

Gourmet 1391

Chapter 1391 Genocide

Time Seal?! Lord Dog's words froze Di Ting in an instant, and a look of horror came over his bloody face. He did not know what that was, but it sounded disconcerting. A power that could make him grow very old in a day and die of old age... was indeed terrible. The Law of Time was truly worthy to be the strongest Law of the Universe.

Di Ting shuddered. He couldn't understand why the difference between them was so huge when they were both Gods. He could sense the tremendous pressure coming from Earth Prison Dog. It weighed down on his soul, suffocating him. It was a painful feeling.

There was a glowing white Divine Core floating among the gurgling divine power in his spirit sea. Di Ting wrapped it with his divine sense. He could see a dog's paw print on it. The aura of the Law of Time emanated from the mark, clinging to his Divine Core like a virus in the bones and filling his heart with terror. Was this the seal Earth Prison Dog left in him?

After becoming a God, the Divine Core was the most crucial thing. Only with it could an existence be called a God. As long as the Divine Core existed, a God could come back to life even when his body was destroyed.

However, that damnable Earth Prison Dog had left a paw print on his Divine Core. It was a nightmare!

"No! Earth Prison Dog... You can't do this to me!" A crazed look appeared on Di Ting's face as he roared wildly. He was in his cute little boy form, but his chubby face was ferocious and full of despair.

Lord Dog gave him a sideways glance, raised his paw, and slapped the little boy on the head. With a thud, Di Ting's body smashed hard into the ground.

"You should count yourself lucky that I didn't kill you. How dare you shout at me?" Lord Dog said, his fat jiggling.

All the people in Yellow Spring City looked at each other, speechless. Was this the end of the intense battle between Gods? Di Ting was too... weak.

Only Di Ting himself knew what happened. It was the suppression of the Law. The suppression of Lord Dog's Law on him was too strong, and he could not resist it. Faced with the strongest Law of the Universe, his ordinary Law was like a commoner facing the emperor. He could not even lift his head, not to mention fight back.

After being slapped several times in a row, Di Ting stopped talking. There was blood spouting from his mouth and nose, and he was panting violently. He knew that things had become a foregone conclusion, so he was unable to do anything.

Unbidden, a feeling of sadness rose inside him. He was the strongest Patriarch of Nether Prison, the leader of the Great Netherworld, and a God. However, he was forced to submit to a dog. This was humiliating! He was not convinced, and he blinked, shedding tears of grievance and despair.

Bam!

A paw came down and hit him. His tears gushed out of his eyes as his body smashed into the ground again.

Thus ended a great battle. Everything was over. All the people in Yellow Spring City breathed out sighs of relief. The two Gods had brought them tremendous pressure. Fortunately, Earth Prison Dog had won. If Di Ting was the victor, it would be a disaster for Earth Prison.

...

Late at night on the same day, the damaged Yellow Spring City had been completely restored. After all, there were many experts in the city with formidable cultivation bases. They were no match for Di Ting, but it was easy for them to clean up the mess.

Moonlight sprinkled from the sky onto the ground, covering Earth Prison with a glowing veil. Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was ablaze with lights. Bu Fang huddled in a chair, holding a cup of tea with his eyes closed. He was lost in thoughts. At this moment, the System's serious voice was ringing in his head.

Whitey stood quietly at his side, while Nethery sat in a corner with Foxy in her arms, looking bored. As for Lord Dog, he lay lazily under the Path-understanding Tree.

Di Ting had turned into a short-legged dog and was lying at the side, losing all hope in life. He had a leash around his neck. From time to time, his eyes glistened with bitter tears. He was the leader of the Great Netherworld, and yet he was on a leash! This was humiliating!

Tian Cang was at the counter, seriously wiping blue-and-white porcelain bowls with a square of white cloth.

The atmosphere in the restaurant was harmonious.

Bu Fang calmed his mind as he read the system panel.

Host: Bu Fang

True Energy Cultivation: Nine-revolution Great Saint

Cooking talent: Nine Stars

Skills: Level 2 Meteor Knife Skill (100/100), Level 2 Big Dipper Carving Skill (100/100), Level 1 Knife Skill: Overlord Thirteen Blades (13/13), Gourmet Array (5/6), Cutting Immortal Style (3/3)

Items: Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking Set), Black Turtle Constellation Wok (God of Cooking Set), Vermilion Robe (God of Cooking Set), White Tiger Heaven Stove (God of Cooking Set)

God of Cooking overall rating: Junior Divine Chef (Begin comprehend the Laws and try to fuse the Laws with ingredients, preparing food that has magical effects.)

System rank: Level 5 (Helping the Host embark on the path to become a God of Cooking.)

System reward: A fragment of the God of Cooking Set, a Fruit of Law.

Bu Fang was silent as he carefully glanced at the system panel. The last breakthrough was not easy. It had taken him nine years to accumulate the required turnover. On top of that, the breakthrough was combined with the dish in the God of Cooking's Menu. It was a very dangerous breakthrough.

However, the reward was a disappointment to Bu Fang. The fragment of the God of Cooking Set was what he had expected, but he had thought that he would get two fragments this time. In the end, he only got one. And another reward was a Fruit of Law... What was this thing? And why was there no recipe this time?

The greater the expectation, the greater the disappointment. The reward of breaking through to the Great Saint Realm was so simple. Bu Fang had thought that it would be richer this time.

He opened his eyes and stared at the light on the ceiling. His eyes were a little blurred. He could feel that he was getting closer and closer to the God of Cooking.

Lord Dog had become a God. Though this God should not be the same as the God of Cooking mentioned by the System, he was still in the realm of Gods.

Once he came into contact with Gods, it meant that he should not be far from becoming a God of Cooking, and the true ordeal mentioned by the Artifact Spirits should soon be here.

Bu Fang came to his spirit sea, hovering over the spinning whirlpools. The Artifact Spirits swayed when they saw him. After greeting them, he looked up at the God of Cooking's Menu over his head.

The golden menu had flipped another page, and three more divine power liquid drops had appeared over it. Bu Fang's eyes lit up when he saw them. Perhaps they were the best reward.

Now, Bu Fang finally understood the importance of divine power liquid drops. According to Lord Dog, they were Gods' power condensed by Divine Cores, and they contained unmatched might. Although they did not contain the Power of Laws, they were extraordinary.

He had rashly used two divine power liquid drops. Back then, the Artifact Spirits looked like they were in pain, but he did not pay any attention to them. He understood now why they felt heartbreak.

Bu Fang wondered if these divine power liquid drops came from the real God of Cooking. If they were, he might be able to learn the secret of the God of Cooking through them.

As Bu Fang thought of that, his wishful thinking was mercilessly crushed by the Artifact Spirits.

“Little Host, you think too much... The divine power liquid drop is just the embodiment of a God’s power. You can’t sense any Law in them, unless you can find yourself a Divine Core,” Divine Dragon said with a smile, swaying his body.

What he said was the truth, so the other Artifact Spirits did not refute him.

Bu Fang glanced at Divine Dragon and did not say anything.

A moment later, Black Turtle spoke, and a rumbling sound echoed throughout the whole spirit sea. “Little Host...remember, the path you take is a difficult one. You want to become the existence who stands at the top of the food chain...” His voice was serious, ringing in Bu Fang’s ears like the morning bell in a monastery.

Bu Fang nodded thoughtfully. He glanced at the God of Cooking’s Menu again. Perhaps whenever it flipped, there would be three more divine power liquid drops. If he used one full drop, he could have an unlimited power for about half an hour. For a true expert, half an hour was enough to defeat the opponent.

Bu Fang left the spirit sea. He exhaled softly, rose from the chair, and stretched his back. No matter what, his primary goal now was to properly run the restaurant so that he could earn more Nether crystals and Immortal crystals to complete the turnover target.

Clasping his hands behind his back, he slowly walked past the Path-understanding Tree, glanced at Di Ting, and slightly twitched the corner of his mouth.

Di Ting seemed to sense that, and he gave Bu Fang a cold sideways glance. However, he had just looked up when Lord Dog kicked him on the head. He flew into a rage, and he wanted to fight back, but as soon as he stood up, he saw Lord Dog waving a paw at him.

Looking at the little paw, Di Ting shrank and lay down with tears of humiliation in his eyes.

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth curved upward slightly, then he lifted the curtain. The bell tinkled, and he stepped into the kitchen. No matter what, cooking was his foundation. He could not forget to practice his cooking no matter how strong his cultivation base was.

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Under the moonlight, blood spilled and flowed like streams in the homeland of the Nether Chef Clan.

Countless Nether Chefs died with open eyes, their faces full of madness. A strong smell of blood filled the air, while flames still burned in many stoves, sending plumes of thick smoke into the sky. However, the whole place was dead quiet.

In midair, Nether Chef Patriarch's eyes were filled with disbelief. He raised his head and looked at the burly figure in the distance, despairing.

"You... You..." His heart was trembling. He never thought that when he returned from Earth Prison after watching the battle, his homeland had turned into a land of the dead!

What happened? How did this happen?

He got his answer when he saw the burly figure.

Ah Zhuang slowly turned with a terrible aura swirling around him. His eyes were deep, and his gaze seemed to come from the depths of the universe. "You have betrayed God... And now you will be punished by God..." he said as a bizarre smile appeared on his face.

Nether Chef Patriarch trembled violently. Looking at the quiet homeland, he let out a roar of grief and indignation. His aura began to climb, and his cultivation base as a Nine-revolution Great Saint was on full display now.

"I don't care if you are a God or a mortal... You have wiped out my clan, and I will kill you or die trying!"

Nether Chef Patriarch roared crazily. The next moment, he produced a kitchen knife and flew toward Ah Zhuang like a madman. His eyes were filled with killing intent, and he was extremely fast. Anger made his cultivation base explode completely.

All the Nether Chefs were dead. The once-thriving Nether Chef Clan was wiped out completely. Such grudges could only be solved with death.

Ah Zhuang chuckled. As he watched Nether Chef Patriarch approach, he raised a hand and pointed out a finger. The next moment, countless runes of Law emerged and exploded, wrapping the Patriarch inside.

“Do you want revenge? Do you want to kill me? I can give you a chance...” There was a bizarre look in Ah Zhuang’s eyes, and his voice was dreamlike and full of enchantment.

As soon as Nether Chef Patriarch rushed into the runes, his eyes lost focus.

“If you want to kill me... fight me in a Chef’s Challenge. As long as you beat me, you can kill me...” Ah Zhuang reached out a hand and lightly patted Nether Chef Patriarch on the face. “In the name of... your forgotten God of Chef’s Challenge.”

Chapter 1392 You Won’t Find a Female Dog!

“Ahhh!” A loud yawn echoed through the whole restaurant, attracting the attention of all the people waiting in the queue. They narrowed their eyes, turned around, and saw the fat black dog lying under the Path-understanding Tree.

The black dog opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue, his eyes half-closed with tears glistening in them. Those were the tears from his yawn.

Beside the black dog lay a striped yellow-and-white dog with short legs. He covered his face with his paws and did not want anyone to see him. Obviously, staying with this Earth Prison Dog who had no concern for self-image made him feel very uncomfortable.

After yawning, Lord Dog lay down and went back to sleep. The only difference between him as a God and before was that he had a short-legged dog by his side. He had not changed much. He still liked to sleep, and he still enjoyed eating Bu Fang’s Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs every day.

But that was the kind of life Lord Dog loved.

The Path-Understanding Tree was swaying. The patterns on it kept moving, and there seemed to be a strong essence spreading from it. As Lord Dog lay under it, he had caused the tree to change. Bits of his Power of the Law seemed to have penetrated it.

Buzz...

What spread from the Path-Understanding Tree was no longer ordinary understanding, but the understanding of the Law. Although it was very weak and almost indiscernible, to ordinary Great Saints, it was extremely precious. That had made the restaurant even more popular, and countless Earth Prison experts were coming over every day.

The result of the battle between the two Gods had already spread all over Earth Prison. Yellow Spring City was lifted, and an abyss ten thousand feet deep was created outside the city. All these spread like legends everywhere, including the Netherworld.

Of course, the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans would not allow this to happen, so they suppressed the spread of the news. After all, it was not a glorious thing that the Lord of the Netherworld, Di Ting, was captured by Earth Prison Dog.

Nowadays, there were a lot of experts sitting outside Yellow Spring Little Restaurant. Among them were Great Saints, Peaked Little Saints, and even toddlers who had just learned how to walk. They all sat there to sense the essence spreading from the Path-Understanding Tree.

The further into the restaurant, the mightier the experts could be seen, such as Nether King Er Ha, Prison Overlord Ying Long, and Yellow Spring Great Sage. Each of them was well known in Earth Prison.

Ah Zi came to the restaurant with her little dragon every day to eat. After tasting Bu Fang's dishes, she was addicted. She had already settled down in Yellow Spring City. It was an amazing city to live in, and she would not be stupid enough to leave with her little dragon.

As time passed, in addition to Yellow Spring Little Restaurant's reputation, another news that made everyone's hair stand on end spread all over the Netherworld.

"One of the nine Nether Prison clans, the Nether Chef Clan, have been exterminated!"

The news came from Nether Prison and spread through the whole Netherworld like a storm. Whether it was Nether Prison, Earth Prison, or the other small worlds such as Vajra Realm, they were all shocked.

That was one of the nine Nether Prison clans! It was actually exterminated? Who would believe that? Unless it was done by a God... Otherwise, how could the whole clan be wiped out? Besides, it

happened quietly! When someone discovered it, their homeland was already littered with corpses, and blood was flowing in streams. Some even saw Nether Chef Patriarch kneeling on the ground, headless...

When the image was spread through the Netherworld, everyone who saw it was terrified. The news, of course, spread to Earth Prison as well.

As a place to eat, restaurants naturally involved chatting.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen's curtain was lifted. Bu Fang walked out with a dish, came slowly to a table, and set the dish on it. The diners of the table were the experts from a few top aristocratic families of Earth Prison, and they were talking with fear on their faces.

After Bu Fang set the dish in front of them, they smiled at him. Nowadays, who dared to offend Yellow Spring Little Restaurant? Everyone had great respect for Owner Bu.

Bu Fang nodded expressionlessly, then turned and was about to return to the kitchen.

"It's too miserable!"

"The image came from Nether Prison... All Nether Chefs, tens of thousands of them, were killed! Their blood flowed in streams, their homeland littered with corpses, and a fog hung over heaven and earth!"

"According to my uncle who stays in Nether Prison, the sky over Nether Chef Clan is filled with the howling of ghosts. Those are the souls of Nether Chefs!"

As the diners talked, Bu Fang suddenly halted his steps. He was slightly puzzled. Normally, he was not interested in such news, but since it involved Nether Chefs, he had to be a bit more serious.

'The Nether Chef Clan is exterminated? Why them? Why is a chef's clan wiped out...' Bu Fang thought to himself, frowning.

He had thought of visiting the Nether Chef Clan when he had time. After all, it was a clan with thousands of years of heritage, so it might have some advanced cooking skills. Bu Fang wanted to learn from them. However, before he visited them, the clan was exterminated.

Frowning, Bu Fang walked slowly and listened as the diners talked. However, he did not hear anything useful, so he turned, stepped into the kitchen, and continued to cook.

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It was late, and the restaurant was closed. In the kitchen, Bu Fang had finished cooking. The rich aroma of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs spread and lingered over the restaurant.

"Blacky, it's time to eat," Bu Fang said softly as he walked out of the kitchen.

Under the Path-Understanding Tree, Lord Dog, who was sleeping, woke immediately at the voice. He opened his eyes and stuck out his tongue excitedly.

As always, Bu Fang's cooking was amazing, and all the food he cooked was extremely delicious! His Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was so tasty that Lord Dog almost swallowed his own tongue when he ate it.

Di Ting, lying hopelessly on the ground, also perked up. He rolled to his feet and widened his eyes. 'Is it time for dinner?'

Bu Fang set a bowl full of Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Ribs in front of Lord Dog, then he glanced at Di Ting and sighed softly. Di Ting was also a... poor dog. So he found a small porcelain bowl, took some ribs from Lord Dog's bowl, put them in it, then set it in front of Di Ting.

That gave Di Ting pause, and he was so touched that he almost burst into tears! 'This little chef is so kind!' he thought.

Bu Fang glanced at him, got up, walked into the kitchen, and came back out with a new dish. Tonight's dish was... Spicy Blood Lobster.

Meanwhile, the aroma of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was extremely strong. It slowly swirled in the air as if it had taken a physical form before fading away.

Di Ting sniffed deeply, his nose twitching. The aroma went into his nostrils immediately and fascinated him. "It smells so delicious!" He was satisfied.

However, just as he was bursting with joy, a piercing look came from the side, penetrating his heart like a sharp arrow.

"You... What do you want?" Di Ting's dog fur bristled, and he was on his guard. "This is my Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs!" He hurriedly reached out his short leg and pulled the bowl closer to him.

Lord Dog sneered, the fat all over his body jiggling.

Di Ting had a bad feeling as he watched.

"Your Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs?" Lord Dog's gentle and magnetic voice rang out. "Those are my Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs! They're all mine!" he said, baring his white teeth.

How shameless!

Di Ting wanted to weep, but he had no tears. He knew that this mangy dog would not spare his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs! The fragrant ribs... the ribs that filled him with joy... the ribs that he would never forget after eating it for the first time... was about to leave him again.

"You are my God Slave. Your Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs is mine, and my Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs is still mine... Understand?" Lord Dog said. Then, he stuck out his tongue, used it to roll up an aromatic rib, and began to chew on it.

Di Ting was overwhelmed with grief and indignation. His heart ached as he watched the ribs in his bowl go away piece by piece.

"You mangy dog... How can you be so shameless... You won't find a female dog like that!" Di Ting growled, trembling all over.

"Hehe..." However, Lord Dog was not moved by such a vicious curse. "Why would I need a female dog when I have such delicious ribs?" he said.

What else could Di Ting say when Lord Dog was so shameless? In the end, only a small piece of rib coated in sauce was left in his bowl. He wanted to weep, but he had no tears.

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As night fell, Bu Fang walked out of the restaurant and gently closed the door. Nethery followed closely at his side with Foxy in her arms, blinking at him.

Obviously, Bu Fang did not expect that she would follow him. He looked her in the eye, then twitched the corner of his mouth and rubbed her head. After that, he ripped the void and stepped into it. Nethery followed.

Bu Fang was a Nine-revolution Great Saint now, so ripping the void was something very simple to him.

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The void cracked open. Bu Fang and Nethery walked out from it, stepping on the solid ground.

“Hmm? Nether Prison?” Nethery seemed somewhat puzzled.

“Yes... This is Nether Prison.” Bu Fang’s face was solemn. “The homeland of the Nether Chef Clan, to be exact. I want to know why they were exterminated.”

After saying that, he took the lead and walked away.

Nethery froze for a brief moment, then she quickly followed. The extermination of Nether Chefs was often discussed in the restaurant, so she knew about it. She just never thought that Bu Fang would be interested in this. Was it because the people who were killed were chefs?

The air rang to the howling of ghosts, while white souls drifted aimlessly in the sky. A freezing aura permeated the whole place.

As Bu Fang walked in the Nether Chefs' homeland, white broken souls with twisting faces kept flying toward him and sped into the distance. He was calm, and he walked slowly with his hands clasped behind his back. With his Great Saint cultivation base, these mere ghosts could not harm him.

"Oh?" Suddenly, Bu Fang stopped, focused his eyes, and looked into the distance.

There, the ground was littered with corpses, and a stretch of stoves was burning with fire. Among the flames were Nether flames, Immortal Flames, and some lower-grade flames, but they were all burning ragingly. It was as though there were monstrous grievances that needed to be burned off.

All the heads were separated from the bodies, and their faces were full of terror. In addition to the corpses, the ground was covered with messy plates with food on them. It seemed that some power had corroded these dishes, for they had rotted and lost their spirituality.

Dishes cooked by Nether Chefs or Immortal Chefs would stay fresh for at least ten thousand years, so they could not have rotted in such a short period. There must be some unusual reason that caused all this.

Nethery furrowed her brows. The rotting smell in the air was suffocating.

"Bu Fang... Let's go. This place has turned into a land of the dead," she said.

Foxy also covered her nose with her paws, nodding repeatedly.

Bu Fang glanced around and could not find anything. He sighed softly. Nodding, he turned and was about to leave. However, the moment he turned around, his pupils constricted.

As he turned, he was facing Nethery, and then he saw something behind her...

A burly figure had avoided his divine will and stood quietly behind Nethery!

Chapter 1393 The God of Chef's Challenge

A burly figure hovered like a phantom behind Nethery, and she did not seem to notice it. Bu Fang only saw it when he turned around—his divine will never sensed its existence. His eyes narrowed

slightly. The next moment, his aura exploded. Without any hesitation, he sent out his divine will, which rushed toward Nethery like waves. Nethery froze, while Foxy, curled up in her arms, squeaked with her hair bristled! Bu Fang's attack was out of their expectation. However, when the divine will hit them, it felt as if a wind was caressing their faces. It did not cause them any harm.

Suddenly, a loud rumble rang out behind them. It was then that Nethery realized what happened. Her eyes turned black in an instant, and she disappeared and reappeared behind Bu Fang, facing the figure with him.

The aura emanating from the burly figure was as hot as that of an oven. When Bu Fang looked at him, he found him somewhat familiar, but he couldn't remember where they met before.

With a bizarre smile on his face, the man stared at Bu Fang, making his hair stand on end. In fact, Ah Zhuang was mainly looking at Nethery. It was as though he had found some prey. When the divine will hit him, it did not make him move back a bit, and his body did not sway at all.

"Interesting... Interesting..." Ah Zhuang parted his lips as he looked at Nethery. There seemed to be a strange look flashing in his eyes. "I never thought that a Cursed Goddess would exist in such a remote area... especially one who has perfectly fused the curse power with the flesh..."

The strange look in Ah Zhuang's eyes grew stronger and stronger. He clasped his hands behind his back, causing the muscles on his arms to bulge, and slowly paced back and forth. He was calm and not at all worried about Bu Fang and Nethery hurting him.

"Are you the one who... exterminated the Nether Chef Clan?" Bu Fang took a deep breath and asked, his face cold and his brows furrowed.

Ah Zhuang's eyes focused instantly, then he gave Bu Fang an indifferent look. "The Nether Chef Clan is... a bunch of worshipers who have betrayed me. Death is the best destination for them."

The smile on Ah Zhuang's face was still so cold and emotionless. When he said that, he was calm as if exterminating the Nether Chef Clan was no different from killing a colony of ants.

"As for you... You have an aura that interests me. It seems quite familiar..." Ah Zhuang smacked his lips, squinting at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang arched his brows. The next moment, his pupils constricted because Ah Zhuang moved.

With a rumble, Ah Zhuang vanished from where he was. When he reappeared, he was already beside Nethery, thrusting a hand at her. He wanted to capture her.

“A Cursed Goddess perfectly fused with the curse power is an excellent vessel and hard to find! Since I’ve run into one today... I can’t let you go!”

Ah Zhuang laughed as his palm went to grab Nethery.

Rumble!

At that moment, Nethery sensed a terrible power, which made her tense up and freeze on the spot. It was an extremely strange feeling!

“Scram.” In the face of Ah Zhuang’s palm, Bu Fang only uttered a single word. Then, he unleashed his Taotie Arm and threw it at Ah Zhuang as the Yin and Yang energy swirled around it.

Boom!

The fist and the palm collided. Ah Zhuang’s body did not budge, but Bu Fang moved back several steps. His Taotie Arm seemed to have smashed a mountain; not only did he fail to shake it, but his arm was also numbed by the counterforce.

Bu Fang’s pupils constricted. ‘How could this guy be so strong?!’ At this moment, he recalled who this burly man was. As someone who possessed divine will, Bu Fang had an excellent memory. He remembered that this was the guy who fled Alpha’s warship on a dragon when the Demigod was defeated. But... something was amiss!

Bu Fang took a deep breath. ‘I remember that he’s just a Great Saint at that time... Why did my punch fail to hurt him? Also, if he’s the same guy who fled Alpha’s warship, why would he want to exterminate the Nether Chef Clan?’

All these did not make sense to him! They were just too strange!

“Weak... You are too weak...” Ah Zhuang said with a faint smile. “It’s rare that a Cursed Goddess delivers herself to me. Well, since you are here, you don’t have to leave anymore!”

Ah Zhuang roared as his aura exploded out of his body and began to climb rapidly. The next moment, a stream of strange energy flowed out of him. Those were strange runes, which seemed to be born from the void.

They were the Runes of Law! Bu Fang recognized them at a glance! ‘Had this guy grasped the Power of the Law?! Is he a Demigod? Or a God?!’ Bu Fang sucked in a cold breath. He never knew there was such an existence in Nether Prison!

Without hesitation, he produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. In the face of an existence who had grasped the Power of the Law, no matter if he was a God or a Demigod, Bu Fang did not dare to be careless. After all, the Power of the Law was beyond the Will of the Great Path.

“A kitchen knife? So you are also a chef? No wonder I sensed a familiar aura in you... Chefs are the loveliest existences in the world! Do you want to fight me in a Chef’s Challenge?” Ah Zhuang grinned, then he raised a hand, pointed it at Bu Fang, and opened his fingers.

Rumble!

Bu Fang’s pupils constricted in an instant as he found that the ground around him exploded. Columns of fire burst out of it and turned into flaming dragons, wheeling in midair. These dragons were dark green and extremely grim. It was as if they contained great terror.

Under the control of Ah Zhuang’s divine sense, the flaming dragons rose into the sky, roared, and came rushing down crazily toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang snapped his finger at once. A white flame immediately emerged around him, swept out in all directions, and blocked the flaming dragons. The dark green flame and the white flame collided, and they seemed to be devouring each other.

Bu Fang exercised his divine will to the maximum. The white flame roared as it tried its best to block the burning of the flaming dragons. At the same time, a sizzling sound filled the air as the nearby rocks began to melt and incinerate by the intense heat.

Nethery and Foxy also unleashed their power to protect themselves. It never occurred to them that they would meet a Demigod here. How were they going to fight such a formidable enemy unless Lord Dog showed up?

Ah Zhuang laughed triumphantly, and he stared at Nethery with greed in his eyes. “A Cursed Goddess... You will be worth more if you have comprehended the Law of Curse.” But that did not matter. As long as he subdued her and spent some time teaching her, it would be easy for her to comprehend that. After all, he was the mighty God of Chef’s Challenge!

Bu Fang’s white flames kept being suppressed, and soon, they shrank to about an inch from his body. The flaming dragons were too terrible, and the temperature of their fire was incredibly high. Obviously, it was not a fire from this world.

Ah Zhuang was smiling scornfully, and he decided to not waste any more time with Bu Fang. He moved and disappeared from where he was in a flash. When he reappeared, he was already beside Nethery. The next moment, his divine sense poured out. A rumbling sound rang out, and the flames flickered, then Nethery and Bu Fang were separated, each trapped by a different fire cage.

Ah Zhuang slowly walked toward Nethery.

Nethery’s black hair fluttered in the wind. The next moment, she bolted backward.

Ah Zhuang just looked at her with a teasing smile. Although this body did not belong to him, as the mighty God of Chef’s Challenge, he could still unleash fearsome strength even when he possessed an ordinary fleshly body. Besides, he was dealing with just two... Great Saints.

Bu Fang, surrounded by flaming dragons, looked coldly at Ah Zhuang. He did not expect that this guy’s target was actually Nethery. How could he stand this?

There was a hint of turquoise in Nethery’s eyes, and her aura was spreading. Then, with a hissing sound, a turquoise cursed snake appeared and coiled around her. Its eyes were bright, and its forked tongue was sticking out as it made a silent growl at Ah Zhuang.

The next moment, the cursed snake darted forward, slithering across the air like a flood dragon.

“The curse power that has not yet become the Law is useless against me.”

Ah Zhuang was very confident. He flicked his finger. A turquoise Power of the Law gathered and swirled over his palm, and then it shot out in a flash, melting the cursed snake like snow.

Nethery's face turned pale in an instant. The completely irresistible force made her feel a little despair, and it made her feel as if she was facing a God. Was the man in front of her a God? Since when have there been so many Gods in the Netherworld?

At this moment, Foxy stood up in her arms and bared her teeth fiercely. Then, she opened her mouth, in which dazzling light and powerful energy began to gather.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

One enhanced Explosive Meatballs after another burst out of her mouth and shot toward Ah Zhuang like meteorites. However, even though every meatball hit him and exploded, none of them had caused him any harm. He did not even raise his hand to block them.

“Are you tickling me?” Ah Zhuang smiled faintly. “This little fox... is perfect for a red-braised dish.”

No sooner had he said that than he drew near and raised a hand. A burst of terrible pressure immediately exploded out of him and came crashing down.

Nethery grunted, and her face grew paler. In her arms, Foxy was frozen all over while a meatball was stuck in her throat. She could not get it out no matter how hard she tried.

Grinning, Ah Zhuang reached out a palm toward Nethery as he approached. He was going to take her away.

In the distance, Bu Fang, enveloped by the flaming dragons, flew into a rage, and a fierce look filled his eyes. Suddenly, monstrous waves rose in his spirit sea and exploded in the next moment. There was a flash of gold in his eyes as he crushed a pale golden divine power liquid drop over the God of Cooking's Menu.

A tremendous amount of energy immediately scattered and enveloped Bu Fang. He exhaled softly. Then, with a rumbling sound, the flaming dragons shattered and faded away.

“Oh?” In the distance, Ah Zhuang, who was reaching a hand toward Nethery, froze in an instant. His pupils constricted slightly, and he turned his head slowly to look in Bu Fang’s direction.

However, before he could turn his head, he found that his arm was grabbed by a fair palm with slim fingers and popping blue veins. He felt incredulous. How could a Great Saint break free of his flaming dragons? They contained the Power of the Law!

Ah Zhuang rested his eyes on the lean figure in front of him. The latter slowly raised his head. His eyes were cold, his face was expressionless, and his body emanated golden energy.

Ah Zhuang’s pupils constricted as stormy waves raged in his heart. “This kind of power...” He looked at Bu Fang with a face full of horror and disbelief. “How could you possibly control such divine power?!” He growled, and his face seemed somewhat twisted.

Bu Fang looked indifferently at him, and the corners of his mouth curved slightly upward. “Why can’t I control this kind of power?” he said lightly.

His voice had just faded away when the Yin and Yang energy began to swirl around his Taotie Arm. Then, his fist smashed Ah Zhuang in the face. A loud boom rang out, and Ah Zhuang’s face sank deep under the punch!

Chapter 1394 Devour All Flames!

Rumble!An oppressive rumble echoed through the air. The next moment, a figure flew backward, collapsing the void. The whole homeland of the Nether Chef Clan was blown to pieces. The ground was cracked, and the surrounding stoves were all broken apart.

Ah Zhuang’s body flew away, tumbling a few times across the ground before he managed to stabilize himself. Kneeling on one knee, he slowly raised his head.

The flaming dragons around Nethery were extinguished by Bu Fang with a wave of his hand. She pursed her lips and looked at him. At this moment, her black eyes had returned to normal, and life had come back to them as well.

Foxy was jumping in Nethery’s arms, looking very excited as she waved her little paws. She seemed very happy that Bu Fang punched Ah Zhuang who bullied her.

Bu Fang signaled Nethery and Foxy to move back while he stood at where he was, looking indifferently at Ah Zhuang, who knelt on one knee in the distance. When his fist touched Ah Zhuang's flesh just now, he felt something strange. This man was already dead, and his body was now being controlled by a different person.

In the distance, a deep laugh rang out. Ah Zhuang slowly raised his head. His whole face had collapsed and twisted grotesquely. However, it gradually swelled up as if the air was being pumped into him, and soon, he was back to normal. It was as though he was made of rubber.

“Divine power... I can't believe you possess divine power! This aura, this oppressive power...” Ah Zhuang jerked his head up. His pupils had shrunk to the size of sesame seeds, and his face was full of madness! No one knew whether he was laughing or scowling.

Buzz...

A blast burst out of his body and spread in all directions. Then, he raised a hand and pointed a finger at Bu Fang. At the gesture, another flaming dragon emerged, wheeled in the sky, and rushed crazily toward Bu Fang, bringing with it the Power of the Law strong enough to destroy the world.

Bu Fang remained standing where he was and took a deep breath. Holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, his divine will rolled around him, which seemed to suppress even heaven and earth.

After crushing a liquid drop, the God of Cooking's divine power filled his whole body, making him feel that he could shatter heaven and earth with one punch now! In fact, he did not have much insight into the power of the divine power liquid drop.

As the flaming dragon approached, Bu Fang spun the kitchen knife. There seemed to be a hazy layer of divine power covering the knife. He brought it up and made a straight cut, hacking the dragon in half in a flash.

“A slash... Cutting Immortal Style!”

Bu Fang's indifferent voice rang out. The next moment, countless knives appeared and gathered in midair into one huge knife, which shone dazzlingly and blotted out the sky.

“This kind of power...” Ah Zhuang's eyes were full of madness, and blue veins kept popping up across his skin, wriggling like worms. Then, he threw a punch at the sky. The ground broke, and a

rumbling sound rang out as a huge flaming dragon rose into the sky and collided with Bu Fang's knife.

The flaming dragon that contained the Power of the Law and the knife filled with divine power crashed into each other, and they seemed to be equally strong. For a moment, the air rang to a deafening rumble and filled with monstrous blasts, while terrible energy waves kept sweeping out in all directions.

The battle attracted the attention of many the moment the first explosion echoed out. The extermination of the Nether Chef Clan was a major event to begin with, so it naturally attracted many people when a violent battle broke out in their homeland. Countless experts went there at full speed.

These experts hovered in midair far away from the battle. Even the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans had shown up. Of course, most of them were newly elected. Except for Fire Demon Patriarch and Shadow Demon Patriarch, the other Patriarchs were all new faces. In any case, their cultivation bases were not weak.

Hovering in midair, they all looked at the homeland of the Nether Chef Clan, which was shrouded in dark clouds. What they saw shocked them.

"Who's that burly man?! He's so strong!"

"That feels like the aura of the Power of the Law... Is there another existence in the Netherworld who has grasped the Power of the Law aside from Patriarch Di Ting and Earth Prison Dog?!"

"Look! That's the owner of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant! Why is he here?"

Everyone was stunned. They did not expect to see a battle like this. The main reason was that the burly man who grasped the Power of the Law was a peak existence in the Netherworld! On the other hand, the owner of Yellow Spring Little Restaurant was just a Great Saint, and yet he was able to fight such an existence!

It was indeed terrible!

"Could the burly man be the culprit behind the Nether Chef Clan's extermination?"

Someone thought of that, and the suggestion was soon agreed by everyone.

Meanwhile, the battle was turning white-hot. Ah Zhuang was extremely excited, and his body seemed to be shaking. His original target was the Cursed Goddess, but after Bu Fang crushed the liquid drop and unleashed a formidable strength, he had changed his target to Bu Fang.

That kind of power... He could not be sure now, but once he had confirmed it... that would make his blood boil!

Rumble!

The surrounding ground kept crumbling. Bu Fang hovered in the sky with thousands of knives wheeling around him.

Ah Zhuang was grinning, but his eyes were full of malice. One flaming dragon after another emerged around him, roaring wildly. Each of them contained terrible Power of the Law.

Bu Fang glanced indifferently at them.

Vengeful souls drifted around them, and countless broken souls growled resentfully. These were the wills of the dead Nether Chefs. They wheeled around Ah Zhuang, howling like ghosts.

The stoves were broken, but their flames were still burning. Among these flames, some were Immortal flames, some were Nether flames, and some were too strange to name. They were all flames controlled by Nether Chefs.

Nether Chefs had cultivated them with hearts and souls, and they were the key that helped them cook delicious food. Although the Nether Chefs were dead now, the flames were not quenched. They still burned ragingly.

Bu Fang stared sharply down at Ah Zhuang. Then, the countless Immortal flames and Nether flames began to pour toward him like moths flying toward the fire. It was as though they were attracted by some will.

It was a spectacular scene. Countless flames roared as they gathered into Bu Fang's flame, forming what looked like a blooming flower bud, extremely beautiful to behold.

Even then, Ah Zhuang floated up as well. Surrounded by the flame of Law, he glanced disdainfully at Bu Fang, who seemed to be absorbing those unowned flames. In his opinion, those flames were extremely inferior.

"Do you feel the anger and resentment in those flames?" Ah Zhuang asked, grinning. "If you absorb them, you will have to accept their karmas as well... Do you dare to do that?"

"What is karma?" Bu Fang asked with a straight face as globs of flame swirled around his white flame.

"They died because of my Chef's Challenge... If you devour these flames, it means that you must defeat me in a Chef's Challenge on their behalf... This is the so-called karma," Ah Zhuang said. Then, he stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, looking somewhat greedy.

'Let's have a Chef's Challenge! Once we fight in a Chef's Challenge, I will be able to know your secrets and confirm everything about you... And as long I defeat you, all your things will be mine!' Ah Zhuang roared wildly in his mind, his heart full of greed and desire. Bu Fang's aura of divine power was attracting him like a nightmare.

"A Chef's Challenge?"

Bu Fang bowed his head and began to ponder. He could feel that these were all Ah Zhuang's traps, and the purpose of that was to force him to a Chef's Challenge. How could he not know anything about the Chef's Challenge? The System had once provided him a Chef's Challenge, and the Nether Chef Clan had Chef's Challenges as well... And now, this Ah Zhuang wanted a Chef's Challenge.

Around them, the vengeful souls were howling. Their voices lingered in the air while one glob of flame after another bloomed like flower buds, extremely beautiful. However, the more beautiful they were, the greater the risk they contained.

Down below, Nether and Foxy held their breaths and dared not to say a word. Even the experts watching from far away were sucking in their breaths.

The air rang to shrill whistles as more experts arrived, some from Nether Prison, some from Earth Prison, and some from nearby small worlds.

Many suspected that Ah Zhuang was a God. But even if he was indeed a God, so what?

The sky was torn apart, then a black dog walked out with cat-like steps, his fat jiggling. Behind him, a short-legged dog followed obediently.

The appearance of both dogs made everyone silent. No one dared to speak again. The strongest God of the Netherworld, Earth Prison Dog, was here! How dare they be rude to him when even Di Ting had become his God Slave? Even the Patriarchs of the nine Nether Prison clans nodded and bowed to Earth Prison Dog.

Lord Dog paid them no mind. He lazily raised his eyes and looked at Ah Zhuang, who was confronting Bu Fang in the distance.

“Oh? A complete Law... Is he a God?” Lord Dog murmured, the fat on his face jiggling.

“Not a real God. He’s just here by possessing someone else’s body... But since he knows this trick, he’s not an average God,” Di Ting said.

The people around them sucked in their breaths.

“So this guy is really a God!”

“I can’t believe Owner Bu is confronting a God!”

The crowd exploded into an uproar.

Rumble!

Suddenly, the white flame in front of Bu Fang burst into light and devoured all the Immortal flames, Nether flames, and strange flames hovering around it. As it kept devouring them, its power began to climb, while an extremely strange and unusual aura began to spread from it!

Ah Zhuang's pupils constricted. The next moment, he opened his mouth and burst out laughing.

"So you accepted it! I'm afraid that you cannot bear this karma!"

Ah Zhuang laughed crazily. He was the God of Chef's Challenge, so how could he be defeated in a Chef's Challenge?! He could not be defeated! As long as he won, all of Bu Fang's secrets would be his!

Perhaps too excited, Ah Zhuang's eyes burst into bloody light, which turned into a blood-colored array in the sky and enveloped Bu Fang in an instant.

In the distance, Lord Dog furrowed his brows. "A God's Sphere?"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk... Bu Fang is doomed! If I'm right, that fellow should be the clone of the God of Chef's Challenge, who is worshiped by the Nether Chef Clan. The extermination of the clan should be related to him," Di Ting said gloatingly. "Bu Fang could only leave the Sphere of the God of Chef's Challenge after defeating that guy. Otherwise... he will die." Di Ting chuckled.

"The God of Chef's Challenge?"

Lord Dog's face trembled slightly, then he raised his paw. The Runes of Law swirled around the paw, while the Law of Time twisted and crumbled the void.

"I don't care what God he is. I'll kill him with a paw," Lord Dog said lightly.

That startled Di Ting. "Are you insane?! Your paw might be able to destroy the God's Sphere, but... Bu Fang will die for sure! We can only wait and see if Bu Fang could win the Chef's Challenge," he said, looking in the distance.

Lord Dog pulled back his paw, and a cold look emerged in his eyes. "If Bu Fang is hurt, I will go to the Divine Dynasty and kill this f*cking God of Chef's Challenge!"

Di Ting narrowed his eyes.

Rumble!

Countless flames were quickly consumed by the white flame. Bu Fang once obtained the ability to devour flames from the System, but he rarely used it. Now that he had devoured so many flames at once, he felt a burst of pressure. It was as though his body was swelling.

When the last glob of flame was devoured, the white flame began to ripple and transform.

In Bu Fang's spirit sea, Black Turtle suddenly opened his eyes as if he sensed something. Then, a rumbling voice rang out of his mouth, "Little Host, quick! Merge one divine power liquid drop with the flame!

"This is a rare opportunity... The God of Cooking's divine power can be used as a guide to condense a divine flame that can fuse with the Law! You can't miss this opportunity!"

Chapter 1395 The Invisible Divine Flame, Chef's Challenge Begins!

Black Turtle's words reverberated like a bell beside Bu Fang's ears, which gave him pause as he watched the flames. A puzzled look came into his eyes as though he was pondering the meaning of those words. 'Use the divine power as a guide to condense a divine flame? Does Black Turtle mean I need to use a God of Cooking's divine power liquid drop and fuse it with the flames?'

A divine power liquid drop was extremely precious. Previously, the Artifact Spirits had expressed their pain when they saw Bu Fang waste a drop. He did not expect that Black Turtle would urge him to waste another drop this time. This showed the seriousness of the matter.

Because he trusted Black Turtle, Bu Fang did not hesitate too long. His spirit sea began to churn, then a divine power liquid drop shot out of him and rushed into the white flame, which was devouring all the other flames. The next moment, the white flame began to boil.

As soon as the liquid drop entered the flame, it turned into tiny particles and spread. Then, as the flame began to burn them, they turned into steam and filled the flame like a spiderweb.

The white flame soon began to change, shifting between a myriad of colors. Finally, it slowly disappeared, gradually losing all colors and turning transparent.

An invisible flame?

Even Bu Fang was somewhat struck dumb. He looked at his empty palm, staring at the flame that could not be seen by naked eyes. In fact, he could feel the heat hovering over his palm.

After merging with the flames that belonged to all the Nether Chefs and fusing with one divine power liquid drop, Bu Fang's flame seemed to have evolved. As for why it lost its color and turned transparent, he suspected that it should be related to the divine power liquid drop.

The invisible flame was very mysterious. Bu Fang unleashed his divine will, but he could not sense it at all. It was as if there was nothing in his palm. A flame undetectable by divine will was simply nature-defying, but then it was a flame evolved out of a divine power liquid drop, so naturally, it was extraordinary.

Across from Bu Fang, Ah Zhuang hovered in midair with a scornful smile on his lips. Everything around them was enveloped by his God's Sphere, so when he saw that the flame in Bu Fang's hand had gradually disappeared, he found it somewhat funny.

He had no idea how that happened, but he reckoned that Bu Fang must have done something beyond his ability, which caused the flame to scatter. Even his flame of Law might not be able to withstand devouring so many flames at once, not to mention Bu Fang's Immortal flame.

However, that was not what Ah Zhuang cared about. Whether the flame disappeared or not, as long as Bu Fang chose to fight him in a Chef's Challenge, it didn't matter anymore. When Bu Fang chose the Chef's Challenge, he had chosen death. There was a price to pay when fighting him, the God of Chef's Challenge, and the price was life and everything that belonged to Bu Fang!

Bu Fang hovered in midair and stared blankly at his empty hand. Although he could not see it, he could feel a flame burning there, and it was extremely hot. The temperature was far greater than the previous Immortal flame. He could not see it, but he could feel it, and it was easier to control than the white flame.

'This is amazing. Black Turtle said it's a divine flame... Is this a flame of the God Realm?'

Bu Fang was full of questions. He had just entered his spirit sea and was about to ask when Black Turtle spoke.

"Little Host, the flame condensed with the God of Cooking's divine power as the guide is a divine flame. It needs to merge with Laws to become stronger. The current divine flame is as pure as a

white lotus. Little Host needs to find and merge Laws with it... The more Laws it merged with, the stronger its power..."

A divine flame that merged with Laws?

Bu Fang's expression grew extremely strange.

"Don't ask me why I know this... As you live longer, you see more things..." After saying that, Black Turtle closed his eyes and did not say anything again.

Bu Fang did not know whether to cry or laugh. 'Is Black Turtle infected by White Tiger? Why is he so cocky?' he thought.

In any case, Bu Fang believed Black Turtle. If this were said by Divine Dragon, he might have hesitated. Black Turtle had always been prudent, so Bu Fang chose to believe him.

He moved his fingers, and the invisible flame danced like a spirit. Others could not see and feel it, but Bu Fang could somehow feel it. With a thought, the invisible flame wrapped around his body.

Bu Fang hovered in midair and glanced indifferently at Ah Zhuang in the distance.

Although the power of the invisible divine flame was peerless, it was born after merging with a myriad of flames, and these flames all contained the resentment of the Nether Chef Clan. As Ah Zhuang said, once Bu Fang accepted the flames, he accepted the karma as well, and he could not ignore it. Therefore, he must take part in the Chef's Challenge.

Bu Fang slowly descended and landed on the ground. With his feet on the solid ground, he felt a sense of security. He glanced around and saw that an invisible force had enveloped the surroundings, isolating him from everything else in the world.

"This is the God's Sphere. You will definitely lose the Chef's Challenge in here..." Ah Zhuang smiled confidently, and the way he looked at Bu Fang was like looking at prey. "Do you know what God I am?" he asked.

Bu Fang shook his head. He really did not know.

“I am the God of Chef’s Challenge, and I am in charge of the rules of Chef’s Challenges... I’m the God the Nether Chef Clan worshiped, but they have betrayed me. That’s why I exterminated them,” Ah Zhuang said with a playful tone. “You have chosen to fight the God of Chef’s Challenge in a Chef’s Challenge. Do you think you can survive this?”

Bu Fang nodded. At last, he came to the truth of the Nether Chef Clan’s extermination. After learning that, he felt somewhat pity for the Nether Chefs. It was a great sorrow for them to worship such a God. ‘Well, let me make an end to your resentment,’ he thought as his face gradually grew cold and hard.

“If you want a Chef’s Challenge, so be it... So what if you are a God? A Chef’s Challenge is all about cooking skills... You can’t violate the rules even if you are a God,” Bu Fang said.

Rules were Laws. Gods comprehended Laws, but they also had to obey the Laws. This was the reason why Bu Fang was so calm. For him, any problem that could be solved with a dish was not a problem at all.

“You are very arrogant... It seems you are very confident in your power. I like your confidence... and I admire it.” Ah Zhuang grinned. The next moment, he snapped his fingers.

Buzz...

A Wheel of Law emerged in the sky, glowing brightly. It looked somewhat similar to the one that appeared when Lord Dog was transcending his tribulation, but its power was much weaker. Even so, the spinning Power of the Law inside still made the hair of those looking at it stand.

“This is a Wheel of Law, and it contains the pure Law of Chef’s Challenge... It will be our witness. When the Chef’s Challenge begins, our life and death will be controlled by it,” Ah Zhuang said.

He looked with some fascination at the Wheel, which began to slowly spin. Soon, Runes of Laws spread out of it and shot toward him and Bu Fang, revolving around them.

“Now, all our words and moves are monitored by the Wheel of Law. The Chef’s Challenge... begins,” Ah Zhuang said.

“The rules of the Chef’s Challenge are very simple. Both of us will cook a dish and let the Wheel of Law judge. The Wheel will decide who wins the challenge. The winner will live, and the loser will... die.”

Ah Zhuang narrowed his eyes and stared at Bu Fang greedily. Then, he laughed and continued, “Oh, I forget to tell you one thing. This body doesn’t belong to me, so even if I lose, only this body will be destroyed, and I will be perfectly fine... Of course, I won’t lose the challenge. Do you find this unfair?”

He burst out laughing, his voice ringing through heaven and earth.

The faces of all the people around them changed, and they cursed in their minds. ‘How can a God be so shameless?!’

Lord Dog grunted when he heard that, and he raised his paw. The terrible power of the Law of Time swirled around it, causing the void to keep crumbling. He wished he could throw out his paw now, but then he thought of what Di Ting said and gave up the idea.

Bu Fang was very calm. He wasn’t affected by Ah Zhuang’s laugh. A psychological tactic? It was useless to him. He could sense the wariness in Ah Zhuang. It appeared that this guy knew about his cooking standard.

Since Ah Zhuang was hungry for Bu Fang’s secrets and power, he naturally wouldn’t underestimate Bu Fang. What he did was to create an illusion to influence Bu Fang’s mind.

“Let’s begin,” Bu Fang said lightly in a calm voice.

Ah Zhuang’s laugh came to an abrupt stop, then the look on his face turned cold. “Fine.”

As his voice rang out, everyone held their breaths and fixed their eyes at the Chef’s Challenge in the sky. A battle between chefs was no less exciting than any other battles.

Rumble!

The Wheel of Law spun, and the void under it cracked into a rift. Inside, deities were drifting and fairies were roaming. It was like a brand new world. Suddenly, food ingredients floated out of it. They were the ingredients for the Chef's Challenge.

Soon, all kinds of ingredients drifted out of the rift, hovering in the sky. There were chunks of meat emanating powerful spiritual energy, vegetables glowing with colorful light, and even spirit beast eggs that rumbled like a waterfall. The crowd was dazzled by so many different ingredients. Most importantly, they were all top-grade ingredients, and many were extremely rare or even nonexistent in the Great Netherworld.

Ah Zhuang grinned and waved a hand. Immediately, a chunk of meat hovered among the myriad ingredients drifting toward him. Before long, it was in front of him.

"Do you know what meat this is?" Ah Zhuang asked as he reached out a hand and gently stroked the meat. It was as though he had poured in all his emotions in this caress.

Bu Fang glanced at the meat. A serious look came into his eyes. It was the best meat he had ever seen, which was much better than the Three-claw True Dragon meat!

"This is the leg of a Silver-winged Roc... and its quality is on par with the Five-claw Golden Dragon meat. The Rocs are a formidable species in the Chaotic Universe, and among them, Silver-winged Rocs and Gold-winged Rocs are even rarer. The cuisine cooked with this meat will certainly shake heaven and earth..." Ah Zhuang murmured as he stroked the meat with a gentle look in his eyes.

This was the Chef's Challenge he took most seriously. He dared not to be careless. After all, even he was afraid of the secret in Bu Fang's body.

"The meat of a Silver-winged Roc..."

The crowd was shocked and exploded into an uproar! They had never heard about Rocs, let alone seen its meat! However, since its quality was on par with the Five-claw Golden Dragon meat, it must be amazing.

"Owner Bu's in danger!"

"What ingredient will Owner Bu choose to answer that?!"

The crowd was eager to know.

Bu Fang looked up at the myriad of food ingredients in the sky. The auras emanating from these top-grade ingredients had turned the sky colorful. He ran his eyes over them, searching for the ingredient he needed, one that could counter the Roc meat.

Suddenly, he focused his eyes and fixed at one of the ingredients, then he beckoned at it.

Before long, fresh prawns, glittering and translucent like crystals, came and hovered around him.

Chapter 1396 Tea and Prawn

Fresh prawns floated around Bu Fang, alive and kicking. They flashed with bright light, and it was as though they were emanating mighty power. Unlike Ah Zhuang, who had chosen the Roc meat, Bu Fang's choice this time was... fresh prawns.

Prawns versus meat?

Many people in the surroundings fell silent. Among them, many did not know how to cook. When it came to food, there was no definite answer as to which one was better, prawns or meat. It mainly depended on the chef's skills.

However, Ah Zhuang's choice was Roc meat. Although it was only a Silver-winged Roc's meat, it was a Roc after all, and its quality was comparable to that of True Dragon meat. It was not something that a few fresh river prawns could compare with.

They could tell that the prawns chosen by Bu Fang were not ordinary. At least, in terms of quality, those were high-grade prawns that none of them had ever seen. But no matter what prawns they were, how could they compare with Roc meat?

Lord Dog was somewhat annoyed. He thought that Bu Fang should not have chosen prawns but dragon meat. 'Bu Fang boy should cook Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Ribs and use it to crush that guy! Why did he choose prawns? How could prawns be better than Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs?! The difference between them is too huge!'

Ah Zhuang was also surprised by Bu Fang's decision. As a qualified chef, Bu Fang should know the excellent quality of Roc meat. He had thought that Bu Fang would choose Roc meat as well and had even prepared to fight him head-on with the same ingredients. But in the end, Bu Fang chose several fresh prawns.

'Is he... really that confident?! He's looking down on my cooking skills? I'm the God of Chef's Challenge after all, and this mortal can never outshine me!'

"You're digging your own grave!" Ah Zhuang said as the Roc meat hovered in midair over his palm. A look of excitement came over his face, and he grinned from ear to ear as if he had won the challenge.

He had exterminated the Nether Chef Clan, but he did not kill them without reason. Instead, he chose to do it through Chef's Challenges. Those chefs were killed by him after he had defeated them in the challenges.

Of course, some Nether Chefs knew they would be defeated, so they did not want to fight but chose to flee. But how could they escape? Ah Zhuang, naturally, did not hesitate to kill those who violated the rules of the game. That was what caused the homeland of the Nether Chef Clan to be littered with corpses.

He had killed merely a bunch of mortals, so the God of Chef's Challenge did not feel any psychological burden. He was a God, a formidable God! His heart was too strong and hard to be moved by a group of mortals!

Even so, the Cursed Goddess and Bu Fang, who possessed mysterious power, had caused a storm to rage in his heart.

The Power of Law shrouded their surroundings, while profound Runes of Law swirled around them, from which a force that seemed to tangle with Bu Fang's soul was being emanated.

This feeling made Bu Fang narrow his eyes slightly. He must be serious about this Chef's Challenge, too.

Rumble!

In the distance, Ah Zhuang's aura exploded. A huge shadow emerged behind him. It was a majestic figure looking down at the crowd, and its aura was terrible and oppressive, extremely horrible to look at!

Lord Dog's eyes focused in an instant. Looking at the shadow behind Ah Zhuang, he stuck out his tongue and said, "So that's the God of Chef's Challenge? Interesting... He has at least two Laws. One should be the Law of Chef's Challenge, which made him a God, and the other should be a mutated Law of Fire..."

Lord Dog had comprehended the Law of Time, which was one of the strongest Laws of the Universe, so his judgment was extraordinary.

There were also levels among Gods. Take Lord Dog and Di Ting, for example. Lord Dog could easily defeat Di Ting because he was stronger than the latter, and his strength was based on the mightiness of the Law he had comprehended. At the level of Gods, their strength was decided by how many Laws they had comprehended.

Di Ting could only be considered as an ordinary low-grade God because the first Law he comprehended was an ordinary Law. As a result, the maximum number of Laws he could comprehend from a low-grade God to a mid-grade God was very few, only ranging from three to six Laws.

As for Lord Dog, who had comprehended the strongest Law of the Universe, the maximum number of Laws he could comprehend was... nine Laws.

Only when one became a God would one understand the importance of the Laws.

This so-called God of Chef's Challenge had comprehended at least two Laws. In other words, his fighting capacity was much stronger than that of Di Ting.

"Owner Bu is fighting a God of Chef's Challenge this time... Could he win?" someone among the crowd murmured, while the rest took deep breaths.

In the meantime, the Chef's Challenge had begun.

Ah Zhuang's cold laugh rang through the air as his hands blurred into motions. Streams of light shot out from them and floated around his body, turning into a kitchen knife, a stove, a wok, and many

other kitchen utensils. Each of them was flashing dazzlingly, showing off their nobility of a God's utensils, and the Artifact Spirits in them were giving off formidable auras.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, wasn't outdone. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and Vermilion Robe were shaking, and the White Tiger Heaven Stove also appeared, letting out a tiger roar that pushed his aura to the peak.

Ah Zhuang squinted at Bu Fang. The sneer and derision did not disappear from his face.

Rumble!

A dark green flame burned and swirled around his body, dancing over his palm. Ah Zhuang threw the Roc meat shrouded in a divine aura over the palm, making it hover over the flame. The meat began to sizzle in an instant, spitting greases.

He was using the flame of Law to cook the meat, making its divine substance melt and gradually infuse with the meat. It was an advanced technique, which required very precise control over the temperature of the flame.

Even then, a golden wok began to glow, while one ingredient after another appeared in Ah Zhuang's hands. These ingredients were his own, which were vegetables still covered with glistening water droplets.

...

On the other side, Bu Fang also started cooking.

A lot of people were looking at what Bu Fang was going to cook, but more were watching Ah Zhuang as he cooked the Roc meat. They wanted to learn the way to cook this extraordinary meat.

Bu Fang was very focused on his cooking. He began to prepare the prawns, which by itself was an art form.

He grabbed a kicking prawn and held its first segment under the head between his thumb and forefinger. Then, he spun the kitchen knife and used it to cut off its head and tail. After that, he made a horizontal cut along its back and removed the intestine and the shell, leaving only the meat.

The whole set of movements was smooth, without any awkwardness and pause, dazzling to look upon. Many people who watched Bu Fang immediately exclaimed. Despite his ingredient choice, his cooking skills were still amazing.

Bu Fang took his time to remove the head, the tail, and the shell of each prawn. Before long, a blue-and-white porcelain plate was filled to the brim. The prawns were excellent. They looked translucent and glittering like crystals, making those who looked at them feel shocked.

And then came the most important step.

The Chef's Challenge allowed chefs to use their own ingredients, so Bu Fang's thought went into the Heaven and Earth Farmland and picked a young leaf from the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree.

He placed the leaf in cold water and brewed it into tea. Then, he put all the prawns into it, added seasonings, and began to prepare them. He kept rubbing and gently squeezing the slippery prawns, feeling the springy texture of the meat in his palms.

After that, he washed the prawns and patted them dry.

The next step was marination. When the prawns had been marinated for a while, he added some egg white and seasonings, stirred them together, and let them continue to marinate.

When all that was done, Bu Fang spread his palm. Several green leaves were lying quietly on it, which seemed to have patterns moving over them. They were the leaves of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree, which were also the key to this dish. Bu Fang must carefully prepare them, as their quality would affect the dish's taste.

He boiled the source water of the Spring of Life, put the tea leaves into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl, and brewed them with the boiling water. A refreshing aroma of tea immediately wafted out, while the water turned into dark green, looking beautiful.

While the tea was being brewed, Bu Fang continued with the cooking.

He added the marinated prawns into the wok. After briefly frying them with hot oil, the prawns turned white and tender, gleaming like jade. At the same time, a rich prawn aroma spread and lingered in everyone's nostrils, and it brightened Bu Fang's eyes as well.

Next, he chopped the Scale Tail Scallion, threw them into the wok, and began to stir-fry. When the scallions gave out their aroma, he added the prawns and stir-fried them together.

The prawns had been drained of their oil, and they looked even more shinier now.

After stir-frying for a while, Bu Fang added the tea and the tea leaves, then sprinkled a few drops of supreme-grade Yellow Spring Helplessness Wine into the wok. A strong fragrance of wine permeated the air in an instant. A lot of people were very familiar with the fragrance, and they could not help but exclaim.

Bu Fang stir-fried a few more times. When the tea leaves in the wok looked translucent and turned dark green, he finished the cooking. Hot steam rose from the wok.

He took out a blue-and-white porcelain plate, then produced a spirit fruit and lightly threw it up into the air. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand spun, and the flesh of the fruit immediately flew and spilled in all directions. In the blink of an eye, a beautiful lotus flower bloomed in midair.

Bu Fang hollowed out the center of the lotus and poured the cooked Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns into it. The somewhat thick and sticky gravy flowed out from between the lotus petals onto the plate, making it look as beautiful as a lotus flower during summer.

After that, he held up his palm, where an invisible flame was slowly burning. The scorching temperature caused the air to twist. Slowly, white smoke that looked like an immortal fog rose and swirled over the palm. With a thought, Bu Fang slowly pushed his hand forward. The white smoke spread and poured into the plate, waving gracefully like immortal energy and enveloping the bottom of the lotus like a dark green pond.

From beginning to end, no fire could be seen in Bu Fang's cooking. After all, he was using an invisible flame. However, that confused many people.

Still, everyone's attention was caught by the dish he had cooked. It was a dish shrouded in immortal energy, which was called the Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns. Just from the visual aspect, the dish cooked with Great Path tea leaves and prawns had given the crowd an unprecedented experience. However, its taste was yet to be determined.

The dish did not glow like those Bu Fang had cooked in the past. It only gleamed faintly, which made it look fresh and elegant.

In the distance, the spatula in Ah Zhuang's hand crazily collided with the golden wok, making a rapid clanging sound that attracted everyone's attention. A column of flame rose from the wok, and a bird cry rang out of it as the flame turned into a soaring Roc! It was a dazzling scene, and it made the crowd exclaim!

Sizzle...

Ah Zhuang laughed wildly. He put his strength into his arm and tossed the wok. With the movement, the chunk of aromatic meat coated in gravy flew out of the wok, spilling the sauce in all directions. A rumbling sound echoed out as the meat broke apart and fell into a plate he had prepared in advance.

A sheet of vegetable was placed on the plate, glistening like jade. The meat, which had broken into pieces, fell onto it and jumped nonstop as if they were elastic, giving off boiling steam. Then, flames suddenly emerged over each piece of meat, which quickly gathered into a soaring Roc over the plate!

With a thud, the huge plate smashed onto the void, breaking a hole in the air.

"The Flaming Roc Meat is... completed!" Ah Zhuang said excitedly, grinning.

In the distance, Bu Fang wiped the stains on the plate with a clean white cloth and exhaled softly. He raised his eyes and looked at Ah Zhuang, and the latter also looked back at him. As their eyes met in midair, there seemed to be a rumbling sound ringing through the air.

"The Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns is... completed."

1397 Bound to Lose?

The Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns?

Bu Fang's calm voice echoed through the air. It even spread out of the Sphere and rang in every ear, causing everyone to look at each other.

They did not have to be chefs to know what the dish was. It was nothing special but river prawns with heads and tails removed. The taste might be amazing, but when compared with Ah Zhuang's Flaming Roc Meat, which could tickle one's taste buds just by looking at it, Bu Fang's dish was clearly a notch below.

To be fair, the dressing of the plate was very creative. It had an ethereal touch to it, like a lotus flower blooming in the realm of deities. From the dressing alone, it was easy to tell the position Bu Fang had set for the dish—a simple dish without heavy or fancy taste. It was just prawns fried with tea leaves.

Could a dish as simple as this... win?

The more the watchers analyzed, the stranger they felt. It seemed to them that Bu Fang was about to lose the Chef's Challenge, no matter how they looked at it. The plain dish of prawns was clearly not on the same level as the Roc meat, which was bursting with a rich aroma.

Lord Dog could not help but cover his face with his paws. "It's over. Bu Fang boy thought too highly of himself... He could have solved this with Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Ribs. Why did he choose prawns? He's going to be beaten..." His voice was somewhat helpless.

Di Ting did not like the sound of that. "His opponent is a God after all, so even if he cooked a different dish, his fate might be the same. I don't think Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs could save him."

Lord Dog was displeased when he heard that, and he glared fiercely at Di Ting. "Have Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs offended you? I've only grabbed a few ribs from your bowl. Do you have to look down upon my favorite dish?!"

...

The crowds were talking noisily. Some of them were disappointed, and some were frustrated. Looking at Ah Zhuang, who was laughing in midair until his voice caused the void to tremble, their eyes were filled with despair.

"Owner Bu is about to lose, and when that happens, he will die..."

“It seems we can never taste Owner Bu’s delicious dishes again.”

They could not understand why Bu Fang chose to cook a prawn dish. After seeing Ah Zhuang choose the Roc meat, he should have chosen another equally amazing meat and cooked a violent dish to suppress that kind of taste. Only then could he have the chance to win against it!

Bu Fang’s face was calm. In his hand, the Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns were glowing gently. Faint steam rose from them as they lay in the lotus flower like jade, extremely fair and tender. There was a cut on the back of every prawn, where the intestine was removed. They were pleasing to look at, stacked atop one another like a work of art.

Ah Zhuang stared at Bu Fang with a confident look in his eyes. When he saw the plate of prawns in the latter’s hand, he knew that he would win. There was no difficulty in this Chef’s Challenge, and he thought that was deservedly so. After all, his opponent was only a mortal.

Although Bu Fang was a Great Saint who possessed mysterious power, his understanding of the culinary art was no match for a God. Compared with a God, he was nowhere near as good.

In the black bowl, the oil bubbled and flowed out. Baked by the burning flames, the fresh vegetable gradually emanated water vapor, which rose into the sky as the flaming Roc flapped its wings. It was a spectacular scene.

In terms of plate dressing, Ah Zhuang’s dish was not weaker than Bu Fang’s Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns.

Both of them had finished cooking. Next came the most crucial part of the Chef’s Challenge, which was to decide the winner.

The Wheel of Law was rotating in the sky. Suddenly, streams of runes shot out of it, which were purely condensed of the Power of the Law, and surrounded a few people among the crowds. They were the judges selected by the Wheel.

Fire Demon Patriarch was stunned, but then his face hidden in the flames burst into an excited smile. He could not believe that he was so lucky to be chosen for tasting. Did that mean that at this moment, he could decide the fate of a God? Anyone who was defeated in a Chef’s Challenge would be wiped out, even if he was a God... He felt a little excited at the thought of that!

Nether King Er Ha glanced curiously at the Power of the Law that wound around his body. He was here to watch the challenge, and he never thought that he could taste something delicious. That was a pleasant surprise!

There was another stream of runes, which was swaying as if choosing the last taster. The white stream drifted and eventually arrived over Lord Dog and Di Ting, where it hovered as if deciding which one of them would be the taster.

Di Ting's eyes lit up in an instant. Perhaps it was a blessing to have the opportunity to taste the dish cooked by a God.

The stream did not hesitate for too long. Soon, it had made the selection, and it drifted toward the chosen one.

Lord Dog's eyes went wide as he watched the stream drift toward Di Ting. When he saw the latter's happy face and heard his pig-like laugh, he was annoyed.

Just when the stream of runes was about to reach Di Ting, Lord Dog opened his mouth and barked. The Law of Time emerged, and his fearsome divine sense poured out at the same time. The stream seemed to be startled. It was flying toward Di Ting, but then it made a sharp turn in midair, headed toward Lord Dog, and wound around him.

Lord Dog nodded with satisfaction, the fat on his face jiggling. At this moment, Di Ting's pig-like laugh came to an abrupt stop, and he was stunned. 'How could he be so shameless?!'

In the face of the Law of Time, which was one of the strongest Laws, the mere Law of Chef's Challenge naturally had to yield.

Three people were chosen: Lord Dog, Nether King Er Ha, and Fire Demon Patriarch. They were extremely excited. These were the dishes of the Chef's Challenge, and their tastes must be beyond imagination.

Lord Dog stepped across the air with his cat-like steps. Before long, he landed next to the Wheel of Law.

Er Ha flipped his hair, held a spicy strip between his lips, and walked forward. Soon, he came beside the Wheel of Law as well.

The experts of both Nether Prison and Earth Prison watched with envy, while Fire Demon Patriarch rubbed his hands excitedly.

“Enjoy... It is rare to have an opportunity to taste a God’s dish,” Ah Zhuang said, looking at the three people beside the Wheel of Law.

His eyes focused when he saw Lord Dog. ‘Why did the Wheel of Law choose a dog? Who doesn’t know that dogs love meat? How would there be suspense when one of the judges is a dog? Could the mere prawns let the dog give up his desire for meat?’

Ah Zhuang’s confidence soared again, and he almost became conceited. That was not right. As a qualified chef, self-conceit would cause a bad influence on his cooking skills.

On the other side, Bu Fang was very calm. His eyes were as still as water, but he had a hint of a smile on his lips. It was true that dogs loved meat, but... this God of Chef’s Challenge didn’t know who Lord Dog was.

Under the control of the Power of the Law, the three judges flew in front of Ah Zhuang’s dish. Then, the Power of the Law condensed into chopsticks in their hands.

Lord Dog stared at the pieces of meat burning with flames and seemed to see a vision of a Roc soaring in the sky. He bared his teeth for a while, then opened his mouth and inhaled. The flames dimmed as a piece of meat flew into his mouth.

The flame on the meat extinguished as soon as he began to chew it, and a strong meaty aroma burst out and spread across his tongue. The feeling brightened Lord Dog’s eyes.

‘This taste is totally different from dragon meat!’

It was incredibly tender meat with a tough texture. As soon as it entered Lord Dog’s mouth, it gave off a mellow fragrance, and even though it looked greasy, it was not greasy at all. Most importantly, the spiciness that exploded in his mouth seemed to make the top of his head explode like a volcano. The feeling made him tremble all over.

Fire Demon Patriarch reached out his chopsticks, picked up a piece of meat, put it in his mouth, and bit it.

Rumble!

It was as if a storm had swept over him. His eyes focused, and the flames around him grew brighter, making him glow like the sun. His aura became restless at this moment as if it was about to break through. At the same time, a scene emerged in his head.

With a screech, an ocean churned, and a huge fish rose from the boundless sea of stars. It was called Kun, and it soared ninety-thousand miles up, transformed into a Roc called Peng, and spread its silver wings, which glittered dazzlingly like the stars. As its feathers flapped noisily in the wind, it streaked across the sky like a thunderbolt!

At that moment, Fire Demon Patriarch felt as if he were the Roc soaring in the boundless universe. He flapped his wings, threw himself ninety-thousand miles up, and rushed into a heavenly palace! The unrestricted feeling of freedom intoxicated him.

Er Ha, Lord Dog, and Fire Demon Patriarch ate the Roc meat. As they immersed in the spiciness of the dish, they also saw the scene, which was the illusion presented to them by the food.

Ah Zhuang was very satisfied with the situation. By the looks of it, he had won the challenge. His heart was filled with pride. 'I am bound to win this Chef's Challenge! I can't believe he used prawns to win against my Roc meat... Is he an idiot?'

As Bu Fang glanced at the trio immersed in the delicacy, the look on his face grew serious. He had never seen Roc meat, but since it was an ingredient comparable to True Dragon meat, it must be extraordinary. Besides, Ah Zhuang's cooking style was amazing as well. His divine sense was very strong, which greatly enhanced his cooking.

Therefore, by any measure, Bu Fang was at a great disadvantage, and it would be hard for him to win this.

"Owner Bu is... overconfident. He has underestimated his opponent, and that has pushed him into an abyss." Many people were sighing, thinking that Bu Fang could not turn the tables this time.

But did Bu Fang really lose?

Tian Cang looked at Bu Fang from a distance with his hands clasped behind his back. When he saw Bu Fang's confident look, he was somewhat hesitant.

'Owner Bu is good at creating miracles. It may be too early to decide who wins the Chef's Challenge. Could there be something strange about the prawns? Could the prawns fried with tea leaves... defy heaven?'

Bu Fang did not know if the prawns could defy heaven or not, but he was confident that those who had made conclusions before tasting his dish would get a slap in the face.

The corners of his mouth curved slightly upward. The next moment, he snapped his fingers. There seemed to be a roar of fire, but no flames could be seen. Suddenly, the surrounding temperature rose sharply.

Soon, steam and aroma gathered over the Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns in front of him and materialized into a luxuriant tea tree. As it swayed, a profound Will of the Great Path spread from it, accompanied by a chanting that sounded like an immortal tune, waking those who heard it.

Lord Dog, Er Ha, and Fire Demon Patriarch, who were immersed in the Roc meat, woke with a start. It was as though a spring rain had fallen on them, pulling them out from the spiciness.

Their heads turned uncontrollably, and their eyes rested on the swaying tea tree in the distance as well as the prawns under it, which shone gently like jade and were swimming slowly as if they had come back to life.

1398 Is this F*cking... Prawn?!

The anomaly caught everyone's attention. They turned around and saw the dish floating in Bu Fang's hand, in which a white lotus flower was quietly blooming. Its petals seemed to rotate and gleam, but that was not what had attracted them. Their eyes were fixed at the swaying tree over it.

The tea tree was sparkling, while an immortal tune, the chanting of a Buddha, and all kinds of voices surrounded it, which woke Lord Dog, Fire Demon Patriarch, and Nether King Er Ha from their intoxication of the Roc meat. Their eyes and attention were immediately attracted by Bu Fang's dish.

At this moment, the Power of the Law began to spin in the sky. A strange power seemed to project out of the rotating Wheel of Law, and it rumbled as stars appeared inside. There were three rows of ten stars, and each row represented Lord Dog, Fire Demon Patriarch, and Er Ha's ratings of Ah Zhuang's dish. The ratings accurately reflected their evaluation of the dish and could not be faked.

All the people present raised their heads and stared at the wheel. The ratings of the dish would determine the outcome of the Chef's Challenge. Since they could not taste the Roc meat, they could only rely on the ratings to guess its taste.

A buzzing sound rang out. The next moment, the first row of stars began to light up. It represented Er Ha's rating, as half of the Runes of Law drifted away from him and rushed into the Wheel of Law.

With the return of the runes, the stars began to slowly light up.

One, two, three...

As the stars lit up, everyone's minds seemed to be pulled into the wheel. Even Ah Zhuang, who had always felt so confident about himself, could not help but stare anxiously at the stars. He was eager to know the ratings of his dish.

Eight, nine...

Finally, the stars stopped lighting up. Of the ten stars, nine were lit, and the last one hung alone over the wheel.

An uproar broke out in an instant.

Nine stars?! It actually got a high rating of nine stars!

The crowd was horrified and felt more and more that Bu Fang was less likely to turn the tables. Even Nether King Er Ha, who had always been a picky person, had given the dish nine stars. How could he win the challenge?

"How could my dish only get nine stars? What's not good about it?!"

However, Ah Zhuang was very unhappy with the rating. He widened his eyes and stared fixedly at Er Ha, while a terrible pressure exploded out of him. He didn't understand. For him, not getting ten stars for his dish was a shame!

"It's easy to understand why I only gave nine stars..." Er Ha took a deep breath and pushed a lock of hair out of his forehead. A touch of melancholy came over his face as he produced a spicy strip, put it in his mouth, and sucked it.

"You want to know why I deducted one star? Not because I'm worried that you will be cocky. Although your dish is delicious, it still cannot make me forget the taste of spicy strips. This is a failure, so I deducted one star. Try harder next time," Er Ha said with the spicy strip held between his lips.

All the people could not help rolling their eyes.

Ah Zhuang, however, nodded with a serious look. "You have a point. The feature of my dish is hot, and once you eat it, you cannot remember any other dishes. Since you still remember spicy strips, you have reason to deduct a star from the rating!"

Though unwilling, Ah Zhuang admitted the mistake.

Next came Fire Demon Patriarch's rating. He was still immersed in the delicious Roc meat at the moment. He had never tasted food so delicious. It was as if the fire on him were going to become more and more vigorous. That kind of feeling was really amazing.

One star, two stars, three stars...

Before long, the second row of stars slowly lit up in the eyes of the crowd. In the end, just like the first row, only nine stars were lit.

All the people present were slightly stunned. No one expected Fire Demon Patriarch to give only nine stars.

"Why?" Ah Zhuang asked coldly. If he couldn't get a satisfactory answer, he would surely slap Fire Demon Patriarch to death!

“I wanted to give you full stars, but... I suddenly remembered a saying passed down from my ancestors. It is said that the delicious food that can truly touch the heart of a Fire Demon will extinguish his fire...” Fire Demon Patriarch said. “Although your dish is delicious, it failed to put out my fire... So I gave you nine stars. I keep the last one so you won’t be too cocky.”

“Do you believe I’ll kill you?” Ah Zhuang asked coldly.

Fire Demon Patriarch shivered. He rated the dish based on his true feelings. After all, he was now tangled by the Runes of Law and could not lie. He was just telling the truth, so why would that get him killed?

Ah Zhuang was just scaring Fire Demon Patriarch because he was unhappy that the latter did not give him full stars. His eyes shifted sideways and finally fell on Lord Dog.

‘A dog... I should get full stars this time, right? Dogs like meat best, so he will surely give me full stars! If I can’t conquer a dog, what’s the difference between me and garbage?’ Ah Zhuang thought to himself. He was very confident that his dish would conquer this black dog.

Lord Dog’s fat jiggled as he raised his eyes and glanced at Ah Zhuang. Then, the third row of stars began to light up.

One, two, three...

Seven, eight...

Ah Zhuang’s pupils constricted. ‘Yes! It’s going to be ten stars this time! I should be able to conquer a dog!’

Suddenly, his expression froze. He felt that he was mercilessly slapped in the face by the black dog.

Eight stars! The rating stopped at the eighth star and did not light up anymore! What did that mean? It meant that his dish couldn’t even conquer a dog! And he was even given the lowest rating by the dog!

“You dog... Have you ever eaten Roc meat?! How can you give it such a low rating?!” Ah Zhuang growled loudly. The rating was much lower than his expectation.

Lord Dog looked up lazily, glanced at Ah Zhuang, and said, “Why should I explain my rating to you?”

Ugh... What an arrogant dog!

Then, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Lord Dog walked with his elegant cat-like steps to Bu Fang’s side. As soon as he approached, his eyes narrowed because he smelled a rich aroma, which was the combination of tea and prawns.

Lord Dog knew very well that if Bu Fang wanted to make a spicy dish with prawns, he could choose to cook the Spicy Blood Lobster. However, Bu Fang had decided to cook prawns fried with tea leaves, which was a light dish. This puzzled him.

Er Ha also leaned over and studied the dish curiously. Bu Fang’s dish was much more exquisite than Ah Zhuang’s. Every prawn was properly processed, and the rising immortal energy made him feel as if he were in the celestial world.

Fire Demon Patriarch also drifted over. He sniffed, getting closer and closer to the dish.

Bu Fang glanced at Fire Demon Patriarch and frowned slightly. “Watch out for the fire,” he said.

Fire Demon Patriarch paused. Fire? What fire? As a Fire Demon, how could he be afraid of fire? He thought Bu Fang was just trying to scare him, so he didn’t mind and continued to approach the dish. The swaying tea tree seemed to have a charm, which was constantly pulling his mind.

Suddenly, his eyes widened, and he screamed. Then, his face began to twist and slowly disappear.

“This... What’s going on here?!”

Fire Demon Patriarch’s mind was trembling. This was too terrible... What happened? Why was his face disappearing? Also, he was a Fire Demon, but why did his face feel burned? Was there a fire burning him? But where was the fire?

Bu Fang sighed softly. He was too lazy to pay attention to this death-seeking Fire Demon. Still, he snapped his fingers. Immediately, the invisible flame burning on Fire Demon Patriarch's face flew back to him. As a Divine fire, the flame could incinerate even Immortal flames, not to mention Fire Demon Patriarch.

"Try my Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns," said Bu Fang.

Lord Dog glanced at Bu Fang and seemed surprised by his confidence. On the other hand, Er Ha flipped his hair and reached out his chopsticks impatiently. However, he couldn't pick up the prawn because it was too slippery. That turned his face slightly red.

"A careless mistake..." Er Ha said, pursing his lips.

He reached out his chopsticks again. This time, he successfully picked up a tender pink prawn. It was as if he had picked up the whole world at this moment—glory, honor, excitement, and other emotions washed over him. Of course, his most important task was to taste the dish, so he put the prawn into his mouth.

Er Ha had thought that the prawn should have a very bland taste, but as he chewed it, the flavor of the springy prawn immediately froze his face. "Oh?" He chewed faster, and his eyes grew wider and wider. "This... How is this possible?!" he said incredulously.

His reaction left all the people present curious and eager to know the taste.

'A bland dish? If they really think so, then they're totally wrong...' Bu Fang thought to himself as the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly.

The dish was the first show of the invisible Divine flame. How could a dish cooked by it, which had devoured countless Immortal flames and Nether flames, be bland?

Er Ha's face flushed as all kinds of strange tastes filled his mouth. He even tasted spicy strips! How was that possible? How could the prawn taste like spicy strips?

The tea gave the prawn a bitter taste, but it was very mellow. After eating it, Er Ha felt as though his restless heart had calmed down. He narrowed his eyes and indulged in the rich taste of the prawn.

Fire Demon Patriarch did not believe that the prawn was really so delicious.

‘How can it possibly be as good as the Roc meat?’ He picked up two prawns with his chopsticks, stuffed them into his mouth, and began to chew. As soon as they entered his mouth, however, he froze, and the flames on him began to flicker.

It was a very provoking taste. At this moment, it seemed as if a storm was stirring in his heart. He felt as though he was floating in the ocean with towering waves washing over him, while burly prawns in armor rose from the water and pricked him with spears.

“Ahhh!”

Fire Demon Patriarch closed his eyes. He felt as if there was a tea tree growing slowly over his head and that what he was eating was not prawns, but a world! It was an incredible feeling!

As he fell silent, the flames on him suddenly went out.

All the people present were stunned. What happened?! The flames on Fire Demon Patriarch were put out by a dish?

Lord Dog was surprised, and he waved his paw. Immediately, several prawns flew over and shot into his mouth like bullets.

“What the f*ck!”

In an instant, his eyes widened, his hair bristled, and his fat jiggled!

“This is... prawn? Are you sure it’s not Sweet ‘n’ Sour Dragon Ribs?!”

Chapter 1399 A Crushing Victory!

“Is this f*cking prawn?!” Lord Dog never knew that prawns could taste like Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs. He must have eaten fake prawns!

‘No wonder Bu Fang boy is so confident. It turns out that what he eventually cooked is still Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs,’ he thought to himself. ‘You should have told me earlier that it’s Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs, then I won’t have to eat that Roc meat! Compared with this, that meat tastes like a fart! At most, it’s a slightly more delicious fart!’

Lord Dog inhaled deeply again. A few more prawns flew out of the plate, accompanied by a white mist that swirled around them like immortal energy. When they entered his mouth, the taste of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs exploded instantly. Not only that, but there was also a calming fragrance of tea.

Lord Dog narrowed his eyes, his body swaying slowly from side to side in midair and his tail wagging as he immersed in the delicious Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs.

That shocked everyone. Dogs like prawns, too? It didn’t make sense! Weren’t dogs supposed to like meat and bones? How could prawns satisfy a dog when they tasted so bland? Was this just a show Lord Dog and Bu Fang had put on together to win the Chef’s Challenge? Many people couldn’t help but think of this possibility.

Ah Zhuang’s pupils constricted as he looked at the black dog’s intoxicated expression. As a chef, he could tell whether the expression on the diner’s face was real after a dish was eaten.

‘Judging from the dog’s expression, there’s no doubt that he’s deeply intoxicated by the prawns! Dammit! I’ve calculated everything, and yet I missed the possibility that a dog would prefer prawns over meat! How could there be a dog in this world who doesn’t like meat?!’

Er Ha and Fire Demon Patriarch both closed their eyes and felt the change in the taste of the prawns in their mouths. When they opened their eyes again, they were amazed. Without the slightest hesitation, they picked up the prawns with their chopsticks again and shoved them into their mouths.

“Spicy strips!”

“The smell of the sea!”

They shouted at the same time, and that shocked everyone again.

“The prawns have a taste of spicy strips in it? How is that possible? Also, what is the smell of the sea?!”

All the people present were struck dumb and didn't know what to say.

It became very quiet except for the sound of Lord Dog, Er Ha, and Fire Demon Patriarch eating the prawns. Before long, the whole plate of prawns was finished, and only the lotus container carved from a spirit fruit was left, along with some milky gravy and leaves of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree.

The next moment, the Wheel of Law in the sky began to rotate slowly, radiating the Power of Law, while the Runes of Law flew out of Lord Dog, Er Ha, and Fire Demon Patriarch and returned to the wheel. Then, three rows of stars emerged. The final judging was about to begin.

All eyes were drawn, glued to the stars in the middle of the wheel. They were curious to know the final result of the Chef's Challenge. Could Owner Bu continue to create miracles in the face of a dish cooked by a God?

Ah Zhuang took a deep breath. All the cooking utensils around him had vanished, and his aura was becoming more and more oppressive. He had always been confident, but for some reason, he felt a little worried this time. A sense of crisis filled his heart, making him feel as if he would lose the challenge!

"Impossible! How could I lose? This fellow is just a mortal, and I'm the God of Chef's Challenge!" Ah Zhuang's eyes glowed.

Soon, Nether King Er Ha's rating came out. The stars in the first row lit up slowly.

One star, two stars, three stars...

Everyone held their breath and stared fixedly as the stars in the Wheel of Law lit up one by one. Their faces were full of anticipation.

With his hands behind him, Bu Fang also looked at the stars in the first row. His face was expressionless, and he was calm. He was very confident as well, and this confidence was hitting Ah Zhuang's mind like a storm, making the latter hesitate.

‘Why is this mortal... so confident? That mysterious power cannot be used on dishes at all! What makes him so confident?!’

“Good heavens! Eight stars!”

“No, no! Nine stars already!”

“They’re even!”

The onlookers sucked in their breaths and exclaimed when they saw that nine of the ten stars in the first row lit up.

Nine stars! Er Ha gave Bu Fang’s dish the same rating as Ah Zhuang’s! It meant that there was still suspense in this Chef’s Challenge between a God and a mortal!

Bu Fang stood where he was with a calm face. Looking at the rating in the Wheel of Law, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

“Why?! How could a mere prawn dish get nine stars? How could it be as good as my Roc meat?!” Ah Zhuang was somewhat dissatisfied, so he lowered his voice and asked. The question was directed at Er Ha.

Er Ha raised his hand, stroked his pointed chin, then flipped his hair and gave a gentle smile. “Bu Fang young man’s dish... How do I put it... Well, it may not be as flavorful as your Roc meat, but it has a silk-like taste that flows through my heart like a little stream and can sense what I need...”

His eyes glowed as he recalled the taste of the prawns. He was telling the truth. Bu Fang’s Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns were not as spicy and flavorful as the Roc meat, but it had a very unique essence, which could be regarded as emotion. That was what had amazed Er Ha, and he even tasted spicy strips in the prawns! His favorite spicy strips!

Er Ha closed his eyes and spread his arms, his hair waving without the wind blowing at it.

Ah Zhuang clenched his teeth. ‘What is an emotional dish?! How can a dish have emotions?’ Even though he was the God of Chef’s Challenge, he had never heard of dishes having emotions. ‘All dishes are dead things! What is this guy talking about?!’

He snorted, then turned his eyes to Fire Demon Patriarch. He still remembered the look of shock and intoxication on Fire Demon Patriarch's face after he had eaten his Roc meat just now. That expression did not seem fake.

'Maybe this guy will bring me miracles!' Ah Zhuang thought.

The rating stars belonging to Fire Demon Patriarch emerged in the Wheel of Law and began to light up slowly.

Bu Fang looked up at them. 'Is this Fire Demon Patriarch's rating? Perhaps it will become the decisive rating!'

Everyone was looking at the stars, while Fire Demon Patriarch himself was curious. He did not know how many stars his heart would give to the prawns. The dish had a taste that touched his heart. If he had been able to rate it himself, he would have given it ten thousand stars, for it really gave him an unprecedented experience.

'At last, I know the smell of the sea!'

One star, two stars, three stars...

As everyone watched, Fire Demon Patriarch's stars kept lighting up. Before long, ten stars stood side by side in the sky, flashing dazzlingly. All ten stars were lit! The watchers were all dumbfounded and did not know what to say.

Full marks! All ten stars were lit up, which was unbelievable!

Ah Zhuang's body shook. Even though he was a God, he was completely shocked. "Ten stars?! Why?!" His eyes turned red, while a terrible aura erupted from him as if to destroy everything.

Fire Demon Patriarch felt a fear he had never felt before. "I... As I said, the dishes that can extinguish the flames on my body are the most delicious! This plate of prawns did it!" he said, his body trembling violently.

“As a Fire Demon, I have never smelled the sea because I can’t experience the feeling of the warm seawater flowing through my throat. But when I was eating the prawns, I felt the taste of the sea...”

He closed his eyes, and the flames on him kept flickering.

“Since this dish has extinguished my fire, it is the perfect dish. Ten stars are not too much for a dish so unique!”

“Hmph!” Ah Zhuang flew into a rage, and he threw a punch toward the ground. The whole homeland of the Nether Chef Clan collapsed completely and turned into ruins. Rocks cracked and flew in all directions as he emanated a terrible aura like a roaring stove.

Fire Demon Patriarch’s heart trembled. It was then that he remembered that the guy in front of him was a God!

Although Ah Zhuang was furious, he did not say anything else. After all, with the Wheel of Law here, Fire Demon Patriarch could not cheat. Even so, he was still very unhappy! He turned his eyes to the black dog, who was his only hope now.

‘This black dog gave my Roc meat only eight stars. This shows that he’s very fussy. How many stars will such a fussy dog give to that guy’s prawns? His rating is the key!’

So far, Ah Zhuang was one star behind Bu Fang. For him to win the Chef’s Challenge, Bu Fang’s dish must receive a rating of six stars from Lord Dog. That way, he would win by a slight margin of one star. If Lord Dog gave seven stars, even if the first dish he tasted had an advantage, the number of stars would be even, and Bu Fang would still win.

Ah Zhuang was under a lot of pressure. He clenched his fists, while a formidable shadow emerged behind him, blotting out the sky. Even though he was a God, he was still nervous at such a critical moment, and he wished that miracles would happen.

Bu Fang exhaled softly. ‘I’ve fed you for so long, and now is the time for you to help me... Lord Dog, you mustn’t let me down,’ he thought to himself.

The next moment, the Runes of Law flew out of Lord Dog and returned to the Wheel of Law. For a moment, there was a rumble in the air as if thunder was brewing.

Soon, ten unlit stars emerged in the wheel, which represented Lord Dog's rating.

One star, two stars, three stars...

Under the watchful eyes of all, these stars gradually lit up, and soon, nine stars were shining!

The result was revealed without delay, and it refreshed everyone's view of the world. Lord Dog only gave Ah Zhuang's Roc meat eight stars, but he gave Bu Fang's prawns nine stars. What did that mean? It meant that Bu Fang's dish had won the Chef's Challenge!

Didn't all dogs like meat? Since when did even prawns could win Lord Dog's heart?

Everyone was stunned, including Ah Zhuang. They guessed the beginning, but they were all wrong about the ending!

Lord Dog's nine stars gave Bu Fang a total rating that crushed Ah Zhuang's, so the Chef's Challenge was won by Bu Fang! As soon as the final result was known, the Wheel of Law acted accordingly.

With a terrible aura and a deafening rumble, the Wheel of Law spun and flew toward Ah Zhuang. Then, with all eyes on him, his body began to be slowly crushed by the wheel from the lower part.

Ah Zhuang glared at Lord Dog and Bu Fang. "How could my Roc meat lose?!" He growled in a low voice. At the same time, the shadow of the God of Chef's Challenge behind him gave an unwilling roar. He couldn't believe that he, as a God, lost to a mortal in cooking!

Lord Dog stuck out his tongue and licked his lips. "Do you think those are ordinary prawns? Prawns that can give me the taste of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs are definitely not ordinary!" he said. "You should be proud that you are defeated by Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs."

"You cunning mortals... I will never forgive you all!" Ah Zhuang roared, his eyes red.

The Wheel of Law kept crushing his body. Finally, as his roar faded away, his head completely shattered

Chapter 1400 The God of Chef's Challenge... Strikes Again! No one could have imagined that the Chef's Challenge would end in this way. Bu Fang beat Ah Zhuang, who was possessed by the God of Chef's Challenge, by crushing the ratings. He didn't win by a hair's breadth, but by a wide margin. For a challenge like this, the difference of two stars was a crushing defeat.

The God of Chef's Challenge was defeated by a mortal. Why was this God so weak? The crowd looked at each other, then watched as the Wheel of Law kept grinding Ah Zhuang in midair.

Inside the wheel was the Law of Chef's Challenge, which represented the rules and order of all Chef's Challenges. Even though Ah Zhuang was possessed by the God of Chef's Challenge, he could not escape the rules. As a result, he was soon crushed into dust and vanished.

Bu Fang floated in midair with his hands clasped behind his back. His face was calm as if winning the so-called God of Chef's Challenge did not bring him any surprise or joy. In fact, for him, it was just cooking.

After wiping out Ah Zhuang, the Wheel of Law slowly disintegrated. The next moment, an invisible force came out of it and drifted toward Bu Fang. Before the challenge began, the two of them had agreed that everything owned by the loser would go to the winner. However, the God of Chef's Challenge had played a trick, so even though he was defeated, it was not him but Ah Zhuang who was killed.

With Ah Zhuang's body gone, all his belongings went to Bu Fang. In Bu Fang's view, however, these things were not precious. They were just ordinary things. He put them into the System's storage space and then slowly descended and landed on the ground.

The homeland of the Nether Chef Clan had been completely reduced to ruins, with broken stones rolling here and there. Bu Fang walked slowly, while Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others followed in midair.

Lord Dog stuck out his tongue and licked his lips. “Bu Fang boy, why do those prawns taste like Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs?” he asked curiously.

He had been unable to figure this out. He was sure that what Bu Fang cooked were prawns, but when he ate them, he tasted Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs. ‘Did Bu Fang boy put some kind of poison in me? A poison that makes me taste Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs in everything I eat?’

Er Ha was also very curious. Unlike Lord Dog, he tasted spicy strips. Why did prawns taste like spicy strips? Wasn’t this strange?

After pondering for a moment, Bu Fang tried to answer their doubts.

“Those are no ordinary prawns. The quality of the ingredient is already excellent, and I added the leaves of the Nine Revolution Great Path Tea Tree while cooking, which contain the Will of the Great Path. On top of that, I’ve cooked the dish with an invisible flame.”

He paused for a moment as if trying to think about how to explain so that they could understand. “The invisible flame was the combination of many Immortal flames and Nether flames that I’ve collected in the Nether Chef Clan’s homeland. It can be considered as the essence of fire and has all the emotions and worldly desires of many Nether Chefs.”

Bu Fang sighed softly.

“I may only be able to cook this dish once... You can call it the Nine Revolution Great Path Prawns. It is cooked with the Divine flame, and the Will of the Great Path is used as a guide. In the cooking process, many emotions contained in the Divine flame are integrated into the prawns... that’s why you have tasted all kinds of flavors.

“In fact, those are not flavors, but the real emotions in your hearts.

“Prawns are just carriers. Even if they have their own flavors, they will translate into the taste you desire in your hearts, and different people will taste different emotions when eating this dish.

“This is the reason why you tasted Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs, spicy strips, and seawater.”

Bu Fang’s explanation was somewhat convoluted, and it left the crowd a little confused.

A Divine flame? Where was the flame? Was it the invisible fire controlled by Bu Fang? Just now, Fire Demon Patriarch had been burned by it once, and the flames on him had almost been extinguished. He was a demon specialized in flames, and his control over flames was so strong that ordinary flames could not burn him at all. This proved that the power of Bu Fang’s flame was extraordinary.

Bu Fang gave them no further explanation of the Divine flame. It was still an invisible flame now because he had not integrated any Laws into it yet. According to the System, this Divine flame was very powerful, but it needed to integrate with the Laws. The more Laws it integrated, the stronger its power.

He certainly hoped that the power of the Divine flame would grow stronger and stronger. But the question now was where could he find the Laws? He stroked his chin and became lost in thought.

The crowd was still thinking about Bu Fang’s explanation. In any case, the fact that he had defeated a God in a Chef’s Challenge shocked everyone and made many people incredulous. It turned out that a God was not impossible to defeat.

The Wheel of Law in the sky had almost finished its disintegration. When the last wisp of the Power of Law dissipated, a muffled roar suddenly rang out. The next moment, the void tore apart into a rift, and then an arm stretched out of it. With a ripping sound, the crack grew larger, while terrible storms swept across the land, tearing at the void and destroying the stars.

Accompanied by a furious roar, a huge figure climbed out of the crack, emanating rolling divine power that made all the people present feel very depressed and kneel on the ground. There was shock on everyone's face.

Bu Fang stood where he was and looked up at the huge figure. He seemed to have expected this to happen.

Lord Dog opened his mouth and yawned. His dog fur was waving in the wind, and his face showed no sign of surprise.

Di Ting floated in midair, looking at the crack in the void with sympathy in his eyes. 'So he is the God of Chef's Cooking? What a narrow-minded fellow.'

Yes, the figure that emerged from the crack was the God of Chef's Challenge, or his spiritual clone who had possessed Ah Zhuang. A spiritual clone was the technique of a God. It was directly connected with the consciousness of the God and could exert about one-tenth of the God's strength. Although it was not much, it was the power of a God after all and could not be resisted by mortals.

Rumble!

All the experts, whether from Earth Prison, Nether Prison, or other small worlds, knelt on the ground in fear. They had submitted under the pressure of a God and were shivering violently.

Terrible Power of the Laws surged in the air. There were three thousand Laws, including many that were beyond imagination.

After tearing apart the void and climbing out, the spiritual clone of the God of Chef's Challenge floated in midair. He turned his eyes and fixed them at Bu Fang. Originally, as the carrier was wiped out, he should return to his true-self through the void, but he was unwilling to leave like this.

He was defeated in a Chef's Challenge by a mortal chef, which made him look bad. As a God, how could he be defeated? Most importantly, he was reluctant to give up Bu Fang's secret, the mysterious power. The aura that emanated from the God of Cooking's divine power liquid drop attracted him like a deadly poison.

So he came back. He wanted to get Bu Fang's secret! In his opinion, all the mortals present had to submit to him. Although Bu Fang possessed that power, he had not yet grown up, so he would not pose any threat to him.

Rumble!

With greed in his eyes, the God of Chef's Challenge lifted a huge palm and slapped it down at Bu Fang. He was going to kill Bu Fang with a single blow.

"You insignificant mortal... How dare you offend a God! You'll have to pay for it!" thundered the God of Chef's Challenge.

On the ground, Bu Fang frowned. He didn't expect that this God of Chef's Challenge was shameless enough to attack him. He knew very well that this fellow came back not only because of the failure of the Chef's Challenge, but more for his God of Cooking's divine power liquid drops.

'Since this God of Chef's Challenge is so eager to get the God of Cooking's divine power, he probably knows the source of the liquid drops... If so, what is his relationship with the God of Cooking?!

Bu Fang took a deep breath and focused his eyes.

As the palm approached, the ground collapsed, and sand and stones flew in all directions. The experts, both from Earth Prison and Nether Prison, fled the scene at full speed, terrified.

A God had struck! The whole place would be destroyed soon!

Bu Fang stood where he was. His Vermilion Robe flapped noisily and turned fiery scarlet, while the flaming wings spread behind him. The ground under his feet collapsed again. The homeland of the Nether Chef Clan was originally located on a lofty mountain, but now, the mountain had long disappeared, and the terrain had sunken into a valley.

Suddenly, a black dog appeared in midair, wagging his tail lazily. Facing the palm thrown down by the God of Chef's Challenge, Lord Dog twitched the corner of his mouth in disdain, then raised a paw.

"You've lost the Chef's Challenge, and now you've come back for revenge? Don't you know why you lost?"

Lord Dog's gentle and magnetic voice echoed through the air as if he were questioning the God of Chef's Challenge. The next moment, his paw flew across the void and collided with the huge palm.

A violent explosion broke out in an instant. The energy generated by the collision spread like ripples in all directions, slicing off a layer of the ground. As the smoke and dust cleared, the crowd saw that the huge palm slowly disintegrated and disappeared.

The God of Chef's Challenge gave a deafening roar, which shook the whole Nether Prison and sent all the living things on their knees, trembling in fear.

With a humming sound, a golden Wheel of Law emerged in front of the huge God of Chef's Challenge. That was the Wheel of the Law of Chef's Challenge! At this moment, the wheel representing the rules of Chef's Challenges was being used as a weapon!

Shrouded in countless Runes of Law, the wheel let out an oppressive whistle and sped toward Lord Dog, who was hovering in midair in front of Bu Fang.

The whole sky was full of rifts and turbulence. This was a clash of Gods, and when Gods were fighting, it meant destruction.

Lord Dog snorted and soared into the sky. The next moment, accompanied by a deafening bark, a black dog paw stretched out of the void. It was wrapped in Runes of Law and the aura of Time. That was the Law of Time comprehended by Lord Dog, which was one of the strongest Laws in the Universe.

The Law of Time collided with the Wheel of the Law of Chef's Challenge!

Lord Dog did not comprehend as many Laws as the God of Chef's Challenge, so he was slightly weaker in terms of fighting capacity. However, what he had comprehended was the strongest Law, so he was not weak at all.

On the ground, Bu Fang, who was pondering where to find the Laws to merge with his Divine flame, raised his head reflexively. Looking at the surging Power of the Laws colliding in the sky, he was slightly stunned. The next moment, his eyes lit up!

He had pondered so hard about where he could find the Laws, and it turned out that there was a Law waiting right in front of him!

The Law of Time belonged to Lord Dog, so he couldn't merge it with his Divine flame. However, the God of Chef's Challenge had delivered his Law to him! How could Bu Fang let this opportunity slip through his fingers?