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Chapter 1851: Finale (The End)

"It's time to settle the score."

Bu Fang said that with a faint smile on his face. His voice did not carry any hostility, as if he was just talking to a neighbor.

This was the Soul Demon Universe, a territory that belonged to Soul God. However, Soul God was already a thing of the past. At the moment, all that was left here was the God of Cooking, who sat cross-legged in silence.

Flowers were blooming in the starry sky. Everything was peaceful, and nothing much had changed since Bu Fang last left here.

The God of Cooking did not wish to transform the Soul Demon Universe. His eyes were not fixed on one universe. The world was turned ruthless by him, and he was in control of the whole world.

He opened his eyes and looked indifferently at Bu Fang. He did not seem too surprised by Bu Fang's appearance. It was as if he had expected it. Of course, it could also be that at his current level, he would no longer be shocked by anything.

Bu Fang had a gentle smile on his face. It was hard to imagine that someone who never smiled in the past would smile so often now. It would take others some time to get used to that.

He slowly walked in space. The flowers in the Soul Demon Universe seemed to vie in beauty and glamor as he walked past them.

All these flowers drifting in the starry sky were planted by him. For every dish he had left behind, a flower had bloomed.

In his view, these dishes did not reach the level of the God of Cooking, but the latter did not destroy them. This surprised him a little.

The whole Soul Demon Universe was very quiet. With Soul God's fall, those Soul Demons born because of him had turned into black smoke and dissipated from this world. The Soul Demons who Bu Fang sealed in a planet were all gone as well.

Today's Soul Demon Universe was pulsating with life, but except Bu Fang and the God of Cooking, it was silent. One might even describe it as dead silent.

It was quite fitting for a universe reigned by dead silence to become the ultimate battlefield for Bu Fang and the God of Cooking.

Outside the Soul Demon Universe, space rumbled as pairs of large eyes emerged, watching the battle that was about to unfold. They belonged to the experts who were curious about the battle, such as Tongtian, Yuanshi Tianzun, and Lord Dog.

Bu Fang did not let them in. The score between him and the God of Cooking needed to be resolved by themselves.

The God of Cooking apparently also sensed those prying eyes, but his face did not show any expression. "You are worthy to be the little guy who walked to the end of the path to becoming a God of Cooking under my guidance," he said lightly.

If Bu Fang was untalented, he would not have been chosen by the God of Cooking System, and he would not have become the most important part of the God of Cooking's plan.

"I didn't expect you to escape from the black hole in the depths of the universe... I thought you would slowly rot in there and become the dust of history."

The God of Cooking shook his head. He put his hands behind him and slowly walked forward. His aura was so strong that the whole Soul Demon Universe seemed unable to accommodate him.

After perfecting the Ruthless Path and having his cultivation base reach the pinnacle of the Ancestral God realm, the God of Cooking could be said to be invincible.

In just a flash, he appeared in front of Bu Fang. It only took him a brief moment to travel across a distance of millions of miles.

The God of Cooking looked Bu Fang in the eyes. He became very young. His skin was as fair as jade, and his eyes shone like gemstones. Although he was ruthless, his body was bursting with a majestic vitality.

As they stared at each other in silence, their gazes moved closer and closer, until their faces almost touched.

A long time later, the God of Cooking chuckled. "I never thought... You could really create your own way on the Emotional Path," he said.

Bu Fang shook his head. Looking at the God of Cooking, he said seriously, "Ruthlessness is part of one's emotions... In fact, I feel that the Emotional Path... contains the Ruthless Path."

"You're too arrogant..."

The God of Cooking narrowed his eyes as he flew into a rage. In an instant, a scary rumbling sound echoed out, and his body burst into blinding light as if the energy of hundreds of stars exploded at the same time.

The breathing of many experts watching them became stagnant. They felt a great terror. The God of Cooking was much stronger now than he was when he just made the breakthrough.

When the light gradually faded away, everyone sucked in a cold breath. The entire Soul Demon Universe was completely reduced to ruins. All those blooming flowers withered, and every dish suspended on every planet crumbled.

With just a thought, the God of Cooking had destroyed an entire universe. Fortunately, there were no more living beings in the Soul Demon Universe.

When the light had completely disappeared, Bu Fang could be seen hovering in space. His hair was disheveled and his robe was fluttering, but he was not killed by the God of Cooking's aura.

That gave the God of Cooking pause.

On the other hand, Lord Dog and the other experts, who were peering from afar, were relieved to see that Bu Fang was unscathed. They were afraid that he would be killed in seconds by the God of Cooking with just one blow.

By the looks of it, Bu Fang might have taken the last step and entered the Ancestral God realm! He truly was a genius!

Lord Dog, Er Ha, and the others could not help but sigh with mixed emotions. When they looked back at Bu Fang's journey, it all seemed like a dream.

"You do have some skills..." the God of Cooking said as he looked at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang shook his head. The God of Cooking's Vermilion Robe was striped black-and-red, while his was striped red-and-white. They looked rather similar to each other.

The God of Cooking's face grew colder. He flicked his finger. The next moment, the God of Cooking Set emerged. The Artifact Spirits turned into streams of light and rushed toward Bu Fang.

The stiff Golden Divine Dragon, the indifferent Vermilion Bird, the silent Black Turtle, the serious White Tiger, and the cold Qilin... The five Artifacts approached Bu Fang with auras that were not weaker than the Ancestral God realm.

They once fought alongside Bu Fang, but now, they were just the God of Cooking's ruthless weapons.

Bu Fang sighed as he looked at these old friends with a complicated gaze. Then, he raised his hands and clapped gently.

An invisible fluctuation spread, and the Artifact Spirits, who were charging toward him, froze in space...

"You created the Artifact Spirits, but you've deprived them of their emotions. Now, I'll give them real emotions..." Bu Fang said.

As his voice rang out, his body instantly turned into a beam of golden light and moved between the Artifact Spirits as fast as teleportation.

He pointed his finger at the head of every Artifact Spirit. With that, their cold and ruthless eyes became soulful once again. At the same time, a ripple seemed to sweep through their bodies.

Buzz...

The Artifact Spirits disappeared and turned into streams of light. The next moment, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the Vermilion Robe, the Qilin Transmigration Ladle, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and the White Tiger Heaven Stove appeared behind Bu Fang.

However, Bu Fang did not keep them. Instead, he flicked his finger, causing them to shoot away. In the blink of an eye, they rushed out of the Soul Demon Universe and scattered across the multiverse.

The starry sky fell silent once again. Bu Fang and the God of Cooking were the only ones hovering in space. They exchanged blows, and after a brief confrontation, everything went back to the starting point.

"Since both of us are chefs, let's use the chef's way to solve this. Didn't you say that the world only needs one God of Cooking?" Bu Fang said.

The God of Cooking nodded.

Bu Fang sat cross-legged in space, looked at the God of Cooking, and said, "So... Let's have a chef's battle?"

The God of Cooking did not refuse. He, too, sat cross-legged in space, facing Bu Fang across a great distance. With his gaze fixed at the latter, he raised his hand and waved it.

Rumble!

The world suddenly became bright. At this moment, the skies of all the universes were showing their figures.

“How could the chef’s battle between us have no spectators? I want to let the whole universe witness the charm of the God of Cooking!”

The experts in all the great worlds, small worlds, great universes, and lesser universes looked up at the boundless sky, where the images of Bu Fang and the God of Cooking were reflected.

As soon as they saw the God of Cooking, everyone went crazy! Having eaten his dishes, what they were pursuing now was the Ruthless Path, and he was their idol! He was the true God in their minds!

Bu Fang saw right through everything at a glance. He turned his head to look outside the Soul Demon Universe.

There, Lord Dog, Er Ha, Shrimpy, Foxy, Nethery, and the others hovered in the starry sky, looking at him. Their eyes were filled with worries, as well as the last hope.

Now, perhaps the only person who could face the God of Cooking was Bu Fang.

A warm smile spread across Bu Fang’s lips when he felt the concerned gazes of his friends. Then, he raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

Bright light surged. The next moment, everything in the Soul Demon Universe changed.

Bu Fang was now in the kitchen of Fang Fang’s Little Store. The God of Cooking’s gaze was cold. With a wave of his hand, he, too, appeared in an ordinary kitchen.

The final tussle between the two would end with a chef’s battle. As the whole multiverse watched, the chef’s battle that would shake heaven and earth quietly began.

The God of Cooking’s eyes were ruthless. He had reached the pinnacle of the Ruthless Path, and he would use it to cook a dish. It would be the greatest dish of his life.

On the other hand, Bu Fang’s gaze was gentle. Vivid images, starting from the Light Wind Empire, flashed in front of his eyes. Then, he slowly grabbed hold of an ordinary kitchen knife...

The cooking process did not last long. The God of Cooking soon finished his dish. He stripped away the emotions and cooked a dish with the most profound techniques and the best ingredients.

Everyone's eyes were attracted by the dish.

Bu Fang looked at the God of Cooking with a complicated gaze. That was the kind of cooking skill he used to pursue.

He had wanted to become a God of Cooking by making a delicacy with the most profound techniques and the best ingredients. Unfortunately, he could not do that.

And now the God of Cooking had done it.

But... Bu Fang was not belittling himself. Although he had failed to reach the realm he used to pursue, he had achieved the same realm through the Emotional Path.

However, he did it without flashy techniques and top-grade ingredients. What he made was just the most ordinary dumplings.

Just like how the God of Cooking had used a dumpling to nearly shatter his faith, Bu Fang was going to counterattack with... dumplings.

The dishes were ready, hovering in midair. The God of Cooking's dish glowed dazzlingly, and its rich aroma permeated the world, intoxicating all those who smelled it.

Bu Fang's dish, on the other hand, looked ordinary. Under the suppression of the God of Cooking's dish, it emitted no smell like a speck of dust.

"Is this the realm that the Emotional Path allows you to reach?"

The God of Cooking shook his head with disappointment in his eyes. He was disappointed by Bu Fang's dish. He had experienced ordinariness before, but it did not help him step to the top.

Bu Fang was now in the same realm as he used to be. It was a wrong realm, so he was destined to fail in this chef's battle...

Bu Fang smiled faintly and said nothing. He flicked his finger, and the plate of dumplings flew toward the God of Cooking.

Meanwhile, the God of Cooking also pushed his dish toward Bu Fang.

After exchanging the dishes they had each cooked, the two sat cross-legged in space.

Bu Fang produced a pair of chopsticks, picked up the God of Cooking's dish, and put it in his mouth.

The delicacy cooked with the best ingredients and the most profound techniques reached the apex of deliciousness. As he ate, Bu Fang could not help but sigh and marvel at the handling of the ingredients and the way it whetted one's appetite.

'It is... very delicious,' Bu Fang thought to himself.

On the other side, the God of Cooking held the plate of dumplings cooked by Bu Fang, reached out his chopsticks, picked one up, and stuffed it into his mouth. As he chewed, his cheeks trembled slightly.

Suddenly, his eyes turned somewhat dazed as the fragrance in the dumpling exploded out and impacted his mouth...

'The ingredients are ordinary, and so are the cooking techniques and everything else. But... Why did it... taste so good?!

The God of Cooking had a blank look on his face. He reached out his chopsticks again, picked another dumpling up, and put it in his mouth. He moved faster and faster until he finished all the dumplings.

"Why..." the God of Cooking looked up at Bu Fang.

His mouth was fully stuffed. When he spoke, he even spat out bits of dumpling. And his voice was tinged with confusion and disbelief, just like Bu Fang after eating his dumpling not too long ago.

He once came so close to shattering Bu Fang's faith with his dish and causing Bu Fang to almost give up halfway on the path he had been insisting for so long. And now, Bu Fang was paying him back with his own coin.

Using dumplings as well, Bu Fang had made him sink into confusion.

Bu Fang smiled faintly. "The Cooking Path is, in fact, the same as the Great Path. Although it seems to be ruthless, it has emotions..."

"I've said that ruthlessness is actually an emotion as well. You should know this since you've used the God of Cooking System to teach me to walk the Emotional Path for so long. But if there's something you don't understand..."

"Ask me, and I can teach you."

The God of Cooking was slightly stunned. As he looked at Bu Fang, his gaze gradually became complicated. Suddenly, he burst out laughing.

Bu Fang said nothing and watched as the God of Cooking laughed. Then, he snapped his fingers.

Around the multiverse, all the people who had eaten the God of Cooking's dishes had their favorite delicacies emerge in front of them. After eating these dishes, the emotions they were deprived of immediately returned to them.

In the deathly still Soul Demon Universe, millions of flowers bloomed on the floating debris of the shattered stars. The universe was once again pulsating with life.

The God of Cooking laughed until he burst into tears. His gaze was complicated. Many emotions welled up in his heart, while various images emerged in his eyes.

Those images were the things that Bu Fang had gone through, as well as his journey of growth with his friends.

The God of Cooking saw how he had fed Lord Dog Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, how Er Ha had laughed and begged him for spicy strips, how Nethery had asked for Dragon Blood Rice, and how Bu Fang and his friends enjoyed Blood Lobsters together.

All these images punched him in the chest like numerous fists.

In fact, the God of Cooking had been through it all before. However, on his way to pursue the pinnacle of the Cooking Path, he had abandoned too many things.

The last image that appeared in his eyes was a familiar figure. It was a scene when he and the Queen of Curses lived an ordinary life in the cabin.

His heart, which had been filled with the Ruthless Path, suddenly trembled. He clutched his chest with a hand and laughed. A long time later, he stopped laughing and looked at Bu Fang with a complicated gaze.

He had lost the chef's battle. Bu Fang's dish made him understand that a true God of Cooking's dish might not be exquisite or use top-grade ingredients. However, as long as it gave people a sense of satisfaction and pleasure, it was the best cuisine.

The world only needed one God of Cooking. Unfortunately, he was not the one.

The God of Cooking's gaze grew deeper as the Queen of Curses' voice, smile, and face gradually moved further away from him. When he finally came to his senses, he found that he was no longer a teenager. He had become an old man once again.

However, he had no resentment or anger. He just sighed, gave Bu Fang a deep look, then turned and left the starry sky with faltering footsteps.

Bu Fang did not follow, nor did he kill the God of Cooking, for they did not have a bet for this chef's battle.

The world was quiet. Everyone fell silent as they watched the God of Cooking dwindle into the distance. A long time later, his back completely vanished from sight. No one knew where he went.

There was no sensational battle nor earth-shattering attacks. The final confrontation between Bu Fang and the God of Cooking came to an end, with the latter leaving with faltering footsteps.

The old God of Cooking was gone, and there was a new God of Cooking in the world: Bu Fang.

...

The Soul Demons were completely exterminated. With that, the great calamity that troubled the Primitive Universe, the Chaotic Universe, and Void City was gone. Everything in the world was back on track again.

In the Primitive Universe, Hangu Pass was reconstructed. However, it was no longer surrounded by terrifying slaughtering but had become the training venue for the recruits of Heavenly Guards.

Whenever the recruits completed their training, they would gather around the bonfire and enjoy the delicacies prepared by the chefs in Hangu Pass, laughing and sharing their experiences.

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The once cursed Void Universe was now flourishing, with living planets scattered throughout the starry sky. Cultivated by the former exiles, every planet was bustling with life.

And Void City had become the holy site of the Void Universe. It was no longer the sinful place where exiles were kept in captivity. Instead, it became a place for new lives in the Void Universe to learn and grow.

Inside the city, the former District D had become a food district. All the top chefs of the Void Universe had gathered here. The delicious aroma of delicacies lingered in the air, causing the whole city to be constantly enveloped in the fragrance of food.

Well, the only fly in the ointment was that the Queen of Curses was still nowhere to be seen.

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Peace had returned to the Chaotic Universe, and the order was restored. As Heavengod Transmigration, Xiao Yanyu kept everything in good order.

In addition, more and more experts broke through and became Heavengods, making the Chaotic Universe's strength stronger and stronger.

Outside the Temple of Heavengod Transmigration, Xiao Yanyu put her hands behind her back and looked at the boundless starry sky with her beautiful eyes.

The corners of her mouth lifted slightly as she raised her hand to touch the stars. At the tips of her slender, fair fingers, a beautiful meteor shower was falling...

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Planet Immortality was as peaceful and stable as ever.

A great mountain stood on one of its continents, and at its foot was a prosperous town. The town was lined with houses and alleys, while tall buildings rose from both sides of the wide streets. Although it was a small town, it had everything, such as restaurants, inns, teahouses, and brothels.

If you go straight down the main street of the town and pass a busy restaurant, you will see a deep alley. And once you get to the end of the alley, you will find a completely different scene.

A cozy little restaurant stood quietly at the end of the alley.

In front of the restaurant lay a fat black dog, lazily basking in the sun. Next to the black dog, Whitey sat quietly with its legs spread out, holding a large bowl of star cores in its hand and stuffing them into its mouth from time to time. A noisy crackling sound could be heard coming out from its mechanical mouth.

Inside the restaurant, Flowery was serving the customers with a steaming dish in her hand. Er Ha sat in front of a beautiful diner and was talking to her, causing her face to turn red.

Dugu Wushuang leaned against a pillar outside the kitchen. He was holding his sword in his arms with a weed dangling from his lips and a sharp look in his eyes.

Foxy was playing with Eighty, while Niu Hansan sat at a table, drinking and chatting with many friends.

Ting-a-ling!

The kitchen's curtain was lifted. A lean figure walked out of it with a bowl of steaming Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in his hand. A golden mantis shrimp perched on his shoulder, spitting bubbles.

He left the kitchen, came outside the restaurant, and placed the bowl in front of the big black dog. After rubbing the dog's head, he turned and walked back into the restaurant.

The black dog's lazy look changed in an instant, and he began to attack the dish.

Inside the restaurant, quiet footsteps were heard coming from upstairs. Then, a graceful figure walked down the stairway.

Nethery yawned, put a hand on her stomach, and pursed her lips. "Bu Fang, I'm hungry."

The young man turned around. Looking at Nethery, he raised his hand and rubbed her head. On his expressionless face, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

"Give me a minute."

After that, he turned and stepped into the kitchen.

In the dining area, many people greeted Nethery, who had just come down from upstairs. The atmosphere was happy and harmonious.

In the kitchen, Bu Fang tossed the wok and stir-fried as flames roared in the stove. A rich fragrance lingered in the air.

Looking at the firelight, his eyes gradually became misty and relaxed. The Dragon Blood Rice in the wok was giving off a delicious aroma, and as the grains tumbled, they emanated a charming gleam.

As Bu Fang cooked, he suddenly chuckled. After becoming the God of Cooking, he realized that what he wanted was very simple. He just wanted to bask in the sun once in a while, cook, and let his old friends taste the food that would make them happy. That was all.

He was the God of Cooking. His name was Bu Fang, and he did not panic.

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Bu Fang turned off the fire and put down the steaming black wok. Then, he walked out of the kitchen with a bowl of warm Dragon Blood Rice.

"Nethery, it's time to eat."

A gentle voice lingered in the restaurant. However, it was soon drowned out in the tumultuous giggles.

In the kitchen, a kitchen knife sat quietly on a chopping board. There was a drop of water on its blade, reflecting everything in the kitchen as if it were reflecting the whole world.