

## Gourmet of Another World #Chapter 1741: Those Who Crossed the Line Will Die! - Read Gourmet of Another World Chapter 1741: Those Who Crossed the Line Will Die!

*Chapter 1741: Those Who Crossed the Line Will Die!*

Bu Fang sat calmly on his chair, toying with a teapot in his hand.

In the distance, a pellet drum was pierced by a black arrow, which came flying toward Nethery with terrifying energy. Under the impact of the arrow, the void shook and seemed to be on the verge of shattering. Ripples of energy kept spreading in all directions.

Xiao Ai screamed. This was a Chaotic-Saint-level attack. The blow jointly unleashed by Pi Dong and Pi Xi—both Chaotic Saints—was as strong as that of a marquis, and this was what made her scream.

“Your Excellency, move!” she shouted. She tried to alert Nethery. In the face of the arrow, she did not dare to move, so all she could do was scream. She could even imagine Nethery’s tragic look after being pierced by the arrow, and it filled her with dread.

The arrow with black fletching was made with the feathers of the two-headed black phoenix. It was extremely powerful and even came with the terrible power of curses and corruption. Marquis Lang Gu’s pellet drum was not an ordinary drum, yet it was pierced by the arrow in a flash.

Nethery’s pupils constricted. A chill spread up from the soles of her feet and made her shudder. The next moment, the ghostly green cursed snake emerged at her side, trying to block the arrow.

As Xiao Ai was despairing and Nethery was on the alert, a black wok suddenly appeared in front of Nethery. With a crisp clanging sound, the arrow hit the wok. The arrow, which could pierce the rattle, kept spinning on the wok, yet it could not move any further.

Holding the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with one hand, Bu Fang lifted the teapot to his mouth and took a sip. After that, his Taotie Arm exerted a great force and swung the wok, knocking the arrow back. A piercing whistle filled the air as it flew toward the cavalry in the distance.

Meanwhile, a furious roar echoed out. A peerless great demon had awakened—Marquis Lang Gu's body had turned extremely huge like a terrifying monster. His body, drowned by the cavalry, stood up at this moment, and he spread his arms.

The soldiers charged right into his arms and were pushed away by him. With a rumble, they flew tumbling backward. The savage beasts fell to the ground, and so were the soldiers on their backs, who quickly rolled and struggled to their feet, filling the air with clanging sounds of their armor and weapons.

Alone, Marquis Lang Gu had fended off the fearsome Cavalry of Death!

Suddenly, a whistling sound approached, and in a flash, the black arrow that came flying back pierced three soldiers and pinned them to the ground. Blood spilled and flowed from their bodies.

The peerless great demon slammed his chest repeatedly, making a loud rumbling sound. Many savage beasts knelt as soon as they heard the sound, shaking with fear.

One after another, the soldiers stepped on the savage beasts and rushed into the sky, holding spears, pikes, knives, and swords as they charged forward.

Marquis Lang Gu narrowed his scarlet eyes. Then, he threw out his huge palms and swatted the soldiers, turning their bodies into sprays of blood. The battle became bloody in an instant.

The nobles of District A, hiding in the distance, sucked in their breath.

"I can't believe Marquis Lang Gu is massacring in District A..."

"Is this guy out of his mind?!"

"He's the ruler of District B, yet he came all the way here to murder! He will be punished by the dukes!"

The twin brothers, Pi Dong and Pi Xi, exchanged a glance. They were shocked when they saw the arrow fly back. They knew the chef's fighting strength. The fact that he was able to fight two marquises in District B showed that he had some unusual trump cards.

However, the chef's strength was, at most, as strong as that of a Saint of the Great Path, and he had used his trump cards that could fight marquises in District B, which clearly could not be used again so soon in District A. So when they exchanged a glance, they saw the fervent look in each other's eyes.

"Kill him now!" the twin brothers cried out in unison.

The next moment, three black arrows emerged in their hands. One of them held the bow, while the other notched the arrows and pulled the bowstring. When the string was pulled to its maximum length, they released it. With a twang, the arrows turned into three streamers and sped away, filling the air with a piercing whistle.

After unleashing the arrows, the brothers roared, jumped up the back of the two-headed phoenix, and rushed toward Marquis Lang Gu. They could not let their Cavalry of Death be stopped by a marquis. As the leaders of a force serving Soul, they had to prove their worth.

The two-headed phoenix cried as it rushed toward the great demon, who was Marquis Lang Gu, and began fighting him. As it flapped its wings, its claws kept tearing scratches on his skin, making him bleed. However, that only further provoked him.

Marquis Lang Gu's fist fell like a mountain, struck the phoenix on the head, and knocked it to the ground. Suddenly, the twin brothers appeared from behind it. Hovering in midair, Pi Dong held the bow, while Pi Xi notched an arrow and unleashed it.

The arrow sped through the air and pierced Marquis Lang Gu's chest, knocking him to the ground. Blood kept gushing out of the wound.

Meanwhile, the three arrows they shot out earlier were closing in on Nethery, who was in the restaurant.

"Again?!" Xiao Ai had long been scared out of her wits. However, she bolted in front of Nethery, closed her eyes, and spread her arms. 'I'd live and die for Her Excellency!' she thought to herself.

Suddenly, the black wok appeared again, hovering in front of the girl. Two arrows struck it and could not advance any further, but the third one dodged it and flew toward Bu Fang.

"Oh? So I am the target? How cunning..." Bu Fang said indifferently.

The tea in the teapot splashed as he put one hand behind his back and fixed his eyes at the black arrow. When it was one inch away from him, the robe he was wearing let out a sonorous cry. The next moment, his hair floated as the Vermilion Bird emerged behind him, spread her wings, and soared into the sky.

The black arrow soon stopped spinning and fell to the ground. Then, Bu Fang put his strength into his hand and threw the black wok, which flew out of the restaurant with the two arrows, spinning rapidly.

With a humming sound, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife emerged, slashed down from the sky, and drew a straight line one meter in front of the restaurant.

“Those who crossed the line will... die.” Bu Fang drank a mouthful of tea, then walked out of the restaurant and stood at the door. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok rushed out and knocked several soldiers into the air, while the two arrows pierced a few men as well.

Looking at Bu Fang, who was standing in front of the door, Xiao Ai’s eyes were filled with shock and excitement. ‘He’s so... handsome!’ Her maiden heart was touched!

Suddenly, a clanging sound could be heard in the restaurant as Whitey walked out of the kitchen, its purple mechanical eyes flashing. ‘This puppet...’ Xiao Ai glanced at Whitey. Her heart seemed to flutter. She was deeply shocked by it at the moment.

The monkey brain was still throbbing on the table and kept emitting its rich aroma. Wagging her little tails, Foxy jumped up Nethery’s shoulder, squeaked, and swooped down on it. However, she was caught by Nethery.

“You can’t eat this. If you want, I’ll have Bu Fang make one for you later,” Nethery said, shaking her head.

The little fox’s head drooped instantly like a defeated warrior.

Outside the restaurant, Bu Fang stood in front of the door. He had drawn a line. It was the restaurant’s first day, and he did not want to kill anyone, but now it seemed that such an idea would not work.

The arrow had torn a large hole in Marquis Lang Gu’s chest. However, the flesh around the wound writhed, and soon the hole was healed. After all, he was a great demon, and the strength of his body was extraordinary.

Pi Dong and Pi Xi naturally did not think they could kill a marquis with this method. They exchanged a glance, then rushed out from both sides.

The huge two-headed phoenix proved to be no match for Marquis Lang Gu. After all, it was only as strong as a Chaotic Saint. Its wings were grabbed by the marquis, who was extremely violent in his demon form. With a roar, the great demon ripped off the wings.

Blood poured down like a waterfall and flowed across the ground of District A as the phoenix’s painful cry filled the air. However, the twin brothers had taken the opportunity to get behind the marquis, and they were rushing toward the restaurant.

Many soldiers had moved around the great demon and were closing in on the restaurant as well. As for the line drawn by Bu Fang, they naturally ignored it.

“Attack! For Her Excellency Soul... Attack!” Pi Dong and Pi Xi bellowed in unison, their faces cold. In just a flash, they crossed the line.

The moment they crossed the line, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. "Whitey..." he called faintly. At the voice, the puppet emerged behind him. "Kill those who crossed the line," he said.

Whitey's purple mechanical eyes flashed. Then, it vanished as if it had teleported away.

Riding on a huge lizard, a soldier crossed the line and approached the restaurant. Suddenly, Whitey appeared, stomped its foot, and threw out a large fist, crushing the lizard's head with just one blow.

The soldier jumped up, landed in front of Whitey, and punched it several times on the chest. However, Whitey did not budge. That gave the soldier pause. The next moment, Whitey threw its head at him and crushed his head, blowing the skull and the brain into bits and pieces.

All the soldiers who crossed the line were effortlessly blown apart by Whitey. Soon, the air was filled with numerous wandering souls.

In the distance, the great demon put a foot on the phoenix and roared.

The remaining soldiers of the Cavalry of Death were terrified, their hearts hammering. They stopped their savage beasts and did not dare to move any further.

Bam! Bam!

Whitey threw out both its fists, colliding them with the two punches from the two approaching figures.

Pi Dong and Pi Xi flew backward and fell to the ground. They landed before the line, looking warily at the puppet. Whitey, on the other hand, fixed its purple eyes on them, guarding its position like an impassable mountain.

The great demon roared and forced the Cavalry of Death to retreat. With that, Marquis Lang Gu had fulfilled his promise. He had single-handedly forced back an army!

Pi Dong and Pi Xi looked warily at Whitey, then at Bu Fang. They could not believe this restaurant had stopped their Cavalry of Death. Suddenly, they heard a rumbling sound. It startled them, and they glanced over their shoulders at the same time.

They saw a chariot, which was followed by countless experts. At the sight of it, their faces beamed with joy.

"It's Her Excellency Soul!"

Clad in a combat suit, Soul's face was indifferent as she approached, staring coldly at the Cavalry of Death, the great demon, Bu Fang, and the restaurant.

Ting-a-ling!

A thin figure was standing behind her. Although the figure looked weak, its aura seemed to be joining with the universe.

All the nobles watching the fight sucked in their breath. They knew the restaurant was... finished! The weak-looking figure was none other than... Duchess Tianlian! A duke of District A finally showed up!

#### *Chapter 1742: The Third Cursed Goddess!*

A duke of District A finally showed up. She was Duchess Tianlian, the supporter who stood behind Soul.

As soon as this woman appeared, all the nobles sucked in their breath. They knew it was over. The chef had no hope to win this, even with the help of Marquis Lang Gu and the puppet who could fight the twin brothers.

Cursed Goddess Soul stood on the chariot and looked at Bu Fang coldly. "I did not expect you to make it to District A," she said indifferently.

Bu Fang's appearance here surprised her. However, she could not say she did not expect this. As Nethery's only supporter besides Duchess Yunlan, it seemed natural for him to survive, though she had sent many experts to kill him. But at least that was fun, wasn't it?

Bu Fang shook his head. He had nothing to say to Soul. How could he sit back and do nothing when this girl wanted to kill Nethery? Therefore, they were destined to be enemies. He was too lazy to talk to her, so this made him somewhat aloof.

Soul did not care about Bu Fang's attitude.

Nethery walked out of the restaurant with Xiao Ai and stood at Bu Fang's side. She raised her head and looked at the other Cursed Goddess straight in the eye without showing any fear.

They were both Cursed Goddesses, but their status was worlds apart. Soul's power in Void City crushed Nethery's. Apart from the fact that they each had the support of a duke, Nethery could not even see Soul's tail.

In fact, Soul did not see Nethery as a competitor either. The only competitor she cared about was the one from the Primitive Universe. However, she did not mind getting rid of Nethery first. It was always good to have one less competitor.

She turned to Marquis Lang Gu, who had transformed into a huge demon. “You’ve disappointed me, marquis. Why did you choose to stand against me?” she said, frowning.

Marquis Lang Gu turned back to his human form, wrapped himself in a robe, and sighed. “Your Excellency... Little Moti’s death is a great blow to me. You know I have a good relationship with her,” he said.

“But you don’t have to stand against me... That will get you to a point beyond redemption,” Soul said. Her aura was fluctuating. Anyone who stood against her would have to die.

“I was a little confused before this... But now I’m sure of it. Maybe I’m doing this for... faith,” Marquis Lang Gu said.

“Ridiculous... Your faith should be me,” Soul said. Her tone was intensely aggressive, but no one felt it was wrong. “Aunt Lian... Kill them all!” she said.

With Duchess Tianlian here, killing these people was extremely easy. “I can’t believe you’ve even opened a restaurant in District A. There is no need for such heretics to stay,” Soul said coldly. The ancient beast pulling her chariot roared as well.

The nobles fell silent. The arrival of Soul had decided the ending, and the presence of Duchess Tianlian had tipped the scales of victory completely.

If Nethery’s guardian was here, she might be able to fight them, but no one knew where Duchess Yunlan was now. The victor of the battle had been decided. How were a marquis, a puppet, and a chef going to defeat a top Chaotic Saint? It was simply a fool’s dream.

Duchess Tianlian sighed as she took a deep look at Nethery, who appeared to be calm. In fact, she quite liked this Cursed Goddess, but unfortunately... With a flick of her finger, a petal fell from her hand, drifting down toward the ground.

Marquis Lang Gu’s pupils constricted. There was an impassable gap between a duke and a marquis, which was not as small as the difference between a count and a marquis. In fact, every duke was the top expert of Void City, an existence that no one dared to offend.

Countess Xia Qiu was very strong, not weaker than a marquis. However, even the strongest of the three marquises could not touch a duke. For countless years, there



were only three dukes in Void City, for it was extremely difficult to advance further at their level.

“I’ll take this opportunity to experience the strength of a duke today!” Marquis Lang Gu roared. His clothes were torn once again as he transformed into a great demon. Then, he slapped the ground with both hands and rushed toward the petal.

Duchess Tianlian sighed and watched indifferently as the great demon soared into the sky and shot toward the petal.

The petal looked weightless, but it brought tremendous pressure to Marquis Lang Gu. He felt as if it carried the weight of the entire starry sky, which pushed him back down to the ground.

His legs grew extremely heavy and sank into the earth, while the pressure kept pushing at him. Gradually, he turned back to his human form. Suddenly, he coughed up a mouthful of blood and was knocked flying backward.

The petal continued to drift down, heading straight toward Bu fang.

Marquis Lang Gu fell to the ground, his face ashen. Sure enough, the gap between him and a duke was too huge.

Standing in midair, Soul’s expression remained unchanged. Marquis Lang Gu used to be her man, but he had betrayed her now—she no longer cared if he lived or died.

Previously, when Marquis Lang Gu came to her for help, she could do something. However, Marquis Moti’s death was not necessarily a bad thing for her.

When a marquis was dead, it meant there was a vacancy to fill, and many people would fight to fill it. She could provide the vacancy to one of these people, as long as the person vowed to support her.

Therefore, Marquis Moti’s death was actually a good thing for her. And because of that, she refused to help Marquis Lang Gu. Her decision had led to his betrayal, but she also obtained more support from others. She did not suffer any loss.

As the petal flew across the air, the void shattered silently. Although it appeared to be weightless, it carried mighty power. Bu Fang felt the pressure, and he narrowed his eyes.

At this moment, Whitey’s mechanical eyes flashed and shone with dazzling purple light. It raised a huge hand, which transformed into a barrel. There was a black hole in the center of the barrel, and a purple energy beam shot out of it, colliding with the petal in a flash.



The petal was not ordinary. It carried a wisp of Duchess Tianlian's Chaotic Energy, which was even heavier than the star.

A rumbling sound echoed out as the energy beam hit the petal, causing the void to shake violently. The petal stopped, and Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed.

"Oh?" Duchess Tianlian was surprised. She did not expect that her move would be blocked by a puppet.

It shocked many people, too, and the nobles in the distance broke out into an uproar. The petal, which even Marquis Lang Gu had failed to stop, was blocked by a puppet. However, when they recalled the battle between the puppet and Marquis Moti, they were not so surprised anymore.

Xiao Ai clutched Nethery's arm. She was very nervous. It never occurred to her that the stupid-looking puppet possessed such fearsome strength. 'It hides its ability really well!'

The petal kept drifting forward, while the ground under Whitey's feet cracked as it kept moving backward. It seemed that it was about to be pushed into the restaurant. Clearly, even it was having a hard time fighting a duke.

Bu Fang took a deep breath and focused his eyes. Qilin had told him about the horrors of District A. However, he had no other choice. He could not turn away from here just because it was scary, right? Cowering was not his style.

In that case... He would fight! After he and Niu Hansan perfected the Chaos Pot of Creation, he had not yet tried its full power. He thought this was the right time to give it a try!

With a thought in his mind, his mental force blanketed everything around him. The heavens and earth ripped apart, and terrible energy spread in an instant. The next moment, the Chaos Pot of Creation gradually emerged.

This thing was so powerful that it could only be stored in the extremely well-balanced System's storage space. If he kept it in Heaven and Earth Farmland, it might destroy the whole farmland with its violent energy.

Marquis Lang Gu shuddered as he felt a great terror. He jerked his head and looked incredulously at Bu Fang. 'Does this chef have an... even more terrifying trick?' His heart hammered, and he felt as if he was facing a duke.

Soul furrowed her brows. There were too many incredible things about this chef. "Aunt Lian..." She signaled Duchess Tianlian to quickly kill him, lest he brought them more trouble.

Rumble!

The ground around Bu Fang began to crack, the debris pulverized. The terrifying power made sweat run down his forehead. In fact, he was reluctant to use this trick, for he was afraid of destroying half of Void City. However, the enemy had forced them into a desperate situation. He could not just sit back and watch as everyone was killed, could he?

‘Good heavens...’ Marquis Lang Gu’s heart was pounding, and he felt the strength leave his legs. A great sense of crisis filled him. ‘What the hell is that chef going to come up with?!’

Duchess Tianlian frowned. Her figure flickered and appeared in front of the petal. Then, she reached out a finger and lightly pointed it on the petal. A wisp of Chaotic Energy could be seen swirling around the finger, which increased the petal’s power significantly.

Whitey was knocked back instantly and slumped to the ground. The purple energy beam had disappeared, and wisps of steam were rising from the barrel.

The petal shot toward Bu Fang at an even faster speed, trying to kill him on the spot. Duchess Tianlian wanted to kill him before he took out that terrifying thing!

Bu Fang focused his eyes and exhaled deeply. His hair floated up. The next moment, a rift emerged in the void before him, twisting and crumbling. Through the opening, the crowd could see a golden pot.

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Xiao Ai was shaking violently. She sensed death.

The petal grew larger and larger in Bu Fang’s eyes. Gritting his teeth, he cried out in his mind, “Come on! Explode! Only the dishes that will explode are the classics!”

Suddenly, everything seemed to freeze. Bu Fang felt the scene before his eyes change in an instant, and strong drowsiness came over him. The world in front of him twisted, slowly turned into a bubble, and faded away.

“Put that thing back... And don’t use it so easily.” A gentle voice rang out in Bu Fang’s ears as if someone was whispering to him. That gave him pause, and the drowsiness disappeared. At some point, a slim figure had emerged at his side.

It was a woman shrouded in a black fog. Apart from her face, the rest of her body was constantly distorting. She smiled at Bu Fang and nodded. Then, she raised her hand and flicked her finger. The petal disintegrated in an instant.

“You’ve gone too far, Tianlian... As Yunlan said, we are guardians, not fighters...” the woman said indifferently.

The void rumbled as a chariot approached from behind the dream-like woman. A figure could be seen standing quietly on the chariot.

For a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat strange. The nobles in the distance did not dare to breathe too loudly, and they just watched incredulously with wide eyes.

The moment the woman appeared, Nethery and Soul fixed their gazes on her. They were very familiar with the chariot and the aura. The third Cursed Goddess, who came from the Primitive Universe, had finally shown up!

The newcomers were Duchess Nightmare and the Cursed Goddess she was guarding! For the first time, the three Cursed Goddesses appeared at the same time!

### *Chapter 1743: Admit Defeat*

Duchess Nightmare was one of the three supreme dukes of District A, so her appearance immediately shocked all the nobles. But what horrified them even more was the figure beside her.

It was a graceful figure who stood on a chariot. It had always been difficult for chariots and beautiful girls to fit together, for the combination would look odd as girls were usually soft, and chariots normally represented murder.

However, this girl fitted perfectly with her chariot. She was beautiful, soft, almost frail, but for some reason, she looked almost as one with the chariot.

She was the third Cursed Goddess from the Primitive Universe, Houtu!

All the nobles gasped as they looked incredulously at them with wide eyes. They could not believe that a little restaurant would cause such a major storm. The three Cursed Goddesses had shown up at the same time!

“Good heavens! Her Excellency Soul, Her Excellency Nethery, and Her Excellency Houtu are all here!”

Many people could not believe what they saw. They had imagined that the three Cursed Goddesses would confront one another in person, but they did not expect it to come so quickly. Moreover, It seemed that the other two goddesses had joined hands to fight Soul. This was so exciting!

Duchess Tianlian glanced at Duchess Nightmare. Both of them were dukes, and they both knew very well that they could not beat each other. So, after exchanging a glance, Duchess Tianlian stopped attacking. There was no need for her to do anything now.

Soul narrowed her eyes. She, too, could not beat Duchess Nightmare, who was one of the top three dukes of District A.

“Tianlian, did you lure Yunlan away just to kill a Cursed Goddess? Have you forgotten our mission?” Duchess Nightmare said, frowning, as she stared at Duchess Tianlian. Her body was a mass of black smoke that churned like a nightmare.

Duchess Tianlian sighed.

Houtu, standing on her chariot, cast her gaze at Soul. The gazes of the two Cursed Goddesses collided in midair.

Bu Fang glanced at Houtu. ‘So she is the Cursed Goddess from the Primitive Universe?’

Strictly speaking, he could be considered as someone from the Primitive Universe as well. He had certainly heard of the name, Houtu, for it was a very famous name in myths. However, he never thought that this legendary figure was a Cursed Goddess. Of course, there might be some connection between them, but he would not know.

Duchess Nightmare was not here to help him fight Duchess Tianlian, Bu Fang knew. She came here to stop them from fighting each other. He thought this would be the end of the battle, and everyone would leave in peace. This would be the most likely outcome.

But Soul might insist on fighting. That was also very likely to happen. In any case, Bu Fang did not take out the Chaos Pot of Creation. Even he had no idea about that thing’s power, so it would be best to not use it.

“You finally showed up... Cursed Goddess Houtu.” Looking at the girl on the chariot, Soul slowly exhaled. This was their first meeting, and it came as a surprise. The latter’s calmness was beyond her expectation.

Houtu had a graceful and noble aura, and she seemed as if she did not care about anything. She just glanced at Soul and did not say a word.

The Cavalry of Death regrouped behind Soul, their aura fluctuating. Marquis Lang Gu had turned back to his human form. He rolled and jumped to his feet. As a marquis, he was not qualified to meddle in the clash of dukes, so he had nothing to do now.

But it might be that he still had to fight later. If Duchess Tianlian engaged Duchess Nightmare in a battle, and the rest fought each other again... He would have trouble to deal with again. And it seemed to him that Soul was inclined to do just that.

Suddenly, the void rumbled and cracked, and then a voluptuous figure stepped out of it, walking slowly toward the crowd. She was a noblewoman with a mighty aura. The moment she appeared, all the nobles gasped.

Duchess Yunlan had shown up as well! The three Cursed Goddesses and the three dukes had shown up at the same time in front of the restaurant! The battle had catapulted the restaurant under the limelight and shocked Void City!

Duchess Yunlan's expression was ugly as if she was holding back a surge of anger.

When Duchess Tianlian saw Duchess Yunlan, her expression flickered. She knew that it was no longer possible for her to kill Nethery today. 'What a pity... This is such a good chance,' she thought to herself.

Duchess Yunlan glanced coldly at Soul and said, "A person with a devious mind like you is not qualified to inherit the throne of Void City!" She shook her head in disappointment.

Soul kept her composure, but her face grew colder. All her plans and scheming failed at this moment. It never occurred to her that the chef could stop her Cavalry of Death. The twin brothers, Pi Dong and Pi Xi, could fight a marquis when they joined forces, yet they had failed to defeat the chef. On top of that, Marquis Lang Gu had betrayed her.

All these had irritated her. She gave Nethery a deep look, glared at Bu Fang, then turned to leave with her cavalry. The iron hooves clattered noisily as the soldiers gathered around her, and she slowly disappeared. She was the one who lost in this fight, but she held her head up proudly like a victor.

The nobles sucked in cold breaths. "Her Excellency Soul retreated... She admitted defeat!"

They could not believe it. What did that mean? It meant the competition between the Cursed Goddesses had entered a white-hot stage, and the restaurant survived. Just like that, the first restaurant of Void City in District A had opened its doors right under the Queen's noses.

Duchess Tianlian nodded at Yunlan and Nightmare before flying away. At this point, Soul's supporters had all retreated.

In midair, Duchess Nightmare greeted Duchess Yunlan, while Cursed Goddess Houtu went up to Bu Fang. She looked Bu Fang straight in the eye, making him somewhat embarrassed.

"It is rare to see someone from the Primitive Universe in Void City... I've been away for a very long time. How is everything?" the girl asked.

That gave Bu Fang pause. He did not expect her to ask him that, and he did not know the answer. But according to Tongtian, there were many mighty experts in the Primitive Universe, so it should be fine. Perhaps the invasion of Soul Demons had brought them some trouble, but such trouble should not be too difficult to handle.

Houtu sighed as a longing look appeared in her eyes. If truth be told, she joined the fight for the throne so she could return to the Primitive Universe, back to the home where she grew up. That was her sole purpose in joining the competition.

"Nightmare, let's go," Houtu said. She did not talk much to Bu Fang. Before leaving, she turned to Nethery and nodded.

She seemed to notice that Nethery and Soul were different. Soul's desire for the throne bordered on paranoia, but Nethery... Well, she did not seem to have any desire for the throne. Houtu could see through one's mind, so she had some good feelings for Nethery.

The two Cursed Goddesses exchanged nods. Then, Houtu left on her chariot, and Duchess Nightmare turned into a mass of smoke and drifted away. As they moved away, their voices could be faintly heard.

"Houtu... That Soul seems to be related to Soul Demons. You know I hate Soul Demons... So you have to work hard and ascend to the throne..."

"Got it..."

Duchess Yunlan landed at Nethery's side. She looked her up and down, and when she found that Nethery was unscathed, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness you are alright! I was tricked by Tianlian, and she trapped me for some time in a black hole..."

As soon as Xiao Ai saw Duchess Yunlan, she burst into tears, ran over, and put her arms tightly around the latter's thigh. She had lived her days in fear when Duchess Yunlan was away. And just now, she thought she and Nethery were never going to see her again.

The noblewoman and Xiao Ai seemed to have a good relationship. She spent some time comforting the handmaid before turning to Bu Fang. She glanced at him, then at the restaurant behind him. Suddenly, she burst out laughing.

"You really opened a restaurant in District A! You must be crazy!"

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he looked at the noblewoman, who kept laughing. Then, he went back into the restaurant with Whitey and others.

Marquis Lang Gu wrapped himself in a robe and followed, trotting. However, Duchess Yunlan saw him and brought him away to question. It filled the marquis with a grievance. He was Soul's man, and now he had switched his allegiance to Nethery—it was only natural for him to be questioned.

The fight that created a lot of buzzes and the clash of the three Cursed Goddesses were over. All the nobles were somewhat dumbfounded. Many people had thought that this was a lopsided fight and that the weakest Cursed Goddess, Nethery, would be killed by Soul.

However, the situation became uncertain once again. The heir of the Queen of Curses and the successor to the throne of Void City was yet to be decided. Soul controlled almost seven-tenths of the power in the city, and Houtu commanded the rest. As for Nethery, she had... a restaurant.

Many people had strange looks on their faces. Cursed Goddess Nethery had escaped death this time, but she was just prolonging her last days. There would be no change in the final outcome. How far could she go with the support of a... restaurant? Besides, it was still uncertain if the restaurant could remain open for a long time.

The nobles chose to stand back and watch the restaurant. They would not step into it and eat food like the presumptuous Marquis Lang Gu. Many of them put their men around the restaurant to keep an eye on it.

Peace had settled back in front of the restaurant. Marquis Lang Gu rubbed his hands impatiently as he trotted through the door. He had leftover monkey brain to enjoy. To be able to taste something delicious after a battle was really a blessing.

The noblewoman followed Nethery and stepped curiously into the restaurant. She never thought that Bu Fang would really open a restaurant in District A. She was no stranger to the chef. She had taken Nethery away from his restaurant, and now, he had opened his restaurant in Void City. This was interesting.

"I must commend you on your courage. You've actually opened a restaurant right under the Queen of Curses' nose!" she said, looking at Bu Fang.

Of course, what puzzled her even more was that the Queen... did nothing to this restaurant! Was there something weird about this restaurant that she did not know about?

She had brought back many Cursed Goddesses from restaurants, so she was no stranger to chefs. But Bu Fang was the only one who managed to open a restaurant in



Void City, and he was also the only one who had the courage to open a restaurant right under the Queen's nose.

The noblewoman did not stay for too long. Soon, she left, taking Nethery with her. If Nethery wanted to rise to the top in the competition, she needed to get stronger. So the noblewoman brought her back to train her.

As for Xiao Ai, she was left in the restaurant and had the honor of becoming the first waitress. At this point, Bu Fang's restaurant was officially opened for business in Void City!

Of course, as he had expected, none of the nobles keeping an eye on his restaurant dared to step into it and order a dish to try. No one dared to be the first one who broke this taboo.

Bu Fang needed to find a way to break this taboo in the minds of the people.

1

*Chapter 1744: The Dark Cuisine That Breaks the Taboo*

To the nobles, the restaurant in Void City was a taboo, so they all kept a distance from it. Many even thought of destroying it. These people had unwavering faith in their Queen.

Bu Fang needed to think of a way to increase the restaurant's popularity. To make the residents of Void City accept the restaurant, he would need a delicacy that could move them. As for what this delicacy was, he had no idea for the time being.

However, he was not in a hurry. At his level, time had lost its traditional meaning. He had plenty of time to think of a solution.

In the restaurant, Bu Fang pulled over a chair, reclined in it, and closed his eyes. Before long, he was breathing slowly and calmly.

The restaurant was very quiet. There was not a single customer, and this had been going on for days. In these few days, Bu Fang had come up with a lot of ideas. He had cooked many aromatic delicacies, hoping he could arouse the primal desire for food in these people.

However, none of the nobles in the city was attracted, even when the rich aroma had filled the entire District A. They did not waver. However, some of the nobles did have their appetite whetted. They kept smacking their mouths and wished they could taste

the food, but as soon as they thought of the Queen's taboo, they suppressed their inner cravings.

That surprised Bu Fang. He had tried all kinds of delicacies that emitted strong fragrance, including barbecue, Teppanyaki food, and Chinese scallion pancake. The nobles were at most tempted by the aroma, but they would not fall for it, much less get carried away by the food.

The Queen's taboo had deeply affected these nobles.

However, ever since Marquis Lang Gu broke the taboo, he had given up everything and devoted himself to eating. He enjoyed delicacies every day, and his lips were always stained with grease. He even planned to make the restaurant his home. Of course, he was kicked out by Bu Fang.

He even gave up being a soul drummer and planned to settle down to be a qualified foodie. Since he tasted the monkey brain, he could not stop eating. He had tried all the other delicacies in Bu Fang's restaurant, including Egg-Fried Rice, braised meat, and Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

The food made him so happy that he shivered every time he ate them. However, he alone was not enough to influence the other nobles. Many of them still watched warily.

"It won't work... Owner Bu, you can't make the nobles of District A accept food," Xiao Ai said seriously. She was sitting at a table eating braised meat.

Sipping a cup of wine, Bu Fang reclined in his chair and glanced at her.

"The charm of food depends on the attraction to the palate and the control of the taste buds. However, all the experts here are strong, and their self-control is not weak. You can't attract them with just the aroma of food."

Xiao Ai was quite content lately. Although she had no idea where Nethery went, she was happy to be a waitress, for she could eat the dishes cooked by Bu Fang every day. The delicacies he cooked had not attracted any customers, so they could only be consumed internally.

She had tasted many dishes—including barbecue, hotpot, crispy pancake, and Teppanyaki—and all of them made her soul shiver. She could still remember her guilt the first time she ate Bu Fang's noodles, but now... her guilt was nowhere to be found. The only thing left in her now was her faith in food, just like Marquis Lang Gu.

Waving her spoon, Xiao Ai said to Bu Fang, "Owner Bu, the first thing you need to consider now is how to get them to eat... They will never step into the restaurant unless they have experienced the primal shock brought by food."

Her words left Bu Fang in silence. She got a point. To put it simply, he had to force them to eat his dishes. He nodded thoughtfully, then brought the cup to his lips and downed the wine in one gulp.

“But they will not try the normal dishes so easily...”

“You can always cook abnormal delicacies, Owner Bu. You are such an amazing chef, so surely you know how to cook those, right?” Xiao Ai said.

She scooped up a piece of braised meat that looked like jelly with the spoon, shoved it into her mouth, and chewed. The grease spilled, while a rich fragrance of meat filled her mouth. The tender texture made her shiver and turned her face red. She felt a little shy.

‘An abnormal delicacy? Maybe I can open up a new prospect with dark cuisine?’ Bu Fang froze. He filled his cup with wine again, but he did not drink it this time. Instead, he squinted at Xiao Ai, whose lips looked greasy.

Her words seemed to open his mind and widen the horizon in front of him. ‘Since normal delicacies couldn’t change their mind, then I will use dark cuisine...’

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly as an idea came to him. Stinky Tofu would not work because many people had seen it. He had used it in the fighting pit. Therefore, he planned to use another dark cuisine this time. Stinky Tofu was not the only dark cuisine he knew.

Suddenly, Bu Fang jumped from the chair and stood in the restaurant. Foxy, lying under the Path-Understanding Tree, perked up. Her figure flickered and disappeared in a flash. The next moment, she was sitting on Bu Fang’s shoulder. Shrimpy came flying over as well, perching on his shoulder and spitting bubbles.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, lifted his hand, and rubbed the heads of the two little ones. “Come, let’s go and create some scene,” he said lightly.

Yes, Bu Fang was going to create a scene. Since food with a rich aroma could not arouse the nobles’ desire for delicacies, he had no choice but to resort to some extreme means. Only when one had experienced the extreme dark cuisine could one understand the value of delicious food.

1

Of course, dark cuisines did not always taste bad.

Xiao Ai shoved the last piece of red braised meat into her mouth, then widened her eyes and watched as Bu Fang walked out of the restaurant.

Marquis Lang Gu, on the other hand, was sitting comfortably in a chair and picking his teeth. He, too, was surprised to see Bu Fang leaving the restaurant. "What does this little chef want to cook? I can't miss it..." He rolled his eyes and quickly followed. His trust in Bu Fang's cooking now was at the level of faith.

Foxy narrowed her eyes and cheered excitedly. She was very happy. 'We're going to create a scene? Does that mean I will have something delicious to eat soon?'

The nobles who had been keeping an eye on the restaurant were stunned when they saw Bu Fang walk out of the restaurant.

Outside the restaurant, the street that had been reduced to ruins by the battle had been restored. In Void City, the restoration of damaged buildings was extremely efficient.

Bu Fang did not go far. He found an empty space in front of the restaurant. With a thought in his mind, he took out a divine tree. Then, he produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and hacked the tree in half. The cut side was smooth. He slashed rapidly, and soon a plaque appeared in his hand, on the surface of which a row of words was carved.

"Dark Cuisines Tasting Event! The Cooking God Little Kitchen welcomes people with the courage to take on the challenge! Anyone who passed the challenge will be given a wisp of Chaotic Energy!"

After writing those words, Bu Fang made the kitchen knife spin in his hand and stepped back. A satisfied but odd smile emerged on his face.

"Dark cuisines tasting event? Anyone who passed the challenge will be given a wisp of Chaotic Energy?" Xiao Ai's eyes widened as she read the words Bu Fang had written on the plaque. She looked incredulous. "Owner Bu... Are you out of your mind?"

"Calm down..." Bu Fang glanced at Xiao Ai.

"Let's not talk about what the dark cuisine is first... How are you going to give those people Chaotic Energy?" Xiao Ai said helplessly. She was beginning to wonder what kind of teammate Nethery found for herself.

Marquis Lang Gu chuckled as he picked his teeth with a toothpick. "Little chef... Are you jumping the gun? Giving out Chaotic Energy... Only Chaotic Saints could own Chaotic Energy. A peak Saint of the Great Path might possess one or two wisps..."

"If a God Emperor completed the challenge, are you going to give them a wisp of Chaotic Energy as well? How are you going to give that?" He rolled his eyes and pointed a finger at Bu Fang.

"I have my own way... But first, they have to complete the challenge," said Bu Fang.

While Bu Fang was talking to them, the news had spread like wildfire. Many people saw the plaque, and the contents on it were naturally exposed.

“He’s giving out Chaotic Energy? Why is this chef so arrogant? What makes him think he can promise such a generous reward?”

However, to many Saints of the Great Path, Bu Fang’s words were full of temptation. If they could really get the Chaotic Energy, that would save them years of hard work!

Of course, there were sensible people. More people were actually paying attention to Bu Fang’s... challenge. It was a thought-provoking challenge. If it was too hard, no one would take part, and if it was too easy, the chef might not be able to come out with Chaotic Energy. So, they thought the chef had put himself in a dilemma.

The news quickly spread, and all the nobles of District A turned their eyes over. The restaurant had already become a laughingstock of District A because no one visited it to eat anything. Its business was even poorer than the street vendors selling illegal pills beside the pill-making workshop. And now, it was trying to create a scene again.

In front of the restaurant, Bu Fang took out the White Tiger Heaven Stove and placed tables before it.

“Owner Bu, what is the dark cuisine you mentioned? Is it red braised meat?” Realizing that she could not stop Bu Fang, Xiao Ai asked curiously. Of course, she was still not convinced that the plan would work.

Across the street from the restaurant was a busy pill-making workshop. It was extremely huge, at least a hundred times larger than the restaurant. Its interior was almost like a square, with alchemists sitting cross-legged and refining pills here and there.

These alchemists came from a small universe that produced alchemists. Although it was only a small universe, its alchemists were very famous. They were all top experts in pill-making with incredible skills.

They were performing their pill-making techniques, stimulating the nobles of Void City with their pills so that these rich people would buy from them. Many alchemists scorned their competitor across the street—they thought the restaurant was just a joke.

However, driven by curiosity, many customers from the pill-making workshop had gathered in front of the restaurant. In fact, Bu Fang’s restaurant was not without visitors—it now had customers who dared to break the taboo and try his dishes.

Bu Fang lifted the corners of his mouth when he heard Xiao Ai’s question. “You know stinky tofu, right?” he said.

“Yes. It smells awful but tastes delicious!” Xiao Ai nodded and smacked her lips. Clearly, stinky tofu had left a deep impression on her.

“Well, in the world of dark cuisine, stinky tofu is just the basics. Sour herring, cursed chicken, fire ants cookies, nightmare larvae jelly drops... These are the stars of the show, and they are the first step in breaking the taboo,” Bu Fang said, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

Xiao Ai froze. Just hearing the strange names that popped out of Bu Fang’s mouth alone already gave her creeps.

‘So, is Owner Bu going to... create a great scene now?’

#### *Chapter 1745: The First Dark Cuisine, Stargazy Pie!*

“Can dark cuisine... really break the taboo?”

Xiao Ai was somewhat dumbfounded as she looked at the incredibly confident Bu Fang. She had never heard of those strange names, but they did not sound like delicacies to her.

Looking at the confused look on the girl’s face, Bu Fang touched his chin. He did not explain anything to her. “You will know later...”

The customers who clustered in the pill-making workshop had gathered around the empty space in front of the restaurant.

“I can’t believe he actually mentioned Chaotic Energy to attract diners!”

“This is interesting... I think this restaurant is jumping the gun now.”

“Let’s see what challenge this little restaurant has come up with...”

Many nobles were smiling and whispering to each other. To them, what they needed to do was watch calmly as the chef made a fool of himself. They did not think the reward of Chaotic Energy was real, and they did not put it to heart.

However, they did know that if someone completed the challenge later and the restaurant could not produce any Chaotic Energy, they would have a reason for the dukes to close the restaurant. They thought this had given them an opportunity to destroy the restaurant, but they had no idea of the horror that awaited them.

Bu Fang did not explain anything to Xiao Ai. No words were better than actions.

The noblewoman had returned with Nethery. In fact, she returned with Nethery every three or four days. The main reason was that she had become a loyal customer of the restaurant.

For her, tasting some dishes occasionally was a way to spice up her life. It was like how she had asked those chefs to cook her something to eat every time she went to bring back a Cursed Goddess. But Bu Fang had rejected her when she went to pick up Nethery.

She paused slightly when she returned with Nethery and saw the large crowd in front of the restaurant. "What are you doing?" she asked, looking at Bu Fang with wide eyes.

"I'm blazing a new trail through brambles for the future of the restaurant..." Bu Fang glanced at the noblewoman.

"Can't you speak like a human?" The noblewoman could not help but roll her eyes.

Nethery, on the other hand, gave Bu Fang a curious look. She wondered if he was trying to create a scene?

"I'm attracting customers for the restaurant. This is the only way. These people are so prejudiced against food... They need to be woken up by dark cuisine."

The noblewoman twitched the corner of her mouth. She had no idea what dark cuisine was, but it sounded terrifying. She did not say anything, though. But she was curious. She had endless life, and it got quite boring sometimes. Since there was something fun now, she thought she could stand aside and enjoy it.

She glanced at the plaque. When she saw the reward, she was speechless. 'No wonder so many people are attracted. Chaotic Energy is so rare and precious, yet this fellow will give it as the reward...'

Bu Fang ignored the noblewoman. He walked up and stood in front of the White Tiger Heaven Stove, facing the crowd. "Anybody wants to sign up for the challenge? I'll only accept ten challengers in the first round," he said.

His words drew a clamor from the crowd. The nobles whispered to each other. Many people did not trust Bu Fang. They felt that he might not be able to deliver on his promise. For others, they were afraid of making a fool of themselves if they took up the challenge, for they did not know what it was.

"You don't have to worry about the promise. The promise made by Cooking God Little Kitchen will certainly be fulfilled. Marquis Lang Gu can vouch for that with his moral integrity," Bu Fang said seriously.



Marquis Lang Gu was stupefied. As for the nobles, they guffawed. They did not know the paralyze-faced chef could joke. Since when did Marquis Lang Gu have moral integrity?

In any case, Bu Fang's words had moved some people. Before long, ten people walked out of the crowd and signed up for the challenge.

They were ten nobles. The crowd was surprised when they saw these people.

"That's Master Zhen Yong from the pill-making workshop. He also wants to join?"

"Master Zhen Yong has been stuck at the Saint of the Great Path level for a long time. He needs a wisp of Chaotic Energy to make the breakthrough..."

"Oh? Isn't that Viscount Dao Lun? He's in too!"

Many nobles were surprised to see these participants.

Bu Fang glanced at the ten participants. The Chaotic Energy reward proved to be useful. At least, it had attracted some people to try their luck. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly, his face expressionless.

"I think you can tell us the rules of the challenge now, can't you?" Master Zhen Yong said, fixing his eyes on Bu Fang. As an alchemist, he despised chefs, so his tone was not polite.

The other nobles also stared at Bu Fang. Most of them had been stuck in the Saint of the Great Path level for a long time, so they needed Chaotic Energy. That was why they took up the challenge.

"Be patient," Bu Fang said.

He made the ten people sit at the long, narrow dining table, facing each other. There were chopsticks and spoons on the table, as well as forks, knives, and white napkins.

"Your challenge is to taste dark cuisine... A kind of special food."

"Is it a delicacy? We don't eat delicacies. We need to uphold our faith in the Queen! If it is a delicacy... I'll withdraw myself from this," said a noble. She was a woman with curly blond hair.

"Hmm... It's not a delicacy. Dark cuisine is the opposite of a delicacy..." Bu Fang said after thinking for a moment. In fact, there was nothing wrong with what he said.

The nobles exchanged glances and said nothing again. If truth be told, they would not mind if it was a delicacy. After all, the reward was enough for them to take the risk. Profits moved people.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him. Foxy was sitting on his shoulder. "So, are you guys ready?" he asked seriously, sweeping his gaze down the participants.

The tone in his voice worried the nobles, but they nodded all the same. The noblewoman looked on with interest. She sat not far from the table, crossing her legs. She wanted to see what Bu Fang would cook.

"Very well. We will begin the challenge of the first dark cuisine. I wish you all... good luck."

After that, Bu Fang turned and walked up to the stove. He had decided what would be the first dark cuisine. The dish was even more... brutal than stinky tofu! The powerful taste... only those who had tasted it before could understand!

With a thought in his mind, he exchanged a can of sour herrings from the System, as well as a few fresh herrings. At the thought of the dish he was about to cook, he could not help but feel excited.

He examined the can. It was perfectly sealed, so none of its despairing smell was leaking. He had no intention to let the smell out so soon.

With a shake of his hand, he took out the spirit flour produced in the farmland, then used it to make dough. It looked as though he was making some pastry. The nobles were not impressed, and some even furrowed their brows.

"This chef is not trying to take advantage of this opportunity to coax us to eat some delicacy, right?" The same doubt arose in some of the participants' minds.

"I don't think so... We've persisted for so long, and he knows that we will not be deceived by such tactics! Let's keep watching. I'm sure he has some other tricks after this..."

Bu Fang set the dough aside and let the yeast work its magic. Then, he took out the silver herrings. The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife emerged, spinning in his hand. He grabbed its handle and began to process the fish.

He removed their guts, cut them in half, and seasoned the upper part of the fish. He even made their eyes brighter. After that, he stuffed them one by one into the dough, leaving the heads exposed. Soon, the dough was filled with fish heads who appeared to be gazing skyward.

Picking up the can of herrings, Bu Fang squinted around him. Then, he unleashed his mental force and wrapped the can to prevent the smell from leaking. He opened the can. A surge of smell immediately rushed up and blew into his face.

The corner of his mouth twitched, and he rolled his eyes. Even his face puckered up. 'It... f\*cking stinks! Stinky tofu is nowhere near as foul as this...' Bu Fang could not imagine the feeling when this thing was shoved into one's mouth. Perhaps only a true warrior would dare to eat it.

No one else could smell this because he had trapped it with his mental force. The crowd only saw his expression change dramatically the moment he opened the can. His facial features seemed to squeeze together, and for a moment, they thought they saw a despairing look on his face.

Xiao Ai was stunned. She did not know that the paralyze-faced Owner Bu could have so many different expressions. But... What did those expressions mean?

The ten participants at the table narrowed their eyes. They seemed to have caught a whiff of something unusual. This challenge seemed a little... frightening.

Bu Fang wrapped up the can of herrings with his mental force, removed the thick liquid, dug a hole in the center of the dough, and poured all the herrings into the hole. After that, the moment his face turned red, he put the dough into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and began to bake it.

He took a deep breath and felt that he was reborn. The smell almost knocked him out. He wiped his hands with a clean napkin and waited.

"Owner Bu... Has the challenge begun?" one of the challengers asked, somewhat uneasy. He seemed to be affected by the bizarre atmosphere.

"Be patient... A watched pot never boils," Bu Fang said as he glanced at the man.

Master Zhen Yong was calm. As an alchemist, he had seen everything. This kind of challenge was nothing to him.

Time passed. The nobles watching from the surroundings were very curious. With every second passed, the challenge drew nearer. They were all very curious about the challenge!

Ding!

A crisp ding rang out of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. Bu Fang's eyes lit up. Then, he scanned the ten challengers. The look in his eyes made their hearts beat a little bit faster.

The noblewoman bit her lip and widened her beautiful eyes, watching. Looking at Bu Fang, Nethery had a feeling that he was going to create a scene. Foxy, on the other hand, was squeaking. For her, the only way to relieve her worries was to eat.

Bu Fang exhaled and rubbed his hands. Slowly, he lifted the wok's lid.

Foxy leaned over the wok and widened her eyes. Her mouth was watering. She was eager to know what delicacy had Bu Fang cooked this time.

The next moment, Bu Fang reached his hand into the wok and slowly pulled out a plate, in which was a baked pie. The dough was baked into golden brown and had puffed up, with a milky white sheen at its center.

A few fish heads were protruding through the crust at the edge, their eyes shining brightly and appearing to be gazing skyward. These herrings were cooked, too, and a strange smell was wafting out of them.

But none of these mattered. What mattered was the smell coming from the pie.

Foxy froze the moment the pie appeared. The next moment, she covered her nose with her little paws, and tears began pouring out of her little eyes. She retreated several steps, her tails drooped listlessly, and white forms spewed out of her mouth.

The stench that erupted from the herring pie nearly made her heart stop beating!

Bu Fang puckered his nose and turned to the ten challengers. "The first dark cuisine is a herring pie called Stargazy Pie. The first person to eat the pie is considered to have passed the challenge," he said. The stench made his eyes water.

"Accept the challenge, warriors!"

*Chapter 1746: Fairy Tales Are Full of Lies*

Stargazing... my ass!

The pungent smell almost knocked everyone out. It was strong, like the mixture of putrefactive odor and fart, or the smell of ten thousand rotten durians exploding at the same time. And the fish heads, with their glaring eyes, gave those who looked at them the creeps.

The nobles who lived high on the hog had never smelled anything like that. Their hair stood on end, and they quickly retreated. They had come here to watch a show, but they did not expect to be greeted by such stench.

Rotating their divine power, they shut their senses. However, to their horror, they found that they could not fend off the stench even with their cultivation base. It clung to them like maggots on rotting flesh and burrowed deep into their souls.

“He calls this a cuisine?! Fairy tales are full of lies!”

“This stench is even fouler than the cursed gutter outside District D... He couldn’t have moved the water from that gutter to here, could he?”

“It’s killing me!”

The first to be hit by this stench was... Foxy. It was so stinking that she was beginning to have doubts in her life. The moment it hit her, only three questions remained in her mind: Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going?

1

After that, the little fox fell to the ground, spitting white foam. She swore this was the foulest stench she had ever smelled in her life. She had never smelled something so stinky!

Even Bu Fang, as the chef who made the dish, could hardly stand it. ‘It stinks... It really stinks!’ However, it was the dark cuisine he made, so he had to bring it out even if it made him tear up.

Stargazy Pie was a famous dish on Earth invented by a top British royal chef. Herring was a favorite food in Europe, and as a result, many cuisines had been derived from it. Canned herring was one, and Stargazy Pie was another.

Bu Fang had combined both to let these people experience the impact of dark cuisines from Earth. He hated to admit it, but the stench of stinky tofu was slightly weaker than this enhanced Stargazy Pie.

“What is this f\*cking smell?!”

“Blaargh... Dammit... Blaargh... I can’t stand it anymore...”

1

“What the heck! It stinks! Isn’t it written in the records that the food cooked by chefs is fragrant?”

The nobles pushed at each other to retreat further as if they had seen some terrifying being, their faces darkened. They were not Soul Demons, so they would not desire food with such pungent stench. When the Stargazy Pie appeared, their flesh crept, their hair stood on end, and their souls shivered.

Bu Fang placed the pie on the table and exhaled deeply. "This is the first dark cuisine..." he said.

1

The moment the dish appeared, the ten participants at the table were struck dumb.

"Challenge... This is a real challenge!"

"The stench... Is this dish a variant of that disgusting food in District D?!"

"He doesn't want us to win the challenge, does he? No wonder he dares to offer Chaotic Energy as a reward..."

Just the smell alone was already enough to make many people despair. However, it was not enough to make the participants flinch. A resolute look could be seen in their eyes. They were not even afraid to die for Chaotic Energy!

Master Zhen Yong, the alchemist of the pill-making workshop, smiled confidently. The stench was nothing to him. It was disgusting, yes, but it was still within his acceptable range. The smell from the cauldron whenever he burned the pills was even stronger than this.

If this was the challenge, then he was confident that the Chaotic Energy would be his!

"Blerrgh..."

Finally, one of the participants could not hold it any longer. His stomach churned as he was overwhelmed by the stench. These participants were people with experience, and most of them had seen the disgusting food of District D.

1

The stench made the man think of that food, and he could not hold down the churning in his stomach. He was eliminated.

"First blood..."

"Double kill..."

"Triple kill..."

1

Bu Fang sighed as he watched three participants throw in towels, cover their mouths, and run away from the table. As soon as the Stargazy Pie made its appearance, it eliminated three participants.

However, there were still seven participants left. It surprised Bu Fang. Not only that, but two of them looked calm as if they were not affected at all. "Interesting... But that's what makes it challenging, isn't it?" The corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

In the distance, the noblewoman's beautiful face darkened the moment she smelled the stench. She did not know whether she should laugh or cry. 'Is this chef nuts?'

She thought Bu Fang would come up with some tricky challenges, but in the end... 'He's doing it purely to disgust people, right? Is that a cuisine? Is there such a stinky cuisine?'

Bu Fang was unlike any of the chefs she knew in the past. All chefs strove to cook delicious dishes with tantalizing fragrance, but this chef actually cooked up a dish that made people vomit!

Nethery covered her nose. She, too, did not know whether she should laugh or cry. However, she was not surprised to see this. In the past, she had witnessed how Bu Fang had blown someone's cauldron apart with the stench of stinky tofu.

But stinky tofu was nowhere near as foul as this; it was still within her acceptable range. The Stargazy Pie's stench was simply... deadly! Nethery suspected that the dish was not even edible!

Xiao Ai, on the other hand, almost fainted. 'So that's who Owner Bu is...' she thought to herself. Only now did she see Bu Fang's true colors!

"Not bad... We still have seven participants..." Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and nodded expressionlessly at the remaining participants.

In the distance, the nobles, who had retreated hundreds of steps, were terrified, but at the same time, they admired the seven people sitting at the table. "They are so brave! District A truly is a place with many extraordinary talents!"

"Little chef, are you trying to disgust us with the stench? This kind of challenge is too simple. You've disappointed me..." Master Zhen Yong said indifferently.

Viscount Dao Lun was an elegant man. He smiled and said, "Little chef, I hope you will keep your promise later when the challenge is over..."

The beautiful woman with curly blond hair also chuckled. "It's really not gourmet... But if you think you can defeat us with mere stench, then you've underestimated us." She was quite famous in District A. She was also a viscount, and her name was Ash.



1

At the trio's provocation, Bu Fang raised his brows. He glanced at them, shook his head, and said, "Be patient... The challenge has just begun."

The faces of the seven people at the table froze.

Bu Fang produced the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and seven porcelain plates. He was about to cut the Stargazy Pie with the kitchen knife. As he said, the fun had only just begun. The true stench of the pie was not from its surface, but deeper inside.

He gave the group a look, twitched the corner of his mouth. "The rule of the challenge is that you have to finish the Stargazy Pie... Now, ladies and gentlemen..."

As the participants waited warily and the surrounding nobles watched in horror, Bu Fang's kitchen knife fell and cut the pie. The moment it was cut apart, strong rays of black light shot out of it, straight as spears. One, two, three... The black light looked as terrifying as something that came through the gate of hell!

1

Viscount Ash sounded tough just now, but no sooner had the black light appeared than beads of sweat began to cover her forehead. Viscount Dao Lun swallowed, and a wary look came over his elegant face.

1

Master Zhen Yong, on the other hand, was still very calm. He was immune to the stench. In fact, any alchemist who had smelled an exploded cauldron should not be afraid of this stench. It was nothing to them.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife went into the pie with a wet sound. The Stargazy Pie was actually a kind of pastry with a texture that felt somewhat like cheese. As the knife sliced through it easily and cut out a piece, an even more brutal stench came rolling out of it!

1

Rumble!

The color of the sky changed! It was now black as if dark clouds were gathering, with a touch of green!

Bu Fang had a serious look in his eyes as if he was under a tremendous amount of pressure. He put the slice of pie on a porcelain plate, and the black liquid from the canned herring flowed out of the pie, bubbling. When the bubbles popped, the stench

immediately spread in all directions like waves. Hit by the stench, the expressions of the seven participants changed dramatically.

“I...” Another participant could not take it anymore. At the thought of eating this thing later, he simply could not hold down the tumbling of his stomach!

He stomped his legs and fell back to the ground with the chair. “I... I give up! Blaargh...” He fled, rolling and crawling on all fours.

However, none of the surrounding nobles despised him. Everyone was looking at him with sympathy. They could imagine the stench, and they thought that he had made a wise decision by withdrawing from the challenge. This only proved that those who persisted were true warriors!

Bu Fang kept his composure, his face expressionless. With a steady hand, he cut the Stargazy Pie into slices and placed one before every participant.

A few of them stared at the pie. When their gazes met the herrings' eyes, they opened their mouths and threw up.

“One, two, three... four!”

A hint of a playful look came over Bu Fang's face as he glanced at the four men who withdrew from the challenge in succession. ‘Do you think the stench of the freshly baked Stargazy Pie is all it got? No...’ he thought to himself.

‘What makes this dish so terrifying is that its stench will keep stepping up... And the stench comes from the liquid of the canned herring as soon as the pie is cut open... That's the full strength of its stench!’

Looking at the golden-brown pie and the dark green liquid, Viscount Ash's face turned black completely. Her chest heaved, and her face grew darker with each breath. But she persevered.

Viscount Dao Lun had a deep understanding of his elegance. However, when he looked at the mixture of golden crust and dark green liquid, he was beginning to despair.

His hands, holding the knife and fork, were trembling, his pupils dilating. His body was shaking violently as well, causing the chair under him to creak. Then, white foam spewed out of his mouth. Eventually, he fell to the ground, his eyes rolling.

His handsomeness, his elegance, and his pride were all shattered by the Stargazy Pie!

The moment Viscount Dao Lun fainted, Viscount Ash, too, could not stand it anymore. She covered her mouth with both hands as tears welled up in her eyes. It made her look

like a woman who was hurt by love. Then, tears began to pour down her cheeks as she wept sadly.

Bu Fang felt a little sad when he saw that. In fact, the Stargazy Pie was very delicious. He sighed and murmured, "Another double kill..."

All the nobles were pulling their hair, despairing. They never thought that of the ten participants, nine were knocked out by just one dish! Those were all elites of District A, yet they had made a fool of themselves because of a dish!

However, there was still one hope left: Master Zhen Yong! Could the alchemist create a miracle? The nobles rested their eyes on him.

At this moment, Master Zhen Yong's calmness was nowhere to be found. The cascading stench had long since gone beyond his acceptable range. It stunk worse than the smell of a hundred cauldrons blowing up together! Was the person who made this stench trying to get back at society?

But for the sake of the Chaotic Energy, Master Zhen Yong braced himself. With a trembling hand, he picked up a spoon and scooped up a spoonful of golden pie mixed with the bubbling, dark green liquid. His teeth seemed to be chattering.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, while the crowd held their breath and watched as the alchemist lifted the spoon up and slowly brought it into his mouth.

#### *Chapter 1747: The Eighteen Curry Hell!*

When a stink reached the extreme, it might actually become a fragrance. Those who said this clearly had not smelled the Stargazy Pie's stench before.

The nobles of District A suffered an unprecedented physical and mental impact. They felt that the account of delicacies in fairy tales was a lie. In the stories, food always smelled nice, but why, in the real world, did the dish cooked by this chef stink so badly?

They admired Master Zhen Yong's courage. It shocked them to see him putting that disgusting thing into his mouth. He truly was the chief alchemist of the pill-making workshop, the top expert of the Alchemy Universe.

In fact, only Master Zhen Yong himself knew the pain he was suffering right now. The closer the spoon got to his mouth, his heart raced faster as if it was about to jump out of his chest. The feeling was extremely uncomfortable.

He was beginning to question his decision to take up the challenge, and he also regretted that he had provoked Bu Fang just now. 'I shouldn't be so impulsive...'

To him, the stench of a blown-up cauldron was nothing, so he thought he could face all kinds of stench in the universe with ease. However, as soon as the Stargazy Pie appeared, he realized that he was too naive. The universe was vast, and there were many things he did not know and could not imagine.

In the distance, the nobles swallowed, clenched their fists, and watched with wide eyes as Master Zhen Yong was about to shove the food into his mouth.

The liquid of the canned herring was not black. But after it was heated and processed, its color became somewhat bizarre. It should be thick, transparent. It was still thick now, but no longer transparent. The pie came with its own foul smell, and when coupled with the canned herring, the smell became even more terrifying.

Master Zhen Yong's beard was shivering. Upon looking at that, those who watched from a distance could not stand it anymore. They covered their mouths and turned their eyes to somewhere else.

Meanwhile, explosions could be heard echoing in the pill-making workshop. The stench had caused those cauldrons to blow up. In fact, the stench had enveloped half of District A. It was simply a nightmarish scene.

A rivulet of sweat trickled down from Master Zhen Yong's forehead, beaded at his chin, fell on his neck, and rolled down his chest. He shoved the food on the spoon into his mouth. At this moment, he felt a foul stench erupt in his mouth and went through him. Irritated by it, tears began to well up in his eyes.

The stench filled his nose and masked his sense of smell, making it hard for him to breathe. He tried to taste the food, but as soon as he moved his tongue, the stench turned his stomach. He could not taste anything.

"I..." Master Zhen Yong's eyes grew wider and wider as he fought back his tears. He did not want to let the tears flow out. How could he submit to the stench when he had acted so tough just now? How could he be defeated by a dish?

He began to chew. There was also a strong flavor in the sticky liquid. In fact, the dish tasted very good. It did not smell nice, yes, but its impact on the taste buds was not as severe as the sense of smell. However, his mind went blank at the moment, filled only with the sense of despair brought by the stench.

The surrounding nobles were amazed when they saw Master Zhen Yong eat that thing.

"He truly is a master! It's amazing that he can withstand that dark cuisine!"

"I agree with you. Just the smell alone had already made the other participants withdraw from the challenge, yet Master Zhen Yong actually ate it... He f\*cking ate it!"

1

Bu Fang was also slightly taken aback. He did not expect that the alchemist would eat the Stargazy Pie.

Master Zhen Yong exhaled. He had just taken a bite of the pie, but he was already soaked through with sweat. The taste was actually very good, worlds apart from its stench. However, not all people could get past this kind of stench. He swore he would never take a second bite. The smell was like hellish torture.

"Keep going... Since you can swallow the first bite, you will be able to take the second. It only takes a few more bites to finish your portion. Also, eat that fish head. Look at its bright eyes. It's looking forward to being eaten by you..."

1

At some point, Bu Fang came up to Master Zhen Yong's side and encouraged him. The rule of the challenge was not to take a bite, but to finish his portion of Stargazy Pie. He had taken just a small bite, but it was a milestone improvement!

1

"What?! There's still so much?!" Master Zhen Yong's eyes grew wide. He glanced at Bu Fang, his beard shivering. He could not control the grief and despair he felt inside whenever he saw the thick juice in the pie and the glaring eyes of the herring, and smelled the stench that seemed to be getting fouler and fouler.

He turned his eyes to it now, the little piece of Stargazy Pie on the porcelain plate. Then, he vomited. It would be better if he had not taken the first bite.

Now that he had eaten it and smelled the stench again, a severe reaction hit him as if he was riding a roller coaster with a full stomach. He felt as though he was floating in clouds as the contents of his stomach came pouring out of his mouth.

Bu Fang was disappointed as he watched Master Zhen Yong fall face down toward the table.

"Of the ten participants, none passed the challenge... Alas, although you have failed, you will always be warriors..." Bu Fang said.

His voice was not loud, but it darkened the faces of the surrounding nobles. The ten participants, many of whom were Saints of the Great Path, were all defeated by the dark

cuisine. This was a shame. They did not expect that no one could complete the chef's challenge.

But then they were not too surprised either. How could someone eat a dish with such an overpowering stench? The challenge was unfair from the start. The chef must have expected this ending!

Viscount Ash, weeping in the distance, saw that Master Zhen Yong was defeated. She instantly felt relieved. When even the master alchemist who had gotten used to the stench of blown-up cauldrons was defeated, her weeping was not so much of a shame.

However, she was still not convinced. "You must be deliberately making things difficult for us," she said, turning to Bu Fang. "The stench, the dark cuisine... No one is able to complete the challenge at all!"

Many nobles nodded in agreement. They, too, felt that Bu Fang's challenge was unfair. The reward of a wisp of Chaotic Energy was generous, but when nobody could complete the challenge, it was meaningless.

Bu Fang glanced at Viscount Ash. "No one is able to complete the challenge? Didn't Master Zhen Yong eat it? He is a true man," he said.

"But your rule is for us to finish the whole portion of the pie!" Viscount Ash still would not give up. "No one can complete your challenge! No one can withstand that stench!"

Bu Fang looked at her with a straight face. "Just because you can't complete it doesn't mean no one else can..." he said. After that, he walked up to the Stargazy Pie, spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, and cut out a slice. The foul smell rushed out immediately. In fact, the portion of the pie looked almost like a slice of cheesecake.

All the nobles fell silent. Even Viscount Ash was stunned—she stopped yelling and was staring at Bu Fang. 'Could this chef really want to...'

"You think no one can complete the challenge?" Bu Fang said indifferently. "If truth be told, this challenge is considered simple in the world of dark cuisines. It's not even the most terrifying dish."

When he had finished saying that, he shoved the whole slice of Stargazy Pie into his mouth, chewed it, swallowed. Then, he pinched the fish head with his fingers and pulled it out. All that remained of the fish was bone, and he threw it on the table.

The fish was tender, the pie crispy, and the liquid of the canned herring was smooth. In fact, if the stench of the dish was not taken into account, it was actually a pretty good delicacy. The herring was fat and juicy, and those who knew how to appreciate it would enjoy its flavor.

However, even Bu Fang furrowed his brows as soon as he swallowed the pie. The Stargazy Pie was truly the king in the world of dark cuisines on Earth.

Viscount Ash stared in bewilderment. The surrounding nobles looked terrified. Xiao Ai covered her mouth with one hand, Nethery chuckled, and the noblewoman was dumbstruck. The latter's red lips parted slightly, giving her a cute look.

1

The pinkie of Marquis Lang Gu was twitching, a sign that he was utterly shocked. 'Dammit... He really swallowed it in one gulp! He scares the sh\*t out of me!'

Master Zhen Yong, who had fainted at the table, woke up. The moment he opened his eyes, he saw Bu Fang swallow the slice of Stargazy Pie, pinch the fish head, and pull out the fishbone.

He felt as though a meteorite had struck him in the chest. The sight made him recall that he had also swallowed the pie, and his stomach churned again. The next moment, his eyes rolled, and he fainted once more.

1

'Please don't wake me up... This world is too terrifying.' That was Master Zhen Yong's last thought before he lost his consciousness.

"You... You..." Viscount Ash stared blankly at Bu Fang, her mind trembling. She truly felt a sense of despair and terror now. 'Doesn't it stink?!'

1

Bu Fang exhaled deeply. As someone who wanted to become the God of Cooking that stood at the top of the food chain in the fantasy world, eating dark cuisine was nothing. It was merely a small hill in the vast world of cooking, and once he crossed it, it no longer bothered him.

He burped and patted his chest. The stench that came out of his mouth made him frown. He thought it was almost comparable to the legendary biological weapon.

"Who said no one can pass this challenge?" Bu Fang said indifferently.

Viscount Ash blushed with shame—she had nothing else to say. 'You've won... You've f\*cking won!' she thought to herself. 'Fine! I give up the Chaotic Energy!'

"Actually, the taste of this dish is quite nice," Bu Fang said, looking at the viscount. "Do you want to give it a try again?"



Viscount Ash hurriedly shook her head. She did not want to smell that disgusting stench again.

“Well, in that case, today’s challenge is over. Unfortunately, no one wins the Chaotic Energy.”

Bu Fang put away the Stargazy Pie, and the stench disappeared immediately. Panting for breath, many people felt that they were reborn.

1

“But do not worry, ladies and gentlemen. For the next few days, I’ll set up a stall in front of the restaurant, and the challenge will continue. Those who completed the challenge will have a chance to win a wisp of Chaotic Energy.”

That gave many nobles pause, and then they focused their eyes.

“He’ll continue to host the challenge?”

“Look at his cocksure face... Does he really have Chaotic Energy?”

Many nobles beamed with hope, and Viscount Ash’s eyes lit up.

“Is tomorrow’s challenge still the Stargazy Pie?” she asked. She was caught off guard by the stench today. However, after going back to calm herself, perhaps she would be able to withstand the stench tomorrow.

The Stargazy Pie could not stop her from getting the Chaotic Energy! She would give it another try even if the dish was called the Despairing Pie!

“No... Tomorrow’s challenge will not be the Stargazy Pie.” Bu Fang gave her a strange look. “It will be another dark cuisine.”

What?!

The nobles in the distance, Viscount Ash, and Master Zhen Yong who just woke up were all stunned.

“Can you reveal the name of tomorrow’s dark cuisine?” Viscount Ash asked hesitantly.

Many nobles were staring curiously at Bu Fang, and so were the noblewoman, Nethery, and Xiao Ai.

Bu Fang would come up with a new dark cuisine tomorrow? Where did he find so many strange dark cuisines?

Bu Fang did not expect that they would want to know the name of the next dark cuisine. He squeezed his lips together, gave the crowd a deep look, and exhaled.

“Well... Since you all want to know, I’ll reveal the name of the dish.”

Everyone was curious. According to Bu Fang, the Stargazy Pie was not the top dark cuisine. If that was the case, what could be darker than this dish, which could knock out Saints of the Great Path with its stench?

For a moment, everyone held their breath and waited for Bu Fang to announce the name. Many people suddenly find that they were somewhat interested in the so-called food.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind his back and thought for a while. Then, he raised his head. With a deep look in his eyes, he said, “The next dish is also the king in the world of dark cuisine. It is called... the Eighteen Curry Hell.”

1

*Chapter 1748: Are You Ready To Feel Despair?*

Eighteen Curry Hell?

Many people froze as if they were stunned by the name. They did not know what it was, but the name alone suggested that it was more brutal and overwhelming than the Stargazy Pie. However, despite not knowing the meaning of the name, they could not wait to see what kind of dish it was.

“Is it another stinky dish?” Viscount Ash murmured under her breath when she heard the name.

The onlookers could still smell the stench of the Stargazy Pie. The odor permeating the air had not yet dissipated, and no one knew how long it would take for it to dissipate. Although it was much weaker now, the overwhelming stench still filled them with dread.

And before they could digest the impact brought by the pie, Bu Fang announced the name of the next dark cuisine. Just by hearing the name itself, the Eighteen Curry Hell was already enough to give them the creeps.

“Alright, that’s it for today,” Bu Fang said. He waved his hand, and the table, the stove, and everything else disappeared.

The nobles looked at each other as if they were still in shock from the name, while Bu Fang put his hands behind him and walked toward the restaurant at a steady pace. He

also needed a little time to calm down. There was a price to be paid for eating the Stargazy Pie, even when he was a chef.

Xiao Ai, Nethery, and the others followed him and stepped into the restaurant. After that, the door was slammed shut with a bang, leaving the nobles staring at each other outside the restaurant.

Master Zhen Yong thought he could no longer get the Chaotic Energy. It surprised him to hear that Bu Fang would have another challenge tomorrow, and it lifted his sinking heart back up once more.

He focused his eyes. His white beard trembled as he got up on his feet. Then, he straightened his back and walked toward the pill-making workshop across the street from the restaurant.

He would stay up all night researching pills that could resist the stench. He was determined to complete tomorrow's challenge. He had a hunch that Bu Fang's Chaotic Energy was real. A man who could come up with such a terrifying dark cuisine surely could afford to give them Chaotic Energy!

As Master Zhen Yong walked toward the workshop, the crowd scattered in horror, forming a large circle around him. The stench on him was too strong. It was as if he was a walking stink bomb!

His face darkened. 'Dammit. This is the price I need to pay after eating the pie...' Not daring to stay outside any longer, he hurried toward the workshop. In fact, he had already gotten used to the stench.

When Master Zhen Yong stepped into the workshop, he noticed that many alchemists were sighing. He caught a foul odor in the air, which was the smell emitted by the dregs of herbs after the cauldrons blew up. He took a deep breath and found that the stench of the dregs actually smelled nice.

"Zhen Yong, I heard you participated in the challenge set up by the restaurant across the street. How's the result? Have you won any Chaotic Energy?"

No sooner had Master Zhen Yong stepped into the workshop than his rival, Master Jia Song, came up to him with a big smile. He did not doubt that the latter was here to laugh at him.

He glanced at the man. Perhaps the stench on him was masked by the odor of the dregs that Jia Song did not seem to smell it. Master Zhen Yong narrowed his eyes.

"You are a master alchemist, Zhen Yong. Why would you believe in something cooked up by a chef? You shouldn't have gone there. You've disgraced the pill-making workshop by doing so," Master Jia Song said in a concerned voice.

Zhen Yong watched silently as Jia Song pretended to be worried. ‘You f\*cking keep on acting...’

“See? Not only did you not get the Chaotic Energy, but you also made a fool of yourself and disgraced the pill-making workshop. We have now become part of the forces who serve Her Excellency Soul. You are putting us in an awkward position!” Master Jia Song said.

Zhen Yong was boiling with anger inside. He lifted a hand and beckoned Jia Song.

Jia Song paused. ‘What does this old man want? Can’t he just say what he has to say?’ He went over all the same, never suspecting anything. Would Zhen Yong dare to beat him up in front of so many alchemists?

Jia Song took a step forward. Zhen Yong waved again, signaling him to come closer. Puzzled, Jia Song moved even closer. The two old men now stood face to face.

Many alchemists around looked at the two bigwigs of the alchemy workshop, wondering what they were talking about and why they stood so close to each other.

The corner of Master Zhen Yong’s mouth twitched slightly, and his white beard trembled. Then, he opened his mouth. “Her Excellency Soul can go f\*ck herself! I need to make a breakthrough now, and she’d better not stand in my way!”

A pungent odor hit Jia Song and spittles sprayed all over his face. The overwhelming stench darkened his face in an instant. Compared to Zhen Yong’s breath, the odor of a blown-up cauldron was nothing at all!

1

“Dammit!” Master Jia Song was flabbergasted. Rolling his eyes and foaming at the mouth, he slumped to the ground.

The surrounding alchemists were terrified. The stench was so disgusting that they quickly moved away.

“Bring me all the stinkiest divine herbs, including Stinky Brassica, Eight-Clawed Black Phoenix Hair, Seven-Star Lady’s Mantle Seed, and Breathless Pistachio...” Master Zhen Yong said, staring at an apprentice alchemist in the distance.

The apprentice’s face darkened—he almost choked on his own breath.

Master Zhen Yong already had an idea in mind. He would refine a top-grade divine pill that could suppress the stench. Without hesitation, he returned to his alchemy chamber.

Covering their noses with napkins, his disciples hurriedly brought him all the stinking herbs. Normally, no alchemist would touch these herbs because of their powerful odor, but to Master Zhen Yong, they were extremely fragrant compared with that Stargazy Pie.

Soon, he shut the door and began to refine the pill. A foul smell kept leaking out of his chamber.

...

“What are you trying to do?”

The noblewoman looked at Bu Fang, her eyes flickering with curiosity. She did not quite understand the reason and purpose behind the challenge.

“I’m promoting the restaurant...” Bu Fang said.

“But your approach will only make people more and more reluctant to eat in the restaurant.” She rolled her eyes. Did this chef take her for an idiot?

The corners of Bu Fang’s mouth lifted slightly. “You can’t see it now, but soon you’ll know...”

He naturally had his reasons for setting up the challenge. If not to promote the restaurant, why did he bother to come up with so many dark cuisines? The preparation of dark cuisine was much more difficult than normal cuisines.

Xiao Ai looked at Bu Fang with a suspicious look on her face. Foxy was still unconscious, twitching every now and then. Nethery was cool as a cucumber—she had grown used to Bu Fang’s strange ideas.

Marquis Lang Gu was shaking his pellet drum in a corner with a hesitant look on his face. After some time, he walked up to Bu Fang. “Owner Bu...” he said, drawing circles on the ground with the toe of his left leg.

“Yes?” Bu Fang raised his brows and looked at the marquis.

“That... Stargazy Pie... Can you let me... try it?” said Marquis Lang Gu, blinking his eyes and shaking the rattle. “Just one bite... One bite is enough!”

‘What the heck?!’

Bu Fang froze, a little confused, while Xiao Ai, the noblewoman, and the others widened their eyes and looked incredulously at Marquis Lang Gu.

“I can’t have one bite? What if... half a bite?” Marquis Lang Gu said timidly.

“No problem... But you have to eat it outside the restaurant.”

Bu Fang gave the marquis a strange look. He did not expect that this guy would actually want to try the Stargazy Pie, something so exotic and smelly. Did he accidentally awaken his masochistic attribute?

Bu Fang brought Marquis Lang Gu out of the restaurant and produced a porcelain plate, which contained a slice of Stargazy Pie with sticky liquid flowing around it and a fish head that was looking at the sky.

Marquis Lang Gu rubbed his hands and took the plate from Bu Fang. Then, he trotted to a corner and began eating it. The powerful stench brought tears to his eyes, but bizarrely, his face was blushing.

Bu Fang exhaled and thought to himself, ‘Well, it looks like I don’t have to taste those dark cuisines myself anymore.’ He nodded with a straight face. Then, he went back into the restaurant. After preparing for tomorrow’s challenge, he returned to his room to sleep.

That night, many things happened in District A.

Boom!

There was an explosion in the pill-making workshop. A stench rolled and surged in all directions, and all the alchemists fled in a panic. The next moment, a loud laugh echoed out from the workshop.

“Haha! I’ve made it! The divine pill is ready! I will complete the challenge tomorrow and obtain the Chaotic Energy!”

...

Meanwhile, in the Viscount Residence...

A blond beauty took a deep breath, her chest heaving and her blue eyes gleaming. Viscount Ash swore she would not back down tomorrow. She would fight for her honor, if not for the Chaotic Energy. She was so embarrassed today, and it had never happened to her before.

She swore she would defeat that stinky chef tomorrow!

...

Viscount Dao Lun appeared to be somewhat sad as he looked at his elegant self in the mirror. He was afraid. He did not want to go to tomorrow’s challenge, but to rescue his

image, he had to go. Otherwise, people would think that he was frightened by a stinky dish.

No, he could not let that happen. He, Viscount Dao Lun, feared no one and nothing but the Queen of Curses! Facing the mirror, he clenched his fist, took a deep breath, and said, "I can do it!"

...

The next day, the sky had barely lightened up when the whole District A was abuzz with excitement. The street, where the restaurant was located, was already packed with people.

A large crowd had gathered in front of the pill-making workshop, forming a huge circle around the restaurant as if it was a fighting pit. Those who were clueless about what was going on would think that they had come to a real fighting pit.

Some nobles had been waiting with projection arrays. Yesterday's challenge left many nobles in District A horrified. They regret not broadcasting the interesting challenge to others.

The stench they smelled at the scene also made them want to spread the word about it. Instead of being tortured alone, they thought it would be merrier to have more people being tortured together.

Outside the restaurant, many participants were already waiting. It was still ten people, including three familiar figures.

Master Zhen Yong was resting with his eyes closed. He reeked of a twisted stench. After working all night, he had succeeded in refining a pill that could suppress the stench. He would pass the challenge today. Or so he thought.

Viscount Ash, as a woman, did not back off. She had come to take up the challenge again. Many people exclaimed when they saw her.

The handsome and elegant Viscount Dao Lun was here, too. With a gentle smile on his face, he kept waving at many beautiful girls, causing them to scream excitedly.

The projection arrays caught them and broadcast the images all over Void City, excluding District D. The nobles of District C and District B were struck dumb when they saw the scene through the arrays, and they wondered what was happening. Then, after someone explained to them, they burst into an uproar.

"It's that f\*cking chef again!"

"This chef is a real troublemaker!"



“What? He’s setting up a challenge, and the winner can get Chaotic Energy? Dammit... Don’t stop me. I want to go to District A! Why is this kind of good thing not held in District B?!”

Nobles from other districts were making all kinds of noises. Of course they knew Bu Fang, and this behavior of his today was a painful one for them, for they all craved for Chaotic Energy! However, when they learned that many viscounts had failed to pass the challenge, their curiosity grew.

The projection arrays were all pointing at the restaurant door. Finally, it opened with a creak, and then a figure slowly walked out of it.

Bu Fang had a good sleep, and he was going to start preparing today’s dark cuisine. Looking at the large crowd outside the restaurant, he could not help but smile faintly. He knew he had succeeded in piquing the interest of District A.

“The second day of the Dark Cuisine Challenge is about to begin... Challengers, are you ready to feel despair?”

2

*Chapter 1749: The Challenge Begins! The Second Dark Cuisine!*

“Are you ready to feel despair?”

Bu Fang’s voice rang out, bringing the crowd to a boil. Many people began to breathe faster and felt an inexplicable panic, as if something terrible was about to happen.

It was finally starting. Yesterday, Bu Fang had mentioned that the dark cuisine for today’s challenge was called Eighteen Hell Curry. Just the name alone had already made many people’s hearts race.

It had been years since something so fun happened in District A. In Void City, there were just a few things that could bring people joy. Therefore, many people were very interested in Bu Fang’s challenge.

From District A to District C, nobles and commoners alike were paying close attention to the challenge. Through the projection arrays, everything was clearly presented to the people.

After saying those words and bringing the crowd to a boil, Bu Fang walked straight up to the empty space he had used yesterday. With a thought in his mind, the White Tiger Heaven Stove appeared and fell to the ground with a crash, shaking the nearby buildings.

Opposite him, the participants—including Master Zhen Yong, Viscount Ash, and Viscount Dao Lun—were waiting patiently.

“Little chef, what you said yesterday still counts? Will you give us Chaotic Energy today once we complete the challenge?”

Master Zhen Yong suppressed the excitement in him. He had spent the whole night refining a divine pill yesterday. With it, the stench could no longer affect him. Today, he must complete the challenge and make the little chef feel a sense of hopelessness!

Bu Fang was preparing the venue, adjusting the position of the table and chairs. When he heard Master Zhen Yong’s question, he looked up at the alchemist. “Yes... As long as you pass the challenge, you will have the reward,” he answered.

His voice was calm, but those who heard it exclaimed.

“The reward is really Chaotic Energy! Good heavens! This chef is so generous!”

The excitement in Master Zhen Yong’s eyes grew stronger and stronger. “I’m ready!”

Beside him, Viscount Ash’s curly hair fluttered in the wind, and her eyes gleamed with determination. She would not fall twice in the same place!

Viscount Dao Lun, on the other hand, clenched his fists and thought to himself, ‘You can do it, Dao Lun! You are the best!’

Around them stood the other participants, who looked eager and beaming with energy.

The man who controlled the projection array was a viscount as well and a Saint of the Great Path. Holding the array, he moved closer to Bu Fang, perfectly framed the scene of the challenge, and broadcast it to the other parts of the city.

“Now, please take your seats...” Bu Fang said expressionlessly, his voice calm.

The ten participants looked at each other, then sat at the dining table Bu Fang had set for them. Today’s table was different from yesterday’s. A white cloth was laid out over it, on which a milky white porcelain plate and a silver ladle were placed.

After sitting down, most of the participants felt a sense of dread rising from the bottoms of their hearts. Master Zhen Yong, however, could not wait for the challenge to begin.

In the distance, many alchemists had gathered to watch the challenge. The pill-making workshop was closed today because only a few came to buy pills. The exciting event had attracted many people.

Viscount Ash took the same place she sat yesterday. She wanted to get up from where she had fallen, so she chose the same seat, even though the memory of yesterday still filled her with lingering fear.

Seeing that the ten participants had taken their seats, Bu Fang nodded. "Please wait for a while. The dark cuisine for today's challenge is Eighteen Hell Curry," he said. After that, he started cooking.

All eyes were on him. For some people in Void City, this was the first time they had seen a chef cooking a dish. Because of the Queen of Curses' injunction, there had not been a chef in the city for countless years. Many people were very curious.

Bu Fang placed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok on the stove. Then, with a flick of his finger, a crimson flame jumped into the stove. A scorching heat erupted with a whoosh, and flames darted out of the stove, startling the crowd.

Bu Fang did not stop there. He produced a large steamer, filled it with glinting rice, and began to steam them. His movements made many people frown.

"Is this guy... going to cook a delicious cuisine?"

"Didn't he say that he will cook dark cuisine? If it's delicious, the participants would have to give up their faith in the Queen to win the challenge, right?"

"They can't do that... Let's keep watching. If the chef is really cooking a delicious dish, then he is breaking the rules."

The onlookers chattered noisily, but Bu Fang was not affected by them.

The participants at the table wore different expressions. Unlike yesterday, they did not smell anything foul. This made them feel a little odd. Was the chef planning to make them eat gourmet food in the name of a challenge?

If that was the case, this was not a challenge at all! It was hard to turn their back on the Queen's faith, but if they could get Chaotic Energy...

Bu Fang moved nonstop. The Spring of Life was boiling and churning, sending a plume of steam into the sky. Gradually, the rice in the steamer was cooked.

He chose the spirit rice that grew in the farmland, which was extremely delicious. In fact, just the rice alone was enough to become a tasty meal.

Holding the steamer with both hands, Bu Fang removed it from the wok. Water dripped from the bottom of the steamer as he set it aside for later use. After cleaning the wok, he began to prepare the star of the show.

The Eighteen Hell Curry was different from the Stargazy Pie. They were two different kinds of extreme dark cuisines. The pie's unique characteristic was its overwhelming stench, while the curry was its super painful spiciness. Perhaps the dish would deeply impress the experts of Void City, just like the pie.

Bu Fang shook his hand. A large basket appeared and turned upside down, pouring all kinds of chilies on the stove. There were many species, including almost all the chilies from different universes.

He spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, held it tightly, and began to process the chilies. His movements were extremely fast, so much so that the knife had become a blur.

The chilies flew up and were diced in the blink of an eye. All kinds of chilies with different levels of spiciness fell into a pile. Among them were Devil Chili, Nightmare Chili, Hell Chili, and Punchy Chili. After that, Bu Fang put them into the wok and cooked them over a slow fire.

As time passed, the chilies turned into scarlet soup and were boiling, sending a puff of spicy smell into the air whenever a bubble burst. It did not spread as far as the stench of the Stargazy Pie, so the crowd was not shocked like yesterday. Many people were not impressed.

"Chilies?"

"Is this chef a fool? The weakest of the ten participants is a top God Emperor. Does he think they would be afraid of spicy food?"

"It's hard to say. Don't you forget the chef's stench had made Master Zhen Yong spit white foam yesterday..."

While the nobles whispered to each other, the ten participants fixed their eyes on Bu Fang's movements.

Master Zhen Yong's face froze. He was screaming inside. 'Damn you! The Eighteen Hell Curry doesn't stink?! Doesn't that mean the divine pill I've spent all night to refine had been wasted?! I've suffered all the stinking smell of the herbs for nothing?!

Tears were welling up in Master Zhen Yong's eyes. He was deceived! Instead of a stinky dark cuisine, today's challenge was a spicy dish!

Viscount Ash focused her eyes, while Viscount Dao Lun clenched his fists. It seemed that today they had a chance to wipe out the shame of yesterday!

The spicy smell that permeated the air was not very intense. However, it irritated the nasal cavity, so many people could not help sneezing. For a moment, sneezes were heard all around the restaurant.

Bu Fang's face was cool as he kept stirring the chili soup with the Qilin Transmigration Ladle. The liquid was now half of its original volume. As time passed, it was further reduced to one-third of its original volume. The sticky chili sauce emitted a terrifying smell that could burn one's soul.

When only a quarter of the chili soup was left, Bu Fang began to prepare other ingredients. He took out a lot of spices, which he had Niu Hansan grow in the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

It was not that much trouble to make the spices. At least, it was much easier than hybridization. Curry was, to put it bluntly, a combination of spices.

He added the spices into the wok according to a specific ratio. The flavor of the chili sauce was instantly suppressed, and the color began to change. Soon, it turned brown and took on the color of curry.

He then scooped the curry out of the wok, served it on a plate, and let it cool. The cooled curry lost its rich flavor, but its color shocked many people.

"Crap! What the hell is this?!"

"This is shit, right?"

"Its color and appearance look like shit! Has this chef gone crazy?! Is he going to make Master Zhen Yong and the others eat shit?!"

The crowd was abuzz with discussion, while the expert controlling the projection array gave the cooled curry a close-up shoot. The brownish curry did look revolting when it was cooled.

"That's dark cuisine! It really is dark cuisine! What a challenge!"

The eyes of the experts in other districts lit up as they watched with great interest.

Bu Fang glanced at the crowd. How could he not understand these people's thoughts? The curry did look a bit disgusting when it was not heated. But...

He poured the curry into the wok and stirred it slowly. At the same time, he took out ten porcelain bowls and filled them with rice. The glittering rice grains with steam rising from them made those who looked at them feel relaxed. Bu Fang took a deep breath, and his nose was immediately filled with the fragrance of rice.

He took a bowl of rice to the wok. The curry had been heated to crimson color and looked less repulsive now. Without adding any other ingredient, he scooped out the curry and poured it on top of the rice. The red curry covered the rice and seeped down the gaps between the grains. A bowl of Eighteen Hell Curry was ready.

He placed bowl after bowl of rice before the participants.

The participants looked at each other. The faint spicy smell in the air and the rice made the dish seem harmless. Was this really a challenge? While the color of the curry was stomach-turning before, it was now appetizing.

Looking at the bowl of curry rice placed in front of him, Master Zhen Yong could not help but raise a brow. He did not know what Bu Fang got up his sleeve.

Xiao Ai, Nethery, and the noblewoman watched curiously.

Bu Fang clapped his hands and walked to a corner of the table.

"The second dark cuisine, the Eighteen Curry Hell, is served. Anyone who can finish this curry rice and not have a grain of rice left will be deemed as passing the challenge," Bu Fang said as he glanced at the ten participants.

"Also, there is a glass of ice water by your bowl. Each of you will be given two sips of water. Remember, only two sips. If you drink more than that, you will be eliminated."

The participants were surprised. They were allowed to drink water? It was known that drinking water could relieve the spicy taste. This was tantamount to lowering the difficulty of the challenge.

2

"Don't think too much... I'm only offering you water to prevent you from losing your sense of taste because of the spiciness," Bu Fang said with an expressionless face. "Now, the Eighteen Hell Curry Rice challenge begins!"

1

*Chapter 1750: The Eighteen Hell Curry's True Meaning*

The moment Bu Fang finished speaking, the atmosphere at the table changed.

The ten participants were essentially the ten contenders—they were competing against each other to pass the challenge. The Chaotic Energy reward was so tempting to them that they could not extricate themselves.

So, as soon as Bu Fang announced the start of the challenge, they grabbed the spoons with lightning speed, clutched them tightly in their hands, and thrust them into the rice.

‘This dish doesn’t stink!’ Master Zhen Yong’s eyes sparkled with excitement. Although the divine pill was useless, he was confident in his strength. ‘Since that’s the case, I’ll complete this challenge with my strength!’

1

Viscount Ash and Viscount Dao Lun held the same thought.

In front of each of them was a bowl of rice topped with crimson curry, which still had bits of chili in it, giving off an enticing smell. Compared to yesterday’s Stargazy Pie, the curry looked more tempting.

“It looks like most of them should be able to complete the challenge today...”

Many people thought so.

The projection array zoomed in to show the curry rice more clearly. The flowing red curry made many people drool.

One of the participants roughly scooped up a spoonful of rice. The sticky curry dripped and fell on the table. He intended to finish the dish as fast as he could. He opened his mouth wide and stuffed the curry rice into it without smelling it.

The spoon clinked against his teeth, and the rice rolled in his mouth. The sticky curry sauce covered his tongue and coated the walls of his mouth. As he began to chew, however, the participant’s body froze!

He was a Saint of the Great Path with hair streaming down around his face. At that moment, he froze. In fact, everyone around him froze, including Master Zhen Yong.

Bu Fang put his hands behind his back. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly as he squinted at the participants. The onlookers’ eyes were wide open. Foxy, sitting on Bu Fang’s shoulder, drooled again while Xiao Ai, Nethery, and the noblewoman craned their necks and watched in curiosity.

The expressions of the participants seemed a little odd.

“Why aren’t they moving?!”

“Go on... You’ve only had your first spoonful of rice. There are ninety-nine more to go!”

“Is it not tasty? I bet it must be very awful... This chef never plays by the rules!”



The nobles were talking noisily.

Suddenly, the projection array caught the expert with disheveled hair. His mouth twitched, then his eyes widened and his hair stood up, pointing straight at the sky. The next moment, tears gushed out of his eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and dripped onto the table. He opened his mouth wide and gasped violently while clutching his throat with both hands. His eyes seemed to be spitting fire.

1

“Water!”

He gave a hoarse growl, then grabbed the glass of icy water that was sitting next to his bowl and took a large gulp. The water ran down his throat and entered his stomach along with the rice. Snot, tears, and sweat were all over the man’s face. He finished the water in one gulp, but the glass was filled up once again.

“That’s your first sip of water...” Bu Fang said faintly, glancing at the man.

Some people could eat spicy food, and some could not—it depended on each person’s constitution. For those who could not eat spicy food, this was probably a dish from hell. However, even if you could eat spicy food, it might be hell as well.

1

“You...” The expert sniffled and closed his eyes. Tears were streaming down his face. His sad appearance seemed to move many people.

“Is this dish really so horrible?! He’s a f\*cking Saint of the Great Path... But he choked on the spiciness and cried after eating just one spoonful of rice?!”

In fact, the other participants around him experienced the same thing. One participant even turned purple from the heat and flopped on the table, motionless. Obviously, he had fainted. Perhaps the only way to get relief from the spicy pain was to lose consciousness.

1

“A participant is knocked out by the spiciness?! He’s a Saint of the Great Path! Yesterday’s Stargazy Pie isn’t even this horrible! At best, it only made people run away with its stench!”

Not everyone could handle the spicy taste. The heat crept into the participants’ cells, making them feel like their bodies were on fire. The sizzling and boiling sensation, the numbness of the tongue, the excruciating pain of the mouth...

“Mama!”

1

One expert covered his mouth and burst into tears. Crying could ease the excruciating pain. Tears and snot flowed down his face together. He wiped the residue of the curry from the corners of his mouth, then took a sip of water. After that, he wiped the tears from his eyes and...

“AHHHH! I can’t take it anymore!”

The peak God Emperor rushed out from his seat and tore his clothes. His skin was red from top to bottom. Like a madman, he fell to his knees, tears streaming down his face. After a while, he stood up and ran wildly toward the distance.

1

The nobles fell silent, transfixed. They did not know what to say anymore. Was the dish really so scary? These participants were not actors hired by Bu Fang. They knew them all very well. But their expressions were just too... exaggerated!

Master Zhen Yong thought that with his strength, he should be able to get through the challenge. But he found that he was wrong. It was a spiciness that went right to the bone. Compared with it, the stench of the Stargazy Pie was a blessing.

He ate two spoonfuls of curry rice. When the second spoonful entered his mouth, the spiciness skyrocketed. With a mouth full of rice, his face turned red, and his eyes were wide and bloodshot.

He reached for the glass with a trembling hand. The cold touch exuded a deadly allure. Finally, he could not resist taking a sip. The icy water slid down his throat, dousing the heat in an instant. It made him feel very comfortable. He had never imagined that a gulp of water could be so soothing.

1

However, Master Zhen Yong soon awoke from this intoxicating feeling. ‘I can only have... two sips of water! If I take another, I’ll be eliminated! Hold it! I must hold it!’

His eyes were fixed on the rice and the crimson curry in the bowl. It looked as though the curry, which he had thought was nothing special, was laughing like the devil at this moment.

1

This was the Eighteen Hell Curry!

Viscount Ash's pretty face was red, and her sexy red lips had long since become swollen. She was too sensitive to spiciness. She even noticed that she could not feel her lips.

1

Viscount Dao Lun had been trying to maintain his image. After his first spoonful of curry rice, however, he gave up and burst into tears.

1

The spicy taste of the curry rice was overwhelming, but these participants persevered. The first spoonful had eliminated half of the participants; five of them had given up, and five were still struggling. Among them, three took their first sips of water. The only ones who did not drink water were Viscount Ash and Viscount Dao Lun.

1

The nobles swallowed. This was too scary. Many of them did not see yesterday's challenge, and today they finally witnessed the challenge of Eighteen Hell Curry. They were all shocked.

Master Zhen Yong felt a little dizzy, and his stomach was burning. He was old, so his ability to withstand the spiciness was not as good as the younger ones. However, he still persevered. He scooped up another spoonful of the curry rice. Looking at it, he felt as if he saw three spoons.

1

He opened his mouth wide and put the spoon in. As he began to chew the rice, the spiciness burst out. His ears seemed to be spewing hot steam. Sitting in his chair, he straightened his back and looked as if he was about to leave the world at any moment.

Master Zhen Yong refrained from drinking water. With tears in his eyes, he took out the divine pill, stared at it, then clenched his fist and crushed it into powder. He began to have hallucinations. For a moment, he thought he saw a beautiful naked woman dancing in front of him.

Suddenly, his eyes rolled, and he fell to the ground, lying there motionlessly with a red face. He was knocked out by the spiciness.

1

An uproar resounded through the crowd. Many alchemists held their heads in disbelief. How did that happen? Even a powerful man like Master Zhen Yong could not resist two spoonfuls of curry rice?

With Master Zhen Yong's collapse, only three participants remained.

"It's so spicy! It's really too spicy!"

One participant took the fourth spoonful and began to shake violently. Finally, he could not bear it anymore. He picked up the glass and downed the water in one gulp. This was his second sip, which meant that he was eliminated.

1

However, before Bu Fang could announce his elimination, the participant fell forward and dunked his face into the curry rice. The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched, and his heart skipped a beat.

'Ouch! My face hurts just from looking at it. This guy is going to heaven...'

Sure enough, accompanied by a ghostly howl, the Saint of the Great Path fled the scene, crawling and rolling. 'This is not a challenge! This is murder!' he screamed in his mind.

1

The table was a mess, but two participants remained. Bu Fang was slightly surprised that the two participants were able to withstand the heat of the Eighteen Hell Curry.

Viscount Dao Lun's face was twisted, his lips swollen like a sausage. Viscount Ash looked a little better than him, but she too was disheveled, and her pretty face had long since become twisted.

"Owner Bu... can we try it too?" asked several nobles who were keen to try new things.

Bu Fang paused. He nodded, filled a bowl with the curry rice, and handed it to them. "Feel free to taste it," he said.

The nobles' eyes lit up. They each grabbed a spoon. Many people gathered around them, staring at the curry rice with wide eyes. The flowing crimson curry made these people swallow. It did not really smell very spicy, but...

The nobles looked at each other, then scooped up some rice and put the spoons in their mouths. The projection array zoomed in to capture their expressions.

Like the participants, they stiffened. The next moment, their expressions changed a dozen times before they all crouched on the ground with their heads in their hands, weeping bitterly. There was despair in their howling voices that brought tears and sadness to the others.

1

They regretted it instantly. What they did was no different from courting death! They should not be so curious!

1

The scene made all the experts who gathered before the projection arrays in other districts sucked in cold air.

“What a terrifying dark cuisine!”

Viscount Dao Lun had gone mad! After downing a second gulp of icy water, he tore off his clothes and ran away naked. In that instant, many noblewomen screamed!

1

Now that Viscount Dao Lun had run away, there was only one participant left. Viscount Ash was still holding on. Her cheeks were flushed, and her red lips were swollen, looking sexy. Countless people were attracted by her look now. She stuffed the curry rice into her mouth spoon after spoon and even stuck out her tongue to lick the rice grains from her lips.

Bu Fang gasped. ‘This woman is so... strong!’

1

As the curry rice gradually dwindled, Viscount Ash’s aura began to climb rapidly, and rings of air kept erupting out of her body. She was breaking through!

This scene was even more shocking! A dish could help someone break through? Something that no amount of divine pills could achieve was actually done by a dish?!

“Oh!”

Viscount Ash’s eyes were misty. She ate another spoonful of curry rice and then squeezed her legs together. Sweat beaded her forehead. ‘The soothing feeling in the spiciness might be the essence of this curry rice...’ she thought to herself.

Rumble!

Suddenly, her aura seemed to break through a shackle. The eyes of many people went wide as they found only three spoonfuls of curry rice were left in her bowl! At this point, she began to gasp violently. There were beads of sweat hanging from her neck, chin, and nose. All the nobles were watching her.

Could Viscount Ash survive this super spicy Eighteen Curry Hell challenge?!