

Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1721: The Wok's Loneliness - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1721: The Wok's Loneliness

Chapter 1721: The Wok's Loneliness

There were three qualifying matches. Once Bu Fang won all of them, he would get the ticket to enter District B. Therefore, it was expected that each match would be very intense.

For the experts of District B, the qualifying battle was actually a battle for their honor. If they lose, the expert ranked last in the ranking of District B would be kicked out of their district.

The nobles of District B had always been proud of their status. How could they bear to have one of their members kicked out of the district? They certainly could not bear the humiliation. Therefore, every one of them was taking the qualifying battle very seriously. They would do anything to stop Bu Fang.

Today's fighting pit was livelier than any other day. Countless experts had gathered here. Many people greeted each other when they met, and their conversation was all about the qualifying battle.

It took ten consecutive victories to start the qualifying battle, but it was not easy for an individual to do that among so many experts, much less a noble of District C.

If it was someone from District B who achieved that, the qualifying battle would not even be started. This is because, in the opinion of the person in charge of the fighting pit, it was normal for an expert of District B to win ten consecutive victories.

However, this was glory and also a hope for the people of District C. If someone could make it to District B, it would give them confidence. That was why the battle had attracted the attention of almost everyone.

Not only the experts in the fighting pit, but also many people in District A, B, and C were watching it through the projection array.

When Bu Fang came to the fighting pit at an unhurried pace while eating an oyster pancake, the clamor of the audience almost turned the sky upside down. He stuffed the pancake into his mouth and then stepped into the middle of the fighting pit.

An old woman wrapped in a black robe was already sitting there, waiting. She was the person in charge of the fighting pit, a Chaotic Saint. She did not have much Chaotic Energy. Judging from this, she should have just stepped into the realm of Chaotic Saints, and her strength could not be compared to that of an expert like Countess Xia Qiu.

On the right-hand side of the old woman stood a young man with a sharp sword on his back. He was wearing a blood-colored robe, which was embroidered with strange, evil, blood-colored patterns.

He was Bu Fang's opponent in the first qualifying match, an expert who was ranked tenth on the crystal tablet and had won twenty consecutive victories. He was also a peak Saint of the Great Path, but he was stronger than Aohen, the opponent Bu Fang faced in his last match.

Standing there, the young man constantly drew the energy around him into his body like a black hole. With his bizarre aura and his fearsome strength, it was no wonder that he was selected as Bu Fang's first opponent.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and stepped into the fighting ring. Whitey followed him, with Foxy sitting on its shoulder and Shrimpy perching on its head. The strange combination caused a great hubbub as soon as it appeared.

Bu Fang's fame, which he had built up lately by winning ten consecutive victories, exploded at that moment. He had become the pride of the experts of District C, but he had also become the thorn in the side of the experts of District B.

His winning streak came by defeating ten District B experts. This was very difficult because, on the whole, the fighting prowess of District B experts was stronger than that of District C experts.

Inside her residence, Countess Xia Qiu crossed her legs and calmly looked at the scene through the projection array. She was also curious about whether Bu Fang could get into District B.

In addition to her, such an exciting event naturally also attracted the attention of many nobles in District C. Even the other two countesses were watching. Most of them still remembered Bu Fang.

"Isn't that the crawler of District D?!"

"Yes, I remember him! How did this bug become a noble and even enter the fighting pit?"

"Am I dreaming? This damned bug..."

These nobles could not believe their eyes. But no matter what, they were very concerned about the battle. A crawler from District D had become the hope for the people of District C to make it to District B. How ironic was that?

...

The fighting pit was filled with loud clamor. A lot of people were cheering for Bu Fang, and of course, there were also angry roars and boos from the experts of District B. He was not affected by them, so he did not bother about these external factors. Calmly, he came before the person in charge.

The person in charge glanced at him. That glance seemed to send him into a black hole. The power of a Saint of a Great Path was indeed unfathomable.

"I can't believe you were almost late for the qualifying battle. Young man, don't look down upon the qualifying battle," the old crone said indifferently.

Bu Fang nodded seriously. He naturally would not look down upon anyone.

"There are three qualifying matches. This is your opponent in the first match, Hezhang the Sword Devil." As her voice faded, she began to slowly disappear, as if she had merged into the void.

"The first qualifying match now officially begins. Bu Fang from District C versus Hezhang from District B."

The moment the old crone disappeared completely, the tumult of the fighting pit soared into the sky, threatening to tear the vault of heaven apart.

The young man standing opposite Bu Fang focused his eyes. The sword on his back jumped out of the sheath with a clang, which shook the void and seemed to tear multiple rifts in it.

"I will finish you with a single strike of my sword," Hezhang said.

It was rare for someone from District C to win ten consecutive victories, but Hezhang still did not take Bu Fang seriously. If it were him, he could have easily done that as well.

His curse power was the curse of blood. Combined with his Sword Dao, he had created a sword technique that could cut down everything. He controlled the blood-colored sword with his divine sense. The sword left numerous shadows in the void and filled the air with sonic booms as it went toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang saw only a flash of light, and the sword was closing in on his cheek already. Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed as it raised its huge palm to grab the sword.

“Fight me seriously! Don’t try to brush me off with a broken puppet...” Hezhang said indifferently. His tone was full of disdain for Whitey.

He had carefully studied Bu Fang’s ten matches before this. Although every match was fought by Whitey, he saw Bu Fang’s strike in the last one.

If he only had to deal with Whitey, he would be less nervous. But Bu Fang was so mysterious that he simply could not see his strength and his trump cards. This was a man shrouded in a fog.

Hezhang knew that his greatest rival was not Whitey nor the little fox, but Bu Fang.

The sword flickered, swept past Whitey, and appeared in front of Bu Fang, ready to pierce his head the next moment. The blood-colored curse power was boiling around it as if it could affect the blood in the human body. Even Bu Fang, who had always been very calm, felt his blood boil.

Suddenly, the Law of Time poured forth and stopped the approaching sword. Then, Bu Fang raised his hand and gave the sword a flick of his finger, sending it flying away.

Hezhang narrowed his eyes. With a thought in his mind, the sword split and turned into a shower of swords that fell toward Bu Fang.

“Whitey,” Bu Fang called faintly.

Whitey, who had been ignored, moved. Like a menacing beast, it rushed forward and closed in on Hezhang in a flash.

Hezhang’s brows furrowed slightly. He did not see Whitey as a threat, but the puppet’s immunity to divine power was still troublesome to him. He backed away quickly, holding up a finger and pointing it to the void.

Suddenly, the blood-colored curse power converged and transformed into two sword slaves. With swords in their hands, they charged toward Whitey.

The audience gave a deafening cheer. The qualifying battle was indeed different, very exciting. The match had only just begun, but the exchanges between the two contestants already made them cry out in delight.

Bu Fang placed one hand behind his back while releasing the power of the Laws with the other. The flowing power stopped the advance of the sword.

Hezhang was slightly amazed by Bu Fang’s strength. He did not expect the latter to be able to resist for so long. Without hesitation, he moved again. This time, he kicked the air and flew forward.

With a buzzing sound, the blood-colored sword shot toward him, and he held it in his hand. The next moment, he lunged at Bu Fang from midair and viciously thrust the sword.

At this moment, the Vermilion Bird appeared behind him. The Vermilion Robe's defense was activated, so Hezhang's sword could not break through this defense.

"I knew you had a magic artifact... And you really didn't fight with your full strength before this..."

Hezhang's eyes were filled with a monstrous desire to do battle. With the ear-splitting sound of his sword, he began to spin, kicking up a strong wind. Then, he kept thrusting his sword, each stroke carrying a killing intent and pointing straight at Bu Fang's vitals.

Bu Fang jumped backward and kicked the tip of the sword, using the force to push himself away into the distance. As soon as he landed, he raised his hand. At the gesture, Foxy turned into a stream of light and flew over, falling into his arms.

Then, with a shake of his hand, Bu Fang took out a Perishing Pot, a Crazy Sword Pot, and a Soul Demon meatball, and stuffed them all into the little fox's mouth.

Foxy did not reject them—she ate them happily. In the past, she was very slender and slim, but she had now grown into a ball. This was not her fault at all...

After eating the food, the little fox was like a gun barrel filled with shells. Her cheeks bulged. The next moment, powerful energy began to brew and flow in her mouth.

Hezhang fell back to the ground. The blood-colored curse energy kept rising from the top of his head into the sky, turning into a thick layer of cloud. In this thick cloud, one blood-colored sword after another was continuously forming.

His gaze was sharp, and there seemed to be countless swords flickering in his eyes, each one so powerful that it could cut through the stars. "That move of yours is useless to me..." Hezhang grinned coldly. He had already studied Bu Fang's moves thoroughly.

He gave a long roar, his hair waving messily. The mighty aura emanating from him made the atmosphere in the fighting pit more heated. Those experts who bet on him all stood up with excitement.

Soon, tens of thousands of swords joined together into a sword array. "This is the Ten Thousand Swords Killing Array! I will use it to kill you!"

With the sword array over his head, Hezhang's aura was like that of a demon awakened from chaos, very powerful. The power of this sword array was not weak even when compared to Tongtian's Immortal Slaughtering Sword Array.

Bu Fang's eyes narrowed. Foxy's cheeks grew bigger and bigger. With a gentle pat on her buttocks from him, she opened her mouth and shot out a giant lotus of energy, which arced through the air toward Hezhang.

Hezhang, hovering in midair, pointed his finger at the void. The next moment, the Ten Thousand Swords Killing Array collided with the lotus flower spat out by the little fox.

Rumble!

The collision seemed to blow the chaos apart. The void collapsed, while the ground of the fighting pit crumbled and caved in. Fortunately, defensive arrays were placed around, so the spectators were unscathed.

For a moment, the air was filled with a rumbling sound, while the center of the collision blossomed with a dazzling light. Everyone was screaming and cheering with excitement. The clash of experts at this level was really exciting!

Hezhang was also in awe. It did not occur to him that his sword array was not only unable to kill Bu Fang, but also seemed to come to a draw with him.

The fight between Whitey and the two sword slaves was fierce. However, the puppet was still more skillful. Taking advantage of the moment when its opponents were distracted, it knocked them back with its spear and then viciously smashed their heads with its huge palms.

The two sword slaves instantly disintegrated into sword energy and scattered.

Hezhang was terrified. 'This puppet seems to be a little too strong...'

Rumble...

Suddenly, a beam of golden light shot out from the center of the collision.

Hezhang's pupils constricted. The next moment, he saw a figure, who stood on the back of a golden mantis shrimp with a fox spitting black gas on his shoulder, flying toward him. And the figure was holding a black wok.

He also saw a wisp of Chaotic Energy swirling in the black wok, emitting a dull rumbling sound.

'Wait... Chaotic Energy?!' Hezhang paused.

The next moment, the black wok slammed down toward him. He hurriedly raised his sword to fend it off, but it shattered as soon as they touched. Then, the black wok continued to fall and struck his head with a bang. With blood spurting from his mouth, he flew backward and fell awkwardly in the middle of the fighting pit.

Whitey flew over and picked Hezhang up with one hand. Its mechanical eyes flashed as it viciously tore up his clothes and threw them to the ground.

Hezhang's eyes were blank. He was defeated. He could not believe he was defeated by a black wok!

Bu Fang hovered in midair, stepping on the back of the mantis shrimp. He held the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in one hand, in which the wisp of Chaotic Energy that was born because of the tea egg was swirling. There was melancholy in his eyes, for perhaps he was the only person who could understand how lonely the wok was.

The cheers around the fighting pit came to an abrupt end.

"Aren't they supposed to be evenly matched? Shouldn't they be fighting for five hundred rounds? How come it's over after the black wok made a strike?!"

Chapter 1722: Are You Ready To Be Killed by Me?

At the beginning of the match, Hezhang said he would finish Bu Fang with a single stroke of his sword, but the result was beyond everyone's expectations.

The guy who said he would end the match with a single stroke was knocked down by Bu Fang with a black wok. It never occurred to the spectators that a black wok could be used in combat.

"Is that a magic treasure?"

"A black wok... That's a chef's magic treasure! This guy is a wicked chef!"

"Didn't you see his ten consecutive victories? This guy won those matches by distracting his opponents with the aroma of food and the stench of something weird he cooked during the game..."

"This black wok can be used to cook or smash people. It's a much-have treasure for home and travel! I think I should go find one for myself too. Perhaps I'll be able to make it to the qualifying battle with it..."

The audience was chattering noisily.

Bu Fang held the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with one hand and put it away. It was in his expectation to end the battle with a blow from the black wok. The wok was

extremely heavy, and with a wisp of Chaotic Energy, the blow was as powerful as the blow of a Chaotic Saint.

Hezhang's strength might be good, but he was just about on the same level as Tongtian, perhaps a little stronger. However, Bu Fang had grown a lot.

The blow from the black wok left Hezhang in despair. It made no sense at all. No matter what moves he used, it broke through everything with brute force and smashed him in the face.

He was taken away. After he was stripped naked, his will to fight was shattered. He was no longer able to fight.

The District B expert who was ranked tenth on the crystal tablet was taken out of the fighting pit. All the nobles who had bet on him were chagrined. Once again, Bu Fang made them lose their bet.

When would this fellow who repeatedly broke the rules going to taste the tears of failure?!

With a buzzing sound, the void distorted, and then the person in charge of the fighting put reappeared. She stood in front of Bu Fang and gave him a strange look. The old crone should have mastered a divine ability similar to the Law of Space, which allowed her to come and go without a trace.

"Filling the wok with Chaotic Energy, making it as powerful as the blow of a Chaotic Saint... Lad, you do have quite a few tricks up your sleeve..." the crone said indifferently.

However, she did not see anything wrong with it. Bu Fang's ability to win the first qualifying match showed that he had the strength, cheating or not. The black wok was his magic treasure, and it contained a wisp of Chaotic Energy. It was not forbidden. At most, one could only say that this magic treasure was slightly too powerful.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. With a shake of his hand, he pulled out an oyster pancake. Then, he nodded to the old woman. "The battle just now consumed quite a lot of my strength. I have to eat an oyster pancake to make up for it..." he said.

All those who heard him did not know what to say. The battle had consumed quite a lot of his strength? No one had seen him put in any effort!

He just took out a black wok and hit his opponent with it. That at most consumed a little bit of his energy and divine power. By comparison, Hezhang, who had used a sword array and materialized two sword slaves, was the one who consumed a great amount of energy.

The old crone glanced at the oyster pancake in Bu Fang's hand with a flicker of disapproval in her eyes.

"Here's a word of advice, young man. Don't dig your own grave. You can be punished by the Queen of Curses for eating food in Void City," she said. Then, frowning, she stepped back in disgust as if to distance herself from Bu Fang.

"If eating food is digging my own grave, I'd rather keep digging," Bu Fang said. With that, he stuffed the whole oyster pancake into his mouth.

The old woman snorted coldly. "Prepare yourself for the second match! Since you're so confident, I'll get you an even tougher opponent this time!" After saying that, she disappeared.

The next moment, Bu Fang turned to look at one of the entrances to the fighting pit. With a rattling sound, the door of the entrance slowly opened, and then a figure came out of it.

He had a ferocious face. The upper half of his body was a vicious beast, and the lower half a burly man. The ground shook violently with every step he took. His aura was extremely strong, and what surrounded him was not the curse power but a unique evil power.

Bu Fang froze for a moment—he studied the man carefully. The expert had a very peculiar arm, which was covered with savage-looking scales and emanating a sinful aura. It was a very familiar arm.

'Isn't that Heavengod Transmigration's arm, which had escaped from the Chaotic Universe? I can't believe it's here and has attached to this man!'

"Ezra!"

"Ezra the Evil Beast!"

"Rip him into pieces, Ezra! Don't let this fellow advance any further!"

The moment this burly expert appeared, the whole fighting pit broke out into an uproar. Everyone was screaming with enthusiasm and excitement as if they had seen an idol.

'Ezra? What strange name is that?!' The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. He turned his head to look at the ranking. It was not hard to find the name on the ranking. He just looked down from the first place and saw it at the fourth place.

'What? He's merely ranked on fourth place, even with Heavengod Transmigration's arm?'

Bu Fang's opponent in the second qualifying match was a humanoid monster from the Bestial Universe. He possessed the pure bloodline of a Beast God and was born a warrior and cruel slaughterer. Having won twenty-nine consecutive victories, he was a very fearsome expert.

There was no doubt that Bu Fang's latest opponent had a very brilliant record. Compared to Ezra, his eleven consecutive victories were nothing.

Ezra was a noble from District B, and he had found freedom and a new life in Void City after being banished here. Today, he was the idol of countless nobles.

He had the head of an alligator, the cruel eyes of a raging beast, and a tail with sharp spikes that dragged from his back. Whenever the tail swung, it smashed the ground and sent debris flying.

"The second qualifying match begins now."

The old crone's cold voice resounded over the fighting pit and soon faded away. The audience broke into loud cheers.

As if stimulated by the boisterous noise, the berserk beast opened his mouth and revealed his sharp pointed teeth, each filled with icy killing intent.

"I will tear you apart, drink your blood, and eat your flesh!" Ezra said, staring at Bu Fang with an icy gaze.

Bu Fang took a bite of his oyster pancake, and so did Foxy on his shoulder. Whitey touched its round head, while Shrimpy spat another bubble. The atmosphere was a little awkward for a while.

Ezra roared and raised his arm.

At the sight of the arm, Bu Fang's eyes lit up. "I didn't expect this arm to be obtained by a humanoid monster." He exhaled a breath. The next moment, the five supreme Laws of the Universe appeared and surrounded him.

As soon as Bu Fang exposed the aura of the five supreme Laws of the Universe, the berserk fellow was frozen in place. His eyes became as wide as plates as if he had smelled something that filled him with great fear.

"You..." Ezra tried to say something.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth lifted slightly. With the power of the five supreme Laws swirling behind him, he raised his hand and crooked his finger at Ezra. The provocative gesture brought the entire audience to a boil.

Just when everyone thought Ezra was going to tear Bu Fang to pieces, something happened, and it stunned everyone.

Ezra stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes as if he had seen a ghost. Then, with a flick of his tail, he turned and ran toward the entrance he had just come out of, rolling and crawling. Soon, he had disappeared, but the ground was still shaking with his hurried steps.

Apparently, Ezra, who had the arm, recognized Bu Fang's aura. The arm contained Heavengod Transmigration's soul, so it knew Bu Fang was very difficult to deal with. He needed to grow quietly now, so he chose to retreat without hesitation.

Bu Fang, too, was stunned by the scene. Before he could react, Ezra had already disappeared. The match was over before it even started.

After a moment of silence, all the people in the audience lowered their heads and covered their faces in disbelief.

"Dammit!"

"Is he an actor?! How come he ran away before he even started fighting?!"

"Is this the same Ezra I know? What's the matter with that strong and fearsome Ezra?!"

The audience was furious. They could not understand why someone ranked fourth on the list did not even have the courage to fight!

The person in charge of the fighting pit was also not expecting it. Even Countess Xia Qiu, who was watching the match in her residence, was stunned. Apparently, she did not understand what was going on either.

The crone appeared with a buzz. Her face was a little gloomy. Looking at Bu Fang, who assumed an innocent look, she was a little annoyed. She had just said that she was going to teach Bu Fang a lesson, but the turn of events seemed like a slap in her face.

'Is that guy's head filled with shit? Why did he have to be so frightened when he saw a chef? Was he afraid that the chef would cook him in public? Rubbish!'

"Well, you don't have to look at me like that. He's the one who gave up. It's none of my business..." Bu Fang said with a shrug.

"Count yourself lucky... But luck is also part of strength. You have won the second qualifying match." The crone was a little reluctant to let Bu Fang win so easily. She felt pain inside when she said that.

Meanwhile, many nobles were cursing, and those who had staked everything on Ezra felt the sky was falling on them. It seemed that even the Queen of Curses could not bless them anymore.

Ezra had escaped, but Bu Fang had remembered him. When he got to District B, the first thing he had to deal with would be this humanoid monster.

There was something strange about this Soul Demon arm, which had once made Heavengod Transmigration kill countless living beings in the Chaotic Universe. If he let it grow, it would definitely turn into a major disaster. He had to destroy it before it could grow up.

“Let’s start the third match now... I’m in a hurry,” said Bu Fang.

“You can’t wait? Hehe... I hope you will still be so impatient later.” The old woman sneered. She gave Bu Fang a deep look and then disappeared again.

The whole fighting pit fell silent.

With a creak, another door opened. Slowly, a graceful figure walked out from behind the door. She had a slender waist, a hot body, and purple hair. Walking barefoot, she looked like a succubus emitting a fatal temptation.

‘Oh? My opponent this time is a woman?’ Bu Fang paused. He did not expect that his opponent for the last qualifying match would actually be a woman.

This was a beautiful, charming woman. Her aura was fearsome. She did not have Chaotic Energy, but she probably was not too far away from producing it.

Wearing a very short skirt, she walked with charming steps. Her long, fair legs kept attracting people’s attention. The moment she appeared, the fighting pit fell silent.

A few moments later, everyone sucked in a cold breath. It seemed to them that the person in charge of the fighting pit was getting serious this time!

This woman was not only an expert who ranked number one on the list but also the record holder of consecutive wins. She was the only one to have won forty consecutive victories!

Her name was Bess. She was from District A, the right hand of the Cursed Goddess who came from the Soul Demon Universe!

There were competitions between Cursed Goddesses. As the right hand of one of the Cursed Goddesses, Bess’s strength was naturally very strong because she must help the Cursed Goddess gain fame and glory.

She walked with enchanting steps, but to Bu Fang, her steps were not as enchanting as Lord Dog's cat-like steps.

Soon, she came not far from Bu Fang. A sweet scent wafted from her as she covered her mouth with one hand and smiled.

"I heard that the reason you joined the qualifying battle is to find Her Excellency Nethery, who is also a Cursed Goddess. I actually don't want to deal with you because I'm not interested in this qualifying battle. However, my superior, Her Excellency Soul, has sent me to kill you after hearing about your story.

"Are you ready to be killed by me?" Bess said, smiling and winking.

Bu Fang looked at her with a blank face. 'Nethery's rival? Finding me so soon? Tsk, tsk, tsk...'

"May I feed my little fox a meatball before you kill me?" said Bu Fang.

Bess paused slightly.

The next moment, Bu Fang waved his hand, and a meatball containing the Soul Demon's aura flew out of his palm. Foxy leaped forward from Whitey's head and caught the meatball with her mouth. Her fat was jiggling as she flew across the air.

Bess's beautiful face looked surprised as she watched a pile of meat and fur fly through the air.

Foxy landed in Bu Fang's arms and licked her lips with relish. He then held her up with both hands and glanced at Bess, pointing the little fox's head at the latter. "I'm ready," he said expressionlessly.

As his words faded away, Foxy's eyes widened, and her mouth opened.

"Ah... Da Da Da Da Da Da..."

Chapter 1723: Have Fun, Blood Lobsters!

'Nethery's rival?'

Bu Fang did not expect to draw the attention of Nethery's rival so quickly.

According to what the noblewoman told him, Nethery's return to Void City was not to play, but to inherit the Queen of Curses' city.

She was no longer the miserable Netherworld woman banished to the ruins, but a rich, noble lady with the Queen of Curses at her back, enjoying a very exalted position. Of course, all this could not be true until she gained the Queen's favor and inherited her throne.

After coming to Void City, Bu Fang's thoughts had changed slightly. He had thought it was a run-down place, and Nethery might be uncomfortable here. But now, it seemed that perhaps this was where she should stay. Instead of taking her away, what he could do might be to help clear some of the rivals for her.

'Since she's been sent by Nethery's rival, I can just take this opportunity to eliminate her,' Bu Fang thought to himself. His mind had become much calmer.

Bess never expected Bu Fang to take the initiative to attack. What shot out of that little fox's mouth were meatballs containing the aura of the Soul Demon. As someone who fought beside the Cursed Goddess sent to the Soul Demon Universe, she knew the aura very well.

'This is the aura of a Great Soul Overlord!'

Bess was shocked. Her soft body suddenly bounced away like a spring, narrowly missing the meatballs that shot at her like streams of light.

As the record holder of the highest consecutive victories, Bess was really strong. In fact, her strength was almost half a foot into the realm of Chaotic Saints.

Rumble!

The moment the battle began, the entire fighting pit erupted into a roar of cheers. The audience was finally able to see a decent fight. Many people were looking forward to the result.

For the people of District C, it was a hope, one that showed them they could make it to District B too. But for the people of District B, it was a battle for glory.

It would be best if Bu Fang was defeated, for it would mean that District B had successfully defended their glory. But if Bu Fang won, it would be a major blow to them.

As a top expert among the contenders for titles, if Bess could not stop the damned chef, no one else in District B could.

A terrifying explosion instantly appeared in the fighting pit. The power of Foxy's Soul Demon meatballs was not at all ordinary. After all, they were made from the flesh of a

Great Soul Overlord. In the Soul Demon Universe, a Great Soul Overlord was a supreme being, with strength comparable to that of a top Chaotic Saint.

'This chef actually turned a Great Soul Overlord's flesh into meatballs?!'

Bess was well aware of the terror of a Great Soul Overlord. In the Soul Demon Universe, each of the seven Great Soul Overlords was as powerful as any of the dukes of Void City.

BOOM!

The violent explosion reduced the battlefield to ruins. Foxy had stopped shooting. Smoke was coming out of her mouth, and her small eyes were narrowed. She looked as if she was satisfied with her performance.

Whitey was standing behind Bu Fang, while Shrimpy was lying on its head, spitting bubbles.

Bu Fang rubbed Foxy's head. As the ground was pockmarked by the explosion, he hovered in midair, looking indifferently at his opponent.

A charming figure walked out of the black smoke with enchanting steps. "You have a bad temper... I like it. It's a pity that you chose to stand against Her Majesty Soul..."

Bess's long legs looked very sexy, and her breasts were so huge that they almost burst through her clothes. Staring at Bu Fang with her beautiful eyes, she opened her mouth slightly, stuck out her tongue, and gently licked her lips.

The next moment, the curse power wrapped up her body. With a humming sound, she disappeared in a flash and suddenly appeared in front of Bu Fang.

"So... I have no choice but to kill you!"

Bu Fang cocked his head slightly to one side.

A rumbling sound echoed out as Bess smashed a large hole in the void, which kept collapsing and sinking. She smiled flirtatiously and then whipped out her long leg.

Bu Fang unleashed the Law of Space. His figure left a shadow in midair, and then the next moment, he was in the distance. He threw Foxy to Whitey.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. It looked as if it was itching to fight. However, it was stopped by Bu Fang this time. "I'll do it this time," said Bu Fang. His voice was faint, but it made many people stop breathing for a brief moment.

"He's going to fight at last!"

“Have you seen this chef make a move since the first match? All of his matches were fought by his metallic lump!”

“Hehe... Even though he did make a move in the tenth match, no one could tell his actual strength!”

Many people in the audience around the fighting pit narrowed their eyes, and some let out suppressed cries.

A lot of people had been wondering just how strong Bu Fang really was. In his past ten matches, he had only made a move in the last one, but no one could tell his true strength. This time, Bess, the number one in the rankings and the record holder of forty consecutive victories, finally forced this chef into action.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed, and the restless flags behind it quieted down. Holding Foxy and Shrimpy in its arms, it went to the far side of the fighting pit and stayed there quietly. Bu Fang, on the other hand, put his hands behind his back. The Vermilion Robe flapped noisily in the wind.

In the distance, Bess stared at him with narrowed eyes and a seductive look on her face. “Actually, you have another choice, one that doesn’t involve death,” she said, chuckling.

“What choice?” Bu Fang tilted his head and looked at her.

The flirtatious smile on her face grew broader, then she licked her lips. That sexy expression made a lot of people horny. “You can come with me and serve Her Excellency Soul. That way, you and I can also... Hehe.”

The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. He looked her up and down, then said, “You’re... ugly.” His words, as well as his attitude, were brusque; he rejected her without hesitation.

Bess’s face froze. She could not believe Bu Fang actually called her ugly. Countless men had fallen for her beauty, but this paralyzed-face chef actually rejected her because he thought she was ugly?

“Then you can go to hell,” she said.

The next moment, she shook her arms, and two black daggers fell into her palms, both surrounded by the aura of Soul Demons. Then, she dissolved like black smoke. When she reappeared, the daggers in her hands were preparing to slit Bu Fang’s throat with ghostly movements.

At this moment, the Vermilion Robe trembled. As the cry of the Vermilion Bird soared into the sky, a pair of flaming wings unfolded from Bu Fang's back. A great force erupted from him and hit Bess in an instant.

However, just as Bess was about to be knocked away, she clung herself to Bu Fang like an octopus. The force pushed at her, causing her limbs to stretch like rubber.

She twisted her wrists, and the two daggers began to spin. Accompanied by a sharp whistle, they darted toward Bu Fang like two vipers. Even though Bu Fang was protected by the Vermilion Robe, Bess believed that the two daggers could poke two holes in his body.

Suddenly, something flickered in front of Bess's eyes. She then saw a golden kitchen knife appear in front of her. With a tinkling sound, her daggers were blocked.

The next moment, the curse power in the daggers rumbled, while divine power erupted from the kitchen knife. They collided like two towering tsunamis hitting each other, filling the air with a deafening boom!

The energy waves generated by the collision swept out and hit the walls around the fighting pit, causing them to be covered with cracks. Even then, the person in charge, the old crone, appeared. Hovering in midair, she threw out her hands to stabilize the surrounding arrays, stopping the cracks from continuing to spread.

"He's so strong!"

Many people were shocked. It was the first time they had seen Bu Fang fight.

"Is that the strength of the damned chef?!"

"I can't believe he can fight Her Excellency Bess without losing!"

"Her Excellency Bess once fought in the Soul Demon Universe before she came back..."

The nobles gasped. With this level of strength, they would not be surprised if Bu Fang had won the ten matches by himself. No one thought he could win this one, however, because Bess had not yet shown her real strength.

Bess flew backward and hovered in midair. The curse power gathered rapidly and turned into a giant snake under her feet. It opened its mouth wide as if to swallow the sky and roared at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang clutched the kitchen knife in his hand and looked at the woman and the huge snake under her feet.

“You’re a little stronger than I expected... Her Majesty Soul was right when she ordered me to stop you. If you are allowed to enter District A, you will definitely become a great help to Her Excellency Nethery, which is not good news for my superior...”

Bess chuckled. Standing on the head of the cursed snake, her gaze became colder and colder. The next moment, her aura skyrocketed, then one, two, three... Countless cursed snakes appeared and filled the void. They kept sticking out their tongues, and their icy scales shone with an intimidating luster.

The scene made all the nobles suck in cold breaths.

“It’s coming! It’s starting! Her Excellency Bess is going to show her real strength!”

“She’s a ruthless person who once slaughtered an entire small universe!”

A frenzied look appeared in the eyes of many nobles.

What was the concept of adding the power of sin to the cursed snakes? It was like combining the Soul Demon Universe and Void City. It made Bu Fang feel tremendous pressure. Even the five supreme Laws of the Universe in him seemed to be suppressed.

Every cursed snake in the void was not an ordinary cursed snake. They were mixed with the sinful power of the Soul Demon, which skyrocketed their power.

“Are the people of Void City colluding with the Soul Demons now?” Bu Fang said, frowning.

Bess smiled coldly. Icy scales began to surface and cover half of her face. At this moment, she gave Bu Fang the feeling as if she was a Great Soul Overlord. However, her strength was weaker than that of a genuine Great Soul Overlord.

“As long as I can kill you,” said Bess.

Bu Fang exhaled deeply. Void City and the Soul Demon Universe should have some kind of relationship, but it could not be this good, right? Those Soul Demons were a bunch of predators and invaders, evil beings who ate people without spitting the bones.

If Void City did collude with the Soul Demon Universe, it would be a recipe for its own destruction.

Bu Fang looked up at Bess, who was emitting a violent aura. ‘This woman should be unaware that my ability can greatly restrain the Soul Demons...’

If Bess only used the curse power to fight him, then Bu Fang would probably have to use some other means. But when she added the Soul Demon’s power to her attack...

‘I’m sorry, but you’re likely going to call me dad later...’

With a thought from Bu Fang, the blood lobsters swimming in the River of Life within the Heaven and Earth Farmland suddenly widened their eyes and disappeared. When they reappeared, the water splashing around them was gone, replaced by a swarm of black cursed snakes not far ahead of them.

With a gentle wave of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Bu Fang processed the countless blood lobsters. Then, he took out the White Tiger Heaven Stove, placed it in midair, and raised his hand. The scorching divine flame jumped out of his fingertip and went inside the stove.

Meanwhile, under Bess’s control, the cursed snakes kept closing in on Bu Fang, corroding the void as they approached. But Bu Fang was not nervous. He used his knife techniques to process different ingredients quickly. The best way to deal with Soul Demons was food. There was nothing that one dish could not handle, and if there was, then use two.

With a whistling sound, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok suddenly grew larger and spun in midair. Bu Fang’s Vermilion Robe fluttered softly, making him look like a deity.

He pulled out the Qilin Transmigration Ladle with one hand and used it to pour a little golden oil into the wok before adding the ingredients. Soon, the ingredients began to sizzle, and a fragrance rose to the sky.

In the distance, Bess sneered. Then, she gave a long scream. Scales began to appear in other parts of her body, while the two daggers merged with her hands to form two large, sharp mantis blades. She held them high and then brought them down hard to cut Bu Fang’s head!

Bu Fang’s expression remained unchanged. He put the blood lobsters into the wok and cooked them at high heat. With a soft cry, he grabbed the edge of the huge black wok and began to toss it.

The blood lobsters tumbled continuously in the wok, filling the air with a rattling sound. After tossing the wok for a while, Bu Fang added bright red chili pepper. A pungent spicy smell swept through the fighting pit.

The intense flavor stunned all the nobles watching the battle. What kind of fighting style was this? Why had they never seen or heard of it before?!

Rumble!

Inside the huge Black Turtle Constellation Wok, towering flames surged violently as if they were boiling. At the same time, countless cursed snakes shot down from the sky, all charging toward Bu Fang.

In the twinkling of an eye, the surging flames were gone, and Bu Fang's aura was completely obscured. The cursed snakes had covered him like countless wriggling tadpoles.

The next moment, Bess's two mantis blades fell. "It's over!" She burst out laughing with a hideous look on her face.

Suddenly, just when she was about to slash Bu Fang, a beam of golden light shot out from among the black cursed snakes. Any snake it touched instantly melted like summer snow.

In the middle of the fighting pit, a figure clad in a robe appeared.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok had turned to normal size and was spinning above Bu Fang's head. Beneath his feet, the divine flame was blazing in the White Tiger Heaven Stove, while the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and the Qilin Transmigration Ladle hovered around him.

In his hand, he held a plate of spicy blood lobsters that were blooming with golden light. Bess found that her cursed snakes were being pushed away by the light. But how was that even possible?!

The two mantis blades came slashing down. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok was spinning, and there was a wisp of Chaotic Energy in it. So when the blades struck its surface, it did not move at all.

With an expressionless face, Bu Fang lightly flicked the edge of the porcelain plate containing the lobsters with his finger. "Have fun, blood lobsters!"

The next moment, Bess, in the distance, saw something flash in front of her eyes. The cooked blood lobsters seemed to come back to life and were rushing at her while brandishing their great pincers.

Bess was dumbstruck. Could cooked blood lobsters fly?!

Chapter 1724: No Chef Can Escape Death!

"What are these things?!"

Bess was dumbfounded. Although she was not a chef nor had she studied cooking, she still had common sense. Why could something that was cooked still move?! She felt a

little overwhelmed as she watched the blood lobsters brandishing their pincers and charging at the cursed snakes she had unleashed.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The number of blood lobsters seemed to be infinite. They rushed into the air and kept colliding with the cursed snakes. In the blink of an eye, the cursed snakes were struck, torn apart, and then burst into pieces!

That made the corner of Bess's mouth twitch. Meanwhile, the strong smell of the blood lobsters made her feel sick. She shuddered at the disgusting feeling that seemed to rise from the depths of her soul.

"You're dead!"

She jerked her mantis blades to cut Bu Fang in half. However, they only managed to hit the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, causing it to emit a loud rumble before being bounced off in the next moment.

Although she was bounced off, she did not care in the least. As she arced backward across the air, her sharp blades slashed through the void and cut countless blood lobsters into pieces.

The flowing juice, the aroma that tingled the nose, and the tender lobster meat jumped out of the shells the moment the blood lobsters were cut. The white meat exuded a rich fragrance, while the golden grease and brown juice spilled across the void.

One after another, the cursed snakes were dissolved. Bess's expression changed drastically, and her stomach churned. "What's going on here?!" The huge cursed snake under her feet also fell to the ground at this moment, shattering the floor of the fighting pit.

Even when chopped up, the blood lobsters still squirmed in midair. It might sound strange, but such squirming movements were very pleasing to the eye. No one had ever seen a rain of blood lobsters, and Bess was experiencing this amazing scene firsthand.

For a foodie, this might be a wonderful experience, but for Bess, who had fused with the Soul Demon essence, it was simply the most painful torture.

She knelt on the ground, shaking violently as she kept vomiting. Soon, she vomited so much that her whole body spasmed and was so weak that she could no longer move.

The audience was stunned.

"Dammit! What's going on?"

“What kind of tactic is this? A rain of lobster meat? It’s so f*cking fragrant...”

“The lobster meat smells so delicious, but why is Her Excellency Bess... vomiting?”

“Gourmet... Is this what gourmet smells like?!”

All the spectators who witnessed this were exclaiming, while some nobles put their hands on their heads with despair appearing in their eyes. What was happening looked familiar to them... Were they going to lose their bets again?!

In midair, the old crone narrowed her eyes slightly. Her expression was somewhat cold. She did not want to admit it, but the aroma emanating from those lobster meat smelled really good.

“All good food is... sin! It is something that the Queen of Curses detests and forbids! This little chef is bound to be punished by the Queen!” she said icily.

...

The nobles in District C who saw this through the projection array did not know what to say. Only now did they know that a chef could fight and that food could be used as weapons.

They were all filled with a strange feeling when they saw Bess, the record holder for forty consecutive victories, lying on the ground and vomiting like a weak woman. Was there really something unusual about food that they did not know?

Meanwhile, the corner of Countess Xia Qiu’s mouth twitched. “This lad...”

...

The blood lobsters were gone, and so were the cursed snakes.

Bu Fang hovered in midair, holding a plate of blood lobsters. The glinting broth exuded a strong fragrance that tantalized the appetite, and each of the blood lobsters on the plate seemed to come to life.

In fact, none of the blood lobsters he used to attack Bess just now were real. They were actually a manifestation of energy, just like those cursed snakes.

He picked up a blood lobster. The broth dripped from it as he snapped the head off. He put the head into his mouth and sucked it, then used his fingers to pull off the first section of the shell.

The tender white meat of the lobster was immediately visible. He gently bit it with his teeth, pulled it out of the shell, and then rolled it into his mouth with his tongue.

The way he was eating caught everyone's attention. Watching him eat the lobster meat, their mouths began to water uncontrollably.

"That looks... delicious!"

Bu Fang began to descend while eating the blood lobster. Soon, he was on the ground. He looked indifferently into the distance. There, lying on the ground, Bess's eyes were wide. Her pupils had become the size of sesame seeds, and the whites of her eyes were streaked with blood. She looked very hideous.

Carrying the porcelain plate, in which the spicy blood lobsters were emitting a rich fragrance, he came up to Bess. He slowly squatted down, peeled another lobster, put the meat into his mouth, and looked at her with an expressionless face.

Bess rolled her eyes and glared at Bu Fang. A delicious aroma wafted into her nostrils, but to her, the smell was the ultimate stench.

Blergh...

She knelt and vomited, her whole body twitching convulsively. She almost threw up her insides, and she was unable to exert any of her strength.

"You... What the hell are you eating?!" Bess growled.

Bu Fang stuffed a blood lobster into his mouth and shook his head regretfully. "Why do you want to fuse with the power of the Soul Demons? Not only are those creatures unable to taste any delicious food, but they will also even be made into delicious food... Tell me, why did you fuse with that power?" he said.

"If you hadn't done that, you'd be drooling now, not vomiting bile. There is no greater joy or sorrow in life than this." Bu Fang said a few more words, a rare occurrence. Then, he stuffed another blood lobster into his mouth.

Bess, lying on the ground, was furious to the point of madness. She simply could not resist the scent. Even though she had shut down her sense of smell, it still lingered in her mind, sickening her and depriving her of her strength.

'Could it be that chefs are the Soul Demon's nemesis?!' She bit her lip, her body trembling fiercely. "If Her Excellency Soul were here, she'd kill you!" she said viciously.

Bu Fang looked at her and shook his head. "No. She would eat the blood lobsters with me, give me a thumbs up, and tell the world how delicious they are." He believed that no one could resist the delicious taste of the blood lobsters.

“Hmph!” Bess snorted. There was no doubt that she had lost, but the defeat could not convince her—she was not defeated by Bu Fang but by the spicy blood lobsters. She hated the fact that her cultivation base was no match for a dish!

The old crone descended from the void. There was no suspense about the winner now.

Everyone in the audience was stunned.

“He... He won the match?!”

“This challenger from District C won thirteen consecutive victories? He qualified to enter District B?”

The people needed some time to digest this information.

Bu Fang slowly stood up and stuffed the last of the blood lobster meat into his mouth. Then, with a shake of his hand, everything disappeared. It was as if the food, the plate, and the shells had never been there, if not for his red lips.

Foxy perched on his shoulder and bared her teeth. Apparently, she was also burned by the spicy blood lobsters. The lobsters Bu Fang cooked this time were only mildly spicy, but perhaps because his level had become higher, they were already enough to turn his lips red.

The old crone looked at Bu Fang indifferently and swallowed. Her cheeks twitched a little. ‘All chefs are heretics!’ However, no matter how much she disagreed with Bu Fang, as the person in charge of the fighting pit, she had to announce the result of the fight.

“Bu Fang has won all three qualifying matches and has been qualified to enter District B. He is now officially a noble of District B!”

‘Alas... I thought Bess would be able to stop this unruly chef, but she had failed to live up to my expectations...’ The old crone sighed in her mind again.

Bess, lying on the ground, was unconvinced. She had been defeated, and that meant she had failed to complete Her Majesty Soul’s order. It was a dereliction of her duty not to be able to eliminate the enemy for her superior. Her pupils constricted, and her hair fell to cover her face, which grew gloomier and gloomier.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was very calm. He was finally able to enter District B. ‘The rules of Void City are really troublesome...’ he thought to himself.

The audience finally recovered from their shock, and they all uttered cries of surprise and annoyance.

“I can’t believe she was defeated!”

“Her Excellency Bess, the holder of forty consecutive victories, lost the match!”

“This is unbelievable! Is this chef really so formidable?!”

Just as everyone was exclaiming, Bess finally got rid of the disgusting feeling that was haunting her—the smell of the blood lobsters was now gone. At last, she was able to move again. A strong wave of resentment surged up in her.

“You will rot in hell!” She jerked up her head. Her hair suddenly became as stiff as steel pins. “I want you dead!”

Rumble!

The ground exploded. Bess’s Soul Demon aura skyrocketed, making her seem to turn into a fiend. Even her eyes turned completely black. Judging from this, she was not possessed by a Soul Demon but had become one with the Soul Demon. In fact, she was the Soul Demon!

In the blink of an eye, she closed in on Bu Fang. A wisp of heavy Chaotic Energy wrapped around her fist, and then she threw it viciously at Bu Fang. This was her ultimate killing move, which she had unleashed by sacrificing her power. She was sure that it could kill him!

For a moment, Bu Fang felt as if he was being pulled into a mysterious realm as the killing move fell toward him.

The old crone’s eyes narrowed. From where she stood, she could have easily deflected the attack. However, she took a step back with a sneer when she thought of Bu Fang’s identity as a chef.

Bess’s ultimate killing move enveloped Bu Fang in an instant!

It happened in just a flash, but it was enough to cause everyone to exclaim. Before those remorseful audiences could recover, the move was unleashed. While many people felt that Bess’s reaction was inappropriate, many more expressed their excitement.

“Kill him!”

“Yes! Kill the chef... District B doesn’t need a chef!”

“Kill him, Your Excellency Bess!”

Everyone's breathing became rapid. Their eyes widened as they stared at the middle of the fighting pit. Some of the experts from District C were angry, but they were unable to do anything.

Countess Xia Qiu watched with a cold face. The moment Bu Fang entered the title contest, he was destined to be surrounded by enemies. It was difficult, if not impossible, for a chef to gain a foothold in Void City at all. A killing match like this was bound to happen sooner or later.

In fact, from the moment Nethery showed up to watch Bu Fang fight in District C, he was destined to become a thorn in the side of the other Cursed Goddesses. And he had even attracted the attention of the Queen of Curses.

'He can't escape death! No chef can escape death...' Countess Xia Qiu thought to herself.

...

The curse power covered Bu Fang in a flash—the killing move completely engulfed him. At the same time, the ground of the fighting pit was cracking and collapsing...

Chapter 1725: Whitey, Kill Her

"Is he... dead?"

Some people in the audience stood up, craning their necks and staring straight into the center of the fighting pit. There, the ground had caved in. The ground of the fighting pit had been specially strengthened, so it was extremely hard to be destroyed, unless it was attacked by a Chaotic Saint.

A cloud of smoke and dust obscured everyone's view. Some experts sent out their divine sense to find out the outcome of the collision.

However, no sooner had their divine sense entered the billowing smoke than they felt their brains being pricked, causing them to wail in pain. Their faces turned red, blood spurted out of their mouths, and they covered their heads with their hands, looking extremely anguished.

That made the expressions of many change drastically. What was going on inside there?

Above the cloud of smoke and dust, the old woman sat cross-legged in midair, looking down indifferently. Was Bu Fang dead? She did not know. The power Bess unleashed just now was no weaker than the attack of a Chaotic Saint. If she sent her divine sense to probe what was happening, she might be caught in the attack.

However, judging by the power, Bess should have no problem killing Bu Fang. Even though he was wearing a robe with decent defensive strength, it certainly could not stop her, who had burned almost half of her power to unleash the killing move.

A breeze blew out from the center of the collision. The next moment, everyone's pupils narrowed as they saw two figures slowly emerge from the smoke and dust.

Bu Fang's hands were behind his back, and his face was calm. Although his lips were red, that did not affect his enigmatic image at the moment.

Behind him, Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. It looked as if it was a god of slaughter who had just come out of the darkness.

Its huge palm gripped Bess's neck and lifted her as it followed Bu Fang step by step. Foxy was lying on its head and seemed to be flaunting her power, while Shrimpy was spitting bubbles as usual.

The audience gasped.

"He's not dead!"

"Not only is he still alive, but he even subdued Her Excellency Bess!"

"How did he survive an attack of such magnitude? It was an ultimate kill blow!"

"What happened in that moment?!"

Even the old woman in midair was a bit stunned. Bess had attacked with the power of a Chaotic Saint, but instead of killing Bu Fang, she was suppressed by him!

There was an ineffable horror in Bess's eyes, and her whole body was trembling. Only she knew what had happened just now. The chef was hiding too deep. Her heart was still beating fiercely even now.

The flags behind Whitey were waving as it followed Bu Fang. Its huge hand was holding Bess's neck as if it was carrying a turnip. In fact, this woman was no different from a turnip in its eyes.

This time, it did not strip her because it was preparing to kill her. As soon as it received Bu Fang's order, he would kill the woman at once!

As Bu Fang and Whitey walked out, a ring of air spread and rolled in all directions with a rumbling sound. In the blink of an eye, all the smoke and dust disappeared.

Bu Fang looked at Bess with an indifferent face.

“Stop!” Suddenly, a loud shout came from the sky. Then, the old crone descended.

Bu Fang turned his head, glanced at her, and twitched the corner of his mouth slightly. “What did you say?” he said.

“The match is over. You have won and can advance to District B. Let Bess go,” said the old crone.

Bess was, after all, the holder of forty consecutive victories, and she was also Cursed Goddess Soul’s right hand. If she was killed by Bu Fang, it would probably upset the Cursed Goddess.

“Let her go?” Bu Fang asked.

The old woman nodded. She was not worried that Bu Fang would dare to disobey her. As the person in charge of the fighting pit, no one had ever dared to go against her.

“Why should I listen to you?” Bu Fang twitched his lips.

Whitey’s eyes suddenly grew sharp, and it put more force into its palm, squeezing Bess’s neck until her face became bloodless.

Bess’s eyes were full of fear. At that moment, she truly felt death. She had a feeling that even the Soul Demon power within her could not save her.

The old crone froze for a moment, and then she bellowed furiously, “How dare you!” She could not believe that Bu Fang dared to disobey her.

“Who do you think you are? Why did you allow her to kill me but stop me from killing her? This is ridiculous!” Bu Fang took out an oyster pancake and took a bite, not even looking at the crone. He knew she was angry, but what did it matter to him?

An uproar erupted instantly in the audience. Bu Fang wanted to kill Bess? Although she was the one who wanted to kill him first, she was, after all, the Cursed Goddess’s right hand, and the person in charge of the fighting pit also tried her best to save her.

And yet Bu Fang still insisted on killing her?! He was a bit too arrogant, was he not? The person in charge was a Chaotic Saint! If she were not in charge of the fighting pit, she would at least be a countess or a marchioness!

“How presumptuous! How dare you speak to me like that?” The old woman was furious, and her eyes widened in anger. Chaotic Energy surged behind her, releasing an oppressive aura toward Bu Fang.

No matter how talented Bu Fang was, he had only produced a wisp of Chaotic Energy. Who was he to be so wild in front of her?!

“Whitey,” Bu Fang called faintly.

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Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed, then it clenched its palm further. The next moment, in the audience’s horrified eyes, Bess’s neck was crushed by the puppet.

Such an injury was obviously unable to kill her. The flesh around the wound kept writhing, trying to heal. Bess was not so easy to kill. After all, she had reached the level where she could be reborn with only a drop of her blood left.

However, Whitey naturally had its way to accomplish the task. With a buzzing sound, the flags behind its back shot up to the sky and then slammed down. In a flash, Bess’s body was blown to pieces by the flags, completely shattered.

Her divine sense rose into the air, and she gave Bu Fang a venomous look. “How dare you destroy my body?! Her Excellency Soul will not spare you!” She cursed viciously.

Bu Fang, however, was unmoved by her curses.

Whitey patted its belly, which immediately open. A black hole was spinning inside, releasing a powerful suction force.

Bess was terrified—the black hole frightened her. She had a feeling that if she was sucked into it, she would probably die for real!

“What an unruly fellow! I forbid you to be presumptuous here!”

The old crone flew into a rage. With a shake of her hand, she produced a walking stick with a dragon head and thrust it at Whitey. She wanted to stop this puppet from killing Bess. She did not expect that even though she had spoken, Bu Fang would still dare to kill Bess.

Chaotic Energy swirled around the walking stick, giving off an icy aura that struck fear into all the people in the audience.

“Whitey, don’t stop.”

Bu Fang's cold voice filled the air. The next moment, he appeared in front of the walking stick, raised his Taotie Arm, and caught it. The Vermilion Robe flapped noisily in the wind.

With a thump, one of his feet stomped on the ground, then he took several steps back in succession, shattering the ground with each step. However, he managed to block the blow!

The old woman's pupils constricted, while the spectators were so shocked that they forgot to breathe.

"This..."

"Good heavens! Not only did he insist on killing Her Excellency Bess, but he even dared to confront the person in charge of the fighting pit! Has this chef gone mad?"

"Is Her Excellency Bess... digging her own grave this time?"

A lot of people were shocked. From his first match to now, Bu Fang had never killed a single person. His ten consecutive victories were earned by stripping his opponents naked. He did not even kill anyone in his first two qualifying matches.

However, at this moment, he was emitting a monstrous and icy killing aura! It turned out that a serious chef was pretty scary!

"How dare you stand in my way? You've got a lot of nerve, young man!" said the old woman.

Bu Fang twitched his lips.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed. The next moment, the powerful suction force burst forth.

Bess was seized with terror. She did not want to die. She was a person with ambition. She wanted to be a Chaotic Saint and stand at the top of the universe. How could she die like this? If her divine sense was sucked into that black hole, she knew she would be wiped out completely.

If her divine sense could survive, she would be able to reconstruct her fleshly body, and it would not take long for her to return to the top again. So, she did not want to die!

She struggled crazily, trying to fly away. However, no matter how hard she tried, she could not escape. Bit by bit, she was pulled toward Whitey's stomach. Soon, half of her was sucked in. She clutched at the edge of the black hole in horror, but she was still being swallowed up bit by bit.

The scene made the scalps of those who were watching go numb. It was only now that they realized how terrifying the Clothes-Stripping Crazy Demon was.

Many of the experts who had fought against Bu Fang, the unfortunate ones who had been stripped by Whitey, were soaked in a cold sweat at this moment.

Holding the walking stick, the crone wanted to knock Bu Fang away and save Bess, but she was horrified to find that the aura of the chef in front of her had changed.

Bu Fang's black hair slowly turned white, and his aura became cold, ethereal, and arrogant. His eyes grew sharper and sharper. With the corners of his mouth lifted slightly and one of his hands clutching at the walking stick, he raised his chin.

"Old thing... You're wild, aren't you? Do you think you'll be wilder than me, Howling?" he said faintly.

The arrogance and disdain in his tone made the old crone look confused. At the same time, she could sense that Bu Fang's aura was skyrocketing and rushing into the realm of Chaotic Saints.

Suddenly, with a loud bang, white-haired Bu Fang punched the walking stick, sending it flying backward.

The crone gave a long scream and unleashed her Chaotic Saint cultivation base in the blink of an eye. White-haired Bu Fang bent his body forward slightly, then kicked the ground hard, sending himself shooting straight up into the sky. As the two of them fought in midair, the whole fighting pit began to shake violently as if the end of the world had come.

At this moment, Bu Fang was very rampant. After being possessed by the arrogant White Tiger, he showed amazing fighting prowess.

Meanwhile, Bess continued to howl in misery. She had only one-third of her divine sense left. She was struggling desperately. "Your Excellency Soul... Save me! I don't want to die!"

All kinds of emotions filled her, including resentment, madness, and fear. Perhaps her cry for help was heard, for a deafening rumble suddenly rang out as if some fierce beast was approaching.

A few moments later, the gate of District B opened with a bang. A black chariot rushed out of it, on which stood a graceful figure, who was emitting a chilly but fearsome aura that seemed to be a little stronger than Countess Xia Qiu's.

With the appearance of the figure, the audience in the fighting pit went crazy.

“It’s Cursed Goddess Soul!”

“Good heavens! A big boss has appeared! Her Excellency Bess’s backer has shown up!”

“This chef is dead! There’s no one to save him now!”

The fighting pit erupted with a deafening uproar.

With a rumbling sound, the crone was knocked flying away, smashing hard into the wall surrounding the fighting pit. The tremendous impact shattered the wall, sending debris tumbling down. The whole district seemed to shake at this moment.

The White-haired Bu Fang stood proudly in midair with his arms crossed over his chest and his chin raised.

“Stop it. Bess serves me, and I forbid you to kill her,” the woman in the chariot said in a clear, cold voice. She was emanating a terrifying Soul Demon aura that seemed more oppressive than that of a Great Soul Overlord.

On the ground, Whitey’s movements stopped. In midair, white-haired Bu Fang raised his chin and looked coldly at the woman. “You’re arrogant, woman. You’re even more arrogant than me, Howling! In that case, come and fight me! Let’s see which of us is more arrogant! To me, you’re all trash!”

The spectators were speechless.

The woman in the chariot was indifferent. Her expression did not change at all as if she did not take Bu Fang seriously.

Suddenly, Bu Fang’s white hair turned black. “I’m sorry, what did you just say? Can you repeat it? I just got lost in thought and didn’t hear it clearly...” he rubbed his face and said faintly.

The spectators were rendered speechless once again. Was this chef a psychopath?

“I told you to... let her go,” said the woman.

Bu Fang raised his brows and nodded. Then, he turned his head to Whitey, raised his thumb, and moved it gently across his throat.

1

“Whitey, kill her.”

“He’s so aggressive!”

The audience was stunned. Why was there such a domineering and unruly chef in the world? Why was he so fearless even in the face of the Cursed Goddess, the potential future heir of Void City? Who gave him the courage?

The way he moved his thumb across his throat was so casual and nonchalant that it sent chills through the audience. However, there were some people whose blood was boiling.

There were three Cursed Goddesses in Void City, and each of them had her supporters.

The birth and selection of Cursed Goddesses were very strict. They were embryos produced by fusing the Queen of Curses’ blood essence with Void City’s supreme will. When they were very young, they were banished to different universes.

It was extremely difficult for them to grow up and become real Cursed Goddesses.

To put it simply, before a Cursed Goddess grew up, she was a rare human-shaped medicine coveted by countless experts. So, it was not hard to imagine what would happen if she was discovered by someone from another universe. And even if she managed to mature, she would become a public enemy of the entire universe. This was well known.

Just like the Cursed Goddess from the Soul Demon Universe, Soul. She had grown up in an environment where countless Soul Demons were coveting her, and she had even devoured many Soul Demons. Eventually, by a combination of circumstances, she returned to Void City.

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The person who brought her back was Duchess Tianlian, one of the three dukes of District A. With the backing of a duke, Soul’s power was at its height in Void City, suppressing that of the other two Cursed Goddesses.

One of the other Cursed Goddesses was said to be from the Primitive Universe. She was barely a match for Soul. As for the last Cursed Goddess, she came from the much weakened Chaotic Universe. Although she was backed by Duchess Yunlan, she could only tremble under the power of the other two Cursed Goddesses.

“Are you... looking for death?” The noble and cold woman looked at Bu Fang. The words that came out of her slightly dark lips were cold, causing the temperature of the fighting pit to drop a few degrees.

In the distance, the crone White Tiger had knocked away rose to her feet. Her eyes were full of rage and shock.

“Whitey... Kill her,” Bu Fang said.

Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed. Suddenly, the suction emanating from the black hole in its belly became even stronger. Bess, who was struggling to hold on, suddenly panicked as she was sucked into the black hole at a faster rate.

“You are too presumptuous!” The Cursed Goddess flew into a rage. She raised her hand, and a blue cursed snake crept up her arm, spitting its tongue. Then, with a snap of her finger, the snake darted toward Whitey with a terrifying force.

This Cursed Goddess was very strong. In Bu Fang’s perception, she should have reached the peak of the Saint of the Great Path, almost half a foot into the level of a Chaotic Saint.

She had already condensed the Chaotic Energy and was only a little bit of effort away from breaking through the level of a Chaotic Saint. In fact, she was much stronger than Bess and not weaker than the crone.

With a buzzing sound, the Law of Space spread, and Bu Fang disappeared from where he was. When he reappeared, he was standing in front of Whitey.

The blue cursed snake kept spitting its tongue as a terrifying aura erupted from it. Focusing his eyes, Bu Fang reached out a hand and caught it. The snake struggled, but no matter how hard it tried, it could not advance any further.

“What a fool. No one dares to touch my curse.” The Cursed Goddess, Soul, curled her lips.

Sure enough, as soon as Bu Fang touched the snake, its curse power spread along his skin and began corroding his arm.

Meanwhile, Whitey had already completed devouring Bess. The latter’s divine sense, and even her miserable cries, were gone. She was a peak Saint of the Great Path, yet she was killed by a puppet! That made many people in the audience shudder!

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly. With a shake of his hand, he produced an oyster pancake. He stuffed it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed. The next moment, the curse power was slowly suppressed, and his arm that had turned blue was gradually healed.

Soul's pupils constricted as she watched. "You were able to suppress the curse power?" Her face grew colder and colder. "Is this the chef's special ability? In any case, you killed one of my people, so you must pay with your life!" she said.

As her voice faded, the crone at her side moved, flying through the air at lightning speed. For a person in charge of the fighting pit, being knocked away by Bu Fang was humiliating. She wanted revenge, so she took the opportunity to attack, and if she could capture Bu Fang, she would give him to the Cursed Goddess as a gift.

Bu Fang frowned and sighed. 'Looks like I'm really going to fight my way into District B...' he thought to himself. As a chef, he really hated fighting. He was tired of killing, and he actually longed for peace very much. Unfortunately...

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok emerged in front of him, and he grabbed it with one hand. Chaotic Energy fell on it as he raised it and threw it out.

A rumbling sound filled the air as the crone's walking stick collided with the black wok. The blow was powerful, but she was not going to retreat so easily. At this moment, her curse power turned into a huge spider web and fell toward Bu Fang, trying to capture him.

The crone was only a novice in the realm of the Chaotic Saints, so her Chaotic Energy was much weaker than that of a countess like Xia Qiu. Therefore, Bu Fang was not afraid of her.

He pulled out the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and activated the God of Cooking's Eye. The next moment, he made a slash. With a loud boom, the slash sent the crone back and cut the web to pieces.

Soul watched with an indifferent face. In her opinion, Bu Fang was already a dead man.

As the person in charge of the fighting pit in District B, the crone was a Chaotic Saint, but she was of a weaker kind. Otherwise, she would not just be someone managing a fighting pit. After all, who would want to do such a thankless job if they could get the rank of count or marquis?

After killing Bess, Whitey burped and joined the fight. Foxy, sitting atop its head, was shooting Soul Demon meatballs as well. With the two of them joining the fight, the crone felt the pressure increase all of sudden. This caused her to be suppressed by Bu Fang's attack.

It was rare to see an expert like Bu Fang who could fight someone from a higher realm. The old woman was depressed, for once again she was suppressed by him.

Suddenly, Bu Fang threw out a dish. A strange glow flowed over the dish, bloomed, and engulfed the crone, sealing her energy. It turned out that there was a Gourmet Array in

the dish. The crone struggled frantically, trying to break the array, but all her attempts were in vain.

Everyone in the audience sucked in a cold breath. They could not believe that this domineering chef was able to suppress the crone, who was a Chaotic Saint, even though she was only an existence at the bottom of this realm.

The crone was suppressed, but Soul showed no sign of concern or shock. It seemed that even if the crone was killed, she would not be the least bit surprised.

“Aunt Lian, do it...”

Standing on the black chariot, Soul was already feeling a little impatient. She came here to save Bess, but not only did she fail to save her, she was also embarrassed by Bu Fang. Of course, she wanted to make him pay for this. How would she do that? Well, nothing was better than to suppress him with the most powerful means.

“Alas... Since Soul wants you dead, you can go to hell.”

As the unfamiliar voice rang out, the void began to ripple like a pebble had been thrown into a still lake. At the same time, a cloud of Chaotic Energy emerged in the sky, churning violently. The next moment, a long, fair hand stretched out of the mass of Chaotic Energy.

As soon as the hand appeared, it slapped at Bu Fang with a terrifying aura and power. Heaven and earth seemed to have exploded, and the structurally sound fighting pit began to crumble under the power of this slap!

“It’s Duchess Tianlian! Duchess Tianlian has made a move!”

The nobles in the audience exclaimed crazily. In Void City, the Queen of Curses was the noblest existence, and below her were the three dukes. Each of them possessed formidable strength and were the supreme existences in the realm of Chaotic Saints.

This kind of existence rarely showed up in front of people, but today, Duchess Tianlian finally made a move.

Bu Fang immediately felt a terrifying pressure. His pupils constricted. He could sense that the attacker was stronger than the noblewoman who took Nethery away.

‘Is she the duke of District A? The Cursed Goddess’s supporter?’

Bu Fang took a deep breath. When the noblewoman suppressed him and took Nethery away, he already felt extremely unconvinced. Could the same thing happen again today? But he was no longer the same person as he used to be!

Screaming in his head, he activated the God of Cooking's Eye and stared fixedly at the hand that had smashed the whole fighting pit. With a shake of his hand, he produced a Perishing Pot, a Crazy Sword Pot, and several Soul Demon meatballs, fusing them together. Then, he added a piece of enhanced Fortune Flatbread, as well as... Chaotic Energy.

Soon, he was holding an orb, which was emitting a strong aroma and bursting with a dazzling golden light. It was an extremely volatile and violent means of attack, a coalescence of the essence of dishes. However, it could also be described as a crude mash-up product!

Ripples of energy spread from the orb and swept out in all directions. Even Bu Fang was shocked by its power. In his heart, however, he looked forward to the destruction this horrible concoction could do.

Facing the beautiful but deadly hand, he gently pushed the golden orb toward it.

"I'll just name this dish as... the Chaos Pot of Creation!" Bu Fang said coldly.

BOOM!

In a flash, the golden Chaos Pot of Creation collided with the hand, creating a terrifying explosion. At this moment, District C and District B both shook violently, while the fighting pit was reduced to ruins in the blink of an eye.

The nobles who were impacted by the powerful blast were all hovering in midair, coughing up blood and looking frightened. In the center of the explosion, the violent energy continued to destroy everything.

Lying on Whitey's head, Foxy's fur was fluttering wildly as the wind generated by the explosion kept blowing at them. However, her eyes were glowing. At the thought of the golden Chaos Pot of Creation, she felt her mouth water.

A soft exclamation came through the explosion. The next moment, all the smoke and dust disappeared. Bu Fang fell back to the ground, standing in the fighting pit that had been turned into rubble.

Up in the sky, Soul, standing in her chariot, looked somewhat shocked.

"It's a pity that your technique is not perfect... Otherwise, that orb would really be able to explode with the power that can destroy the world."

As a gentle voice echoed out, a figure wearing a white gown emerged from the void. It was a very soft-looking woman. There was something about her that made one want to pamper her. However, weak as she looked, no one would really think that she was frail, for she was one of the three dukes of District A, Duchess Tianlian!

She looked at Bu Fang and sighed with a sad face.

“Aunt Lian, don’t waste your breath with him... Kill him now! Anyone who offended me will be killed!” said Soul, cold and merciless. She was fiercer than the duke.

The next moment, a peal of laughter came out of the void. Then, accompanied by a rumbling sound, a turquoise chariot emerged with a voluptuous figure standing in it. The noblewoman who had taken Nethery away stopped in front of Duchess Tianlian and chuckled.

At the same time, a golden chariot crashed through the void and appeared in front of Soul, on which stood a girl in a long black dress.

“No one can kill him as long as I am here,” said Nethery indifferently, her hair waving in the wind. Her face was expressionless as her black eyes looked straight at Soul.

The two Cursed Goddesses finally clashed head-on!

Chapter 1727: Fight Her!

The air rang with an uproar. Even the fighting pit, which had been reduced to ruins by the explosion, trembled under the noise.

Everyone looked at the sky in disbelief—not only the nobles in the fighting pit, but those in District C, B, and A were also watching the scene in shock. Although the image was blurred by the broken projection array, the scene above the sky was still clear and shocking.

The two Cursed Goddesses were confronting each other at this moment!

In Void City, people could choose to support different Cursed Goddesses, giving each of them countless supporters. So, it was natural for their clash to become a major event in the city.

After all, one of the Cursed Goddesses would inherit the Queen of Curses’ throne, become the supreme lord of Void City, and hold the ultimate power. Anyone who took control of Void City would be in control of this entire universe.

Even the Soul Demon Universe, the Chaotic Universe, and the Primitive Universe dared not offend Void City. As the land of exile for all universes, the city’s importance was self-evident.

This caused the Cursed Goddesses who had the chance to inherit Void City to become very noble. Before they grew up, they were the public enemy of people, but once they matured, they were the supreme princesses of the universes!

However, two such noble Cursed Goddesses were confronting each other for a man. This was beyond the comprehension of many.

Countess Xia Qiu watched with interest, and her eyes had become much more serious. Bu Fang had brought her too many surprises. This was a very... magical chef.

In fact, she was not the only one paying attention. Even the other counts of District C, the marquises of District B, as well as the Cursed Goddess of District A that came from the Primitive Universe and the duke that supported her were also watching.

Many even thought that the high and mighty Queen of Curses was also watching. They sucked in their breath at the thought. If that was true, then this matter was really quite interesting!

Smoke and dust billowed from the ruins. The nobles were all hovering in midair. If one were to compare which power had the most Saints of the Great Path in the countless universes, then Void City would surely be the champion.

After all, all the Saints of the Great Path who were banished from other universes ended up being the residents of Void City. Moreover, as time went by, the requirements to become a Saint of the Great Path in other universes became more and more demanding, but there were no requirements at all here.

Bu Fang finally had a clear sense of the strength of Void City after the ranking battle and the qualifying battle.

Many of the nobles hovering in midair were Saints of the Great Path. Of course, there were also many God Emperors among them. These people, who would be the supreme existences in other universes, could only get themselves a decent reputation here.

Bu Fang stood on the ground. The Vermilion Robe was fluttering. The Chaos Pot of Creation he had just unleashed had consumed a lot of his power. After all, he had to balance and stabilize the energy before the collision, and that required the use of his mental force.

In any case, he was pleased with the power of the explosion. Although much power was wasted by the explosion, he felt that it was worth studying. He decided to let Niu Hansan continue to work on it. Perhaps, it would become his trump card in the not-too-distant future, just like the Perishing Pot Niu Hansan had developed.

The noblewoman smiled gently. She was really beautiful, and she had a great figure. Although her figure was not perfectly proportioned, she was extremely large in the right

places. Standing in front of her, Duchess Tianlian's figure seemed a little thin. The sizes of their bosoms were simply incomparable.

"Sister Tianlian... We are guardians, not fighters. It's not right for you to act like this!" the noblewoman said with a chuckle. As she laughed, her body quivered slightly, causing her bosom to shake exaggeratedly.

Duchess Tianlian glanced at Duchess Yunlan's chest and curled her lips with a sad look on her face.

Nethery was the Cursed Goddess Duchess Yunlan had chosen to support. In fact, Duchess Tianlian could not understand why Duchess Yunlan had chosen this hopeless Cursed Goddess and even stood up against her.

Shouldn't she be on good terms with her? Otherwise, when Soul succeeded to the Queen's throne in the future, she would suffer. As for whether Soul could succeed to the throne, Duchess Tianlian did not think she had any reason to worry.

Nethery's black eyes were fixed on the woman not far in front of her. The gazes of the two women collided in the void, and the muffled sound of thunder could be heard ringing through the air.

Behind Nethery, the huge turquoise cursed snake emerged, threw its head back, and hissed at the sky. Meanwhile, a surge of energy appeared behind Soul, from which a blue cursed snake darted out and roared hideously at Nethery's cursed snake.

With just the aura, Soul's cursed snake suppressed Nethery's cursed snake. This was caused by the gap between their strength, and it was very difficult to overcome.

After inheriting the essence of the Cursed Goddess of the previous generation in the Chaotic Universe, Nethery's strength had only just entered the level of a Saint of the Great Path. She had not even condensed her Chaotic Energy. Soul, on the other hand, was a half-step Chaotic Saint and had also produced Chaotic Energy.

"You want to fight me? You've been cowering... And now you dare stand up against me?" Soul said in a domineering voice. Looking coldly at Nethery, she curled her lips and added, "Is it because of this chef?"

Nethery's pupils constricted, but she did not say anything.

"I know you have a great relationship with this chef, but this attitude is not right. If you want to sit on the throne, you can't get involved in an ambiguous relationship. You need to have a cold and ruthless heart to be worthy of that position. The Queen of Curses doesn't need feelings," Soul said.

Her words shook the void like thunder and darkened Nethery's face. When she said the last word, Nethery trembled, and then blood ran down from the corners of her mouth.

The pressure Soul put on her was just too strong. However, she did not feel intimidated, nor did she flinch. Even under Soul's powerful oppression, she did not give up.

When the noblewoman saw this, she nodded with satisfaction and smiled. Duchess Tianlian, on the other hand, sighed lightly.

"Why is she doing this..."

Down below, Bu Fang exercised his neck a little. He was annoyed by Soul, and the annoyance stemmed from her oppression of Nethery. The oppression, which should have been directed at him, was passed on to the latter.

The Law of Space blossomed around him like a lotus. The next moment, he was in front of Nethery.

"The Queen of Curses doesn't need feelings?" Bu Fang looked indifferently at Soul. "Do you think you're the Queen of Curses now?"

Soul glanced at Bu Fang, then she ignored him completely. "Who are you? What makes you think you have the right to talk here? Aunt Lian, kill him." Her cold voice rang out.

Aunt Lian, who was blocked by the noblewoman, sighed again. The next moment, she disappeared, leaving numerous afterimages at where she was.

"Oh, wait for me, sister." The noblewoman chuckled, her ample bosom trembling.

In the blink of an eye, the two figures split into countless figures in midair. For a moment, the whole sky was obscured by their clones. A low rumbling sound filled the air as energy waves swept out in all directions. In just a brief moment, they had exchanged tens of thousands of blows.

Bu Fang glanced at them with the God of Cooking's Eye and saw everything clearly. However, he did not pay too much attention to their battle.

Boom!

Duchess Tianlian took a step back, and her gaze became much more serious. The noblewoman, on the other hand, was drenched in sweat. Her sexy lips parted slightly as she kept exhaling hot air.

Soul could not help frowning when she saw the scene. "You guys are going to start a war, aren't you?" she said, tilting her head with a half-smile on her face.

Bu Fang looked at her indifferently.

Suddenly, Nethery reached out a hand, grabbed Bu Fang's shoulder, and pulled him behind her. "Let me handle this..." she said.

Bu Fang paused. He could hear the resoluteness in her voice, so he did not say anything. Looking at her, he decided to let her solve the situation.

Soul was very confident. She felt she had Nethery in her grasp—she knew that the latter did not dare to fight her. As a newly returned Cursed Goddess, Nethery had no power, no capital, and no strength. How was she going to fight her?

Did she think she could rely on Duchess Yunlan? But as the duchess had said just now, they were only guardians, not fighters, so she could not help Nethery in the fight.

Besides, one duke was not enough at all. Soul had already controlled many marquises and counts. A duke was not enough to fight against so many opponents.

She was sure that Nethery would not dare to fight and would bow to her. As long as Nethery gave up in front of everyone today, she would have profited from the situation. After that, Nethery would no longer be a threat to her and would be disqualified from competing with her for the Queen's throne.

The corners of Soul's mouth curled slightly. After years of living in the Soul Demon Universe and being infused with the power of sin, she had a very precise grasp of the human mind.

The nobles were watching. Would the newly returned Cursed Goddess go to war with a veteran Cursed Goddess over a chef? If so, then they would really admire her courage.

Bu Fang looked at Nethery. The noblewoman in the distance also looked at her.

Duchess Tianlian sighed again. "I actually don't like Soul's aggressive attitude. But that's the only way she can sit on the throne."

It was a dilemma for her. She felt sorry for the newly returned Cursed Goddess, but she also wanted Soul to sit on the throne.

Nethery stared indifferently at Soul. Looking at her confident and proud expression, her attitude said she had everything under her control.

She also knew that this was a choice that would bring the end to her. She did not have the capital to go to war. However, if she did not go to war now, then she would lose the qualification to do it again in the future.

Her eyelashes quivered slightly, and her eyes seemed to wander.

Suddenly, an aroma came into her nose. It startled her a little. She turned her head and immediately saw Bu Fang, standing next to her, holding a bowl of spicy blood lobsters.

Bu Fang picked up a blood lobster. With a shake of his hand, the shell fell off, revealing the tender white flesh.

When the tantalizing fragrance wafted into Nethery's nostrils, she was somewhat dazed. Then, she pursed her lips, and her eyes were drawn to the blood lobster.

"Here, eat a blood lobster to calm down." Bu Fang threw the flesh of the blood lobster to Nethery.

She took it and stuffed it into her mouth.

"Don't worry, fight her. So what if she has an army? You have me," Bu Fang said expressionlessly, stuffing a blood lobster into his mouth and rubbing Nethery's head.

Chapter 1728: Bewitched by the Chef

The atmosphere became a little awkward when Bu Fang made that remark. He looked handsome when he said that, but to the spectators, he was just talking big.

Could a chef fight against an army? That was the army of Void City! In other universes, this army would be strong enough to wipe out everything! Was he going to brandish his ladle in front of such a formidable army?

The nobles hovering in midair thought it was ridiculous, so they laughed. Was this the time to be heroic? At this moment, they saw in Bu Fang a higher level of blatant exaggeration.

Even a marquis would not dare to say that they could fight against an army, but Bu Fang had just made such a shameless boast.

At the other end of the projection array, Countess Xia Qiu could not help but laugh when she heard Bu Fang speak so shamelessly.

"There's something... interesting about this chef."

The other marquises and counts only thought that Bu Fang was crazy. No one believed him. Of course, they did not think Nethery would believe him either. The reason was simple: The Cursed Goddess was not stupid.

Soul looked at Bu Fang as if he were a fool. 'Where did this stupid chef come from? Is he trying to make me laugh so hard until I die so Nethery can succeed to the throne?' she thought to herself.

The noblewoman, on the other hand, was laughing so hard that her whole body was shaking.

Bu Fang felt that there was nothing wrong with what he said. Was he no better than a mere army? He peeled off the shell of a blood lobster with one hand and stuffed the tender flesh into his mouth.

Nethery's eyes flickered as she chewed the lobster meat. "Well, I'll fight her, then," she said. Her voice, calm and cold, filled the air.

The next moment, all the nobles hovering in midair fell silent.

"What? What did Her Excellency Nethery say?! She chose to go to war? She really trusts this chef and chooses to fight? She's going to fight the most powerful and strongest Cursed Goddess? Is she out of her mind?"

Everyone was dumbfounded and could not believe what they had just heard.

Even Soul had not expected this. She thought Nethery would not make such a stupid decision, but she did.

'Has she been bewitched by the chef? Or is she being held captive by the lobster meat? The Queen of Curses is right. There is indeed some truth to the fact that chefs are the people to be wary of the most in this world...'

"Are you sure? I'll give you one more chance to choose..." Soul looked at Nethery seriously.

"I choose war!" Nethery said in a powerful voice. With her long hair and long dress waving in the wind, she looked very beautiful at this moment.

"Well, well... Since you are looking for death, then I will fight you to the end."

Soul's voice was cold. The next moment, the blue cursed snake appeared in her hand. She crushed it, and an invisible curse power rushed into the void and spread.

"Since you chose to go to war with me, prepare yourself for death! This chef can't save you! I hope you won't regret it when the time comes!"

It was a decision Nethery made on her own. Now that she had overreached herself, what awaited her would be despair.

“Aunt Lian, let’s go,” said Soul. After that, she turned around. Her chariot rumbled, causing the void to tremble. Before she left, she turned her head slightly and looked at Bu Fang.

“If you want to rely on this chef, you’d better wait until he gets into District A... How can he be your army if he can’t even enter District A? Ridiculous...”

Soul shook her head. Then, her chariot crushed the void and sped away.

Duchess Tianlian sighed. “Poor Cursed Goddess...” Her figure slowly disappeared, leaving only her voice with a hint of sadness echoing in the air.

Soul left brusquely. She did not kill Bu Fang, who had killed her right hand. Now that Nethery had made the decision, it was no big deal for her to spare Bu Fang’s life. There was no way this chef could set foot in District A alive.

The throne of Void City was hers!

The tension had finally dissipated. The nobles all let out a breath of relief. They were relieved to see Soul go. The pressure she brought them was just too much.

It proved that she was the strongest Cursed Goddess ever. After all, if she did not have the strength and toughness, she could not have survived in that messy Soul Demon Universe.

On the contrary, Nethery... They thought it was not too much to describe her as stupid.

Bu Fang hovered in midair. The plate of spicy blood lobsters had been finished by him, Nethery, and Foxy.

At this moment, the noblewoman descended and stopped in front of them. Looking at Nethery, her long eyelashes fluttered slightly. “Are you sure you won’t regret your decision? Choosing to go to war with Soul now is really unwise. Even the other Cursed Goddess wouldn’t dare to start a war with her...”

She sighed and glanced at Bu Fang. Her face, however, showed no emotion. “If you made the decision because of this chef, tell me, and I can help you out.”

However, to her surprise, Nethery shook her head.

“It’s okay. I trust Bu Fang,” said Nethery. Her lips were red from the lobster meat she had eaten.

“It’s still uncertain whether he’ll set foot in District A alive, and you’re counting on him?” The noblewoman shook her head. She still felt that this decision was too stupid.

Bu Fang naturally did not know that he was considered a stupid decision by her. But even if he knew, he would not care. Who said a chef could not fight an army? He would prove it to them.

“Let’s go.” The noblewoman prepared to leave with Nethery. “If you want to help Nethery, getting to District B is not enough. Come to District A. We’ll wait for you there. Be quick, for if you are late, she is likely to be turned into a skeleton outside the city.”

Her words rang in Bu Fang’s ears. The next moment, Nethery’s chariot also crushed through the void and disappeared in a flash.

The whole fighting pit was quiet. It was not until the two Cursed Goddesses had gone that an uproar erupted among the people. Everyone looked at Bu Fang with sarcasm and disdain. Most of those present were Soul’s supporters—her roots in Void City were too deep.

Bu Fang landed on the ground.

With a rumbling sound, the crone broke free from her bonds. Her hair was disheveled, and her face was hideous.

“I can enter District C now, right?” Bu Fang asked.

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The crone was furious, but she could do nothing. She was tempted to use her power to disqualify Bu Fang, but that was not allowed in Void City because a supreme will was watching over her.

“Yes!” She was so depressed that she wanted to vomit blood. After working hard most of the day and even getting beaten up twice, she still could not stop the chef.

Bu Fang waved at Whitey, then put his hands behind his back and walked toward District B. The nobles kept shouting and booing at him, but he turned a deaf ear.

As the noblewoman said, now that Nethery had chosen to fight Soul, her peaceful days were numbered. So he had to race against time to get into District A. Otherwise, what awaited him could be Nethery’s bones. This was no joke.

“You’ll die! You will surely die a terrible death!” said the crone viciously, standing in the ruins as she stared at Bu Fang’s back.

She cursed Bu Fang to die a miserable death. No one could stop Soul from ascending to the throne of the Queen of Curses, not even this chef, for the Queen of Curses would not allow a Cursed Goddess to ascend to the throne with the help of a chef.

Bu Fang pretended not to hear the crone's words. The nobles kept growling and cursing him, but he did not look back. He just kept walking step by step toward District B with Whitey.

Just as he was about to step into District B, Bu Fang raised a fist and held out a middle finger. This made the nobles curse even louder. He succeeded in attracting the hatred of everyone.

As soon as he stepped into District B, Bu Fang was greeted by a city that was far more bustling and prosperous than District C.

According to Countess Xia Qiu, District B was not as large as District C, but it had more elites, and they were much stronger. To put it bluntly, Void City was a place where strength reigned supreme. The stronger a person was, the more resources he could get.

If Bu Fang wanted to get into District A and find Nethery, he had to go through District B. But how was he going to go through District B? He was at a loss of what to do. Was he going to fight all the way in, as Countess Xia Qiu had said?

And then there was the Soul Demon's arm. Bu Fang felt he needed to find it. He could not let it grow.

District B was very busy. As Bu Fang walked in it, he found that people around him all looked at him with strange eyes filled with sarcasm, ridicule, and disdain. Obviously, they all knew about the feat he had done in the fighting pit.

'Is there a kind-hearted person who can tell me how to get into District A? Is there a fighting pit in District B as well?' Bu Fang pondered.

While he was lost in thought, a wheezing sound filled the air. With a deafening clanking noise, a group of guards riding on ferocious beasts zoomed in on him.

Bu Fang, in a daze, raised his head and looked up at the group of guards in the sky. The leading guard held a long, cold spear with a red tassel at its tip, which was pointing at him.

"Found him. By order of the Marquis, take this chef down! We can't let him hinder Her Excellency Soul's plan! If he resists, kill him!" the leading guard said coldly.

Those who followed him all exuded powerful auras, and among them were three Saints of the Great Path. Together with the leader, there were four Saints of the Great path, while the other guards were all God Emperors. They were here to capture Bu Fang.

Bu Fang did not expect the enemy to come so quickly. Soul had said that it was still uncertain whether he could get out of District B alive. Now, it seemed that she had been prepared.

“Move out!” roared the leading guard.

For a moment, bestial roars echoed through the skies and shook the earth. The whole District B was boiling at this moment. All the nobles were watching with great interest, and their faces had a gloating look.

‘Didn’t you say you could stand up against an army? Now is the time to prove yourself!’

‘Is this Soul’s army?’ Bu Fang looked at the group of guards with an expressionless face. He focused his eyes. At that moment, the ill feelings he had endured since he arrived in Void City ignited his anger.

“Whitey, Foxy, come with me... Let’s fight all the way to District A.”

Chapter 1729: Fight All the Way In

The army of Void City was the strongest force in the universes, an existence that no universe would dare to take lightly. Bu Fang, however, decided to fight this army alone.

What he was facing now was not the army of Void City. It was only a small team with not many soldiers, and the leader was just a Saint of the Great Path. However, such a team was strong enough to wipe out some smaller universes.

Both Whitey and Foxy responded after hearing Bu Fang’s words. Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed, and the flags behind it unfurled. The little fox, on the other hand, opened her mouth. Deep in her throat, energy began to gather.

Since the enemy was so aggressive, Bu Fang had no other choice but to fight! He had decided to fight all the way from District B to District A!

At this moment, the four Saints of the Great Path fell and charged toward Bu Fang from different directions, unabashedly releasing their killing intent. Bu Fang knew that if given the chance, these experts would kill him without hesitation. He would no longer be merciful.

“One man can’t fight against an army?”

Bu Fang shook his head. If the strength of an individual reached an extreme level, even an army could not do anything to him. The best example was the Queen of Curses. She could easily wipe out an entire army alone.

But... Was Bu Fang the Queen of Curses? Of course not. And, of course, the army had its strengths!

In the sky, those God-Emperor-level soldiers joined their aura, while the savage beasts they rode roared wildly. Soon, they formed an array. A surge of energy burst from the array and materialized into a huge cursed snake.

This was a very terrifying cursed snake. Its scales were covered with a layer of chilly luster, and its every move was filled with explosive power capable of shattering heaven and earth. It was definitely the most deadly weapon of war.

The next moment, the soldiers attacked!

Whitey thrust the spear it was holding and collided with the troops. The spear struck the cursed snake with a deafening boom!

“Attack!”

Beneath the cursed snake were many soldiers of Void City. All of them were under the command of a marquis and had been ordered to kill Bu Fang. When so many soldiers shouted in unison, the void seemed to be on the verge of shattering.

Impacted by the shout, Whitey took a step back.

On the other side, the four Saints of the Great Path were closing in on Bu Fang. They each held a divine artifact, and they wanted to kill him on the spot. They thought he was too presumptuous to try to start a war with Soul.

Shrimpy had grown larger and turned into a golden ray of light as it flew at high speed in the sky. It was moving so fast that it was almost traveling through the void. Foxy sat on its back and kept spewing Soul Demon meatballs.

The golden meatballs fell on the cursed snake and exploded with great power, causing its body to tilt. Whitey took the opportunity to keep bombarding the cursed snake.

...

“The marquis will reward us handsomely if we kill the chef,” said the leading Saint of the Great Path with glowing eyes.

The next moment, all four of them struck at the same time as if they had planned it in advance. The curse power spread rapidly, turning into a hurricane and enveloping Bu

Fang in an instant. The gale whipped up sand and rocks, while the ground began to crumble continuously.

The battle had only just begun, but the fluctuations that it released were already extremely terrifying!

Many people were watching from afar. Some of the experts who did not support Soul chose to watch, but more people were laughing at Bu Fang for overreaching himself.

They could not believe that someone was planning to fight Soul's army alone. It was known to all that almost the whole army of Void City was under her control, with only a handful of soldiers divided between the other two Curses Goddesses.

Meanwhile, someone else was watching from the depths of District B. Those were three experts with terrifying auras. They were not as strong as the dukes, but they were not far off. It was easy to guess that they were the three marquises.

The three marquises were the rulers of District B, and they divided up the whole district. The bad news for Bu Fang was that two of the three were supporting Soul.

Bu Fang's Vermilion Robe was fluttering. His feet were on the ground, and he was constantly moving, dodging the deadly energy blasts that were falling from the sky like a butterfly amid an explosion.

With an expressionless face, he glanced up at the four Saints of the Great Path. They were closing in on him in a menacing manner. Suddenly, he stomped his foot and shattered the ground. His hair floated up and then began to turn white.

Since Bu Fang's cultivation base had improved, he was already physically strong enough to carry the power of the Artifact Spirits, and all the previous restrictions were gone.

"White Tiger... kill them all," Bu Fang said indifferently.

The next moment, his black hair completely turned white, and his aura had changed as well.

An icy, evil smile spread across the corner of white-haired Bu Fang's mouth. He was Howling the White Tiger now, who had full control over his power. He held out his hand and spread his palm. The crimson divine flame that pulsed over his palm was turning white, too.

With a rumbling sound, four energy blasts fell to engulf and kill Bu Fang.

White-haired Bu Fang, however, only let out a long whistle, and he stomped his feet again. The ground of District B cracked, and powerful waves of air burst out from those

cracks. Then, like a flash of white light, he sprinted straight toward the four energy blasts, unflinching.

Bam! Bam!

A mass of gorgeous light burst in the sky, so bright that it dazzled everyone's eyes.

The hearts of the four Saints of the Great Path skipped a beat. They did not think they could have killed Bu Fang so easily. Moreover, the violent aura he emitted was so obvious that it could not be concealed by the explosion. They did not dare to lower their guard.

Suddenly, the explosion was wiped out. In Bu Fang's hand, a white flame danced. He clenched his palm and crushed the flame. The next moment, the flame turned into a white tiger in midair and pounced fiercely on the four Saints of the Great Path.

At the same time, Bu Fang's body also bounced toward them like a spring, approaching at a very fast speed. With a wheezing sound, he closed in on them in a flash.

"In front of me, Howling, you are all trash!"

Bu Fang grinned, showing his sharp canine teeth. Then, he and the four Saints of the Great Path began to fight. In the blink of an eye, they exchanged thousands of moves, their arms clashing so fast that it was impossible to see clearly.

Suddenly, a loud crunch rang out as the face of one of the Saints was twisted by a blow. His arm broke, and he crashed to the ground like a meteor. The other three Saints were also knocked away by Bu Fang.

However, this was only the beginning!

Bu Fang moved like a ghost, looking as fierce as a tiger. He put his palm on the shoulder of a Saint and cracked the guy's bones. A large amount of blood spurted from the wound and spilled from the sky.

Bu Fang screamed like the craziest man in the battle as he punched the Saint over and over again. Suddenly, he ripped the Saint's body in half, spilling the guy's blood and entrails on the ground. The Saint's divine soul managed to flee the body, but he looked panicked.

Bu Fang did not stop. From the moment he asked Howling to kill them, the tragic end of these Saints of the Great Path was already decided. When the White Tiger showed up, there was bound to be a massacre!

A ball of flame swirled, turned into a flaming spear, and pierced another Saint of the Great Path in the chest. The divine artifact in the Saint's hand lost its luster and fell,

smashing the ground. The next moment, the tip of the flaming spear shook, and the Saint's body exploded. His divine soul escaped, too.

The two remaining guys suffered the same fate. The White Tiger never showed mercy.

Such a bloody, brutal scene shocked countless people and made them forget to breathe. They now knew that when a chef started killing, it was quite terrifying!

The four Saints of the Great Path were defeated!

After being possessed by the White Tiger, Bu Fang was so strong that he could even defeat the person in charge of the fighting pit. Although the crone's strength was relatively weak, she was, after all, a Chaotic Saint.

In the distance, with the joint efforts of Foxy and Whitey, the battle was quickly over. After the array formed by the God Emperors was destroyed by them, the soldiers lost their ability to resist.

With every Soul Demon meatball she spewed, Foxy annihilated a bunch of soldiers. The explosion generated by the meatball was simply too much for the weaker soldiers to resist. As for Whitey, its tactics were much bloodier.

Shrimpy flew back and landed on its shoulder. Then, Whitey kept thrusting its silver spear and pierced a soldier with every thrust. The soldiers had encountered their worst nightmare. No matter how hard they tried, they just could not dodge or fend off the spear.

All the God Emperors who were pierced by the spear burst apart instantly, while some of them even had their souls shattered and died on the spot. Whitey, who up until now had been just stripping off its opponents' clothes, finally showed its brutal side.

The soldiers felt chills run down their backs. Routed, they fled madly toward the distance.

Whitey kept its steady pace. With the silver spear in its hand, it walked step by step. Under the starlight, its mechanical eyes flashed, and its white body was bathed in blood. It looked domineering and aggressive at this moment.

The battle was over. The bodies of the four Saints of the Great Path were torn to pieces by Bu Fang, and their divine souls had fled, while the soldiers were routed by Whitey with a spear.

All those who saw this ending gasped, dumbfounded. Some of the nobles in District B were shivering. They all thought that Bu Fang was a madman. The soldiers of this squad belong to the marquis's army, and yet he killed them without hesitation!

A squad of soldiers was routed. This seemed to be a preliminary fulfillment of Bu Fang's promise that he alone could stand up against an army.

"Let's fight our way in," Bu Fang said faintly. He raised his chin and played with the fire with one hand.

Whitey, Foxy, and Shrimpy followed him as they headed toward District A. Along the way, no one in District B dared to stop them. Some of Soul's followers did run toward them, howling, but they were all impaled by Whitey's spear or torn by Bu Fang's hands.

The nobles of District B simply could not stop him. Bu Fang led Whitey and the others from the entrance of District B to the inner part of the district, killing anyone who tried to stop them.

"Why hasn't the Marquis made a move? Are we just going to let this crazy chef kill people here in such an impudent way? This will ruin the reputation of District B!" cried a viscount of District B. He was covered with blood. Earlier, he had tried to stop them, but Whitey had put a hole through him with the spear.

Bu Fang and his companions had gathered momentum of their own. At this moment, they were unstoppable!

In his spirit sea, Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and looked indifferently at everything outside. The White Tiger was in charge of the slaughter, so it was the best decision to leave this task to him.

Suddenly, Bu Fang's pupils constricted. Outside, white-haired Bu Fang and Whitey stopped, for a surge of pressure fell and blocked their way forward.

With a rumbling sound, a long, blood-colored knife fell from the sky. It hit the ground with a clang, and half of the blade was sunk into the ground.

Bu Fang felt something flicker in front of his eyes. The next moment, a heroic-looking woman wearing a blood-colored robe with blood-colored hair appeared and stood on the hilt of the knife.

Behind her, one expert carrying a bloody knife after another stepped out. They were so numerous that they soon covered the sky!

There was a moment of complete silence among the nobles in the surroundings, and then an uproar broke out.

A marquis finally struck!

Chapter 1730: It Takes Only One Slash To Kill

How could the marquises of District B let such a lawless chef run amok? In many people's opinion, they should have taken action long ago. However, it was not too late to do that now.

On the hilt of that long, bloody knife stood a blood-haired woman. All those who saw her were shocked and horrified.

"It's Marchioness Moti and her Blood Guard!"

I can't believe it's Marchioness Moti! This mad chef is dead!"

"She's a crazy existence who single-handedly slaughtered an entire great universe!"

The nobles were so excited that they were somewhat incoherent. They all looked feverishly at the woman on the hilt of the knife, who was like a blazing flame that filled everyone in District B with hope. The countless Blood Guards were her sharper knife. Wherever this knife was pointed, everything would be annihilated.

In fact, each of the three marquises was very powerful. White-haired Bu Fang could clearly feel the pressure emanating from the red-haired woman, and it took him by surprise.

This woman's fighting prowess was not weaker than Countess Xia Qiu's, and her murderous aura was even stronger than the latter. Bu Fang was not too surprised. He knew that, sooner or later, he would encounter such an obstacle if he wanted to fight his way into District A. The Marchioness's intervention was inevitable.

Marchioness Moti glanced at Bu Fang, then she kicked the hilt. The knife roared and jumped up. With a rumbling sound, the blade cut through the ground and created a deep trench. The ground of District B was incomparably solid, harder than the average star core, but her knife managed to cut through it like tofu.

"So, you're the crazy chef who wants to start a war with Her Excellency Soul..."

Marchioness Moti grabbed the blood-colored knife with one hand. The blade was as wide as a palm, but its thickness was almost two fingers combined, giving it an unusual heaviness. The Blood Guards behind her, holding blood-colored knives, looked menacing as well. In fact, they were stronger than the rabble who attacked Bu Fang just now!

No one thought Bu Fang could win. The fact that he had defeated the person in charge of the fighting pit proved that he was a fierce fighter, but Marchioness Moti was far stronger than the crone. Each of the three marquises was super fearsome.

He could clearly sense that, too. Any of these marquises should have the strength of a perfected modern-day Heavengod, which was equivalent to the middle to late stage of a Chaotic Saint. And they had accumulated a tremendous amount of Chaotic Energy.

Even Bu Fang did not have the confidence to defeat them. But was he going to retreat? No. He couldn't retreat. He had said that he was going to fight his way into District A, and he would keep fighting! So what if his opponent was a marquis?

"Howling, kill them all," Bu Fang said indifferently, putting his hands behind his back in his spirit sea.

As his voice faded away, white-haired Bu Fang threw his head back and roared. "Marchioness? In my eyes, you're just trash..." he said arrogantly. The next moment, he stomped his feet and rushed out in a flash.

"Has this chef gone crazy?!"

"He's facing a marquis! What makes this chef think he can fight such a fearsome expert?"

"He's simply courting death!"

...

Marchioness Moti gave Bu Fang a cold glance and then took a step forward. Chaotic Energy flowed around her. In the blink of an eye, she was in front of him, slamming the back of her knife at his hands. In her mind's eye, she could already see that the blow broke the chef's hands, even though she only used the back of the knife.

Suddenly, she froze. She saw the chef's hand turned a little, then darted up along the knife as if he was about to grab her neck and crush it. She shook her wrist. A tremendous force burst out of the knife and knocked him flying away.

White-haired Bu Fang fell in midair. He roared, then rushed at her again. At the same time, the white divine flame quickly covered his palm, turned into a tiger paw, and slapped toward Marchioness Moti.

"You really are an insolent chef. In that case, I'll behead you and give it to Her Excellency Soul as a present," Marchioness Moti said coldly. After saying that, she lifted her knife with both hands and brought it down hard.

The world seemed to darken at this moment, while a bloody glow blanketed everything as if to isolate them.

White-haired Bu Fang hovered in midair, squinting around. He found himself in a blood-colored realm. It was filled with powerful sword energy, and every wisp of the energy was strong enough to shatter the stars!

“No one can escape from my sword realm! I will kill you with just one slash,” said Marchioness Moti.

Boom!

In a flash, the realm brightened, and Bu Fang found himself surrounded by countless knives. For a moment, it seemed to him that he was facing death. He raised his hand and tried his best to resist.

After a rapid clanging sound, the countless knives disappeared. Bu Fang’s white hair became somewhat disheveled, and there was a gash on his cheek with blood oozing out of it.

“You are no more than a Saint of the Great Path. I really don’t know who gave you the courage.” Marchioness Moti sneered and shook her head. She could clearly sense Bu Fang’s strength. In her opinion, such strength was too weak.

Even though Bu Fang had increased his strength by some strange means, he was still fundamentally just a Saint of the Great Path. An existence of this level was far from enough to face a Chaotic Saint.

She waved her knife casually, and the blood-colored realm in the sky burst apart.

In the nobles’ shocked gazes, Marchioness Moti stood in midair with her knife over her shoulder, while Bu Fang flew backward and smashed into the ground, creating a large pit.

“Sure enough, the chef can’t continue to run amok as soon as the Marchioness makes a move. Their strength is simply not on the same level.”

Many people breathed a sigh of relief. They were really afraid that the chef would crush everyone in District B and make it to District A. If that happened, it would humiliate all the nobles of District B. Now, it seemed that the chef was still too weak to stand up against a marquis.

Bu Fang rolled over in the rubble and stood up, shaking the sand and gravel off him. His hair had turned back to black. He looked up at the woman. To defeat her, he might have to be possessed by Qilin. However, he thought it might not be necessary to go to all that trouble.

“You use a knife, and so am I. How about we compete with knife skills?” Bu Fang said indifferently.

The onlookers froze, while Marchioness Moti, hovering in midair, narrowed her eyes.

“Competing knife skills with you?”

The next moment, she burst out laughing as if she had heard something funny.

“I’m a marchioness of Void City. Why do I need to do that with a chef? What qualifications do you have to compete with me? Blood Guards, tear this chef to pieces and kill all his friends!”

Marchioness Moti brushed off Bu Fang’s challenge. Why did she need to compete knife skills with him when she already had the advantage?

Bu Fang paused for a moment. However, the woman’s reaction did not surprise him too much.

At Marchioness Moti’s command, all the Blood Guards roared. A strong bloody aura erupted from them and enveloped the whole sky in an instant. For a moment, District B was shaking violently. The Blood Guards was a regular army, so powerful that it could shatter the void and slaughter all the living beings in a universe.

Bu Fang immediately felt the terrifying pressure. He took a deep breath. Since Marchioness Moti was so aggressive, he thought he did not need to show any more mercy. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

The next moment, his eyes began to flicker with golden light, and his hair was turning purple at a rate visible to the naked eye. At the same time, his aura skyrocketed, reaching a breathtaking level in the blink of an eye!

Marchioness Moti was taken aback by the aura. “His aura...”

At this moment, the hair of almost everyone in the surroundings stood on end. The aura was in no way weaker than that of a duke! No, it was even stronger than a duke! How could this chef still have a trump card?!

Bu Fang opened his eyes. There seemed to be a huge Qilin looking down on the world from behind him. With a shake of his hand, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife fell into his grip. Qilin was supposed to use his ladle, but this time, he chose to use the kitchen knife, for Bu Fang said he needed a massacre, one that would shake the whole Void City.

Qilin, now controlling Bu Fang's body, glanced warily at the sky. Void City was unfathomable. In fact, he did not approve of Bu Fang's killing spree here. After all, there was an invincible existence in the depths of the city.

However, Bu Fang was the host. Since he needed a massacre, Qilin would do as he was told!

Whitey and Foxy came to Bu Fang's side. The Little Fox opened her mouth, and a plume of thick smoke rushed out from her throat. She was preparing a large Soul Demon Meatball. On the other hand, Whitey's mechanical eyes were shining with seriousness.

However, purple-haired Bu Fang stopped them. He twitched his fingers and made the kitchen knife spin in his palm. After that, he took a step forward.

"Stand behind me, all of you. Watch carefully what real killing is."

As soon as his voice faded away, the Blood Guards in the sky charged toward him.

Marchioness Moti glanced at Bu Fang. His aura gave her a bad feeling, but she hesitated and did not stop the Blood Guards.

'He's obviously just a Saint of the Great Path, but why do I feel something from him that I've only sensed from a duke before? This chef must have used some kind of strange trick to try to deceive me...'

At the thought of this, her desire to kill him became even stronger. "Kill him!"

Every Blood Guard drew his bloody sword and closed in on Bu Fang at great speed.

Purple-haired Bu Fang held the golden kitchen knife tightly. Although he was suppressed by the mighty aura of a fearsome army, he remained calm. With the knife in his hand, he walked up to the sky step by step, facing the army of ten thousand troops alone!

The scene shocked the experts of District B, as well as the experts of District C and District A who were watching all this.

"This chef really intends to fight against ten thousand troops alone? Does he know they are the Blood Guards, the most elite force who serves Marchioness Moti?! He's looking for death!"

There were about ten Saints of the Great Path in the Blood Guards. They were not ordinary saints but experts who could rank in the top ten in the battle for titles. How was Bu Fang going to beat them? Who gave him the courage to fight them?

An ordinary Saint of the Great Path would have trembled just to stand in front of such an army, let alone fight against it.

Purple-haired Bu Fang shook his head. Looking at the approaching Blood Guards, he slowly raised the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the blade of which was surrounded by a wisp of Chaotic Energy. The next moment, he made a slash.

“Watch carefully... It takes only one slash to kill,” he said coldly.

Bu Fang, possessed by Qilin, looked very domineering at this moment!

With a buzzing sound, the kitchen knife gently slashed through the air. A streak of purple knife energy emerged, spread, expanded, and turned into a huge knife, cutting through the body of each Blood Guard.

A light breeze fluttered the Blood Guards’ robes, and then they all froze in midair.

Marchioness Moti’s pupils constricted abruptly.

Many of the nobles who were watching were confused, wondering what was going on. Was there something odd about the seemingly gentle slash? They did not seem to notice anything unusual about it. Suddenly, a noble with keen eyes sucked in a cold breath.

A subtle clicking sound rang out. Then, all the Blood Guards began to break apart. They were all cut in half with a single slash! A rain of blood began to fall on the entire District B!