.

“He’s dead!”

“This chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm is dead! No one can survive Zhang Qiubai’s sword!”

“That’s the price he deserves! Who told him to kill Zhang Xuan in the semifinal?”

The Nether Prison experts all showed gloating expressions.

The corners of Lu Yu’s mouth curved upward into a smile. Looking at Bu Fang, who was about to be killed by Zhang Qiubai, he felt a little excited!

Meanwhile, a bitter look came over Fa Wu's face. He didn't expect the Nether Prison expert to attack Bu Fang at the slightest disagreement. It was dismissive of the other contestants. 'Owner Bu will probably be killed this time...'

The Earth Prison experts looked on timidly. There were few commendable figures in Earth Prison's younger generation today, so it was very difficult for them to see a peerless expert like Nether King Tian Cang again.

Bu Fang looked indifferently at the sword that was approaching him, and his eyes became sharp. He was a little angry as he thought, 'He's going to kill me at the slightest disagreement? Didn't he see that I was trying to buy a puppet's heart? A deal that had been so close to success was ruined by him!'

"Can't you see that I'm in a business discussion?" Bu Fang said lightly. "Do you have any idea how much I like that puppet?"

He looked at the sword without flinching. The next moment, he flipped his hand, and a seven-color dumpling appeared in his palm, blooming with a seven-color light and looking like a brilliant rainbow.

"What?" The Nether Prison experts were taken aback. "That's a... dumpling? He's going to use a f*cking dumpling to counter Zhang Qiubai's deadly sword? Can't he be more serious?!"

Lu Ban's eyes also narrowed slightly.

Zhang Qiubai's face was cold. He seemed to have turned into a sword himself, while the sword in his hand was constantly shaking and making a sharp whistling sound.

With a ripping sound, the sword cut through the dumpling, which exploded with a bang in an instant. A strong aroma immediately spread, shocking everyone present. How could a mere dumpling resist Zhang Qiubai's sword?

However, the moment the dumpling was cut, a cloud of smoke immediately enveloped Zhang Qiubai and gave him a chill.

"What's this feeling?!" Zhang Qiubai's pupils constricted. He felt that his body turned completely stiff. "This..."

Bu Fang stood up slowly, his face cold. The next moment, the bandage that bound his arm came undone, and he raised a fist surrounded by Yin and Yang energy. With a deafening roar, the shadows of beasts appeared over the fist.

Suddenly, he threw a punch!

In the shocked eyes of all, the fist surrounded in beast shadows struck Zhang Qiu Bai in the face.

Zhang Qiubai's pupils constricted as a terrible force spread over his face instantly. He felt as if his nasal bone were going to shatter. In the blink of an eye, he was smashed flying backward, and his sword energy also broke completely.

The Nether Prison experts were struck dumb. They watched with blank faces as Zhang Qiubai, who rushed toward Bu Fang with his sword light, was thrown back like a cannonball and smashed into a table, breaking it completely!

Did Bu Fang defeat Zhang Qiubai with just one move?! How was that possible? Was his strength really so horrible?

Everyone fell silent. No one had expected this to happen. Zhang Qiubai was the top genius from the Sword Demon Clan who had mastered the Killing Sword Essence, but he was thrown away by the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm with just one punch!

Even Zhang Qiubai was a little confused. He fell to the ground and was in a daze for a moment. Then, he stood up. His nose was broken, and blood was pouring from his nostrils.

"He seems to have some tricks up his sleeves. No wonder he can pick the Senseless Lotus and kill Zhang Xuan..." Lu Yu took a deep breath, and the look in his eyes grew serious.

Zhang Qiubai stood up, wiped the blood from his nose, and squinted at Bu Fang. "You have some tricks... but your strength is weak. You can't go very far with that kind of strength."

He sheathed his sword. It was an ancient bronze sword, which he carried on his back. As a genius of the Sword Demon Clan, Zhang Qiubai had his own pride. Although he was beaten up by Bu Fang,

he thought that it was due to his carelessness. Therefore, he wouldn't fly into a rage and attack again. He had his manners.

“No wonder you've killed Zhang Xuan... You have some tricks up your sleeves. However, if we meet again in the competition, I'll not make the same mistake. I'll definitely kill you,” he said. After that, he ignored the mess on the ground, turned, and walked downstairs.

Zhang Qiubai really had a different personality than the others. Although he was beaten in the face, he chose not to retaliate on the spot. The Nether Prison experts were silent as they watched him leave.

Lu Ban's mouth twitched slightly. ‘A genius has his own resolve. Zhang Qiubai's attack just now was to avenge Zhang Xuan. If the chef were killed, he deserves it. But since he blocked it, Zhang Qiubai wouldn't attack again. Swordsmen are proud. I was surprised, however, that the guy was able to fend off his attack...’

Lu Ban squinted at Bu Fang. As it happened, Bu Fang also turned his head to look at him.

“Well... Let's resume our talk about the puppet. Be frank and tell me how much will you sell it?” Bu Fang said.

At his words, Lu Ban's eyes turned cold again. “You think you're invincible when you defeated Zhang Qiubai? He was defeated by your tricks, but this didn't give you the right to do whatever you want in front of me...” he said coldly.

As his voice echoed through the air, Lu Ban's aura exploded out. It spread and turned all faces pale, including the Nether Prison experts. They all looked shocked and in awe.

This was the King of the younger generation. He was a Five-revolution Little Saint! Such a cultivation base was already comparable to that of the older generations of experts!

The aura was overwhelming and made one's legs tremble. Many people took deep breaths and were terrified, while the faces of Fa Wu and the other contestants turned unsightly as they found that they couldn't move under the aura.

Was this the strength of an expert from the Nether Prison's best team? Was this the gap between them and Nether Prison geniuses?

Fa Wu gritted his teeth, and his eyes were filled with discontent. He was a genius from the West Little Buddhism Realm, but his cultivation base was only barely up to the level of a Two-revolution Little Saint. Compared to Lu Ban, his strength was nothing short of impressive. The gap between them was so wide that he felt frustrated.

“Owner Bu... Forget it, let’s bow our heads and apologize...” Fa Wu said with a pale face, looking at Bu Fang helplessly. “Too strong... Nether Prison’s geniuses are too strong...”

The other experts of the West Little Buddhism Realm also bowed their heads in despair. However, to their surprise, the eyes of the Immortal Cooking Realm experts were gleaming, and they held their heads up with an unyielding look on their faces. They even stared at Bu Fang with a certain fervor. Their confidence in Bu Fang surprised many people.

Under Lu Ban’s pressure, Bu Fang was calm, and his expression didn’t change at all.

Lu Ban was one of the three Kings of the younger generation, and his aura alone was enough to make people feel despair. Looking at Bu Fang, he raised his hand and clapped it on his puppet. With a loud bang, the puppet fell to the ground and opened its eyes, where two beams of light shot out. At the same time, an aura exploded out of its body, adding up to Lu Ban’s aura and producing a deafening rumble.

At this moment, the whole hall was enveloped in the pressure, while the tables, unable to bear the pressure, began to squeak.

Crunch... Crunch...

All the Nether Prison experts had already retreated in awe to the distance.

Lu Yu stared at Lu Ban with excitement and enthusiasm. This was his idol! Although he was also from the best team, he was a far cry from Lu Ban, the King of the younger generation!

At this moment, Zhu Yan and the other experts from the Immortal Cooking Realm bowed their heads under the tremendous pressure. Their chairs were all shattered, their knees were bent, and they couldn’t help but feel like kneeling...

Such was the power of a King!

The reason why Kings could be called Kings was because of their pressure and aura!

“Submit to me... and give me the Senseless Lotus.” Lu Ban put his hands behind his back and stood beside his puppet. There was a lofty look in his eyes, and he stared at Bu Fang like an emperor who looked down on all living beings from the skies.

Fa Wu and the others felt they could hardly breathe.

“Owner Bu...” The monk gritted his teeth. He was puzzled by Bu Fang’s stubbornness. Why continue to insist when it was clear that they could not defeat this opponent?

The confidence that Zhu Yan and the others had had disappeared as well. Their faith in Bu Fang couldn’t withstand this crushing oppression. They wavered...

“Owner Bu... Why don’t... we just give in?” Zhu Yan said with a hesitant expression.

The eyes of Mo Yan and the others also turned red, and their backs were almost bent by the pressure. They really couldn’t stand it.

“Don’t be afraid, relax.”

Suddenly, Bu Fang’s calm voice rang out, leaving Mo Yan and the others stunned for a moment. The next instant, they saw a golden light spreading from his body and sweeping across their bodies. In the blink of an eye, the pressure that made them almost drop to their knees disappeared.

Bu Fang sat firmly in his seat and looked at Lu Ban with calm eyes as his divine will spread out. To him, Lu Ban’s pressure was like a cool breeze. “I sincerely want to do business with you, but you want to attack me. In this case...” He rose slowly from his chair.

All eyes were on him.

“What’s this Immortal Cooking Realm chef going to do?”

“Instead of the Senseless Lotus... how about a Sword Pot?” Bu Fang said lightly.

The next moment, his divine will exploded out, wrapping him up like a golden lotus with its petals unfolding. At the same time, an earthy-yellow clay pot appeared over his palm, surging with a vast sword will!

As soon as the clay pot appeared, Lu Ban's indifferent expression changed, and his calm heart was horrified!

Chapter 1294 This Wine Tastes Like Horse Piss

An aura filled with tyranny and destruction spread out of the Sword Pot, while its mighty sword will pressed on everyone's heart like a mountain, causing everyone's mind to tremble. It was a very frightening power. Unlike Lu Ban's pressure, it contained the essence of death. Facing the Sword Pot was like facing death. Lu Ban, who had been calm, was no longer calm now. He didn't expect Bu Fang to be able to come out with this weapon. He had sensed more of the Sword Pot's horror than everyone present. As soon as it was taken out, his aura seemed to be crushed in an instant. The feeling shocked him.

“A Sword Pot... I can't believe you actually have a weapon of this level.” Lu Ban narrowed his eyes. “Unfortunately, this power is beyond the control of a mere One-revolution Little Saint.”

The power of the Sword Pot frightened even him. How could a One-revolution Little Saint control it? What would happen if it did explode? Would they all die together? That was why he smiled disdainfully. He didn't believe that Bu Fang could control that kind of power. However, he had to admit that it was really strong.

“As for whether I can control it or not... you can try me,” Bu Fang said lightly, holding the Sword Pot in one hand. The mighty sword will surged over the pot, constantly venting to all sides as if to destroy everything.

Meanwhile, Zhang Qiubai, who had just walked out of the restaurant, suddenly turned his head around. The bronze sword behind him was shaking violently. He felt something that made his heart race and his blood surge, while sword will that was as fine as silk made his blood boil.

“What a strong, terrible sword will... What the hell is that?!” He took a deep breath.

...

“Try you? Throw it out if you can,” Lu Ban said coldly. He slapped his Sacred Nether Puppet on the back, causing its aura to rise sharply.

“Do you think I dare to throw it or not?” Bu Fang said lightly, holding the Sword Pot and looking at Lu Ban.

Lu Ban glared at Bu Fang. “Throw it, then.”

“You want to guess if I dare to throw it out?” Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.

“Are you f*cking bold enough to throw it out?” Lu Ban’s eyes began to turn red.

“Do you dare to guess if I dare to throw it out or not?!” Bu Fang repeated, raising his chin as he said that. At this moment, he felt as if he had been possessed by the White Tiger and became cocky.

Watching Bu Fang and Lu Ban shouting at each other, all the people present didn’t know what to say.

“Are these two men fools?”

They were all scared, if truth be told. The energy contained in the Sword Pot in Bu Fang’s hand was extremely terrifying. If it were to explode, no one present would be able to survive, so he’d better not throw it out.

Lu Ban fell into silence.

Suddenly, the ground shook. Everyone turned their heads and saw a figure slowly coming up the spiral stair. It was a thin but fierce teenager with hair that stood on end like steel needles. His gaunt appearance, combined with his aggressive air, made him look a little odd.

“He’s Ba Juetian from the Tyrant Clan! One of the three Kings!”

“Why is he here? I remember that he’s not invited to this reception!”

“Ba Juetian... I can’t believe there are two of the three Kings at tonight’s reception...”

All the people present were shocked when they saw the gaunt teenager, their eyes full of disbelief!

“Hey, what are you doing here? You’re going to fight each other, aren’t you? Looks like a lot of fun... Count me in.” Ba Juetian grinned.

Lu Ban saw Ba Juetian, too, and the corner of his mouth twitched uncontrollably. ‘How did this madman show up...’

Ba Juetian’s appearance broke the deadlock between Bu Fang and Lu Ban. The latter put away his puppet, and his eyes grew cold again. When Bu Fang saw that, he also put away the Sword Pot.

Among the nine clans of Nether Prison, the Tyrant Clan ranked third, after the Nether Puppeteer Clan. Tyrants were all born with formidable fleshly bodies, with infinite strength that made them extremely fearsome. They were best at close-range battles, so no one would choose to fight them in close proximity.

“Hmph! Lu Yu, prepare a seat for Ba Juetian! The reception will begin now.” Lu Ban snorted, waved his hand, and walked away.

The deadlock that lasted for quite some time was finally broken. Because of Ba Juetian’s appearance, both sides took a step back.

The reception finally started. The music that had stopped earlier began playing again and filled the whole hall.

Bu Fang returned to his seat and twitched the corner of his mouth.

Ba Juetian, the gaunt teenager, didn’t take the seat Lu Yu had arranged for him. Instead, he walked to the Immortal Cooking Realm table and sat beside Bu Fang.

Looking at Bu Fang, he grinned and said, “So, you’re the boy who picked the Senseless Lotus... The Patriarch of the Tyrant Clan where I come from asked me to take the lotus from you.”

Bu Fang paused and gave Ba Juetian a puzzled look. He didn't seem to understand what this guy meant.

"Well, I, Ba Juetian, have been an honorable man for all my life. I'm here to tell you that we'll fight in the arena, and the Senseless Lotus will be the bet. If you lose, give it to me so that I can bring it back to my Patriarch," Ba Juetian said with a smile on his face, revealing his white teeth.

"Oh? What if I win?" Bu Fang looked at him and asked.

"No, no, no... No one can beat me except that freak from the Di Ting Clan, not even Little Lu Ban," Ba Juetian said, shaking his head and waving his hand.

No sooner had he said that than Lu Ban, in the distance, gave him a stern look. "If you're coming to my reception to eat and drink for free, don't talk so much," Lu Ban said coldly.

Ba Juetian shrugged and said, "But Little Lu Ban is the greatest man in the world in terms of temper. He's as proud as a cock."

"He's quite stupid." Bu Fang nodded.

"Oh, the food is here. I'll stop talking to you. I'm starving." Ba Juetian's eyes went wide when he saw the serving ladies coming out with plates of food.

Bu Fang also turned his attention to the food. His secondary purpose in coming to the banquet was to taste Nether Prison's dishes.

Soon, colorful and fragrant dishes were placed on the tables. The rich aroma of food enveloped the whole hall in an instant.

"It smells delicious!"

All the people present were exclaiming. This restaurant was truly the most famous in Sacred Puppet City. All the dishes smelled great and looked amazing.

“The chef in this restaurant was hired by Little Lu Ban from the Nether Chef Clan. It is said that he paid them a lot of money,” Ba Juetian said. “I often come here to sponge on... No, to dine, so I’m very familiar with them.”

After saying that, he picked up a plate of food and put it in front of him. Then, he poured the food directly into his mouth and began to chew.

In the blink of an eye, he finished the whole plate of food.

The people at the same table were all stunned. They never saw anyone eat like this. How were they going to eat if he finished all the dishes?

Bu Fang glanced at Ba Juetian and twitched the corner of his mouth. ‘Looks like this guy is also a foodie,’ he thought to himself.

He picked up a pair of chopsticks. The aroma of these dishes cooked by Nether Chefs smelled great and was stimulating his taste buds. After picking up a piece of food and putting it into his mouth, his eyebrows raised slightly.

Meanwhile, people began to propose toasts all around. When it came to eating, everyone was quite harmonious.

Lu Ban sat in his place and picked up a glass of wine. He looked quite satisfied. This restaurant was his pride, and he was proud to be able to hire Nether Chefs to cook for him.

“Well... this meat is overcooked.”

“There are too many chilies in this dish. No wonder the taste of the main ingredient is off... I give it a bad rating.”

“Is this wine horse piss? I give it a bad rating as well!”

A faint voice suddenly rang out, causing the smile on Lu Ban’s face to freeze. He didn’t expect that anyone would complain about the food in his restaurant. He picked a dish with his chopsticks and put it in his mouth. The aromatic food made him slightly narrow his eyes.

‘Who’s this guy? Is he trying to stir up trouble?’ Lu Ban thought to himself. Then, he looked over his shoulder and saw Bu Fang talking with an expressionless face. Those complaints were coming from his mouth.

Ba Juetian was holding a plate of food, and he was already stunned. He felt confused as he watched Bu Fang say aloud the flaws of each dish in a disgusted tone after tasting them.

‘I... I didn’t know there are so many things one can comment about food? I thought they were delicious?’

The more Bu Fang commented on these dishes, the more Ba Juetian found them tasteless.

“How am I going to enjoy the food now?’ Ba Juetian took a sip of the wine. His brows arched instantly. “Horse piss? How can this wine personally brewed by a Nether Chef taste like horse piss?’

He could still accept Bu Fang’s random comments about the dishes, but he couldn’t stand the wine being described as horse piss. He smashed his glass on the table and looked at Bu Fang unhappily.

“This is my favorite wine. Why did you say it’s horse piss? How does it taste like horse piss? If you don’t give me an acceptable explanation, I’ll give you a good beating today,” Ba Juetian said, looking at Bu Fang. A golden gleam flashed in his eyes, while a mighty aura exploded out of him and disappeared in the next instant.

Bu Fang gave Ba Juetian a surprised look. He could sense a powerful surge of Qi and blood in this guy’s body. Although Ba Juetian looked skinny, the aura of his Qi and blood was as terrible as an ancient savage monster.

Bu Fang was too lazy to answer Ba Juetian’s question, though. He just took out a jar of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew. Yes, he just took that out because the Yellow Spring Great Sage had finished his last jar of Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine.

In any case, he felt that even the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew was enough to crush the wine in this restaurant. With the improvement of his cultivation base, the quality of this wine also improved significantly.

He poured a glass of wine and threw it to Ba Juetian. After taking the glass, Ba Juetian narrowed his eyes slightly and gave Bu Fang a skeptical look, then emptied the glass in one gulp.

“Oh my! It’s so good!” Ba Juetian looked at Bu Fang excitedly. “Brother, this wine is delicious! Give me a jar of it! I... I’m convinced! As you said, the wine I drank before this is horse piss!”

“Well, there’s nothing really special about this wine. I let you taste it because I’ve finished my better wine,” Bu Fang said.

After that, he tasted another dish, which put a frown on his face. After some time, he sighed and slowly put the chopsticks down.

“I’m a little disappointed... I can’t believe the dishes in the largest restaurant in a major city of Nether Prison are only at this level.” His voice echoed through the hall.

Everyone was startled. As a contestant from the Nether Chef Clan, Lu Yang didn’t say anything. He was also very good at cooking, and he could tell that the Nether Chef Lu Ban hired was weaker than he was. At most, the chef had just stepped into the level of Qilin Chef.

Therefore, he could understand why the dishes were criticized. However, Bu Fang’s harsh comments still made the corner of Lu Yang’s mouth twitch. He knew that Lu Ban was the owner of the restaurant and that he had paid a lot of money to hire the chef from the Nether Chef Clan.

With Lu Ban’s temper, he certainly couldn’t accept such critiques.

Sure enough, Lu Yang had just thought of this when Lu Ban angrily smashed his glass on the table and looked at Bu Fang.

“I was kind enough to invite you to the reception, and yet you actually come here to slander my chef’s cooking skill... Get out of here now,” he said coldly.

Bu Fang gave Lu Ban a sympathetic look and said, “Oh, so you are the deep pocket of this restaurant.”

“Scram!” Lu Ban flew into a rage and slapped the table. “You’re no longer welcome to this banquet!”

“Oh, don’t get mad. Although the food here is terrible, the cooking style is barely up to the standard of a Qilin Chef. I’m just picky and telling the truth,” Bu Fang said.

Lu Ban’s eyes were as cold as ice. “What qualifications do you have to comment on the standard of my chef? If I’m not mistaken, you’re just a Third Grade Immortal Chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm, right? You’re not even a Qilin Chef! I know everything about you!”

Bu Fang was shocked by Lu Ban’s words. It seemed that he was being underestimated. He gave the corner of his mouth a little twitch but said nothing. The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand, bursting with a golden light that seemed to tear the air to pieces, while the White Tiger Heaven Stove emerged in front of him.

While toying with the kitchen knife, he looked at Lu Ban in the distance and said, “I’m no longer an... Immortal Chef.”

Everyone was struck dumb by his remarks. All of a sudden, they saw ingredients appearing and floating around him.

“Is this chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm going to... cook on the spot?”

“Is he going to give Lu Ban a slap in the face?”

Chapter 1295 Buddha Jumps Over the WallCooking?Yes, Bu Fang was planning to cook. He was best at slapping people in the face with food.

His cooking skill had already improved a lot. With the improvement of his cultivation base, his cooking skills were also slowly getting better and had already reached the level of Qilin Chef. It was just that he wasn’t at the Immortal Cooking Realm, so he hadn’t been assessed yet. If he took the test now, he would probably shock many people with his cooking skills. After all, his cooking skills were improving as fast as his cultivation base, which was nothing short of amazing.

Lu Ban’s eyes were cold. His impression of Bu Fang was really bad now. Had he not been intimidated by Bu Fang’s Sword Pot, he would probably have killed this cocky chef here and now.

He spent a lot of money and resources to hire a top Qilin Chef from the Nether Chef Clan, but the dishes cooked by the chef were trashed by this little chef. This made him very angry. It was like slapping him in the face in front of everyone. How could he bear this humiliation?

A stove was placed on the floor with a crash.

“Is this chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm planning to cook here?”

Bu Fang’s indifferent eyes swept the hall before he said lightly, “You said I am not qualified to comment on the food here? I’ll let you know my qualifications now...”

The next moment, he slapped the stove with a palm. One by one, the ingredients jumped up into the air, looking attractive as they glinted dazzlingly under the light. Then, he picked up the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. The knife spun in his hand before turning into beams of light and began to cut all the ingredients. For a moment, there seemed to be shooting stars falling from the sky.

Even then, blue-and-white porcelain plates flew out one by one and were placed on the stove. The cut ingredients all fell from the air and landed firmly on these plates. Some ingredients still had shining water drops on them.

Bu Fang’s knife technique was indeed very pleasing to the eyes.

As a genius from the Nether Chef Clan, Lu Yang’s eyes narrowed slightly as he stared at Bu Fang. He could sense the confidence in the latter. That was the confidence from the Heart of Cooking Path, which was really extraordinary!

‘The Heart of Cooking Path of this chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm seems so remarkable that it made my heart race a little...’

Behind Bu Fang, the eyes of Zhu Yan and the others became feverish again. His every move made them feel happy. At tonight’s reception, Nether Prison geniuses shrugged them off and made them feel angry. However, because of Bu Fang’s move, their frustration was gone, and they began to feel excited.

Fa Wu and the other experts from the West Little Buddhism Realm also looked at Bu Fang with their hands put together before their chests. Their eyes were full of surprise. His behavior was beyond their expectation. Even in the face of formidable Nether Prison’s top geniuses, he was still proudly modest and not afraid at all.

With a rumble, a fire began to surge in the stove. When the white flame appeared, the temperature of the whole hall suddenly rose. Many people’s eyes slightly narrowed. They could see that it was an immortal flame, and it was probably high on the list of immortal flames.

Many people couldn’t believe that a chef was using an immortal flame to cook.

Bu Fang was methodical in his movements. He ignored the glances of the people around him. This time, he was just showing off part of his cooking skills, and he regarded it as an advertisement for his future branch in Nether Prison.

Accompanied by a flash of light, a porcelain pot appeared in his hands. He put the ingredients into it and stacked them in a mysterious way. The grade of these ingredients was not bad.

Lu Yang’s pupils constricted slightly as he watched. He knew it would be very difficult to cook with so many different ingredients stacked together. ‘This chef is too daring...’

When Bu Fang took out a lid, on which a Buddha lay on his side, Fa Wu and the others froze, and their pupils constricted.

“What Buddha is this?”

The monks from the West Little Buddhism Realm were all stupefied. A Buddha was lying on his side on the lid of the porcelain pot, which seemed strange. The Buddha smiled broadly, and his round belly seemed to reflect the light.

Bu Fang carefully lifted the porcelain pot and placed it in the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. The boiling Spring of Life surrounded the pot and began to cook the ingredients. Then, he released his divine will and wrapped the pot with it.

His series of cooking steps dazzled many people present. Only now did they realize that cooking was also an extensive and profound craft. Initially, they did not care for cooking, but after watching Bu Fang, they all couldn't help taking deep breaths.

At this moment, a figure in a chef's robe came slowly from the spiral stair.

Lu Ban gave the figure a cold look and said, “Chef Liu, here you are... This man challenges your cooking. Tell him that you are a top Qilin Chef from the Nether Chef Clan and are not to be messed with.”

The figure in a chef's robe was a middle-aged man with a rather fat body, and his eyes looked rather cloudy. After hearing Lu Ban's words, his eyes widened as he fixed them on Bu Fang.

“How dare a young boy pick apart my dishes? I’ve cooked more dishes than the rice he has ever eaten!” the middle-aged man said coldly, his face extremely dark.

Lu Yang put his hands behind his back and looked at the so-called Chef Liu. ‘This man looks familiar... He seems to be a Qilin Chef from the Nether Chef Clan, but I don’t remember who he is... Did I forget a top chef from my own clan?’

The Spring of Life soon began to boil, and steam billowed out of the porcelain pot. After a long time, it seemed that there was light blooming from the pot.

Ba Juetian watched with narrowed eyes, holding his glass and drinking. The wine made his mind seem to turn transparent.

“The dish is about to be ready,” said Lu Yang suddenly.

Even as he said that, there was a sudden thunder in the sky. It was the lightning punishment for the dish. Soon, thunderbolts began to fall. Bu Fang was now perfectly capable of resisting the lightning punishment with his physical body without being injured, so he easily blocked the punishment.

Lu Yang took a deep breath, his eyes filled with disbelief.

‘Eight lightning punishments... I can’t believe this dish actually attracted eight lightning punishments... This shows that its quality is absolutely excellent!’

The face of the middle-aged man, whom Lu Ban called Chef Liu, also changed. It was the first time he had met a chef who could attract eight lightning punishments. It turned out that he was challenged by a chef of such an incredible level!

The chef suddenly felt a little nervous. He tried to turn around and leave but was stopped by a sharp look from Lu Ban. He had no choice but to stay with a bitter look on his face.

With a rumble, the lightning punishments were over. A rich fragrance immediately spread and filled the whole hall.

Lu Ban's nose twitched, and his face grew serious at the smell. The aroma was very special, as if it had some kind of magic power. He felt his mind was stirred by it.

Bu Fang took the porcelain pot out of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. The Buddha lying on his side on the lid was already glowing with intense golden light, looking as if a real Buddha had descended. His smiling face was glowing brightly as well.

The monks of the West Little Buddhism Realm had already been shocked beyond their wildest imagination. The dish actually filled them with an impulse of giving up their practice!

"The name of this dish is Buddha Jumps Over the Wall. It is a Heaven-grade dish," Bu Fang said lightly.

He wiped the water stain from his hands and gently lifted the lid. Accompanied by a unique essence, an intoxicating fragrance suddenly spread out of the pot, caressing every face like a breeze. It went into every nose, intoxicating all the people present.

Gulp.

Everyone swallowed at the same time. Even Lu Ban, who looked gloomy, was no exception.

“This dish is somewhat similar to the stew that was served just now. Where is the chef? He can come and taste it,” Bu Fang said, putting his hands behind him. His tone was very confident. After putting away the White Tiger Heaven Stove and the other tools, he looked up at Chef Liu, who was standing beside Lu Ban in the distance.

The chef’s face had already turned pale. Under Bu Fang’s gaze, he had an impulse to turn around and run away.

Lu Ban’s brows frowned tightly. “Chef Liu... What’s the matter?” His voice was fierce.

Chef Liu could taste the bitterness at the back of his throat. With Lu Ban watching, he couldn’t turn and run away. He forced himself to walk toward Bu Fang. The Buddha Jumps Over the Wall was placed on the dining table. Beams of light shot out of the porcelain pot, dazzling to behold.

The chef scooped out a glittering piece of spirit beast meat from the golden soup, then put it into his mouth and began to chew. A bright light seemed to burst out from between his lips.

‘This feeling...’

He suddenly felt an urge to kneel. Although he was a Qilin Chef, he was barely reaching the standard of a Qilin Chef. His Heart of Cooking Path was in no way comparable to Bu Fang’s. With just the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall, Bu Fang had made him feel despair.

Chef Liu took several steps back, his eyes filled with shock. “This... This...”

He opened his mouth but didn't know what to say.

In the distance, Lu Ban's face had become very dark, while Lu Yu and the others were extremely embarrassed. The look on Chef Liu's face had told them that Bu Fang's dish had crushed everything.

Lu Ban felt a burning pain in his face. It was a feeling of being slapped in the face. Only a moment ago, he said Bu Fang was not qualified, and now, Bu Fang's dish left the chef, who he had spent a lot of money to hire, speechless.

It was a nasty feeling.

His eyes narrowed. The next moment, the puppet he carried on his back fell to the ground with a crash.

With a cold look in his eyes, he said, "Chef Liu... Didn't you say you are a top Qilin Chef? Didn't you say that your cooking skills are the strongest, second only to the Divine Chef of the Nether Chef Clan? Have you been lying to me all the time?"

Chef Liu's pupils constricted. All of a sudden, an aura exploded out of him, and then he turned and rushed out of the restaurant.

"Chef Liu... You're fired," Lu Ban said coldly.

Even as his voice rang out, a black beam of light shot out from his puppet into the distance. It was a bolt. The next moment, a terrible cry echoed out in the distance as the bolt went into the fake chef's body and exploded with a rumble.

With his puppet, Lu Ban came to Bu Fang. He picked up a spoon, scooped a piece of meat into his mouth, and then drank a mouthful of soup. His eyes flickered for a moment, then he let out a deep breath.

"It's delicious," he said.

Lu Yu and the others who followed him were all puzzled.

"Come and be my restaurant's chef... I'll pay you five thousand Nether crystals a month," Lu Ban said.

The crowd broke out into an uproar. They couldn't believe Lu Ban was recruiting Bu Fang. Didn't they fight each other just now? The magnanimity of the three Kings was indeed unusual!

"I'm not interested."

However, Lu Ban's recruitment was mercilessly rejected by Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was a man who wanted to open his own restaurant. How could he work for someone else as a chef? It didn't suit his style of doing things. Therefore, he looked at Lu Ban and asked seriously, "Are you sure you don't want to think about it? I can buy your puppet. I'm not short of... money."

Lu Ban didn't answer. His eyes became colder and colder with monstrous killing intent surging in them.

The banquet ended in discord. Lu Ban left, and so were all the Nether Prison geniuses. Ba Juetian swaggered away with the wine jar in his hand. Before leaving, he gave Bu Fang a meaningful look.

Bu Fang glanced around, then sat down and finished the Buddha Jumps Over the Wall before leaving the restaurant with Zhu Yan and the others.

...

The transport array in the transport pavilion flickered with bright light. The next moment, a figure wrapped in black mist slowly emerged, his dark golden eyes full of malice and killing intent.

"I finally arrived at Nether Prison... Now, I need to find the little chef with the Senseless Lotus..." A hoarse voice rang out, accompanied by a cold laugh.

The next day, the finals of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path officially started in the Nether Puppet Arena of Sacred Puppet City.

Chapter 1296 Nether Prison's Home Court, Merciless Killing

The next day, a bright ray tore through the sky and lit up the floor of the room. Bu Fang sighed softly and walked out of his room.

Zhu Yan and the others were already in the lobby. It was the first day of the competition, so instead of cultivating in their rooms, they waited for him in the lobby since early morning.

What Bu Fang did yesterday was a relief to their pent-up anger. They were still excited even after returning to their rooms. They didn't realize that being an Immortal Chef would make them so proud and that even a top genius of Nether Prison could be slapped in the face.

Seeing that they were still excited, Bu Fang slightly twitched the corner of his mouth and said, "Adjust your mentality. Today is the team competition. It's certainly not as easy as before. I can feel Nether Prison's menace."

Zhu Yan and the others didn't think too much about that. After all, it was already a great surprise for them to reach the finals of the team competition. They didn't have much else to hope for, so they didn't care if they failed.

Still, they listened to Bu Fang's words. They couldn't afford to squander such a good opportunity.

They left the inn and headed for the Nether Puppet Coliseum.

The Nether Puppet Coliseum was a landmark of Sacred Puppet City. It was a huge square arena surrounded by stepped seats that could hold hundreds of thousands of spectators. Every year, the city hosted the Nether Puppet Competition, and this was the main venue. The competition was a unique activity of the Nether Puppet Clan and was very popular in the city.

When Bu Fang and his companions arrived at the coliseum, there were already people waiting for them at the entrance. Following the guides, they stepped into the arena.

It was really vast and huge. The seats were full of spectators, and when they saw Bu Fang and his companions, they all roared and cheered excitedly.

A huge light screen projected down from the sky, showing the images of the arena and each contestant. Through projection arrays, the same images would also be transmitted to many surrounding small worlds.

It was a competition that many small worlds were watching at the same time. This was the finals of the Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path, which included the team and individual competitions.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, everyone was waiting in front of a light screen specially prepared by Nether Prison experts. Nether Prison's projection array was many years ahead of the Immortal

Cooking Realm's. Everyone stared excitedly at the light screen, finally seeing the images they all had been waiting for.

Today would be the finals of the team competition. The three small worlds that emerged from the semifinals would compete with the two teams from Nether Prison for the championship. The competition seemed fierce, but in the eyes of many people, the result was easily predictable. After all, Nether Prison was too strong.

Boom!

As Bu Fang and his companions arrived in the coliseum, a terrible aura suddenly exploded out. It came from an expert who was sitting cross-legged over the arena. The aura was mighty as if it could support a small world. There was no doubt that this expert was a Great Saint. The fact that Nether Prison sent a Great Saint to guard the arena showed the importance they attached to the competition.

...

Bu Fang and his companions sat quietly in the resting room. It was a special place in the coliseum for contestants to adjust their forms and wait for their turns. On the wall, there was a small light screen so that the contestants could see what was happening in the arena. Bu Fang was looking at it at the moment.

Two teams had entered the arena. The rules for the finals were simple. Instead of one-on-one battles and the fancy best-of-five rule, there was only one battle. The contestants of both teams would all enter the arena and fight at the same time, and as soon as all the contestants of one team were defeated, the other team would be announced the winner.

The first match was between the Earth Prison team and the experts from Nether Prison's second-best team. Bu Fang and his companions had met the contestants from the second-best team. They chose five people to form a team, all of whom had a strong aura.

The referee of the match was a Nine-revolution Little Saint from the Nether Puppeteer Clan. An expert at this level was basically enough to cope with any unexpected situation in the arena.

The battle began with the thunderous cheers from the crowd around the arena. The deafening noise that shook the skies sent a shudder through the hearts of Earth Prison's contestants, making them hesitate in their moves.

Such was Nether Prison's home-court advantage. The audience was enthusiastic, but it was for the Nether Prison experts.

"Kill the Earth Prison rubbish!"

"Nether Prison is invincible! The rest of the small worlds are all garbage! Let them feel despair!"

"Crush them! We are the overlord!"

The cheers from the audience almost tore the sky apart, sending shudders through the hearts of Earth Prison contestants like spears.

In the resting room, the West Little Buddhism Realm team fell silent. They felt that they would also be in a disadvantageous position if faced with such a scenario. Psychologically, Earth Prison's contestants were already losing ground. The home-court advantage was not just a myth. Although Sacred Puppet City was only a major city in Nether Prison, it was still the territory of Nether Prison contestants.

Zhu Yan and the other experts from the Immortal Cooking Realm were already struck dumb. They suddenly became a little timid and even lost the courage to enter the arena. For them, it was a terrible scene.

Amid the tsunami-like cheers of enemies, Earth Prison contestants couldn't even summon their fighting spirit. By the looks of it, they were likely to be completely crushed. Their overall strength was nowhere near as good as that of the Nether Prison team, and now, even their spirits had been suppressed. How could they fight?

Bu Fang was very calm, however. He just watched the match and said nothing.

...

The match began. The contestants in Nether Prison's second-best team were all experts who had visited Earth Prison. Although the absence of Zhang Xuan had slightly weakened their overall strength, they still had a big advantage over the Earth Prison team.

The Earth Prison contestants were mediocre, and there were no experts worthy of attention, so the Nether Prison contestants were very relaxed.

The team was made up of the Fire Demon, Lu Yang, and other experts who had almost no weaknesses.

...

There were huge light screens in several major cities in Earth Prison, showing images transmitted by projections arrays. Looking at the screens, every expert in Earth Prison was silent. They seemed to see a few lambs facing thousands of tigers.

Even Jin Jiao, Yin Jiao, and the other Prison Overlords sighed at the sight.

...

At last, the battle broke out with the sound of a bell.

The arena was huge, its ground made of hard stone. Although uneven, it was hard enough to withstand any attack.

The Earth Prison experts spread out in formation and began to charge. Unlike individual matches, team matches were about cooperation. In the middle of them was an Earth Prison genius, who was a peak One-revolution Little Saint. However, this kind of cultivation base was hardly worth mentioning in this competition. Upon learning his cultivation base, the Nether Prison audience laughed scornfully. This left the Earth Prison experts feeling aggrieved.

In the face of the Earth Prison team that charged toward them, the Nether Prison contestants were still talking and laughing, looking remarkably calm. Suddenly, one of them kicked the ground and shot forward in a flash of fire. The man seemed to be glowing, and magma could be seen surging under his skin. With a rumble, his skin began to burn, and in the blink of an eye, he was completely enveloped in flames.

“Hehehe...” A burst of cold laughter rang through the arena.

The appearance of the Fire Demon immediately heated up the atmosphere. The audience were all screaming with excitement.

Two streams of flames stretched out of the Fire Demon's arms, and he flung them at the leading contestant of Earth Prison. The flames rolled in midair and turned into two large, colorful serpents, which opened their mouths and spat flames.

Boom!

The Earth Prison experts unleashed their auras. Powerful energy collided with the flaming serpents, causing sparks to fly in all directions.

The battle broke out in an instant. The Fire Demon kept letting out sharp screams as he waved his arms, blocking the attack of the five Earth Prison experts with the two flaming serpents. The scene brought the whole audience's cheers to a climax. For a moment, laughter, shrieks, and taunts filled the air.

The faces of the Earth Prison experts were all flushed with anger. They attacked with all their might, but only managed to block the Fire Demon's attack.

In just a flash, the battle had reached its culminating point.

On the other side of the arena, several Nether Prison experts were talking and laughing, pointing fingers at Earth Prison experts. Then, another figure rushed out at full speed, his body turning into tens of thousands of dark shadows.

An expert from the Shadow Demon Clan was making a move, and the audience cheered even louder!

The Shadow Demon's move immediately caused the Earth Prison team to collapse like a dam.

A flash of fire swept through the air. An Earth Prison expert was suddenly hit by the Fire Demon's flaming serpent, which then coiled around his body.

"Hehehe... Earth Prison contestants are really rubbish!" the Fire Demon said with an evil grin on his face.

With a rumble, the flaming serpent's flame grew stronger and instantly set the expert on fire. Soon, he was devoured by the flames and completely turned into charcoal.

...

Slash!

A spray of blood spilled in all directions as a human head was thrown into the sky. Another Earth Prison expert was beheaded.

The next moment, the Shadow Demon appeared in the arena, his eyes cold.

The Earth Prison leader's eyes went wide, and he was furious. "You've pushed us too far!" he growled. The next moment, he took a step and came in front of the Shadow Demon in an instant. He made over a dozen attacks in a row, but he couldn't even touch his opponent's sleeve.

All of a sudden, a flaming serpent swept over and lashed him with a loud bang, throwing him backward.

The bloody scene excited the audience and made their blood boil. Their eyes were wide with excitement, and their faces were strangely twisted.

"We surrender!" After having his leg broken by the attack, the Earth Prison leader reluctantly chose to surrender.

However, the Fire Demon ignored his words. While laughing evilly, he let his flaming serpent devour the Earth Prison leader completely.

"Killing... Killing is the joy of this competition!"

"It's exactly the reason we made you come to Nether Prison!"

"Haha... Are you desperate now?!"

Soon, there was only a mass of flames burning on the ground. The experts from the Nether Prison second-best team stood together. The Fire Demon's face was full of excitement, with a trace of cruelty still lingering on his lips.

Looking at the tragic scene on the light screen, the eyes of all the experts in Earth Prison turned red. It was a humiliating slaughter. No one expected Nether Prison contestants to be so ruthless.

“They are taking Earth Prison for a complete joke! Dammit!”

Many Earth Prison experts were roaring in anger. At the same time, they felt a sense of powerlessness. The eyes of the Prison Overlords, including Jin Jiao and Yin Jiao, were very cold. They clenched their fists and gritted their teeth in smoldering anger.

Nether Prison really pushed people too far.

...

The first match was over with the complete annihilation of the Earth Prison team. This result excited the Nether Prison audience.

The competitions in arenas always involved betting. Nether Prison's victory made those who had bet on it extremely excited. Although the odds were low because of the disparity of strength, they still won some money. As long as they won, they were happy.

The second match would be between the West Little Buddhism Realm team and the Nether Prison's best team. As the team who won first place in the semifinals, the Immortal Cooking Realm would only fight in the third match against the Nether Prison's second-best team. The winning team between them could compete with the Nether Prison's best team for the championship.

The rules were simple. In the eyes of many people, however, there was actually no suspense in the final. The epic Netherworld's Tournament of the Great Path would eventually turn into a civil war, with the geniuses from the best team fighting against the geniuses from the second-best team.

All that was left in the arena were the charred bodies of Earth Prison contestants.

The Fire Demon turned his head, stared at the projection array, raised his hands with his middle fingers poking up, and grinned. “What happened to Earth Prison will happen to you... Look forward to it! Hehehe...”

The magma under his skin shone brightly, and his actions and words made the audience cheer even louder.

In the resting room, Zhu Yan and the other contestants from the Immortal Cooking Realm were silent. They felt tremendous pressure. Their hearts were full of humiliation and anger, but those were nothing compared to the sense of powerlessness they felt.

The Earth Prison team was completely wiped out. The Nether Prison experts finally showed their fangs.

“Is this where we’re going to die?” Zhu Yan murmured with a blank face.

The finals seemed to be a road of no return, a road that led to Nether Prison’s killing.

“Calm down... That charcoal ball is nothing but a clown.”

Suddenly, Bu Fang’s faint voice rang out, making them feel at ease.

Zhu Yan and the others turned to look at him, only to find that the corner of his mouth twitched slightly. His eyes stared with great interest at the Fire Demon, who was acting cocky in the light screen. The look in his eyes held them all in a trance. It was a look that wanted to stir up trouble.

...

After the arena was cleaned up, the second match began.

The West Little Buddhism Realm contestants slowly entered the arena. Wearing robes, their hands were put together before their chests, their faces grave and dignified.

All of a sudden, the ground shook with a loud bang. The audience fell silent and turned their eyes to the other entrance. There stood the geniuses from the Nether Prison’s best team.

The three Kings didn't show up. This team of geniuses was currently led by Lu Yu and Zhang Wudi, a genius from the Sword Demon Clan.

As soon as they appeared, the audience, who had been quiet for a moment, erupted into a deafening uproar.

Chapter 1297 I Heard You Are... Very Arrogant?

The fact that the Earth Prison team was wiped out in the first match sent shudders to the West Little Buddhism Realm contestant's hearts. From the merciless killing of Nether Prison experts, they felt enormous pressure. Compared with Earth Prison, the opponents they had to face were much stronger. Earth Prison only encountered the second-best team, but they had to face the best team. All of a sudden, an uproar erupted, waking Fa Wu from his trance. He looked up into the distance. There, five figures were coming into the arena slowly. The terrible pressure that emanated from them seemed to turn into a dark cloud, pressing down on his heart and filling it with great pressure.

Lu Yu, Zhang Qiubai...

These experts were all top geniuses. Although the three Kings didn't show up, Lu Yu and the others were enough to make Fa Wu despair. The cheers of the audience were for the Nether Prison contestants, their deafening noise making the monks tremble all over. As they came forward like a pack of savage monsters, even the ground seemed to shake.

Fa Wu took a deep breath and exhaled. Glancing at the junior brothers at his side, he nodded. The next moment, five monks in red robes sat cross-legged down.

"What are these monks doing?"

The audience was lost in thought as they looked at the monks in puzzlement.

Lu Yu, Zhang Qiubai, and the others stared at the five monks calmly. They were not in a hurry to attack. As geniuses from Nether Prison's best team, they had their own pride. They didn't think it was a big deal to let these monks form an array.

Fa Wu and his junior brothers glanced placidly at the Nether Prison contestants in the distance. Then, they put their palms together and closed their eyes. Their bodies began to emit faint golden

light, which swirled in the air and illuminated the whole arena. At the same time, they kept chanting, their voices deafening.

“Amitabha... Amitabha...”

The audience was intrigued, and they looked on intently with bated breaths.

With a rumble, a burst of air suddenly broke out and spread in all directions, while dazzling Buddha’s light soared into the sky. Soon, a vague golden shadow began to condense rapidly over the monks.

It was a golden Buddha. It sat cross-legged with its palms put together, its eyes merciful. The aura emanating from it seemed to suppress the skies.

“Kind of interesting.” Zhang Qiubai walked slowly forward. Squinting at the Buddha over the monks, a bright smile gradually spread across his face. “So this is the famous Buddha Array of the West Little Buddhism Realm? Well, I’m going to try its power today...” As soon he said that, his aura gradually climbed.

The golden Buddha grew larger and larger and finally turned into a giant golden Buddha that glowed blindingly and blotted out the sky. Just then, Fa Wu flicked open his eyes, which shone goldenly as well.

“Dear benefactor... Please enlighten us,” the monk said with a somewhat detached manner.

“Very good...” Zhang Qiubai twitched his mouth as a sword will flashed through his eyes. The next moment, the bronze sword behind him jumped out of its scabbard, tearing the air and making a sharp sound. He leaped onto the blade, flew up into the sky, and hovered in midair.

Rumble!

A horrible sword will began to condense in midair and soon turned into a huge sword shadow that blocked out the sky.

“Let’s see which is stronger, the Buddhist Kingdom in a Palm condensed by your Buddha Array, or the Sword Demon Clan’s sword essence!” Zhang Qiubai sneered. As his voice rang out, the huge sword fell with a surging sword will.

While chanting the Buddha’s name, Fa Wu pushed a palm forward. At the move, the huge golden Buddha over him also moved. It raised its huge palm and threw it toward Zhang Qiubai in midair. As it drew near, the palm kept growing larger and larger, and one could vaguely see the golden Buddhist Kingdom looming inside.

Boom!

A violent collision broke out. The sword will and the Buddha’s palm crashed into each other, producing a terrible explosion that spread in all directions.

The audience erupted into an uproar, and they were all shocked as they looked up at the scene. The fight was indeed spectacular.

The Buddhist Kingdom in a Palm was the West Little Buddhism Realm’s top fighting skill. However, Fa Wu and his junior brothers could only barely use it after forming an array. If it had been used by a Great Saint, the palm would have enveloped the whole Sacred Puppet City, assimilated it, and finally wiped it out and turned it into specks of dust.

“It feels so great! A pity that... you are too weak, bald donkey.” Zhang Qiubai laughed in midair, his eyes gleaming. The next moment, his aura soared again, and then he made a straight slash with his sword.

The sword ripped through the air, and everyone heard the sound of something breaking.

At the stroke of the sword, the houses in the Buddhist Kingdom were crumbling, and soon, the whole golden Buddha started to become blurry. Before long, it collapsed and disappeared.

Fa Wu’s eyes went wide. His body trembled violently, and he coughed up some blood. Four of his junior brothers coughed blood at the same time, and they all were knocked flying backward. Fa Wu even rolled on the ground several times.

“We have been defeated...” Fa Wu got up and sighed. He looked a little bedraggled.

The five of them had been defeated by one person, who had proved himself an expert from Nether Prison's best team.

With his hands clasped behind him, Zhang Qiubai hovered in midair on his sword. Sword will surged around him, glowing brilliantly.

Fa Wu wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth, put his palms together, bowed his head, and said, "The West Little Buddhism Realm admits defeat."

As soon as he said that, the Nine-revolution Little Saint, who was in charge of maintaining order, came in front of him in a flash to prevent others from attacking him again.

Zhang Qiubai, however, was too lazy to attack. His figure flickered, and then he was back to his team.

Nether Prison's best team had defeated the West Little Buddhism Realm with only a single person.

Soon, the two teams withdrew from the arena.

Fa Wu was wise. Perhaps he was frightened by the semifinals in Earth Prison. At that time, the West Little Buddhism Realm lost three experts. He didn't want his junior brothers to die in vain again, so he used the strongest move as soon as the match began. He wanted to use one stroke to decide the outcome of the match. It turned out that his decision was correct. Even though the three Kings didn't show up, the West Little Buddhism Realm was already no match for the Nether Prison team. There was no need for them to fight anymore.

Bu Fang's eyes grew slightly serious as he watched Fa Wu leave. Then, he rose to his feet. Behind him, Zhu Yan and the others felt their hearts skip a beat.

"It's our turn..." Bu Fang said lightly.

Zhu Yan and the others were excited. This time, Bu Fang wouldn't put them in that magical world, so they would face the formidable experts from Nether Prison. They knew that the gap between their strength and that of their opponents was vast, but they still had some confidence because... they had Bu Fang! They had the Great Demon King!

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, the crowd in front of the light screen was already fired up. They were all cheering when they saw Bu Fang and the others step into the arena.

Almost everyone was shouting Bu Fang's name. After all, he was the only one who could create miracles. As for Zhu Yan and the others, even the patriarch of the Zhu Clan didn't hold any hope for them. The gap between their strength was too enormous.

However, some people were depressed and didn't say anything. The Earth Prison team's brutal defeat was still vivid in their minds, and they were worried that the Immortal Cooking Realm team would end up the same way.

...

Bu Fang, wearing the striped red-and-white Vermilion Chef Robe and with his hands clasped behind his back, stood at one end of the arena. The ground was very hard. Because the arena was vast and empty, the wind was strong, causing his robe to keep flapping.

In the distance, the experts from the second-best team slowly came out of the other entrance.

The eyes of the Fire Demon, Lu Yang, and the others were full of fighting spirit. The Fire Demon felt that he represented the honor of Nether Prison, so when he stepped into the arena, he spread his arms and nodded to the audience.

The audience cheered the Fire Demon without stint, and this made the latter's vanity explode. A sneer came to his lips, and he felt a growing desire to kill Bu Fang and the others. He planned to wipe out all the Immortal Cooking Realm rubbish by the same means, just like what he did to the Earth Prison team!

Meanwhile, a figure shrouded in black mist stood in the audience. The mist gradually dispersed, revealing black bandages that bound the man's whole body. His eyes were fixed on Bu Fang in the arena.

"Found you... The holder of the Senseless Lotus."

...

The two teams faced off at a distance.

The look in Lu Yang's eyes was somewhat serious. "This team is different from the Earth Prison team because it has an amazing chef. The others are nothing to worry about, but we have to pay more attention to that chef who had slapped Lu Ban in the face."

The Fire Demon thought he was making a mountain out of a molehill. After all, Bu Fang was just a One-revolution Little Saint. Although he killed Zhang Xuan in Earth Prison, he did it with a scheme. Therefore, the Fire Demon was very confident. A One-revolution Little Saint did not deserve his attention.

"Lu Yang, if you are really so scared of him, you can stay aside... and watch how we kill these ants." The Fire Demon grinned arrogantly. Perhaps the cheers of the audience had inflated his ego.

Bu Fang glanced at his opponents. "No Nether Puppeteers? That's a pity... When will I find a Sacred Nether Puppet's heart..." He sighed, feeling a little regret. He then turned to Zhu Yan and the others and said, "Stay where you are and don't run about."

In this battle, they had no practical use. All they had to do was cheer and shout.

Boom!

The Fire Demon rushed out impatiently and ran toward Bu Fang. As he approached, his body burst into flames, turning him into a flaming man. He was very arrogant and full of himself...

Bu Fang squinted at the Fire Demon with great interest. He once heard that the fire of the Fire Demon Clan had a strange effect, which could enhance the power of an Immortal Flame and Nether Flame. It was also why the Fire Demon Clan and the Nether Chef Clan had been unable to live in harmony. Bu Fang was very interested in the fire in the Fire Demon's body.

In addition to the Fire Demon, there were five experts in this second-best team, including the experts from the Shadow Demon Clan, the Horned Demon Clan, and the Beastmaster Clan. Their overall strength was very strong, but Bu Fang was a little eager to try. He took the first step.

In the distance, the Fire Demon screamed as he approached at full speed like a cannonball. All of a sudden, his arms turned into two flaming serpents and lashed out toward Bu Fang's head.

“Hehehe! Feel the despair!” roared the Fire Demon, his eyes filled with excitement!

The audience exploded into a tsunami-like cheer as the Fire Demon roared. Their voices swept out like waves, pouring toward Bu Fang. The terrible home-court advantage was suppressing Bu Fang. Even so, he still walked forward step by step, his pace neither slow nor fast.

The Fire Demon approached quickly like a scorching sun. His eyes were wide with flames burning in them.

“DIE!”

As he opened his mouth and shouted, flames came gushing out of it!

With a deadly heatwave, his face was almost touching Bu Fang's body...

The two of them were getting closer and closer to each other.

One step, two steps...

The next moment, with a buzzing sound, Bu Fang's hair instantly turned from black to white, and his pupils narrowed into slits. At the same time, a domineering air erupted from him.

“I heard the Host say... there's a little arrogant charcoal ball?!” White-haired Bu Fang grinned enigmatically.

Suddenly, he raised his fist with a white flame burning on it and smashed it in the Fire Demon's face.

Chapter 1298 None of You Can Figh

A fist hit the Fire Demon in the face. The Fire Demon couldn't understand why Bu Fang didn't dodge but punched him in the face. The flame inside him was very powerful. Although it was not as strong as an immortal flame or Nether flame, its temperature was extremely hot. No average person could withstand it, so his opponents would usually avoid him when he was shrouded in flames.

But Bu Fang...

RUMBLE!!!

The Fire Demon was knocked off his feet by the punch and landed hard on the ground, rolling. The flames on him seemed to have faded a lot.

Bu Fang's white hair was fluttering, glowing with a proud sheen. With his cold and arrogant eyes, he swept his gaze around, stupefying the Nether Prison audience and causing the cheering to come to an abrupt end.

Domineering, arrogant.

These two words came to the audience with a shudder when they saw the pair of eyes on the huge light screen in midair.

Bu Fang folded his arms over his chest and raised his chin cockily.

Looking at him from behind, Zhu Yan and the others' wavering eyes suddenly calmed down.

This was Owner Bu! This was the Great Demon King! He was always on the road to creating miracles!

The experts of the Nether Prison team were somewhat shocked by the fact that the Fire Demon was knocking flying away by a punch.

"This guy... seems to have some tricks up his sleeve" The Shadow Demon took a deep breath.

"What an arrogant boy... Just tear him to pieces!" the Horned Demon roared wildly.

Lu Yang was watching from a distance. He always felt that Bu Fang was a little unusual. He couldn't see the chef clearly, as if he were covered behind a layer of gauze.

The Fire Demon got up from the ground. The flames on him flared up again. "How dare you beat me..." His eyes turned red, and he roared!

With his arms crossed over his chest and his chin raised, white-haired Bu Fang looked disdainfully at the Fire Demon and said, "You're just a small charcoal ball. The Host said that you are too arrogant and need to be cooled down."

"How presumptuous!" The Fire Demon was furious to the extreme. He jerked up his hands. Flames burst out of his palms, and he began to perform an incantation gesture. All of a sudden, the fire energy between heaven and earth began to stir.

All Fire Demons had the means to manipulate the fire energy between heaven and earth.

Bu Fang's expression was indifferent. Flames emerged around him, spinning rapidly until they turned into a huge flaming dragon and wrapped him up. Inside, the temperature kept rising, and the sudden spike in temperature distorted the air. Even the stones on the ground began to melt slowly.

"This is the Fire Demon Clan's strongest fire manipulation technique! This boy angered the Fire Demon, and he's bound to be charred..."

"Although the Fire Demon Clan is at the bottom of the nine clans, it's because of the limitation of their innate talent. Very few of them can reach the level of the top Great Saints."

"But at least the Fire Demons' fighting capacity is very strong among experts of the same level!"

When the audience saw the fire dragon devouring Bu Fang and felt the scorching heat, they all cheered excitedly. It was as if they could already see him turn into charcoal.

Standing in the distance, the Fire Demon kept waving his arms and controlling the fire energy. Suddenly, his pupils constricted.

With a rumble, the fire dragon's abdomen exploded. The next moment, white-haired Bu Fang sprang out like a spring and landed in front of him in the blink of an eye.

It made the Fire Demon's heart tremble.

An arm suddenly stretched out, covered with a layer of white flame. It was the White Tiger's Heaven Illuminating Flame. In fact, it was no longer the pure Heaven Illuminating Flame. After all, it had merged with the immoral flame in Bu Fang's body. It had become a more powerful immortal flame.

"Fire?" The Fire Demon paused.

At this moment, Bu Fang grabbed him by the neck and slowly lifted him up.

"You're going to use fire against me? Are you retarded?!"

An excited smile came over the Fire Demon's face. He didn't expect Bu Fang to use fire against him. 'Does this guy not know that fire is the last thing Fire Demons fear?'

"I'll destroy you!"

He let out a sharp roar. The next moment, the flames on his body surged and grew brighter as a suction burst from him, trying to devour the white flame that covered Bu Fang's hand.

"Hmm?" White-haired Bu Fang's eyes became slightly more focused. However, instead of stopping the Fire Demon, he let him devour his flame.

After devouring all the flames on Bu Fang's hand, the Fire Demon's eyes suddenly widened and filled with horror!

"No... No... Your flame!"

Before he had finished speaking, the Fire Demon noticed that a flame was starting to burn in his abdomen. It was a white flame. It slowly spread from his abdomen and finally enveloped his whole body.

Accompanied by a miserable howl, the Fire Demon vanished completely. All that remained of him was a dark red flame, and when it was consumed by the white flame, he was dead.

It all happened in an instant. Before his teammates could react, the arrogant Fire Demon was killed.

The Nether Prison audience was stunned. A One-revolution Little Saint had killed the Fire Demon and even devoured the source of his fire? How was that possible?!

White-haired Bu Fang withdrew the white flame, folded his arms over his chest, and grinned. After sensing that the fire in his body became stronger, he looked up and scanned the whole coliseum. In front of tens of thousands of Nether Prison spectators, he raised his chin with a cocky look on his face.

“None of you here can... fight,” he said.

As his voice rang out, the audience fell into silence. His unbridled words exploded like thunder throughout the whole coliseum. The next moment, the audience erupted into an uproar. They shouted and cursed furiously, all wanting to tear Bu Fang into pieces!

“This guy is too cocky! This is Nether Prison! How could a chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm be so arrogant here?!”

The audience’s anger was burning, but the battle in the arena continued.

With the Fire Demon’s death, his teammates could no longer stand idly by. They thought the Fire Demon alone was enough to kill a One-revolution Little Saint, but now it seemed that they were really too naive.

In a twinkling, the Shadow Demon rushed out, turned into a shadow, and disappeared into the air. When he reappeared, he was already beside white-haired Bu Fang. Then, with a boom, his body exploded and split into tens of thousands of shadows, making it impossible for Bu Fang to find which was the real one.

This was the unique technique of the Shadow Demon Clan.

However, in the face of all this, Bu Fang was still very calm. His sword pupils narrowed slightly, and the next moment, he threw out a palm and struck one of the shadows.

The Shadow Demon was stunned. It never occurred to him that he would be struck by someone with just a palm when he was hiding among so many of his clones.

In the distance, the Horned Demon and the Beastmaster could bear it no longer, and they moved at the same time. Although Bu Fang was alone, they felt somewhat uneasy inside.

The Horned Demon had three horns on his head, which were silvery gray and looked quite dazzling. Suddenly, he stomped a foot, sending a terrible force into the ground and making it shake violently. Then, he jerked his head in Bu Fang's direction. A shadow of silver horn shot out in an instant and headed toward Bu Fang.

Meanwhile, the Beastmaster raised his hands with a cold look in his eyes. The next moment, an array appeared beside him. As it began to spin, two huge savage monsters emerged from the array. A fierce and hostile aura instantly filled the whole arena!

Lu Yang swallowed hard. As he looked at the white-haired Bu Fang, a look of surprise suddenly flashed in his eyes.

The Beastmaster Clan didn't rank low among the nine clans. It came in fourth place, just one place under the Tyrant Clan. It was known to all that all Beastmasters could control all kinds of savage monsters.

As soon as the two huge savage monsters appeared, the atmosphere in the coliseum became intense. Those were two horrible-looking wolves as enormous as mountains. Roaring savagely, they charged toward Bu Fang without hesitation, intending to kill him.

At this moment, all kinds of deadly moves came at the same time to drive Bu Fang to a dead end.

"As I said... all the people here are... rubbish," said white-haired Bu Fang coldly as he curled his lips in disdain.

He raised his chin proudly, then clenched his palm. At this moment, the White Tiger, who was in charge of killing, finally showed his terror.

Accompanied by a bone-cracking sound, the Shadow Demon's neck was crushed by Bu Fang. Blood poured out of his mouth as Bu Fang threw him away.

At the same time, the huge silver horn approached. Bu Fang jumped into the air, bent his body like a spring, and then sprang forward, shattering the silver horn in a flash.

Bu Fang didn't stop there. He kept flying through the air and soon came in front of the Horned Demon. A violent collision broke out. In a split second, he threw out hundreds of punches, snapping the Horned Demon's horns. Then, he threw out one last punch, which was covered with a tiger condensed of white flames, and threw his opponent to the ground.

A blazing fire devoured the Horned Demon. Amid his miserable shrieks and howls, he turned into a huge rhinoceros. However, this rhinoceros had already been roasted, giving off a delicious smell of roast meat.

The Nether Prison audience gasped again. Everyone was in disbelief.

"Is this chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm really so... strong?"

The arena rang with wolf howls as the two mountain-like wolves raised their claws and slapped them down at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang crossed his arms over his chest, his white hair waving in the wind. Feeling the strong wind blowing toward him, he looked up, and his sword pupils constricted. The next moment, he opened his mouth, revealing his little canine teeth, and roared at the two wolves.

"Awooooo!"

His voice was deafening and filled with the power of the White Tiger, which froze the two giant wolves that were about to kill him with their claws. The next moment, a white beam of light shot at them and blasted their heads apart in an instant!

BOOM! BOOM!

The Beastmaster's eyes narrowed as he opened his mouth and coughed out a mouthful of blood!

He didn't expect this to happen. Even with such a formidable lineup, they were defeated in an instant?! How could this chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm be so strong? Wasn't he just a One-revolution Little Saint? Why was he so fearsome?

After witnessing such an intense battle, the blood of Zhu Yan and the other experts from the Immortal Cooking Realm was already boiling.

"When he was still a half-step Saint, the Great Demon King was able to fight One-revolution Little Saints head-on and even kill Two-revolution Little Saints! This kind of fighting is child's play for him!"

Lu Yang was horrified to see his teammates defeated in an instant.

After white-haired Bu Fang killed the Beastmaster, he suddenly turned around and rested his cold eyes on Lu Yang.

Lu Yang immediately felt great pressure.

"I... I admit defeat!" he said without hesitation.

All four of his teammates had been killed by Bu Fang. He knew very well that he was not much stronger than they were. He may be good at cooking, but it was of no use in this battle. If he didn't choose to admit defeat, what choice did he have?

As soon as Lu Yang's voice rang out, the Nine-revolution Little Saint in midair landed in the arena with a rumble.

At this moment, a terrible pressure swept through the whole coliseum, and a cloud of dust kicked up in the air.

Lu Yang felt the strength leaving his legs, and he slumped to the ground. In front of him was a huge fist with white flames burning on it. It was stopped by the Nine-revolution Little Saint.

Luckily, he threw in the towel quick enough. Otherwise, his head might have already been burst by the punch.

“You’ve gone too far...” The Nether Prison’s Nine-revolution Little Saint looked at Bu Fang, his eyes cold.

White-haired Bu Fang glanced at him and grinned, revealing his little canine teeth. “As I said, none of you can fight.”

The outcome was decided in an instant. Initially, everyone thought that this would be a one-sided battle, but in the end, it had a different twist. The Nether Prison team that was supposed to crush the Immortal Cooking Realm team was crushed instead.

The Nether Puppet Coliseum was so quiet that one could have heard a pin drop. At this moment, the tens of thousands of spectators were stunned.

All that hung in the air was white-haired Bu Fang’s arrogant words.

“None of you can... fight.”

Chapter 1299 A Perfect Assassination?

None of you can fight. “How could this guy say such a thing? He’s only a chef! How dare he say so?”

The tens of thousands of spectators were angry, but the outcome of the battle left them speechless. The result was much beyond their expectation.

In just one battle, four of the geniuses from the Nether Prison’s second-best team died, while the remaining one narrowly survived because he threw in the towel in time and was saved by the referee. If he didn’t do it in time, it was very likely that the chef’s fist would have killed him.

It had always been the Nether Prison teams who wiped out the other teams. The Nether Prison geniuses had never been bullied by others like this!

This caused the pent-up anger of Nether Prison experts to erupt completely.

Worst of all, this guy was looking down on everyone present with his arrogant words!

None of them could fight?

He was too wild!

...

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, all the people watching the match through the light screen were cheering excitedly.

“The Great Demon King is as formidable as ever, even when he’s facing Nether Prison geniuses!”

“He shows no sign of weakness at all and fights without hesitation!”

“Look, he’s got the Nether Prison genius on his knees begging for mercy... I’m so proud of him!”

Meanwhile, when the Earth Prison experts saw the crushing defeat of Nether Prison’s geniuses, they felt extremely excited and joyful. All the Earth Prison contestants died tragically in the hands of the Nether Prison’s second-best team. Now, it was as if Bu Fang had avenged them, which naturally filled their hearts with joy.

...

With a buzzing sound, Bu Fang’s white hair turned black, and his eyes returned to their normal appearance. He drew back his fist and looked at the referee, his face indifferent.

The White Tiger was very violent. Almost every time he attacked, he used lethal means. Bu Fang himself would have been strong enough to deal with these experts. After all, he had the Explosive Meatballs and Divine Sealing Dumplings, so he could defeat his opponents without a problem.

However, he still let the White Tiger out. To put it bluntly, he was just too lazy to do it himself. The White Tiger, he thought, would finish the battle more cleanly and faster than himself.

“The winner of this match is the Immortal Cooking Realm.” The Nether Prison referee announced the result through clenched teeth, his eyes fixed on Bu Fang with unmatched fierceness.

Suddenly, Bu Fang seemed to feel something. He threw his head back, and his eyes looked through the void to meet with a pair of eyes filled with immense terror and pressure. They belonged to the Great Saint who was guarding the coliseum in the sky.

‘He’s dissatisfied with my unscrupulous behavior, isn’t he?’

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched, but he just withdrew his gaze with an indifferent expression.

Zhu Yan and the other experts from the Immortal Cooking Realm almost danced with excitement. They didn’t know how to express their feelings now. It never occurred to them that Bu Fang would be so fearsome. Even though he was facing the Nether Prison experts, he was as fearless and formidable as ever and had even won their first match easily.

They returned to the resting room in high spirits.

The match was the last of the day. Tens of thousands of spectators left the coliseum. Some were wailing and even growling because they had lost a lot of money due to the result of the match. Some people had bet their entire wealth on the Nether Prison team, but the outcome had broken their hearts.

The winner was the Immortal Cooking Realm team that no one thought would win. The unexpected outcome left the audience angry and frustrated.

Night soon fell. The next day would be the final match of the team competition. Everyone had expected that it would be fought between the two teams of Nether Prison, but in the end, a dark horse emerged.

The Immortal Cooking Realm, a small world that had been in decline for countless years, had once again caught everyone’s eyes.

...

Bu Fang and his companions returned to the inn. Zhu Yan and the others were very excited, which kept them awake. In fact, at their level, sleep was not that necessary.

Bu Fang went back to his room, sat down cross-legged, and began to cultivate his mental force.

He had exchanged the metal force cultivation technique from the System. Its first stage was the divine perception, the second was a divine will, and the last was divine sense. Different levels had different powers. For example, the divine perception could sense all changes around him, but the divine will could sense the smallest detail.

According to his calculation, it would take him a long time to reach the level of divine sense. After all, he had just condensed his divine will, and he got a lot of sharpening to do if he wanted to master it.

...

Several grim-faced figures were sitting in a private room in the Tianxiang Restaurant.

Glancing at the people around him, Lu Yu took a deep breath.

“Lu Yu, you called us here to discuss the strategy for tomorrow?” A young man chuckled as he looked at Lu Yu and shook his head. “We’re not the same as those guys in the second-best team. Their defeat today is indeed unexpected, but if it were any of us, we could also easily defeat them. Although they’re the second-best team, they’re not too strong,” the young man said with a faint smile.

Lu Yu looked at the young man and shook his head. “Ba Wu, you are not Ba Juetian. You are not qualified to be so arrogant...”

His words made the young man’s expression suddenly change.

Ba Juetian was one of the three Kings, a genius from the younger generation of the Tyrant Clan. He was as strong as Lu Ban.

Although Ba Wu was also a genius from the Tyrant Clan, he was weaker than Ba Juetian.

“The three Kings will not participate in tomorrow’s match, so we must make sure that nothing goes wrong. If we fail, we’ll bring shame to the whole Nether Prison!” Lu Yu said.

“He’s just a boy from the Immortal Cooking Realm,” said Ba Wu coldly. “He has no chance to survive if we attack him with all our might!”

“Can you be sure that the little chef has shown us all his strength?” Lu Yu asked.

Ba Wu’s eyes narrowed slightly. “That guy’s just a One-revolution Little Saint!”

“So what? Didn’t he defeat the second-best team with Three-revolution Little Saints on them?!” Lu Yu’s face was cold. His words left Ba Wu speechless at last.

“That’s enough. Let’s discuss our strategy for tomorrow’s final. I crossed swords with that guy. He’s really not as weak as he looks,” Zhang Qiubai said. He sat in a corner in the private room with his bronze sword on his back.

When he spoke, Ba Wu said nothing more.

...

Meanwhile, in the Di Ting Clan’s clan land...

A stone door slowly opened. A gust of chilly air blew out of it, and streams of air could be seen swirling inside. The next moment, a graceful figure came out through the door, shrouded in streams of air that obscured his or her appearance.

The figure stood outside the stone door.

“Go... The time has come for Nether Prison to unite... Only with unity can we have a greater say, so that when we face the cursed enemy again, we can win some room to survive...” A muffled voice came from behind the stone door.

The figure wrapped in air-streams nodded gravely, then turned and walked toward the distance.

...

In one of the forbidden lands in Earth Prison, the Black Temple...

Once again, a dog paw came across the void and slapped hard on the wall of the Black Temple, leaving a huge paw print and shaking the whole building.

Black jets of air flew out of the Black Temple in an instant as Lord Dog hovered in the void, his fat wobbling.

“Damn you, mangy dog!” A figure wrapped in black bandages appeared in the Black Temple, staring at Lord Dog with killing intent in his eyes.

“Hmph! Old man, I’m just here for revenge! I never saw you so furious when you attacked Tian Cang and me?” said Lord Dog as monstrous Nether energy swirled around his body.

“Hmph! Although the Black Temple is a forbidden land, the offer from the old fellow in Nether Prison is enough to tempt me. When someone paid me, I took care of his problem... I was just hired to do the job!” said the figure in the Black Temple with a cold snort.

“You were just hired by someone to take care of his problem? What a great excuse! Well, I also acted based on my heart now, and I just want to vent my pent-up anger!” The fat on Lord Dog’s face twitched. The next moment, a dog paw grew larger and larger in the void, then smashed the wall of the Black Temple again with a rumble.

“You’re courting death!”

The figure in the Black Temple was furious, but there was nothing he could do about Lord Dog.

“Just you wait... Soon, the seal of the forbidden lands will be gone... A new era will come! When the time comes, the first target I want to kill is you, mangy dog!”

The Black Temple grew darker as a terrible aura rose into the sky.

In the void, Lord Dog turned and left, walking with his elegant cat-like steps.

“The origin of the forbidden lands has always been mysterious... They seemed to be sealed by some powerful force... The old man said that the seal will soon be gone... Are those powerful forces coming back?”

Lord Dog frowned and sped away. There were many things he couldn't figure out. Perhaps the previous Nether King, Tian Cang, would know, but unfortunately, he was dead.

With a ripping sound, Lord Dog tore the void and stepped into it. When he appeared again, he was already over the Nether King Palace.

In the palace, an old figure suddenly opened his eyes. A fearsome aura exploded out in an instant as Ying Long took his Hollow Eye Staff and stepped up to the sky, pointing the staff at the fat black dog in midair.

Lord Dog twitched his mouth, waved his paw, and said, “Stinky dragon, I'm not interested in fighting you today. Nether King Er Ha is almost out of the Demon Passes, isn't he? I have something to ask him.”

“The previous Nether King left the Eighteen Demon Passes, and each pass is a test of life and death. The Nether King is now going through the fifteenth pass, and he must not be disturbed. Leave now, and I'll inform you as soon as he's out.” Ying Long looked indifferently at Lord Dog, his white hair waving in the wind.

Lord Dog twitched his mouth again. Then, he landed on the roof of the palace and yawned. “There's no hurry.... I can wait here.”

Ying Long's face was cold.

All of a sudden, a rumbling sound rang out, and then terrible energy began to pour out of the Demon Passes underneath the Nether King Palace.

“His Highness has begun to... go through the pass.”

The look on Ying Long's face became very complicated, and his heart was uneasy. Once Nether King Er Ha went through the Eighteen Demon Passes, he would have the ability to rule Earth Prison. However, if he failed, he would die inside and become dust.

Earth Prison had been silent for too long. With Nether Prison coveting it, they needed a truly formidable leader. Moreover, if the previous Nether King's prediction was correct, a forbidden storm was almost upon them.

...

In Sacred Puppet City...

Night had fallen. In the sky, dark clouds slowly drifted over, covering the moon that was as round as a wheel.

The night was dark and windy, making it the perfect timing for an assassination.

A figure wrapped in black mist drifted across the air like smoke, hiding among the darkness. Before long, it appeared in Bu Fang's room, spreading rolling black mist to suppress all the sound.

A pair of golden eyes emerged in the darkness, flashing with a creepy gleam. Then, completely wrapped in the black mist, the figure slowly approached Bu Fang, who was sitting cross-legged on the bed.

There was no killing intent, no murderous air, and no breathing. Everything was silent.

A near-perfect assassination seemed to be on the verge of unfolding.

Chapter 1300 Feel the Madness of the Sword Pot!

The Black Temple was best at assassination. Its most impressive record was the assassination of Earth Prison's previous Nether King, Tian Cang. When Tian Cang led his army to Nether Prison and fought with the Great Saints from the nine clans in the starry sky, he was ambushed and seriously injured by the Black Temple experts. After that, he was jointly attacked by his enemies, which eventually led to his demise.

The battle spread the Black Temple's name to Earth Prison and Nether Prison, and also brought the forbidden lands into the eyes of all experts.

In the past, forbidden lands were very low-key. Many people didn't even know that they had forbidden existences comparable to Great Saints. It wasn't until the Black Temple's assassination of Nether King Tian Cang that the secret of forbidden lands came to light.

However, there were still many mysteries revolving around them. Why did forbidden lands exist? How did they become forbidden lands? And who were the experts in the forbidden lands?

This time, an expert from the Black Temple was at it again. He was about to complete a perfect assassination. He had almost blind confidence in his assassination skills. The target was neither a formidable Great Saint nor a famous Perfected Little Saint, but a chef who had merely reached the Little Saint Realm.

In this expert's eyes, there was no difference between a One-revolution Little Saint and a worm. However, out of an assassin's ethics, he still executed every step carefully so that he could pull off a perfect assassination. He wanted the target to be killed without being aware of it.

A face loomed in the hazy black smoke. Quietly, a dagger as thin as a cicada's wing fell into the assassin's hand as he moved slowly toward Bu Fang.

'The chef's breathing is calm. Apparently, he's completely unaware of my approach... Very good. You can die in peace now.'

The Black Temple expert twitched the corner of his mouth slightly. The target's neck was growing larger and larger in his eyes, and his dagger almost touched the fair skin. With just a gentle stroke of the sharp blade, he would be able to remove the head of this chef, and he would complete the task that was given to him by his lordship.

'One, two, three...'

The assassin timed his move in his mind. When he counted to three, he suddenly froze, for the chef's eyes flicked open and looked at him calmly. Without warning, their eyes met in midair. For a moment, the room was filled with an embarrassing and awkward atmosphere.

The Black Temple expert's eyes focused in an instant.

“DIE!”

The dagger, which was as thin as a cicada’s wing, began to vibrate, and then slashed at Bu Fang’s neck, trying to cut his head off.

At this moment, Bu Fang felt a terrifying killing intent, which instantly drove away his drowsiness. At the same time, the invincibility of the Vermilion Robe was activated, blocking the fatal blow.

The assassin was really good. Bu Fang was nearly killed because he didn’t react in time. “Who are you?” he asked coldly, frowning.

After blocking the blow, the invincibility of the Vermilion Robe dispersed with a bird’s cry. The next moment, Bu Fang made his move. The bandages that bound his arm were unraveled. Then, as a bestial roar rang out, he threw out his fist, which was surrounded in Yin and Yang energy and contained terrible force and aura.

The assassin didn’t expect that he would fail. His dagger slashed across the target’s neck, but it didn’t cut off the head.

‘How is this possible? I’ve calculated everything! There’s no way this guy could withstand my attack with his One-revolution Little Saint cultivation base!’

However, before he could recover from his failure, Bu Fang had already thrown a punch at him.

‘This chef seems to know that he would be all right... His punch was almost on my face when my dagger had just slashed across his neck... Isn’t he afraid that I’ll kill him?’

The assassin took a deep breath. It was too late for him to dodge.

With a bang, Bu Fang’s fist hit the assassin in the face. The energy of Yin and Yang swirled and exploded with an extremely fearsome aura, while a huge force threw the figure wrapped in the black smoke out of the room, knocking a hole in the wall.

Bu Fang's Vermilion Robe turned fiery scarlet in an instant, and a pair of flaming wings unfolded behind him. With a cold expression, he rushed out of the room.

"You actually blocked my perfect assassination?!" said a voice with a disbelief tone.

Hovering in midair, Bu Fang looked coldly at the assassin, his hair waving in the wind. "Who are you? Why did you try to kill me? Are you sent by Nether Prison?" he asked in a cold voice.

This guy's assassination skills scared Bu Fang so much that he broke into a cold sweat. Had it not been for the invincibility of his Vermilion Robe, his head would probably have been cut off.

"Nether Prison? No..."

"I don't care where you come from... You make me very angry," Bu Fang said.

Suddenly, he took Foxy out of the Heaven and Earth Farmland and held her in his arms. Rubbing the sleepy little fox's head, he pointed a finger to the assassin in the distance.

The little fox's eyes lit up instantly, her two tails swinging back and forth. Then, she opened her mouth, in which golden light began to gather. The next moment, a series of explosions rang out as one golden energy ball after another shot out of her mouth and headed for the assassin.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The assassin kept moving in midair, avoiding the energy balls at full speed.

"I'm really surprised that you can escape my assassination. However, this doesn't mean that you don't have to die!" he said coldly.

As a Nine-revolution Little Saint, it was easy for him to kill a One-revolution Little Saint. All he had to do now was kill this chef before a Great Saint or a Nine-revolution Little Saint of Nether Prison showed up. That was his top priority.

Suddenly, his figure disappeared with a buzz. The next moment, when he reappeared, he was already close to Bu Fang's side. However, he was greeted by energy balls shooting out of the little

fox's mouth, which exploded around him. In a hurry, he propped open a black energy shield, blocking the explosion of these energy balls.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The assassin was momentarily dumbstruck, as he found he couldn't get near the chef. After a little thinking, he suddenly used a strange movement technique. He began to scurry around in midair like a slippery mud-fish.

...

The battle in the sky soon attracted the attention of many people.

In Tianxiang Restaurant, the group of experts who were discussing how to deal with Bu Fang in tomorrow's match all turned their heads and looked out into the sky.

"How dare anyone fight in the sky over Sacred Puppet City?"

They looked at each other and rushed out of the restaurant at the same time. The scene in the distant sky was immediately revealed to them.

A young man in a fiery scarlet robe was holding a little fox. Energy balls kept pouring out of the fox's mouth, while a shadow could be seen moving around the young man with a mysterious movement technique.

"Is that a Nine-revolution Little Saint?"

"That guy holding the fox seems to be the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm!"

When Lu Yu and the others saw Bu Fang's face, they gasped in disbelief. It never occurred to them that it would be he who was fighting a Nine-revolution Little Saint.

"That Nine-revolution Little Saint's aura is quite... strange? I have never sensed it before... And his movement technique is extraordinary!" said Zhang Qiubai.

Even then, they were also somewhat speechless when they saw Bu Fang had forced the Nine-revolution Little Saint moving back and forth in the sky with only a little fox.

“I can’t believe this chef still has such a... f*cking trick?”

The battle attracted not only them but also many people in the inn and the common people around them.

The Black Temple assassin was a little anxious. The fox’s energy balls made it difficult for him to get close to his target. The experts from the Black Temple were best at assassination. However, in a head-to-head battle, they were relatively weaker.

‘If this were to continue, it will certainly attract the attention of the city guards and the Nether Prison Great Saint...’

After thinking for a moment, he tore the void and retreated into it.

“Oh? It looks a bit like the fighting skills of the Shadow Demon Clan...”

“No... It’s more advanced...”

Zhang Qiubai and others were discussing among themselves.

After the Black Temple expert retreated into the void, Bu Fang furrowed his brows because his divine will could no longer sense the guy. Suddenly, the void behind him was torn, and a dagger as thin as a cicada’s wing was thrust out of it, slashing toward his neck. The sharp blade gave him goosebumps all over his skin. The stealthy attack made him become more vigilant.

After dodging the attack, Bu Fang looked up into the distance.

‘It’s impossible that the battle here has not yet attracted the city guards or the Nether Prison Great Saint... Did they deliberately not show up to let this assassin kill me?’

He immediately guessed the thoughts of the Nether Prison experts. His eyes grew colder, and he twitched the corner of his mouth.

The Black Temple assassin, who had retreated into the void as if he had merged with it, thought of this too. Logically, their battle should have attracted the attention of the Nether Prison Great Saint from the very beginning. However, after so long, none of the Nether Prison experts came to deal with it.

‘Are they letting me kill this chef? It seems he has offended the Nether Prison Great Saints...’

The assassin exulted. He didn’t expect the Nether Prison experts to help him in this way.

‘This chef is only a One-revolution Little Saint. At most, he has more means, and it will take time to kill him. Now that there’s time, he’s dead!’

The void behind Bu Fang was torn apart again, then a dagger reached out of it, stabbing toward his head.

Meanwhile, the Nine-revolution Little Saint of Nether Prison was hovering in the distant sky and looked with a sneer on his face at Bu Fang, who had shown extraordinary talents in the arena today. Above him was the Nether Prison Great Saint.

‘As soon as the chef from the Immortal Cooking Realm is dead, his lordship will kill the assassin. Since he dares to attack someone in Sacred Puppet City, he naturally needs to be punished!’

Zhang Qiubai and others also discovered this.

“It seems we don’t need to discuss tomorrow’s battle plan anymore. Whether this guy can fight tomorrow is still a question,” Ba Wu said with a slight smile, his hands crossed over his chest.

Lu Yu and the others looked calm. They only discussed the battle plan to prevent any accident from happening. Zhang Qiubai, on the other hand, felt a little regret.

...

Suddenly, a golden ray appeared in midair. Bu Fang stepped on Shrimpy’s back, who immediately sped away at top speed, flying back and forth in the sky.

For a moment, the assassin who had retreated into the void had some difficulty keeping up with Bu Fang's speed. After all, the resistance in the void was relatively greater, so it was very difficult for him to move as if he were outside. He gave up hiding in the void. With a rumble, he rushed out.

His dagger flew into the sky, divided into eight daggers as thin as cicada's wings, and then began to spin rapidly toward Bu Fang. As they drew near, they tore the void to pieces.

Bu Fang's eyes were cold, and he looked up into the distance. He seemed to see Zhang Qiubai and the other contestants from the Nether Prison's best team, as well as the Nine-revolution Little Saint hiding in the sky and the Great Saint who was watching everything.

"In that case... I'll not hold back anymore," he said coldly.

Facing the spinning daggers, the look in his eyes suddenly became extremely old, while his black hair turned dark green. In a twinkling, his aura had changed dramatically. At this moment, he seemed to exude an ancient aura.

"Ah..."

Yawning, Bu Fang's eyes were half-closed. He looked very sleepy as he hovered lazily in midair.

The Spirit Possession had a limitation, and that was every Artifact Spirit could only possess him once a day. Today, he had been possessed by the White Tiger, so now he chose the Black Turtle, whose freakish defense would give him enough time to pull out his ultimate weapon.

The spinning daggers sped toward the green-haired Bu Fang, cutting through the air and making a shrill noise. Suddenly, a black wok appeared in his hand, and he threw it up into the air. The wok began to spin, and as it spun faster and faster, it kept growing larger and larger and finally covered him from above.

The next moment, the daggers hit the black wok, but they were bounced back instantly while sparks flew in all directions.

“Huh?” In midair, the Black Temple assassin’s eyes narrowed slightly. He shot up into the sky, grabbed his dagger, then slashed it down at the black wok. However, to his surprise, he failed to smash it!

“What a strong black wok! What a strong defense!”

Even Zhang Qiubai and the others were shocked as they saw what happened.

Suddenly, the black wok disappeared and turned into a small wok, which Bu Fang held in his hand. The next moment, an earthy-yellow clay pot appeared in his other hand, exuding a surging sword will.

His dark-green hair was gone, turning back to black again. He looked expressionlessly at the assassin from the Black Temple with a little madness in his indifferent eyes. At this moment, he wanted to go all out.

“This is a Death Food Tool called... the Crazy Sword Pot. Now, it’s time for you to experience what madness is!”

Bu Fang’s faint voice rang through the void like the sound of a morning bell.