

## Gourmet 971

### Chapter 971: Brother Tong Cheng, Come Sit With Us

What's that smell?

Did they get the wrong door? Is this place not a restaurant? Is it a toilet instead?

The four of them had yet to prepare their minds when they pushed the door open, so upon smelling the thick stench, they were shocked out of their minds.

Xuanyuan Xiahui's muscles shivered, and he could not help stepping backward.

Xuanyuan Xuan, who was standing beside him, couldn't help using her hand to cover her mouth.

Although Mu Liuer was able to bear the smell, her smile had long since disappeared. She begrudgingly checked the invitation in her hand to see if she had gone to the wrong place.

Manager Chen's face had turned even darker. When he exhaled, green veins emerged on his forehead, making him resemble a barrel of dynamite.

The onlookers that followed them were startled. Then, their gazes fell on the restaurant.

They turned their heads and exchanged looks, seeing the awed looks in each other's faces.

Is this a restaurant owned by a hermit Immortal Chef?

It had attracted even the newly-promoted Immortal Chef Xuanyuan Xiahui and the other elders of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

The news spread fast. Many people squinted their eyes, masking the excited glints within.

The news was spread even faster. In just a short while, a large number of people began to gather in front of the kitchen.

“See? It’s a famous restaurant!”

“My God! Since when did this sort of restaurant open in such a remote corner?”

“It has a name? Unbelievable! If it has a name, does that mean it was opened by an Immortal Chef?”

“Wow! Look at the name! For real? An Immortal Chef managing a restaurant so close to us?”

The crowd discussed among themselves spiritedly. They couldn’t wait to get into the restaurant to enjoy its good food.

However, many of them were hesitant. They didn’t dare to get in.

Xuanyuan Xiahui and the others had to exert much effort to step inside the restaurant. When they saw the interior, their eyes lit up.

It was different from the typical restaurants. This restaurant was really small, but the dining tables were arranged in a circle in front of the kitchen.

When people first saw this arrangement, they were really surprised.

Xuanyuan Xiahui strolled around the restaurant with bated breath. Shortly after, he saw the menu on the wall, and his eyes brightened.

“Hotpot, barbeque, Blood Lobsters... It’s all here. I’ve tasted the Blood Lobsters. It was spicy but very delicious.”

However, at that moment, the aroma of Spicy Blood Lobsters was nowhere to be perceived. Instead, the air within the restaurant was filled with a disgusting stench.

“Is this something a chef should cook?! It stinks to high heaven! It’s simply a humiliation to his chef status!” Manager Chen was infuriated, and his face darkened.

A chef ought to cook dishes that smell delicious to trigger the appetites of customers. For this chef, cooking something that smelled this bad was nothing more than humiliating for his career!

Mu Liuer just watched indifferently.

Xuanyuan Xuan wanted to say something, but she was so nauseated that she could not open her mouth. She was afraid that she would puke the moment she opened it.

Currently, there were two people sitting at the table.

One was a young, handsome man, who looked a little gloomy. He was holding a pair of chopsticks, which he used to pick food on a plate in front of him.

The other was bald and looked fierce.

They recognized the bald guy. He was the one who gave them the invitation.

At that moment, a plate was placed in front of the two. On the plate were black cubes stacked atop each other, dressed with a kind of sticky sauce.

Both men were shoving the black cubes, which were coated in the sticky, black dressing, into their mouths.

As they filled their mouths with the food, the men would chew so noisily that the sounds reached the ears of everyone present.

When Xuanyuan Xiahui’s group realized that it was this dish that was giving off the horrible stench, their expressions instantly changed.

Those cubes smelled no different than a turd...

“They... Are they eating turds?” Xuanyuan Xuan asked with fear in her voice. She was watching Nether King Er Ha and the Black Dragon King with wide eyes.

Xuanyuan Xiahui pursed his lips, and his expression became serious.

As a chef, his mentality was different from Xuanyuan Xuan’s and the others. He noticed the expressions of satisfaction that appeared on the faces of Nether King Er Ha and the Black Dragon King after they had eaten those black cubes.

The dish had delighted them mentally and physically.

Manager Chen reacted in the same way. As an Immortal Chef test judge, he understood what customers considered the most important role of a dish—it should delight them.

The corners of Mu Liuer’s mouth curled into a smile.

Indeed, Bu Fang was always Bu Fang. This mortal chef never ceased to surprise people.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

The bell hanging on the kitchen door frame jingled.

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen, wiping his wet hands with a cloth as he calmly walked forward. It looked like the disgusting stench in the air had no effect on him at all.

When Bu Fang saw Xuanyuan Xiahui’s group standing by the door, he blinked in surprise.

“Come. Have a seat there,” Bu Fang said to them.

A smile immediately appeared on Xuanyuan Xiahui’s face. “Congratulations on opening your new restaurant, Bu Fang!”

After saying that, Xuanyuan Xiahui brought Xuanyuan Xuan along with him to sit opposite Nether King Er Ha.

They sat down, facing the kitchen.

As they were now closer to the area giving off the disgusting stench, they began to doubt their existence.

Even with Xuanyuan Xiahui's persistence, he could not stifle his frown. He found it difficult to imagine how these two could eat this kind of food.

Manager Chen sat down as well, his face dark. He glanced at Bu Fang, snorted, and looked away.

He wasn't pleased seeing Bu Fang do all this. He thought that, at this time, Bu Fang should be practicing his hardest for the Immortal Chef test instead of acting like a moth that was trying to conduct a bizarre kind of ritual.

Mu Liuer, on the other hand, smiled with delight.

"You guys wait a minute," Bu Fang said to the group of four, showing them a slight smile. After that, he turned around and walked back to his kitchen.

The four glanced at each other, and their faces suddenly changed.

Did Bu Fang intend to cook that dish with the heaven-defying stench for them?

Could they refuse him?

Ding! Ding! Ding!

The bell jingled once again as Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen.

They hadn't guessed wrong. The plate placed in front of them was filled with ink-black tofu cubes dressed in black sticky sauce.

The dish with the heaven-defying stench...

Bu Fang placed his hands on the table and bent slightly, saying to them, “This is just an appetizer. Enjoy yourselves. No need to be polite.”

Who wants to be polite to you? Can we not eat this?

Fear filled Xuanyuan Xuan’s eyes as she covered her mouth.

The others looked awkward as well.

“Owner Bu...”

“Trust me... Do not be fooled by its smell and appearance. What you’re seeing might not be the truth. You should be able to see the dish’s nature through its exterior,” Bu Fang said.

The group of four were dumbstruck.

His words were smooth and logical, and surprisingly, they had nothing to say in reply.

Mu Liuer looked a little strange, but she said nothing. Instead, she was the first to grab her chopsticks to pick up a tofu cube.

The black sauce smeared all over the cube, dripping down.

Mu Liuer gulped before opening her mouth and shoving the tofu cube into it.

Xuanyuan Xuan went wide-eyed in disbelief.

What?

Mu Liuer thought that the moment the cube entered her mouth, the stench would make her puke. However, beyond her expectations, a very fragrant aroma wafted out as soon as she tasted it.

It smelled so good. The fragrant aroma spread from her mouth to the rest of her body, and her mind suddenly felt refreshed. It was as though her soul had just been cleansed.

She chewed the soft tofu and swallowed it. Its thick, savory juice, which had just been smeared all over the interior of her mouth, lit up her taste buds.

“Good... Delicious!” Mu Liuer exclaimed. She had looked bewildered at first, but a moment later, her eyes had lit up.

She looked at Bu Fang, excitement evident on her face.

This mortal chef was... indeed extraordinary!

This tofu could cleanse one’s soul. At that moment, she could feel her spirit sea sink and congeal.

For Divine Spirit Realm experts, the congealing of the spirit sea was very important. Not only would it increase their mental force, but it would also strengthen their cultivation base.

Xuanyuan Xiahui’s pupils dilated. Mu Liuer’s reaction had exceeded his expectations.

Was it...

Making up his mind, he used his chopsticks to pick up a cube of stinky tofu, which he promptly shoved into his mouth.

Umm...

He swallowed just as fast, and it was then he understood the thrill he had seen in Mu Liuer’s eyes.

Bu Fang... In the end, the dishes he brought to people were unexpected but delicious.

This creation had broken the norms of gourmet dishes. He was at a complete loss for words.

Although he was a newly-promoted Immortal Chef, he knew that his creativity could not hold a candle to Bu Fang's.

He didn't know why, but he had a firm belief that Bu Fang would astound people at the Immortal Chef test!

...

At the gate of Immortal Chef Little Store

A crowd of people had gathered at the gate, waiting for Xuanyuan Xiahui's group to exit the restaurant.

Suddenly, the crowd raised an uproar.

The sounds of hooves rang out, and a moment later, a brigade with horses arrived.

Tong Cheng had arrived with a dark expression, turning as he jumped off his Thunder Dragon Horse. Clapping his hands, he scanned the crowd.

His gaze settled on the little restaurant.

"Is this the restaurant that that mortal opened? Haha! Trash, that's what it is. Small and narrow," Tong Cheng said with a sneer.

The onlookers sucked in breaths of cold air.

"It's Immortal Chef Tong Cheng from the famous Tong family!"

"Wow! Another Immortal Chef arrived. This little restaurant must have an extraordinary background!"

"I'm so curious. Who is its owner?"



As the onlookers discussed, they became even more excited.

Tong Cheng didn't care about the crowd. With his hands clasped at his back, he walked into the restaurant wearing a cold face.

He wanted to see how surprised that mortal would be at his arrival. That Bu Fang probably never imagined that he, Tong Cheng, would return.

Now, he could humiliate that mortal.

Squeak.

His two guards helped him push the restaurant's doors open, exchanging looks before going in.

The moment Tong Chen entered the restaurant... his brows furrowed, his nose crinkled, and his face darkened.

What kind of smell is that?

Why is it so disgusting?

Tong Cheng looked dumbfounded. When the odor permeated his nostrils, it felt like his stomach was contorting, as though someone was trying to move the mountains and rivers in there.

His guards could no longer stand the stench as they hurriedly covered their mouths.

Their pupils dilated when they spotted a table where several people were seated.

Xuanyuan Xiahui, Manager Chen, and Mu Liuer... were all eating the stinky dish to their hearts' content.

Were they eating turds? Tong Cheng was at a loss for words.

Xuanyuan Xiahui used his chopsticks to grab a cube of stinky tofu, which he shoved into his mouth. As he chewed and swallowed, his face revealed a blissful expression.

As though he had sensed something, Xuanyuan Xiahui turned towards the door and saw Tong Cheng. Although he was surprised, he smiled.

“Brother Tong Cheng, come and sit with us.”

As Xuanyuan Xiahui was grinning, Tong Cheng could see the pieces of black tofu in his mouth. This made him suck in a breath of cold air.

However, the horrible stench attacked his nostrils instantly.

As someone with germophobia, at that moment, Tong Cheng almost collapsed.

Bleeeuuurrggghh!

That smell!

Can't stand it!

Tong Cheng looked like he had just swallowed turds. His desire to humiliate Bu Fang had vanished into thin air. He turned around, pushing the doors open and storming out.

His guards hurried after him.

“Bleeeuuurrggghh!”

As soon as Tong Cheng rushed out of the door, he could not hold the contents of his stomach in and vomited!

Damn it!

That mortal had been prepared to nauseate him!

Tong Cheng was enraged!

Suddenly, he had a bad premonition. Turning around, he saw his guards rushing out of the restaurant with their eyes bulged and their mouths open.

“Shut your mouth!” Tong Cheng shouted.

However...

Blargh! Blargh!

Tong Cheng felt as though the sky was about to fall.

The crowd outside was frightened as they watched the events unfolding in front of the restaurant.

Oh God. What happened... How come it was so... explosive?

Chapter 972: Immortal Chef Test... Begins!

The surroundings were completely quiet.

Everybody was stunned, having witnessed the events that had just ensued in front of the small restaurant.

Unexpectedly, it was an embarrassing scene.

Someone from an aristocratic family in Immortal City... The genius chef, Tong Cheng, got puked on by his guards.

It was somewhat mind-blowing.

What had happened in the restaurant?

When the onlookers got a hold of themselves, they became even more curious about the situation inside. Indeed, Tong Cheng's embarrassing plight had piqued their curiosity.

Tong Cheng was shocked. His eyes were wide, and his body trembled.

He had germophobia.

As an Immortal Chef, he was obsessed with cleanliness. He cleaned his kitchen knives often, and his clothes were always spotless. When needed, he would use the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame to disinfect his items.

He was a man who liked to stay really clean.

However, this time, he had miscalculated.

At the moment, he was trembling hard. He had come to this restaurant to mock that mortal, messing up his train of thought so he would be distracted and unable to perform well in the Immortal Chef test. When that time comes, it would be easier to deal with him, a mortal who will be without the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's protection.

However, was this f\*cking place a restaurant?

When the doors were pushed open, Tong Cheng thought that he had just walked into a toilet.

That disgusting stench in the air almost suffocated him.

More importantly, Xuanyuan Xiahui was in there, and he was eating!

Eating, your sister!

As the Young Master of the Tong family, the acclaimed genius chef, how could he cook something that resembled turds, just like what he had seen in there?!

“Get lost! All of you!” Tong Cheng’s eyes reddened as he bellowed.

His True Immortal Realm aura surged from his body, instantly expelling all the dirt on him. Then, he turned into a beam of light and vanished.

The onlookers tried hard not to laugh.

Eventually, they couldn’t rein in their curiosity, so they pushed open the doors of the restaurant, eager to see what was going on inside.

Almost immediately, their eyes widened, and their jaws dropped.

The interior of the restaurant reeked of a disgusting stench. Furthermore, the newly-promoted Immortal Chef Xuanyuan Xiahui was sitting at a table, happily eating the stinky food.

My God!

The onlookers’ world seemed to turn upside down.

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After Xuanyuan Xiahui tossed the last cube of stinky tofu into his mouth, he exhaled in satisfaction.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

The bell jingled again. Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen and glanced at Xuanyuan Xiahui, the corners of his lips curling upwards.

“Are you done?”

“Owner Bu’s food... is really special. It gives off a disgusting stench, but at the same time, it tastes so good. It’s like magic.”

Xuanyuan Xiahui wiped the black sauce off his mouth with a handkerchief.

The gaze he had directed at Bu Fang became complicated. This dish was really delicious, but why did he have to make it with such a stinky smell?

Did Bu Fang know that this kind of dish would easily make him lose his customers?

Who could endure this stench?

“Today is the day we open for business. Thank you for joining us. This is why we’ve provided a good dish for free. We hope you guys enjoyed it here,” Bu Fang said.

The stinky tofu was just an appetizer, the restaurant’s first step towards fame.

Although the restaurant was located in a remote area, by using stinky tofu to attract customers over and then gourmet food to entertain them, this little restaurant could set foot firmly in this Immortal City.

“Will the next dish be another stinky one?” Manager Chen asked, stroking his beard. He glanced at Bu Fang and snorted.

He could not deny that the stinky tofu was delicious. The problem, however, was its smell. It was really disgusting.

“No. Wait for a bit,” Bu Fang answered with a shake of his head. After that, he returned to the kitchen.

Nether King Er Ha had eaten enough. He was already sucking on a Spicy Strip, casually watching Xuanyuan Xiahui and the others.

His handsome face attracted a lot of people. It only stood to reason that people would feel better when they saw something nice.

Mu Liuer and Xuanyuan Xuan were also attracted.

After the Black Dragon King had eaten his fill, he smiled and rubbed his bald head. Wasting no time, he stood up at once and ran to tease his daughter.

Finally, Xuanyuan Xiahui and the others got in the mood to look around the restaurant.

They spotted Lord Dog, who was lying on the floor with Flowery beside him, clutching his thigh.

Bu Fang had a dog?

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, many chefs kept spirit pets, so they weren't really surprised.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

The metal bell on the kitchen's door frame rang out.

This bell was provided by the system. The sounds it made were sharp and pleasant to the ears, which had the power to cleanse one's soul.

This was quite similar to the stinky tofu's effect.

Bu Fang walked over and placed a bronze pot in front of the four, watching them expressionlessly as he set it up.

Mu Liuer's eyes lit up.

"Oh, Owner Bu is serving us hotpot, right?"

Mu Liuer had tried Bu Fang's hotpot before, and she had been unable to resist its delicious taste.

Eating hotpot together with other people was a delightful experience.

Hotpot?

Xuanyuan Xiahui and Xuanyuan Xuan were amazed.

As for Manager Chen, his face darkened even more.

“The hotpot that had stirred a huge buzz in Immortal City was Owner Bu’s concept. Indeed, Owner Bu’s creativity is not something I can match.” Xuanyuan Xiahui sighed emotionally.

Xuanyuan Xuan looked up at Bu Fang with a twinkle in her eyes.

Bu Fang could definitely become an Immortal Chef!

As someone who wanted to win the heart of an Immortal Chef, Xuanyuan Xuan felt she had to win Bu Fang over before he became an official Immortal Chef. One does not skip temporary richness and honor.

This was why Xuanyuan Xuan’s thoughts were in disarray. However, the way she looked at Bu Fang made him shudder.

Bu Fang opened his mouth and spouted a ball of dark gold flames.

When Xuanyuan Xiahui saw this, he smiled and said, “Owner Bu, why don’t you retract your Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?”

“Yeah?” Bu Fang asked, surprised.

“My Immortal Flame could perhaps enhance the heat and flavor of the dish,” said Xuanyuan Xiahui.

Immortal Flame...



Bu Fang was quiet for a while. A few moments later, he raised his hand, and his Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, which had flown under the pot, disappeared.

“Please do,” Bu Fang said.

The corners of Xuanyuan Xiahui’s lips curled upward. He shook his hand once, stimulating his true energy.

As someone who had passed the Immortal Chef test, Xuanyuan Xiahui was not weak. In fact, anyone who becomes an Immortal Chef was not weak at all.

For one to make their dishes contain immortal energy, they would need immense body strength and a strong mental force.

If either was insufficient, any attempt at condensing immortal energy would be in vain.

Boom!

A crystal ball of light appeared in Xuanyuan Xiahui’s hand, which resembled a flaming chrysanthemum. Eventually, its color became a sparkling deep green.

The moment this flame appeared, the temperature inside the restaurant increased drastically, and intense gusts of heat kept blowing.

When Bu Fang saw the flame, his eyes widened.

“Is that an Immortal Flame?” Bu Fang exhaled in an attempt to calm himself.

“It is. The flame that every chef yearns for. It’s an immortal item that even First Grade Immortal Chefs desire,” Xuanyuan Xiahui said.

Talking about coincidence, Xuanyuan Xiahui had surprisingly obtained this Crystal Immortal Flame by chance. Once he started using it, his cooking skills had improved greatly, and in turn, it helped him achieve his Immortal Chef rank.

He valued his Immortal Flame, so he protected it seriously.

“It’s not bad at all,” Bu Fang sincerely said.

Indeed, as soon as the Immortal Flame appeared, his dark gold Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, which was a combination of two Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames, paled in comparison to it.

Boom!

When Xuanyuan Xiahui flicked his fingers, the crystal flames went below the pot and began to burn brightly.

Instantly, the red broth began to boil, and its spicy aroma permeated the air.

Since the Immortal Flame could improve the taste and aroma of the ingredients, Bu Fang decided to get himself an Immortal Flame as well. The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame he currently had was no longer useful for his current level.

After gazing deeply at the Crystal Immortal Flame, Bu Fang turned around and walked into the kitchen.

A moment later, he returned with the ingredients he had prepared beforehand.

Unlike the stinky tofu, the smell of this spicy hotpot was fragrant. Of course, the spicy aroma delighted the four guests.

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Inside the Heaven and Earth Farmland, Bu Fang appeared in the massive meadow.

As a gentle breeze blew by, numerous ears of wheat brushed against each other, and the green grass, which stretched as far as the eye could see, fluttered gently.

The air was filled with the pleasant aroma of fruits. Specifically, ripe spirit fruits.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him and strolled around the farmland.

He came to his farmland to prepare the ingredients he needed for his Immortal Chef test.

At first, Bu Fang wanted to cook the Heavenly Buddha Jumps Over the Wall, but yesterday, Xuanyuan Xiahui told him that the Buddha Jumps Over the Wall had a complicated combination of ingredients, so it would be difficult to condense a wisp of immortal energy out of it.

In reality, the so-called immortal energy was actually the energy within the ingredients themselves. Every ingredient had its own origin, and when that original energy was extracted, gathered, and condensed, the resulting energy would be the immortal energy.

When original energy becomes immortal energy, the taste of the dish will soar immensely.

The more original energy was extracted, the more immortal energy would be formed after condensing it. However, this process was really difficult.

Since the original energy in each cooking ingredient was little, a chef had to have an enormous mental force in order to condense a large amount of it.

This was the reason why no Immortal Chefs were weak.

With a low cultivation base, a chef would be unable to extract and refine the original energy of their ingredients.

Higher grade cooking ingredients had more original energy. This was the reason why ingredients produced or grown on the Immortal Tree were highly sought after by Immortal Chefs.

Since the Buddha Jumps Over the Wall had a lot of different ingredients, which made it difficult to condense immortal energy, Bu Fang decided to make another dish. It was good that he had just received a reward from the system for completing his task.

The reward was a recipe for a new dish, Crystal Glazed Soup Dumplings. After reading the recipe, Bu Fang realized that this dumpling was a high-level dish.

It was a dish for Immortal Chefs.

This was because, in the system's description, in order to create a perfect Crystal Glazed Soup Dumpling, a chef was required to create a wisp of immortal energy.

“Crystal Glazed Soup Dumplings: Use Guanyin Pearl Tear Rice to create flour. Use five types of spirit beast meat, along with a crystal clear white cabbage soup as stuffing. A strict kneading technique is used to create the thousand-pleat Crystal Glazed Soup Dumpling.”

This was the description provided by the system.

Of course, the new recipe made Bu Fang excited.

Bu Fang had already been growing Guanyin Pearl Tear Rice in his farmland. As for the five types of spirit beast meat, he had Blood Lobster, Demon Frog, Papillion Dragon, Brother Octopus' tentacle, and Eighty's thigh... Almost perfect.

Although these spirit beast meats would not make the best combination out there, Bu Fang believed that they would suffice for his Immortal Chef test.

However, the method of cooking this dumpling, as stipulated by the system, seemed really difficult.

At this moment, Niu Hansan saw Bu Fang, and he smiled brightly as he walked over to him.

He handed Bu Fang the ingredients he had prepared after receiving Bu Fang's request earlier.

After talking for a while, Bu Fang left the farmland, promising Niu Hansan that he would find more spirit vegetables, herbs, and spirit beasts to grow.

Niu Hansan had come to consider the Heaven and Earth Farmland his home. He was able to relax his body and mind here, and this made him delighted and satisfied.

Whenever he had free time, he helped Bu Fang explore more of the farmland. As Bu Fang's cultivation base grew, the farmland expanded as well.

Whenever Bu Fang left the restaurant and saw the massive Immortal Tree, he had the urge to bring it to his farmland and plant it there.

If he could bring the Immortal Tree into his farmland world, it would cause earth-shattering changes there.

However, that was just wishful thinking. With his current cultivation base, Bu Fang would be unable to even move the tree's branch an inch.

Another night passed by...

A bright sky signaled the arrival of a new day. Sunlight shone down for thousands of miles, and the air was filled with pleasant fragrances.

Bu Fang pushed open the doors of Immortal Chef Little Store.

He stretched his neck and looked at the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, his Vermilion Robe and hair fluttering in the wind.

Three days had already passed. Today was the day of his Immortal Chef test.

Bu Fang was really looking forward to it.

At the entrance of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, a large number of people were rushing in.

They knew that today was the day that the mortal chef and Tong Cheng would take the challenge.

If that mortal could become an Immortal Chef, he would be alright. But if he couldn't become an Immortal Chef, Tong Cheng from the Tong family would never let him go.

In fact, one could say that this test would determine that mortal's fate. He had no way to escape it.

At a location far away...

A sand storm billowed.

Amidst the dust clouds, a lean figure could be seen walking slowly with his hands clasped behind him.

Chapter 973: Immortal Ingredient, Eighty the Chicken?

“Brother, do you want to leave?” Xuanyuan Xuan asked Xuanyuan Xiahui, who had worn casual clothes instead of his chef coat.

Xuanyuan Xiahui meticulously rolled his sleeves up before flashing Xuanyuan Xuan a smile.

“Today’s the day Owner Bu takes the Immortal Chef test. Of course, I want to go and watch. Wanna go with me?”

Xuanyuan Xuan pondered for a few seconds before saying, “Brother, do you think Bu Fang stands a chance to become an Immortal Chef?”

This made Xuanyuan Xiahui go quiet for a short while.

“Tough. First, Bu Fang’s cultivation base has yet to reach the True Immortal Realm, so this can be considered a shackle on him. Second, he doesn’t possess an Immortal Flame, and this can be considered as another shackle. If he had both, it would be easier for him to become an Immortal Chef. So, considering those two factors, Owner Bu’s chance of success is just twenty percent,” Xuanyuan Xiahui explained with a smile.

It wasn’t easy to get such an achievement. He needed to accumulate energy, competence, and chances.

Immortal Chefs occupied positions of nobility in the Immortal Cooking Realm. However, it came with some reasons.

Nevertheless, Bu Fang had to become an Immortal Chef.

If Bu Fang couldn't become an Immortal Chef, he would have no chance to get rid of the Tongs.

Tong Chen had been an Immortal Chef for a long time, and his reputation was vast and well-known. Even if Xuanyuan Xiaohui got involved, he would not be considered a threat.

He couldn't help Bu Fang. If Bu Fang could not become an Immortal Chef, he would be unable to help him, and the same could be said for the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

"Okay, Brother. I'm going with you." Xuanyuan Xuan made her decision after thinking about it.

Shortly after, they closed their restaurant and set off for the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

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Outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion

Everybody watched a lean figure casually strolling forward. His Vermillion Robe fluttered in the wind.

With an indifferent face, Bu Fang clasped his hands as he walked forward calmly, ignoring the intense gazes from the onlookers.

"The mortal actually came!"

"Very arrogant! Does he really think that the Immortal Chef test is easy?"

"Every Immortal Chef has experienced countless training sessions to accumulate abundant experience, so they had greater chances. What qualification does this mortal have?"

The onlookers discussed among themselves. They all shared a disdain for Bu Fang, so none of them evaluated him highly.

A lot of people from aristocratic families had also arrived. Somehow, they all looked pensive.

Bu Fang, a human who had the courage and dared to stand against the Tong family, had earned their admiration.

There were many strong families in Immortal City. Some were at their peak of glory, some were declining, and others remained ordinary. The Tongs belonged to the group at the peak of glory, and they held a high position among them.

The Tong family, the Gongshu family, the Zhang family, and the Luo family were the four most influential families in Immortal City. They were as influential as the City Lord.

The City Lord, the Mu family, could be considered another powerful family.

In Immortal City, these influential families were the law.

A mortal dared to resist such a family... was blatant provocation to them.

Mu Liuer arrived at the entrance of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, which was surrounded by experts awaiting Bu Fang's arrival.

Everyone was a little curious about the special grade chef who had triggered the Immortal Chef test.

With an indifferent expression, Bu Fang's cold gaze scanned the crowd.

The expressions on their faces weren't similar, but they all looked complicated. However, this sort of countenance couldn't shake his mind.

"Come here," Mu Liuer said, smiling at Bu Fang. Her eyes seemed to contain a hint of something strange, as though she had some sort of expectation for him.



Bu Fang expressionlessly nodded.

However, he was a little annoyed. If he were allowed to take the Immortal Chef test before, he wouldn't have to come here again.

“Follow me.”

Bu Fang's indifference no longer surprised Mu Liuer. She nodded and led him inside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

This stirred up the others, who followed them inside. At that moment, a crowd was walking through the entrance.

Manager Chen was waiting for Bu Fang in front of the room where the Immortal Chef test was held.

Previously, Manager Chen had been waiting for Xuanyuan Xiahui, and now, he was waiting for Bu Fang.

“Are you ready? This Immortal Chef test relates to your life. If you succeed, you can live, but if you fail, you will face the wrath of the Tong family,” said Manager Chen to Bu Fang while stroking his beard.

He could not see through this mortal chef.

After eating Bu Fang's dish back at his restaurant, Manager Chen became more curious about him and anticipated his performance today.

This mortal could create miracles.

“Well, I'm ready. The sooner I begin, the sooner I win. I'm in a hurry,” Bu Fang replied.

Manager Chen was shocked. After staring at Bu Fang for a while, he turned around and led him into the room.

With a loud squeak, the room's doors were pushed open.

A loud creak rang out. Apparently, this test room was incredibly old.

This room, which was to be used for the Immortal Chef test, was a little bigger than the room used for the special grade chef test.

Bu Fang sauntered into the room, and soon, he reached the center where a stove had been set above a station.

The stove seemed ancient, and it looked like it was made of some special materials. As soon as he reached the stove, he felt his mind relax and calm down.

Bu Fang was a little thrilled. This stove seemed powerful.

"System, do you see this kitchen? It helps a chef quiet their mind. It's really good," Bu Fang said to the system.

However, even after a long while had passed, the system did not reply. Apparently, it was too lazy to answer him.

Bu Fang had already predicted that the system would not answer him. With its miserly personality, how could it agree to prepare a better stove for him?

With his hands clasped, Bu Fang stood in front of the stove, his mind calm. He began to prepare as the recipe stated.

Meanwhile, the audience squeezed and pushed past each other to find a seat, and soon, the place was filled.

There were no more empty seats, yet people still pushed forward, coming into the watertight room.

The members of the aristocratic families sat with their legs crossed, grinning as they watched Bu Fang in the center.

If the mortal, Bu Fang, could become an Immortal Chef, his value would increase drastically. He would no longer be ordinary.

Hence, many influential families were paying attention to this test.

Xuanyuan Xiahui and Xuanyuan Xuan had also arrived. Because of Xuanyuan Xiahui's status, he had a reserved seat.

In time, the gazes of the spectators landed on Bu Fang. They were all eager to see what dish he would cook in an attempt to become an Immortal Chef.

Under their intense stare, Bu Fang took out his ingredients.

Flour, different types of meat, and some water-like white cabbages...

Nothing else?

The audience was dumbfounded.

Were these the only ingredients he had?

Nothing else? What does Bu Fang want to cook?

Steamed bun?!

As the audience tried to deduce Bu Fang's dish, their guesses rose to a clamor.

As citizens of the Immortal Cooking Realm, although many of them were not chefs, they still had knowledge of cooking.

"This steamed bun... Will it be enough to make him an Immortal Chef?"

"Maybe it's not a steamed bun? If it is, then I'll leave!"

“How could a low-level dish be enough to become an Immortal Chef? This mortal is insane.”

The test had yet to start, but the audience had already deemed Bu Fang’s attempt a failure.

They all believed that Bu Fang would fail.

Xuanyuan Xiahui furrowed his brows. Flour, meat, cabbage... Looking at the ingredients Bu Fang had taken out, it seemed he wanted to make some steamed buns.

Anyway, making steamed buns did not require any difficult techniques, so how could the dish ever achieve the Immortal Chef level?

“Perhaps Owner Bu has special plans,” Xuanyuan Xiahui said as his thoughts shifted to Bu Fang’s creative dishes.

Squeak.

The room’s doors were opened again.

Tong Cheng walked in with a cold expression. He wore a long white robe, a purple-gold crown, and a pair of impressive dragon boots.

As he walked forward, a smooth jade bead rolled impressively between his fingers.

The Tong family’s Young Master had arrived!

The man who would decide the mortal’s fate had arrived!

The people raised an uproar.

When Xuanyuan Xiahui saw Tong Cheng, he grinned.

Tong Cheng saw the smile, and the muscles on his face twitched as unpleasant memories surfaced in his mind.

Meanwhile, at the center of the room, Bu Fang had begun to cook.

Bu Fang did not begin kneading the flour. Instead, he began to prepare the stuffing.

He took out the Papillion claw and cleaned it before placing it into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. He also poured several slices of Son Mother Ginger, half a bottle of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine, and Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water into the wok. This made the soup in the wok rise past the halfway mark.

Bu Fang opened his mouth and spouted out a dark gold flame, which shot into the wok and began to burn fiercely.

At that moment, everyone was focused on Bu Fang. No one dared to breathe out loud.

“What is he doing? Shouldn’t he first make the dough and knead it?” The audience could not help asking aloud.

However, Bu Fang was not bothered by their words. He was focused on carefully making his dish.

He took out three Blood Lobsters, and golden light sliced through the air as the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand. As the knife spun, it released a dazzling glow.

Bu Fang cut open the Blood Lobsters and peeled off their shells.

He scooped the soft, fulgent meat within and placed it on a chopping board.

Chop. Chop. Chop.

His knife descended so quickly that it resembled a shooting star, mincing the soft lobster meat in no time.

Bu Fang now had three different knife skills, namely, the fundamental Meteor Knife Skill, Overlord Thirteen Blades, and the Cutting Immortal Style, which he had acquired only recently.

He had not practiced the new skill, though, so he could not use it now. Moreover, the Overlord Thirteen Blades was not suitable for these exquisite ingredients.

Bu Fang's knife skill amazed the audience, but that's it, it just amazed them.

After mincing the Blood Lobsters, the demon frog meat, the Papillion meat, and the octopus were also minced.

Bu Fang poured the minced ingredients into a fancy blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

With a single thought, he summoned Eighty from the Heaven and Earth Farmland.

When Eighty appeared, it looked a little bewildered. This little fellow had been living comfortably in the farmland for a while, and it was now as fat as a little ball.

It turned its small head around, its eyes landing on Bu Fang before it quickly shifted its gaze to the glinting Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife...

"Cluck! Cluck!" Eighty cried out loud.

Bu Fang's grip on the knife tightened, and the corners of his mouth curled into a gentle smile.

Eighty shuddered when it saw this.

"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

Understanding Bu Fang's motive, Eighty became angry. Its body fat jiggled as it jumped and escaped Bu Fang's grip. Landing on the floor, it fled at top speed.

When everyone saw the chicken jump out of Bu Fang's hand and run away, they were bewildered.

However, some people with keen eyes were among the audience, and their eyes brightened when they saw Eighty.

Xuanyuan Xiahui's eyes glowed fiercely. "An immortal ingredient?!"

Even the chefs from the aristocratic families began to pay more attention.

"Is it an ingredient grown from the Immortal Tree?"

"No. It doesn't look like one, but its spirit energy is good! A top-quality ingredient! It's worthy of being called an immortal ingredient!"

Tong Cheng rubbed the jade bead in his hands, and a glow flickered in his eyes.

"Precious Chicken? No wonder he's so confident. Too bad, though. Using immortal ingredients will not make you an Immortal Chef. It's not that simple!"

Chapter 974: Soup Dumplings Complete, Lightning Punishment Arrives

Bu Fang's possession of an immortal ingredient, Precious Chicken, had exceeded the audience's expectations.

It was only natural that not everyone present knew about that immortal ingredient.

However, not everyone present was ordinary. There were two Immortal Chefs seated amidst the audience.

Tong Cheng, the Young Master of the Tong family, had a vast amount of knowledge, so of course he had heard about the cooking ingredient called Precious Chicken.

The Immortal Tree was located at the center of Immortal City. Its lush branches and leaves continuously absorbed heaven and earth spirit energy to bear fruits. Occasionally, cooking ingredients appeared within the fruits, which were called immortal ingredients.

Someone had once opened a fruit from the Immortal Tree and found a Precious Chicken within.

That chicken was of a higher level than Bu Fang's. Its spirit energy was dense, and it even possessed immortal energy.

Meanwhile, Eighty could not escape its fate. Grabbing Eighty by the neck, Bu Fang quickly captured it.

The chicken's small tear-filled eyes gazed at Bu Fang.

However, Bu Fang remained expressionless.

"Why did you run away? I just need one leg from you. It will grow back soon, so behave. When I send you back to the farmland, I will ask Niu Hansan to take care of you well," Bu Fang said.

Eighty was completely bewildered. How about you lend me one of your legs then?!

"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

Soon after, Eighty screeched like a pig being butchered.

"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

When Bu Fang was done, the golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife flashed, peeling off the chicken skin. He minced the chicken meat, then poured it into the blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

After that, he stirred the contents of the bowl, which was a mixture of five different spirit beast meat.

Gurgle. Gurgle.



The broth in the Black Turtle Constellation Wok began to boil, and its color became a smooth ivory hue.

Bu Fang checked the flame, then proceeded to pour the broth into the blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

The broth was enough to fill the bowl, radiating a milky halo.

With a single thought, Bu Fang's spirit sea surged instantly, and it sounded like the roaring of multiple spirit beasts.

Bu Fang stirred his mental force, causing the heat emanating from the bowl to reduce.

Rumble! Rumble!

The soup in the bowl began to freeze at a speed visible to the naked eye, and soon, it resembled jelly.

The cabbage that was as translucent as water was cleaned thoroughly and minced. Then, Bu Fang poured it into the bowl, which contained the mixture of five different spirit beast meat.

While stirring the meat mixture, Bu Fang prepared many spices.

He added in half a spoon of Abyssal Chili Sauce, a spoon of Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, some Son Mother Ginger, some Purple Garlic, and other spices.

With that, the dumpling filling was done.

The next step was to prepare the dumpling wrapper.

Bu Fang poured the flour onto the countertop, piling it as high as a small mountain.

He rolled up the sleeves of his Vermilion Robe, revealing his fair arms.

Rattle. Rattle.

Bu Fang poured some Frost Blaze Path-understanding Brew on the mountain of flour. This made the peak of the flour cave in.

Then, he began to knead the flour with both hands.

After kneading for a while, the flour had become a big ball of dough.

The next step was the most important one.

As the audience watched Bu Fang use these by-the-book cooking techniques, they frowned.

Since the Immortal Chef test started, besides Bu Fang's knife skill, nothing else had surprised them.

It seems that he really was no different from normal special grade chefs.

Even Xuanyuan Xiahui furrowed his brows in doubt.

However, Manager Chen's gaze remained fixed on Bu Fang, analyzing every step of his cooking.

The longer he watched, the more he furrowed his brows.

"With a display of this level, it will be really hard for him to become an Immortal Chef. This kid... What is he doing?" Manager Chen mumbled.

The members of the aristocratic families began to look pensive.

Tong Chen, on the other hand, remained indifferent. He continued to roll the jade bead between his fingers.

"Making soup dumplings... is not difficult at all!"

“That mortal chef is making soup dumplings? Has he decided to give up on his Immortal Chef test?”

“He has only attained this much, yet he wants to be an Immortal Chef? What a fool. I can beat ten guys like him all at once!”

The audience began to clamor again, and many began to boast disdainfully.

Bu Fang’s cooking method was too simple. He had done nothing noteworthy at all.

The noise from the audience was growing louder by the second.

They did not seem to care if Bu Fang was affected by their uproar. At his level, even if he was not affected, it was unlikely he could become an Immortal Chef. Hence, bothering him like this should not be a problem, right?

This was a thought they all shared.

The moment they thought one had lost his qualification to compete, they would not show him any mercy.

Boom!

All of a sudden, a loud explosion overwhelmed the noise from the audience.

Everyone was startled, and their gazes instantly shifted to the stove in the middle of the room.

In an instant, their jaws dropped, disbelief filling their eyes.

White flour was hovering around Bu Fang.

Bu Fang’s intimidating mental force erupted. Currently, his cultivation base has reached the peak of Divine Spirit Realm, and without the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, his mental force could be

compared to One-star True Immortal Realm. If he used the spirits of his God of Cooking Set, his mental force would rival a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert.

The amount of mental energy surging out of Bu Fang was extremely terrifying, and the audience seemed to see an immense, turbulent sea.

Boom!

The black-and-white bandage in Bu Fang's arm loosened and floated, swirling around his body.

He slowly raised his arm that was filled with Taotie drawings.

The powerful force surging from that arm seemed capable of smashing apart the world in one punch.

A moment later, his fist struck the stove station fiercely.

Manager Chen and the others winced. They felt every corner of the room tremble from the force of that punch.

The dough on the stove station, which Bu Fang had punched, exploded.

Immediately, his surging mental force controlled the scattering dough to coalesce.

Then, Bu Fang's pupils dilated. He raised his arm again, then it smashed downward once more.

The entire station quaked.

Manager Chen felt a twinge in his balls. The stove used in this Immortal Chef test wasn't ordinary. It was an immortal tool!

It was a tool grown from the Immortal Tree, so its value was extraordinary!

His heart lurched whenever Bu Fang violently punched the stove.

As for the audience, they were petrified by Bu Fang's actions.

What's that mortal chef doing?

They were only just talking about the by-the-book cooking techniques he had used so far, and now, he had turned violent. What's going on?

Is that really kneading?

Do you really need such violence to knead?

Bu Fang's expression was stern. The Taoties' roars rang out without pause as he smashed the stove again and again, causing dough and flour to scatter about.

A moment later, his mental force surged, controlling the dough to pile up once more.

Then, the dough was scattered again and piled back together.

This sequence of actions was repeated again and again.

As the audience watched what he was doing, beads of cold sweat dripped down their foreheads.

"Does this mortal chef have a grudge? He's trying to seek revenge now?"

"That's not kneading. He's pummeling the stove!"

"I haven't seen this manner of kneading before. Now I'm sure he's planning to give up on this test."

The audience's clamor had been reduced to hushed discussions, but their gazes remained fixed on Bu Fang.

Xuanyuan Xiahui furrowed his brows even tighter. He did not know what Bu Fang was thinking.

As he couldn't figure that out, all he could do was continue observing.

Boom!

Bu Fang soared into the air, with dough and flour still circling around him.

He raised his hand up, and the swirling speed accelerated. It was as though he had just created a tornado.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes.

The audience continued to watch in astonishment.

Suddenly, Bu Fang swung his fist at the orbiting mass.

Bang!

The mass of dough crashed back down onto the stove station, causing the station to tremble tremendously.

Bu Fang raised his Taotie's arm, its lines seemingly lively.

As the roars of beasts shook the room, he began to descend as fast as a shooting star.

Flutter!

Bu Fang fell so fast that his figure could not be seen.

Boom!

At that moment, his balled fist resembled a gigantic meteor striking the stove.

In the end, the stove couldn't stand this strike and cracked.

Manager Chen felt so hurt that he wanted to cry. His lips could not stop quivering.

This cooking session was no different from demolishing this kitchen.

Is this fellow sick?

Did that stove do you wrong?

The cloud of swirling flour finally settled, revealing Bu Fang.

There was a ball of dough on his hand. It was as transparent as jade and had a faint moving halo.

That violent method of kneading was Bu Fang's favorite kneading technique. Whenever he used this technique, the resulting dough would soften and glow radiantly.

After preparing the soup dumpling wrapper, Bu Fang took out the stuffing and placed it aside. He also brought out the ivory, jelly-like soup.

As he had now prepared everything that was needed, wrapping up the soup dumplings was what he needed to do next.

One spoon of stuffing and half a spoon of ivory jelly soup went into every ball.

Bu Fang's countenance did not change, and a moment later, his hands were already moving so fast that they left behind shadow-like, illusory after-images.

The audience sucked in breaths of cold air as they watched Bu Fang fold a soup dumpling. His hands moved too fast to be seen.

One fold, ten folds, a hundred folds...

In only a moment, a soup dumpling had been folded so many times. The audience were wide-eyed as they watched all this unfold.

Ten thousand-fold covering technique. For a little soup dumpling to have thousands of folds, this required precise control over speed and the right thickness of the wrapper.

A moment later, an exquisite, little soup dumpling was completely folded.

The thousand folds on the soup dumpling made it resemble a blooming flower. It was a piece of art that no one dared to show disdain at.

Although Bu Fang moved fast, he was also very meticulous.

Not long after, he had made more, making five soup dumplings that were filled with stuffing and the ivory, jelly-like soup. All of them had been meticulously folded.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok had been prepared. With a single thought, a food steamer arose in it.

Rattle! Rattle!

Bu Fang poured in the cool Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water. He was about to steam his soup dumplings now.

When the audience saw his smooth and fluid movements, they could not help gulping.

They now realized that Bu Fang's soup dumplings were somewhat different from others. However, they could not tell what the difference was.

As the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame burned fiercely, the Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water began to boil.



White steam surged outward.

With his hands clasped, Bu Fang stood still. He slowly closed his eyes, and his mental force surged and covered the steamer.

What happened next was the most crucial part. If Bu Fang wanted to condense immortal energy, he had to extract the original energy of his ingredients.

The audience quieted down and focused all their attention on him.

All eyes were watching Bu Fang, who was quietly standing still.

Moments later, sighs echoed from the audience, and many spectators exchanged looks.

“It couldn’t trigger the lightning punishment...”

“Indeed. It seems the mortal’s feat that time was only due to luck.”

“A dish that cannot trigger lightning punishment... This daddy can make one too!”

The audience became noisy again. To them, the result was already set in stone.

On the other hand, Xuanyuan Xiahui and some others had stern expressions on their faces as they watched Bu Fang.

Tong Cheng had stopped playing with his jade bead. His face seemed ready to ooze water.

Bu Fang’s mental force had made him hold his breath. Why was that mortal’s mental force so strong?

Manager Chen’s lips twitched.

Mu Liuer smiled. The gaze she was directing at Bu Fang was filled with awe.

Xuanyuan Xuan didn't understand the situation, so she asked Xuanyuan Xiahui, "Brother, what's going on? No lightning punishment... Did Bu Fang fail?"

Xuanyuan Xiahui's lips quivered as he watched Bu Fang stand in the middle of the room with his hands clasped.

"If I'm not wrong, it will be alright..."

Alright? Xuanyuan Xuan was bewildered.

Indeed, as soon as those words left Xuanyuan Xiahui's mouth, massive black clouds appeared in the sky.

In less than a second, the clouds had covered the entire sky, turning the atmosphere into a gloomy one.

Boom! Boom!

Thunderous explosions rang out, and a Thunder Dragon soared within the clouds.

The lightning punishment had appeared so suddenly that the entire audience became dumbstruck.

Chapter 975: No Immortal Energy?

Everyone was stunned.

Just moments after they concluded that Bu Fang couldn't trigger the lightning punishment, thick, dark clouds covered the sky, and the Thunder Dragon emerged and roared.

A soup dumpling could trigger a lightning punishment?

This made them suck in breaths of cold air.

After listening to Xuanyuan Xiahui, Xuanyuan Xuan was bewildered.

Could a soup dumpling really make someone an Immortal Chef?

There were many Immortal Chefs in Immortal City, but they used their special dishes in the Immortal Chef test, each of which was an extremely fine dish.

Be it in taste, smell, or colors, they were all the best. Each of these dishes was eligible to be recorded in the Book of Immortal Recipes.

When they realized that Bu Fang intended to make soup dumplings for the Immortal Chef test, they had looked down on him.

A serving of soup dumplings was a very simple dish, so how could it help anyone achieve the Immortal Chef rank?

From its taste, smell, and even its color... there was nothing magical about it.

Naturally, there were soup dumplings in the Immortal Cooking Realm, but they were just street snacks that were not worthy of being served at a table.

“It triggered the lightning punishment! Unbelievable!”

“So what? When he took the special grade chef test, he also triggered the lightning punishment, didn’t he?”

“Yeah. Triggering the lightning punishment doesn’t mean he will become an Immortal Chef...”

The audience lifted their heads to stare at the pitch-black clouds. They were still in disbelief.

Triggering the lightning punishment was just a part, as the most important step was to refine the ingredients' original energy into immortal energy.

Only when Bu Fang could condense immortal energy would he be granted the title of Immortal Chef.

Looking at Bu Fang standing with his hands clasped in the middle of the room, Xuanyuan Xuan's eyes were a little blurred as she asked, "Brother, can those soup dumplings help him achieve the Immortal Chef rank?"

After hearing his sister's question, Xuanyuan Xiahui became stern and focused.

"Little Xuan, don't think that only exquisite, high-end looking dishes can enable one to acquire the title of Immortal Chef. A truly magnificent chef can condense immortal energy from any dish, which would help him become a real Immortal Chef. It could be a bowl of porridge, a steamed bun, or even a bowl of noodles... That sort of Immortal Chef is the real deal," Xuanyuan Xiahui said seriously.

Xuanyuan Xuan nodded. She somewhat understood, but she still had some doubts.

Xuanyuan Xiahui sighed but said nothing else.

Boom! Boom!

Thunderclaps boomed in the sky as the dark clouds emitted a suffocating pressure.

A dazzling blue Thunder Dragon soared and gave an ear-piercing roar.

Suddenly, the Thunder Dragon parted the dark clouds and plunged from the sky. Its roar reverberated around the room.

The audience raised an uproar, focusing their eyes on the center of the room.

Whenever the lightning punishment appeared, it caused a great commotion. After all, it signified the birth of another Immortal Chef.

Bu Fang stood at the same spot indifferently, his Vermillion Robe fluttering in the wind.

Opening his eyes, his water-like mental energy expanded as he lifted his head.

Feeling the pressure above him, he gently exhaled, dark clouds filling his vision.

A moment later, with a thought, white light dots emerged around him.

These light dots hurriedly coalesced, and soon, they had formed an array beside Bu Fang.

The array spun, and gusts of wind howled, frightening many people.

The audience cocked their heads, their hair fluttering wildly in the wind.

“A teleport formation?”

“Is that the mortal chef’s protector?”

“I remember that this chef has an immortal puppet that can resist lightning punishment...”

The audience screamed.

However...

When the audience saw a massive figure emerging out of the formation, they didn’t know if they should cry or laugh.

This place was a special room that the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion had prepared for the Immortal Chef test. It had a particular formation that could resist lightning, which was set up to protect the room.

Hence, even the mortal chef’s immortal puppet would not have much to do.

Why did he bother to summon his immortal puppet? To stand and stare?

Some onlookers couldn't help but mock in hushed voices. They found Bu Fang's decision funny.

Boom! Boom!

Thunderclaps reverberated around, and bolts of lightning tore through the sky.

As Whitey emerged from the teleport formation, its eyes twinkled as lightning arcs crawled and exploded on its body.

With his hands clasped, Bu Fang's concentration was on the steamer. Apparently, he was at a critical moment.

Whitey raised its head, looking at the Thunder Dragon in the sky. Light sparkled within the puppet's eyes.

With a sharp sound, Whitey's metal wings spread open.

"Oh wow! What does that Earth Immortal Puppet intend to do?"

"He wants to stop the lightning punishment? Too bad... We already have the Lightning Protection Formation, so it can't do much."

"That Earth Immortal Puppet looks so cute, though... I want one!"

The audience looked at Whitey and laughed. As soon as the Earth Immortal Puppet appeared, the tense atmosphere in the room loosened, and they began to jeer.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Naturally, Whitey didn't know why these humans were laughing.

Its metal wings opened and shot lightning strikes to the floor, boring holes in it. In Whitey's eyes, the bolts of lightning plunging downwards were just its food!

Swallowing one lightning punishment was enough to make Whitey much stronger. Later on, if it intended to increase its power, it would need to devour more lightning punishments.

At this moment, Whitey's fighting capacity was equal to a One-star True Immortal Realm expert, and its main food now was Bu Fang's lightning punishment.

Boom!

Whitey lowered its body slightly before soaring into the air. Its metal wings flapped, raising strong gusts of wind.

Flutter.

It tore into the sky like an arrow.

Suddenly, Whitey's mechanical eyes shrank. It could see that the Thunder Dragon would be stopped by a green formation.

With bolts of lightning spreading out, the Thunder Dragon rammed itself against the formation. Then, it drew its claws and bared its fangs, trying to attack the formation.

Whitey stopped. It had sensed something strange.

"Hahaha! That puppet is scared!"

"It just realized that he's useless here, so it doesn't know what to do."

"A big debut for a moron..."

The audience laughed, not minding their manners at all.

They knew that Whitey wanted to stop the lightning punishment. However, with the Lightning Protection Formation present, it was useless here.

Manager Chen clasped his hands and rubbed his beard, the corners of his mouth rising.

“Of course, the room for the Immortal Chef test is well-equipped. The Lightning Protection Formation is the key to help the chefs focus on their cooking...”

Tong Cheng’s eyes rolled. He gazed at Whitey floating in the air with a greedy expression, unable to contain his excitement.

Apparently, he was curious about Whitey, a puppet that could swallow lightning punishments.

He wanted that puppet.

Whitey seemed bewildered. Its mechanical eyes moved around, but a moment later, they became focused. The sharp lights that flickered from its eyes seemed capable of cutting even the void.

Suddenly, a black hole appeared on Whitey’s stomach. A moment later, the War God Stick emerged with lightning arcs dancing around it.

As Whitey’s leaf-like palm grabbed the War God Stick, its wings flapped once. Then, it swung the War God Stick aggressively, shattering the void around it.

The audience shut their mouths instantly, dumbstruck. It was as though their necks had been tied like ducks.

In front of them, the War God Stick became bigger and bigger, and shortly after, it became as big as a giant pillar. Whitey hugged the War God Stick and swung it at the Lightning Protection Formation.

Boom!

A loud, brain-piercing sonic boom reverberated, shaking the entire place.



Oh my god...

Everyone sucked in breaths of cold air, shock evident on their faces.

That Earth Immortal Puppet... is f\*cking insane!

Manager Chen had almost pulled his beard off his chin.

Is that Earth Immortal Puppet sick? Why did it attack the Lightning Protection Formation?

Nobody understood what Whitey intended to do.

Tong Cheng was so excited that he stood up and grabbed the handrail. The jade bead in his hand fell and rolled.

“What an excellent Earth Immortal Puppet! Too perfect! Too perfect! I must get him!”

Boom!

After receiving another strike from the War God Stick, thick cracks instantly appeared on the Lightning Protection Formation.

The Thunder Dragon roared.

In just a blink of an eye, the formation was shattered. At the same time, the Thunder Dragon's power skyrocketed, wrecking the formation and storming into the room.

Its goal was obviously Bu Fang.

The audience were all petrified. They could only curse under their breath...

They had never expected to see such a violent scene in an Immortal Chef test. Bu Fang had summoned an Earth Immortal Puppet, which surprised them a lot.

Some were genuinely surprised, but others were laughing at what they thought was his misfortune. They wanted to see Bu Fang's effort end in vain.

Xuanyuan Xiahui and the others who knew Bu Fang were frightened.

Manager Chen shot to his feet with a frown.

Mu Liuer's smile disappeared, and worry took its place. She was anxious about Bu Fang.

Whitey landed heavily, causing the floor beneath it to cave in. However, a moment later, Whitey soared back up.

Its mechanical eyes twinkled as the War God Stick shrank. In a flash, the puppet teleported and appeared above Bu Fang's head, hovering there as it received the incoming Thunder Dragon.

Boom!

Bolts of lightning spread all around, bringing with it a radiance so bright that it could make people go blind.

Many people were startled, while others were frightened at what they saw after.

Whitey grabbed the Thunder Dragon and ripped it apart. The halves became wisps of lightning, which were instantly devoured.

The Thunder Dragon was... eaten?!

This scene had shocked the audience into silence. Not a single sound was heard in the room.

However, soon, panting could be heard.

Tong Cheng was panting greedily.

Boom!

With lightning arcs all over its body, Whitey landed beside Bu Fang.

At this moment, the audience realized that Bu Fang had not moved an inch. It seemed that he never feared that the lightning would strike him.

With his hands clasped, Bu Fang remained emotionless. It seemed like the shocking chain of events had nothing to do with him.

This mortal chef... is quite calm!

Suddenly, Bu Fang's mental energy surged, condensing in his head.

He exhaled deeply.

The dark clouds that were high in the sky scattered, and the sun instantly reappeared.

Gold light shone down from the sky, covering the ground below and, of course, Bu Fang.

Everyone stared at Bu Fang with awe.

Bu Fang's dish... was complete.

Bu Fang walked to the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and opened the steamer. Clouds of steam instantly surged out, causing the audience to scream in excitement.

Xuanyuan Xiahui and the others craned their necks.

Is this the moment that Bu Fang finally becomes an Immortal Chef?

Tong Cheng's eyes finally shifted from Whitey to Bu Fang.

This mortal chef has finished cooking. Can he become an Immortal Chef or not?

Everybody held their breaths, anticipating to see the food inside the steamer.

Shortly after, the radiant glow dimmed.

A mushroom cloud of steam erupted, piercing the sky before scattering.

Inside the steamer, five jade-like crystal soup dumplings sat quietly between the meandering steam, emitting a sparkling radiance.

However, when people saw the soup dumplings, their eyes shrank.

“Those soup dumplings... don't have any immortal energy?!”

Chapter 976: Clear, Spring-like Dumplings, Immortal Energy Rising in Spirals

Five soup dumplings sat quietly inside the steamer.

Halo appeared above them, shooting dazzling rays of light into the sky.

Above the sky, the black clouds had scattered, and bright, gold light shone down, making Bu Fang sparkle.

“The soup dumplings... are done?”

The audience was quiet, and no one dared to breathe.

Since the result would be known very soon, everyone was nervous. They wanted to know if Bu Fang would get the Immortal Chef title, or if he would end up beaten by Tong Chen, the Young Master of the Tong family, like a dead dog.

They watched the center of the room with wide eyes. Those five soup dumplings in the steamer would determine everything.

However, after sucking in another breath of cold air, the audience became noisy once more.

As they had spent half the day in astonishment without any conclusive results, they have become irritated, hissing and booing as loud as they could.

Moments later, the boos and hisses had risen to a clamor.

“Three days ago, I said that there was no way for him to acquire the Immortal Chef title. Looks like I was right. How could such a genius exist?!”

“Immortal Chef is a noble title. How could a mortal dirty it?”

“You trashy mortal, go home, have your bath, and go to bed early!”

The audience laughed hard. They were so excited that some even jumped to their feet and punched the air.

There was no immortal energy. The soup dumplings inside the steamer did not have a wisp of immortal energy.

It meant that Bu Fang had failed. Since his dish couldn't condense immortal energy, he won't become an Immortal Chef.

And since the arrogant mortal failed to become an Immortal Chef, horrible events, which he would encounter in succession, awaited him.

Some people in the audience felt regretful. They really did consider Bu Fang a miracle worker.

However, that miracle worker had been grabbed by the throat and throttled.

In the end, the mortal was unable to become an Immortal Chef.

Xuanyuan Xiahui craned his neck, looking at the five soup dumplings in the steamer, which sat atop the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

The soup dumplings were as translucent and beautiful as jades. With halos hovering above them, they emitted multiple colored rays of light, as though they were crystals.

However, they did not have a wisp of immortal energy within them.

“How unfortunate...” Xuanyuan Xiahui sighed deeply with regret.

Xuanyuan Xuan, who stood beside him, watched the unfolding events with a complicated gaze.

Indeed... Not yet?

She had thought that Bu Fang would succeed, but now... Too bad. It looked like he failed this time.

After all, mortals will always be mortals.

Mu Liuer furrowed her brows, and her smile vanished. As she watched Bu Fang, who was being bathed by sunlight, her heart beat frantically.

Although she didn't see any trace of immortal energy within the dumplings, Bu Fang's expression seemed devoid of worry.

That calm expression...

It was as though he disdained the people causing a racket in the room.

Manager Chen's expression was stern as he sat at the judge's seat. He was the only judge for this Immortal Chef test.

The criteria to become an Immortal Chef was simple—just trigger the lightning punishment and have your dish condense immortal energy. As long as the chef could do these two things, regardless of the method used, no one would concern themselves with how the dish tastes.

Anyway, any dish that could trigger lightning punishment and condense immortal energy would certainly not smell or taste bad.

Tong Cheng suddenly stomped his foot, smashing the jade bead on the floor.

“Trash! Let's see what you have! This time, I want to see who will dare to help you!” Tong Cheng grinned coldly, his eyes filled with disdain.

He had feared that Bu Fang would become an Immortal Chef and cause trouble for him, but it seems that the preparations he had made were unnecessary.

If Bu Fang had become an Immortal Chef, things would have been a little troublesome.

Indeed, he had overestimated that mortal.

Now that Bu Fang had failed, Tong Cheng wanted nothing more than to scratch him to death. It would be no different from smashing a lowly ant.

“So, what do you have to say now?!”

Boom!

A terrifying aura erupted from Tong Cheng's body, and the space above him distorted.

At this moment, he was showing off the full force of his True Immortal Realm power.

An intense wave of pressure choked the room, causing the audience to hardly breathe.

This True Immortal Realm aura was enough to suppress the entire room.

Tong Cheng's eyes were filled with killing intent, and it was all directed at Bu Fang.

The immense pressure seemed to materialize into a small mountain, which was crashing down on the chef standing at the center of the room.

Tong Chen wanted to see the mortal kneel before him and beg for mercy.

It had been several days since that mortal had troubled his mind, so he was really, really annoyed. And now, finally, he could vent out his rage and frustration.

He wanted to make that mortal taste... the eighteen great tortures of the Tong family!

Manager Chen frowned at Tong Cheng. His lips moved, as though he wished to say something.

However, he had second thoughts. Offending the Young Master of the Tong family for a mortal, who could not condense immortal energy, was not worth it.

Hence, he refrained from speaking. He... had also given up on Bu Fang.

Since he had failed to become an Immortal Chef, he wasn't qualified to fight against those powerful aristocratic families.

This mortal was still pretty young, though.

Seeing Manager Chen give up, Tong Chen burst into triumphant laughter. He had been afraid that the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion would go against him, but luckily, that wasn't the case.

Although the Tongs were not afraid of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, it still had the backing of the City Lord's mansion. If he created a mess, both his family and the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion would regret it. Letting things go that far because of a mortal was not worth it.



And now... things would end well for him.

“No one can help you now!” Tong Cheng sneered.

He jumped up atop the barrier surrounding the stage and looked down at Bu Fang from up high.

However, Bu Fang remained calm. He just stood there with his hands clasped behind him.

Bolts of lightning crackled in Whitey’s eyes, who was standing beside Bu Fang.

After devouring the lightning punishment, Whitey’s fighting capacity had reached the One-star True Immortal Realm, so it would not be at a disadvantage if it went up against Tong Cheng.

However, it wasn’t the only thing Bu Fang relied on.

“Young Master Tong Cheng, you’re reckless. Whether you get it or not is something we have yet to decide.”

Suddenly, a faint voice resounded throughout the room.

The audience was bewildered.

Tong Cheng furrowed his brows.

On the other side of the room, Mu Liuer stood up. Those words just now came from her.

“Junior Pavilion Master, you’re not an Immortal Chef, so perhaps you do not understand the rule. His dish does not have a wisp of immortal energy in it, so he won’t become an Immortal Chef. Isn’t it clear enough? Does the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion want to go against the Tong family?” Tong Cheng said in a cold voice. It was clear that he was somewhat enraged.

Did the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion really want to make an enemy of his Tong family because of this mortal?

“No, I just said that it is too early to make a conclusion. How do you know that his dish has no immortal energy in it?” Mu Liuer asked with a smile.

Her gaze was fixed on the young chef, Bu Fang, who was being bathed by the sparkling sunlight. She didn’t know why, but she was confident in him.

“Do you think we’re all blind?” Tong Cheng sneered, shaking his head.

“Yes, you all are...”

A cold voice suddenly rang out.

Everyone was dumbstruck.

The audience, Tong Cheng, and Manager Chen were all speechless. A moment later, they shifted their gazes to Bu Fang.

Under the warm sunlight, Bu Fang stood lazily. He slowly unfolded his sleeves before shaking his arms.

With a single thought, the five soup dumplings, which resembled crystal glaze, flew out from the wok. They landed neatly inside a blue-and-white plate that he had already prepared.

Inside the blue-and-white plate, the soup dumplings were arranged neatly. Shrouded in a lush green spirit energy, it seems as though it could wrap up dense air.

“What did you say?”

Tong Cheng glared coldly at Bu Fang. The aura he was emitting became thicker, and soon, the entire room began to shake.

Bu Fang remained expressionless. He gave Tong Cheng a sidelong glance, as though he was looking at a moron.

“I said that you are blind.”

As Bu Fang said that, he took the plate of soup dumplings and casually walked away.

In moments, he arrived in front of Manager Chen, who was sitting at the judge’s seat.

Manager Chen was so surprised at Bu Fang’s calm demeanor. He was at a loss for words.

Neither of these five soup dumplings was emitting any immortal energy, so where did this mortal get his confidence from?

Hold on!

Manager Chen’s eyes shifted to the soup dumplings, and he began to study them.

Suddenly, his pupils dilated. It was as though he had just thought of something absolutely inconceivable!

“Is that...”

At a seat far away, Xuanyuan Xiahui seemed to realize something he had missed before, and his eyes immediately lit up.

“So, it’s like this! Turns out Owner Bu’s confidence comes from... Tch! Tch! Tch!”

Xuanyuan Xuan was bewildered. What’s going on?

What’s that “turns out” thing you said?!

Didn’t you just say that Bu Fang had no hope? And now, you suddenly became excited!

Is the immortal energy going to appear out of thin air?

Indeed, Xuanyuan Xuan was baffled.

The audience was just as speechless. Their gazes were fixed on the young chef standing in the sunlight.

A golden kitchen knife appeared in Bu Fang's hand. He twirled it casually before slashing it down, moving as fast as a shooting star.

A soup dumpling, which resembled a glowing jade, was sliced open.

Gurgle! Gurgle!

Everyone's eyes widened.

From the cut on the soup dumpling, something resembling pure spring water gushed out.

A thick fragrance seeped out from the cut, and a wisp of ivory gas slowly surged from it.

That ivory, milky gas...

It was immortal energy!

In an instant, its fragrance spread and filled the room.

The moment the crowd smelled it, they were hooked.

This smell... How is it so rich?!

Gulp...

Many swallowed as they looked with disbelief at the swirling immortal energy.

How could a soup dumpling emit such a fragrant and pleasant aroma?

Manager Chen's face twitched.

This was indeed real. It was as though another world existed within the soup dumpling.

Manager Chen cast Bu Fang a complicated gaze, and a moment later, he straightened his posture.

Pure spring water, together with a pleasant aroma, was still gushing out of the lacerated soup dumpling. That fragrant aroma surged from its refreshing, hot soup.

Inside the soup dumpling, the filling emitted a colorful radiance.

“Crystal Glazed Soup Dumplings. Enjoy.”

Bu Fang twirled the radiant Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hands, and with a flash of gold light, the knife vanished.

Crystal Glazed Soup Dumplings?

Manager Chen took a deep breath, filling his nostrils with the dumpling's rich aroma.

This aroma contained the smell of various grains and spirit beasts' meat. The aroma of the spirit beasts' meat was so dense that everyone who sensed it felt as though a rope had bound their souls.

The aroma coming from the grains was refreshing. As soon as the audience smelled it, they felt their souls being cleansed.

When Tong Cheng saw the immortal energy wafting out of the dumpling, he narrowed his eyes.

This mortal had actually cooked a dish with immortal energy!

Damn...

Tong Cheng was really furious! His eyes became bloodshot, and his breath came in heaves as he tried to contain the fury in his heart!

That mortal... How was he able to cook a dish that produced immortal energy?!

However, no one paid any attention to Tong Chen. All eyes were on Manager Chen.

At this moment, Manager Chen, who had picked up a pair of jade chopsticks, was grabbing the cut soup dumpling, which was still letting out spring water.

He breathed in deeply.

Stroking his beard, he opened his mouth and tossed the soup dumpling inside.

The moment he did that, his eyes bulged out!

Chapter 977: Born to Slap Faces

Manager Chen used his jade chopsticks to pick up the soup dumpling, bringing his lips down to the cut that Bu Fang made on it.

Suddenly, his eyes bulged so much that they almost fell out of their sockets.

His shocked expression silenced the entire room.

So hot. It was as hot as lava erupting from an active volcano.

Clear spring water from the bun entered his mouth, permeating every corner of his oral cavity.

The scalding liquid made Manager Chen's face redden, and he even struggled to breathe.

Gulp.

However, he could not help himself and swallowed the hot soup, which slid down his throat into his stomach.

When the burning sensation reached his stomach, he felt as though it would explode.

Logically, such a sensation should bring nothing but harm, but instead, Manager Chen felt satisfied!

Indeed, it was satisfying!

After the burning sensation subsided, the delicious soup, which seemed perfect, stimulated his taste buds.

Its delicious taste made Manager Chen squint his eyes and caused his mustache to quiver.

At the same time, steam continued to swirl above the soup dumplings.

Perceiving more of the pleasant fragrance, Manager Chen chewed enthusiastically.

The Crystal Glazed Soup Dumpling was so elastic and soft. Some air remained trapped within its skin, and the moment Manager Chen bit into the dumpling wrapper, the trapped air erupted, assaulting his senses. It was a brand new experience and taste.

This soup dumpling's wrapper...

Manager Chen was skeptical. Recalling the unique way Bu Fang kneaded the dough, his eyes became stern.

That violent kneading technique had thrilled him.

Was the soft and elastic dumpling wrapper a result of that violent technique?

The dough was kneaded that way to make the dumpling's skin elastic. It seems that it even had pores in which the chef's true energy was stored during the kneading process.

Just by having it in his mouth, Manager felt small true energy explosions in his mouth.

The explosions were not fierce, and neither did they irritate whoever ate it. It was just right, generating a pleasant taste.

However, the soup dumpling's filling was much more prominent than its skin.

Five types of spirit beast meat had been used to make it, and one of them belonged to an immortal ingredient.

Manager Chen remembered the Precious Chicken. Although it was not mature, when filled with immortal energy, the young chicken tasted much better than the other ingredients used to make the filling.

As for the other spirit beasts' meat used for the stuffing, they belonged to creatures that once flew in the sky, swam in the sea, and ran on land.

These different spirit beasts' meat had been combined to create an exceptional taste capable of making people sink into it.

Chomp. Chomp.

Manager Chen squinted his eyes.

After savoring the immortal energy swirling around the soup dumpling, he put it into his mouth.

When he bit into it, his eyes sparkled, and soon, it found its way into his stomach.

Manager Chen's pupils dilated, and he turned to look at Bu Fang in disbelief.



When Bu Fang saw the reaction, he became bewildered.

That look... It was as though he meant to say, “Why is it so... hot?”

This Crystal Glazed Soup Dumpling made Manager Chen’s true energy surge turbulently along with his spirit sea.

His cultivation base had advanced further, and it wasn’t just by a little.

“Your soup dumpling...”

Manager Chen sucked in a breath of cold air. This dumpling was capable of increasing his cultivation base?

In Immortal City, the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion had judged a lot of chefs from many forces. However, it was rare for them to see dishes that had the same boosting effect.

Since this kind of dish could be met but not required, it was really precious in Immortal City.

In short, recipes like these were controlled by aristocratic families, as they were classified as precious treasures.

Hence, the dishes with boosting effects were all very rare.

This soup dumpling... had been prepared by a mortal. It was incredible that it could permanently increase one’s cultivation base without any side effects. This kind of boost was amazing.

Manager Chen’s eyes sparkled. This mortal wasn’t ordinary at all!

Without paying his surroundings any mind, Manager Chen picked up another soup dumpling and tossed it into his mouth, eating it whole in one go.

The moment his teeth sank into it, a short, squishy sound rang out as the soft wrapper was torn, causing the soup to gush out.

Manager Chen trembled. His face reddened, and his eyes became bloodshot.

As the hot soup deluged his mouth, it no longer flowed like a gentle spring. Instead, it erupted like a raging waterfall.

Although Manager Chen trembled as though he was being electrocuted, he felt really refreshed.

There was only one word to describe this feeling—pleasurable!

As the audience watched Manager Chen eat soup dumpling after soup dumpling, their expressions turned awkward.

Manager Chen was a highly respected person in the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. Since he was in charge of the Immortal Chef test, his position wasn't ordinary at all.

Although he wasn't an Immortal Chef himself, he had eaten so many dishes cooked by Immortal Chefs.

It's almost impossible to see him wolf down food this way!

Are those soup dumplings really that delicious?

When they perceived the aroma lingering in the air, the audience couldn't help gulping down.

Perhaps... it really is delicious!

Suddenly, the audience became frightened. That was because they had almost missed a fact.

"Has this mortal... become a real Immortal Chef?"

“There are five soup dumplings. Do they all have immortal energy?”

“It looks really awesome. Those soup dumplings look delicious!”

The audience became uneasy and began to raise a clamor. This time, however, their words were not filled with disdain.

The way Manager Chen ate the dish was confirmation that Bu Fang was now an Immortal Chef—an Immortal Chef with a lofty position.

It had taken a mortal only three days to transform from a special grade chef into an Immortal Chef. It truly was a miracle!

Finally, the fourth and fifth soup dumplings had disappeared into Manager Chen’s mouth.

After eating all five dumplings, he licked his lips. Then, he exhaled deeply before standing up.

With his bloodshot eyes fixed on Bu Fang, Manager Chen doled out a compliment. “Delicious! Wonderful! Congratulations on getting your Immortal Chef title!”

Wow!

When the audience heard that, they raised an uproar.

He had become a real Immortal Chef!

Xuanyuan Xiahui looked at Bu Fang standing under the sunlight. He crossed his arms and smiled.

Xuanyuan Xuan was flustered. Bu Fang, a young chef who no one appreciated, had become an Immortal Chef, thanks to his overbearing performance.

It had taken him only three days to make them lose their faces.

Xuanyuan Xuan could still remember the first time she saw Bu Fang. Such a countryside young man...

But, now, he was an Immortal Chef.

Xuanyuan Xiahui noticed his sister's flustered expression, and the corners of his mouth twitched as he reached out to pat her head.

"Girl, do you remember what I told you? If you want to pick up an Immortal Chef, you have to do it as early as possible. Although you're late now, there's nothing to worry about. I believe in your competence!"

Xuanyuan Xiahui grinned before bursting into laughter.

Xuanyuan Xuan was bewildered at first, but a moment later, understanding dawned on her. Her face instantly flushed red.

In embarrassment, she twisted her body away from his hand and pouted playfully. "Brother, what did you say?! I won't care about you anymore!"

Her eyelashes quivered as she looked up at the young man standing expressionlessly, who was neither happy nor upset. Light flashed in her eyes.

He seemed... handsome.

Mu Liuer clasped her hands. The corners of her mouth twitched once, and then she gave Bu Fang a slight nod.

This mortal... had lived up to expectations.

What the naysayers thought impossible had been done. This was akin to slapping their faces.

It was as though this mortal was born to slap people's faces. From the moment she met Bu Fang, how many people had he slapped?

Tong Cheng's chest heaved. He stood by the stage, coldly gazing at Bu Fang.

The audience gazed at him with a gloating look, as though they were enjoying a joke.

The youngsters from the aristocratic families sneered at him.

Tong Chen understood that he would become a laughingstock for the influential families in Immortal City.

Getting slapped by a mortal was something only he had experienced.

However, Tong Cheng quickly calmed down and grinned. He gazed at Bu Fang with hope-filled eyes.

“Even if you are an Immortal Chef now, so what? Mortals will always be mortals!”

Boom!

Suddenly, Tong Cheng's aura burst forth. The rising aura surged past the room and pierced the sky.

Three flows of True Immortal Realm aura rushed through the entire place.

The spectators were stunned. They were so scared that they did not dare breathe aloud.

They suddenly realized that the situation had not been resolved yet.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Two figures flashed through the crowd and appeared beside Tong Cheng. Those two flows of aura had come from them.

Tong Cheng was at the True Immortal Realm, and now, two other True Immortal Realm experts had joined him. The combined pressure they emitted was enormous.

Manager Chen's expression instantly changed.

"Tong Cheng! What are you doing?! This is the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. It's not a place you can make a mess!" Manager Chen roared.

Three True Immortal Realm experts... Did the Tong family intend to declare war on the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion?

Did Tong Cheng intend to turn his back and offend the City Lord's mansion?

The youngsters from the aristocratic families sucked in breaths of cold air. They were stunned after seeing Tong Cheng's move.

Tong Cheng has lost his mind because of a mortal!

As the aura of three True Immortal Realm experts burst forth, the entire room trembled as though it was about to collapse.

"Manager Chen, I don't want to offend the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. I just want to take this mortal. He offended me!" Tong Cheng said casually, making sure to stress the word 'mortal.'

By this, he implied that a mortal was not worth Manager Chen and his Immortal Kitchen Pavilion turning their backs on the Tong family, one of the four great families.

"After all, Manager Chen said before that, as long as the mortal completes the Immortal Chef test, the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion wouldn't care about his death or life later on. After that, I can resolve the grudge I have with him myself. Do you intend to go back on your words right now?"

Tong Cheng's aura surged even more, and it became more terrifying.

The audience could see his spirit sea emerging above his head. A gold figure, which looked just like Tong Cheng, sat cross-legged above it.

This was Tong Cheng's origin soul. It was the reason why a True Immortal Realm expert could crush a Divine Realm expert easily.

When Manager Chen heard Tong Chen's words, his face became unsightly.

Right. He did say that.

However, back then, he had not realized Bu Fang's potential.

Now that he knew Bu Fang could cook dishes that boosted one's cultivation, at that moment, he held his potential in high regard. If he could recruit him for the City Lord's mansion, he could help the City Lord stand a better chance in investigating the prestige!

Hence, he had to protect this mortal!

Suddenly, Manager Chen saw the stern expression on Mu Liuer's face.

This caused his heart to lurch. He instantly knew what decision the Junior Pavilion Master had made.

He decided to reply, but the moment he opened his mouth, Bu Fang, who hadn't done anything so far, suddenly moved.

With his hands clasped behind him, Bu Fang expressionlessly looked up at the three standing before him. Despite facing off against three experts at the True Immortal Realm, he showed no hint of panic.

His gaze shifted to Tong Cheng, who was smiling coldly, before he nonchalantly said, "You... still want to get hit by my wok?"

Chapter 978: Desperate Straits?

“You... still want to get hit by my wok?”

Bu Fang’s faint voice echoed around the room.

When the audience heard him, they were surprised. Their jaws dropped as they stared at Bu Fang in shock.

What did... that mortal just say?

Tong Cheng froze. When he heard Bu Fang’s words, he almost vomited blood.

He had been hit by Bu Fang’s wok twice before, and he had even gotten a nosebleed. This was a pain that had etched itself in his heart!

Although Bu Fang had not specified which wok he intended to use, his words still had reopened the scar in Tong Cheng’s heart.

“You... Damn!”

Tong Cheng was completely enraged, and his eyes had turned bloodshot. The resentment he felt for this mortal had reached its peak.

He hated the fact that he could not just capture this mortal and use the Tong family’s extreme methods to torture him!

“Manager Chen, if you stop me, I’ll consider it a hostile declaration from the City Lord’s mansion. I don’t care about the consequences! This mortal... must die!” Tong Cheng emphasized each word in the last sentence.

Suddenly, the two True Immortal Realm experts beside him moved.

Boom! Boom!



The railing was shattered instantly, and in a flash, those two True Immortal Realm experts appeared right in front of Bu Fang. It was as if they had just teleported.

Their expressions were cold, and their auras were intimidating. Their true energies sought to shatter the void as their mental force encompassed the area.

Tong Cheng's aura also exploded outward. However, he didn't make any move.

It's not that he didn't want to, it's just that he was afraid of being hit by a wok.

Hence, he decided to wait for the right moment to strike.

Manager Chen's eyes shrank as he saw those two experts move.

Suddenly, he disappeared from the judge's table and reappeared in front of Bu Fang, shielding him.

"Bu Fang is our Junior Pavilion Master's friend. I must ensure his safety! Young Master Tong, if you want to make a move, I will meet your demand!"

Boom!

Manager Chen's cultivation base was at One-star True Immortal Realm, which was also the two experts' cultivation base.

However, there were two of them, so when Manager Chen felt their combined pressure, his expression changed.

He thrust his arms forward forcefully, and the space in their paths shattered as his palms met the attacks of the two experts at the same time.

The impact from those attacks made Manager Chen shiver. His face reddened, and he could not help taking several steps backward.

The expressions of the two True Immortal Realm experts instantly changed, and they backed off immediately.

When did this old man become so strong?!

How was he able to receive their attacks at the same time?!

Those thoughts made the two True Immortal Realm experts furrow their brows.

Tong Cheng's eyes narrowed.

“You old moron, do you want to die? In that case, I won't show mercy! Kill him!” Tong Cheng coldly ordered.

The eyes of the two True Immortal Realm experts turned cold.

They charged again, and their intimidating true energy surged like waves, furiously whipping every corner of the room.

The audience felt the terrifying pressure clamp down on their chests. They were frightened.

This was the power of the influential families, the power of True Immortal Realm experts...

Bu Fang's hands remained clasped. His Vermillion Robe fluttered in the gusts of raging winds created by the terrifying auras of the experts.

Meanwhile, Whitey stood still behind him. Starlight twinkled and lightning flashed in its mechanical eyes.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Several strikes were launched, causing Manager Chen to take several steps backward.

The room trembled as it couldn't bear the pressure. It seemed close to breaking apart.

Amidst the crowd, Mu Liuer's eyes turned stern.

The Tongs... Did they really intend to cause trouble?

Buzz...

Out of nowhere, an intimidating aura erupted within the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

The expressions of the two True Immortal Realm experts of the Tong Family instantly changed, and they came to a sudden halt.

It belonged to a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert. It seems that they had disturbed a powerful expert who protected the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

However, Tong Cheng didn't bat an eye. It seemed he had prepared well.

Today, he really wanted to kill Bu Fang.

"If you don't want to make things worse between the Tong family and the City Lord's mansion, I advise you to quiet down and watch. Or else, I won't mind joining in on the fun..." An ear-piercing voice resounded from outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

The aura of an expert at Two-star True Immortal Realm surged, clashing with the other auras in the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

For a short while, the two kinds of formidable auras and mental energies, while invisible, clashed in the void. After that, the True Immortal Realm experts snorted angrily and retracted their aura.

The aura surging from outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion also subsided immediately. It seems that the latter had only intended to warn them.

Mu Liuer's expression suddenly turned pale.

Tong Cheng was indeed very well prepared. He grinned.

There was no doubt about it. He would get his way today!

That mortal would not be able to dodge his attack!

“Thank you, Third Uncle!” Tong Cheng said as he respectfully bowed in the direction where the voice came from.

The corners of his mouth curled into a smirk. Then, he turned around, his cold gaze landing on Bu Fang.

“Go!”

Tong Cheng roared as he dashed forward.

The audience sighed. They knew Bu Fang couldn’t escape this disaster.

The Two-star True Immortal Realm expert had retreated, which was an unspoken permission to Tong Chen’s actions.

Without the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion’s protection, how could Bu Fang, who was just a mortal, resist the Tongs?

Puff! Puff!

Three True Immortal Realm auras charged over, and their combined mental forces surged incredibly.

The walls of the Immortal Chef test room cracked.

The audience went pale, and a mad dash towards the exit ensued as they sought to flee.

This room instantly became a battlefield.

Although Manager Chen had eaten the Crystal Glazed Soup Dumplings, which had boosted his cultivation base, he had yet to break through.

His power was not enough for him to take on three True Immortal Realm experts at the same time, so when he received their attacks, he coughed out blood as his body careened through the air.

Anyway, Tong Cheng did not really want to kill Manager Chen.

After all, Manager Chen was an important member of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion. If he was killed, the City Lord's mansion wouldn't stay quiet, and big trouble would ensue.

Nonetheless, it was not difficult to defeat Manager Chen.

The two True Immortal Realm experts dashed forward. Their formidable auras generated gales as their attacks soared towards Bu Fang.

Every step they took caused the walls to break away, causing crushed rocks to fly everywhere!

At the moment, Tong Cheng followed behind the two True Immortal Realm experts. He was on his guard as he was afraid of Bu Fang's wok.

That wok... was really unique.

He had to be cautious.

The audience were wide-eyed as they watched the events unfold. None of them believed that Bu Fang could escape death.

Bu Fang's cultivation was only at the peak of Divine Spirit Realm. How could he possibly resist them?

He could not even resist one True Immortal Realm expert, let alone three...

Although Tong Cheng had experienced the terror of his wok before, he believed that Bu Fang had gotten lucky back then.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Suddenly, a lightning arc tore through the air.

Whitey appeared in front of Bu Fang, shielding him. As it opened its metal wings, buzzing sounds rang out with sharp gusts of wind!

Boom! Boom!

Whitey's massive fist welcomed the charging True Immortal Realm experts of the Tong family.

Sizzle.

Lightning crackled around Whitey's fist.

Boom!

Despite the explosive impact, Whitey remained standing, as still as an imposing mountain.

The two True Immortal Realm experts, on the other hand, took several steps backward.

Tong Cheng let his fist fly, striking Whitey's belly. However, his face instantly went pale.

He felt a suction force surge from the belly of the Earth Immortal Puppet, and his eyes became filled with desire!

"You're fine despite receiving a punch from me. I must have this Earth Immortal Puppet!" Tong Cheng howled in excitement.

Boom!

Despite saying that, Tong Cheng did not dare continue. He pulled back his hand and backed off.

Whitey's aura began to rise. It had already reached the True Immortal Realm.

Whitey took out the War God Stick from its belly with a sweeping motion. Arcs of lightning crackled around it.

And, in the blink of an eye, Whitey was off.

The two True Immortal Realm experts rushed towards the charging Whitey.

They hurriedly took out their weapons, the twin lances. When they raised their lances, a sharp sound rang out.

The floor was struck, and depressions appeared on it.

The room could no longer bear the opposing forces and was directly blasted open.

The walls collapsed.

The onlookers, who had long since fled, observed the battle from afar.

Seeing Whitey fight two experts at the same time, they could not help sucking in breaths of cold air. That Earth Immortal Puppet was definitely not ordinary.

Meanwhile, Tong Cheng stood in the distance.

The desire in his eyes became even more intense.

His strongest Earth Immortal Puppet had just reached the peak of Divine Spirit Realm, so it was no different from a fragile ant in the presence of True Immortal Realm experts.

However, this mortal's Earth Immortal Puppet could resist two True Immortal Realm experts at the same time.

Several days ago, he had encountered this Earth Immortal Puppet, but it wasn't this strong. Has its strength increased because of the lightning punishment it devoured?

Could this Earth Immortal Puppet really evolve after eating lightning?!

Oh my god!

An Earth Immortal Puppet that could evolve!

Unbelievable!

Although it was surrounded, Whitey was not at a disadvantage. Tong Cheng couldn't help but rub his chest, trying to calm his frantic heart.

He looked at Bu Fang, who was standing some distance away from the battle, and sneered.

He was alone, without Manager Chen and that Earth Immortal Puppet...

How would that mortal stop him now?!

Buzz...

His hand shook once, and a red kitchen knife appeared in his grip.

It was his immortal tool, which had been found in a fruit born by the Immortal Tree. The Head of the Tong family had bestowed him this kitchen knife when he became an Immortal Chef.



With this immortal tool knife, he was more than confident that he could crush that mortal.

The kitchen knife moved, and blazing red energy instantly filled the room.

When the audience saw this, they gasped in terror. They stared at the knife in Tong Cheng's hand. The red divine knife was really eye-catching.

A moment later, shouts rang out from the crowd.

An immortal tool?

Did Tong Cheng really have to use his immortal tool just to deal with a mortal?

With his hands clasped behind him, Bu Fang's eyes shifted from the battle to the red kitchen knife in Tong Cheng's hand.

Suddenly, with a single thought, the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand.

When he saw Tong Cheng's immortal tool knife, he sensed a tinge of disdain emanating from the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife's spirit.

Disdain...

Bu Fang blinked. This was indeed interesting.

Boom!

Tong Cheng moved. He stomped his feet and shot out, gliding forward like a shadow. In a moment, he appeared in front of Bu Fang.

The red knife was slashed horizontally, going for Bu Fang's head.

"Damn you, mortal. You should pay a high price!"

The red knife emitted an arc of invisible knife energy. The ground within the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion couldn't endure its power, and it exploded.

Everyone held their breaths, regret and pity filling their eyes as they gazed at the mortal.

He had just become an Immortal Chef. It was unfortunate that he was killed right after.

Arriving at the zenith of life only to be instantly knocked back down to the bottom... It was really tragic.

However, outside of their expectations, Bu Fang remained expressionless.

Suddenly, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, which emitted an earthen yellow glow, appeared in his other hand.

Holding the wok in his left hand and the knife in the other, he expressionlessly stared at the approaching Tong Cheng.

A dragon roared in his spirit sea as it rose.

Bu Fang's mental energy was released in its entirety, with waves of mental force rippling out of him.

Buzz...

Facing this mental energy that could be compared to that of a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert, Tong Cheng's knife froze in midair, and he became flustered.

The moment Tong Cheng got a hold of himself, his pupils dilated.

Reflected in his eyes were thirteen gold blade shadows, which superimposed over each other.

Eventually, they merged into one blade, slashing down at him.

## Chapter 979: Immortal Tool Slashed!

The onlookers struggled to breathe.

They stared wide-eyed into the distance to see Tong Cheng slashing Bu Fang, attempting to split him in half.

They could already envision the bloody scene. Some couldn't stand looking at him and decided to close their eyes instead.

Mu Liuer sighed.

The Immortal Kitchen Pavilion had decided to give up on Bu Fang...

Manager Chen was a True Immortal Realm expert, but Tong Cheng had brought two True Immortal Realm experts from his Tong family to deal with Bu Fang. Naturally, he couldn't handle them by himself.

However, it was beyond her expectations that Bu Fang's Earth Immortal Puppet could resist the two of them.

Nonetheless, it didn't do much good for him. Although he could stop the other two, Tong Cheng's power was much stronger than Bu Fang's.

Facing Tong Cheng, Bu Fang would be crushed.

The red kitchen knife's glint dazzled everyone. This was an immortal tool's radiance!

Immortal tools were the kitchen equipment grown from the Immortal Tree. They were incomparably strong with developed tool spirits.

If the chefs could contact the spirit, their culinary attainments would be improved further.

To ordinary people, it was very rare to see immortal tools during their lifetime since they had all been scooped up by those powerful families.

But now, they were all witnessing the might of an immortal tool.

How could Bu Fang resist it?

Bu Fang had seized the chance when Tong Cheng wasn't ready to hit him twice with his wok. But this time, he wouldn't get a chance to overturn the situation.

After all, Tong Cheng had taken out his immortal tool.

The others couldn't help but cover their eyes as the red light became more dazzling.

Some had their eyes stimulated to the point that tears rolled down their faces.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion blasted in the center of the room. Dust rose up torrentially, covering the entire place.

"It's over..."

Xuanyuan Xiahui and Xuanyuan Xuan stood amidst the ruins, and they couldn't help but sigh as they stared at the rising dust.

Xuanyuan Xuan felt somewhat mournful. Her slender hand pulled the hem of Xuanyuan Xiahui's shirt, her eyes sympathetic.

"Immortal Cooking Realm... The aristocratic families are the rulers. Mortals and ordinary people don't have any right to speak."

Xuanyuan Xiahui sighed, rubbing Xuanyuan Xuan's head. "Those families have an absolute ruling order. The City Lord's mansion is also an influential family..."

Mu Liuer's expression was complicated. She had done so much but still failed to protect Bu Fang in the end.

This extraordinary mortal would die soon. It was the consequence of offending powerful families.

The clamorous onlookers quieted down as they stared at the ruins.

Eh?

Suddenly, everyone's eyes shrank. That was because they found two figures emerging from the dust.

Two figures? How come there are two figures?

Logically, it should have been one figure and a half.

That mortal should've been halved by Tong Cheng, right? Halves of his corpse should be there.

Flap...

A strong wind swept through, blowing the dust away. It slapped people's faces, bringing with it sharp pangs as wind blades cut them.

This wind blade... is so sharp.

The crowd couldn't help but scream.

Xuanyuan Xiahui lifted his hand, and a flow of true energy gushed out, blocking and dissolving air blades from hurting Xuanyuan Xuan.

However, a wisp of air blade got through, splitting a strand of Xuanyuan Xuan's hair.

“No! This blade energy... It isn't Tong Cheng's immortal tool's energy!” Xuanyuan Xiahui's eyes shrank as he screamed in fright.

Xuanyuan Xuan was bewildered.

Far from them, Mu Liuer was also bewildered as she stared at the center of the room.

Boom!

Dust scattered, revealing the destroyed stage...

Seeing this scene, everybody was petrified!

Tong Cheng was stunned as a cut ran across his face like a thin line. Beads of blood oozed from it.

However, his focus was on something else. His eyes were gazing forward...

In the distance, gold light shone and irritated his eyes. That dazzling light emanated from an object, its gold hue sending shivers down his spine.

Rattle!

A clear but echoing sound arose...

A moment later, the onlookers took in a breath of cold air, staring at a scene they would never forget.

The knife in Tong Cheng's hand split into two halves and fell, producing sharp and clear clanging noises as they hit the ground.

The immortal tool was destroyed.

“How... How could this be?!” One of the youngsters from the aristocratic families couldn’t help but scream, getting goosebumps all over his body.

The others were stupefied.

Bu Fang’s face was emotionless. His hand holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife shook once more before it spun, radiating light.

Bu Fang also held the Black Turtle Constellation Wok aloft.

Boom!

The black wok increasingly grew in Tong Cheng’s eyes as it descended.

As soon as Bu Fang brandished the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, Tong Cheng finally got himself together.

However, it was too late. That familiar wok had already appeared in front of him...

This f\*cking wok again!

Bang!

This time, Bu Fang didn’t show mercy. He used all of his strength as he brought the wok down, brutally hitting Tong Cheng in the face.

After being walloped, Tong Cheng fell backward. Blood gushed from his nose, which was almost broken.

Bam!

Tong Cheng crashed to the ground, holding his nose.

Bu Fang slowly walked over to Tong Cheng.

Holding the golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife aloft, his true energy deluged the knife, and a dragon roar shot up into the sky.

A moment later, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in Bu Fang's hand enlarged, becoming a huge butcher knife. A divine dragon phantom twirled around it, which rose up as it brandished its claws and bared its fangs.

The onlookers were shaken when they saw the dragon phantom.

"This mortal, He... he... He got an immortal tool too?"

"That gold knife... It destroyed Young Master Tong's immortal tool?"

"Tong Cheng's immortal tool is... broken?"

One could see beads of cold sweat on the foreheads of the onlookers. Indeed, Bu Fang had brought them so many surprises.

Is he a real mortal?!

So, all the mortals are this awesome and strong?!

That gold kitchen knife... What level is that immortal tool? Visit web novel. live If You like manga , comics

Actually, immortal tools have classes of their own. However, most of the spectators didn't know the level of an immortal tool—only the members of the aristocratic families knew.

It was similar to the names of the dishes in the Book of Immortal Recipes. Ordinary people would never get a chance to access such information.



Bu Fang's eyes were indifferent as he shouldered the massive kitchen knife.

Far away from them, two True Immortal Realm experts from the Tong family were battling against Whitey, and it looked like they couldn't win against the latter.

The Tong family experts were also keeping tabs on Tong Cheng and Bu Fang's battle. However, they never imagined that their Young Master would have a nosebleed and fall on the ground.

"Damn!" One of the True Immortal Realm experts cursed.

His long lance turned into tens of thousands of shadows, filling the sky. He wanted to force Whitey to back off so he could retreat and save Tong Cheng.

However, the lightning arc-covered War God Stick stopped him. It swept over, and tens of thousands of stick shadows parried the long lance away before it shot out a bolt of lightning.

That True Immortal Realm expert coughed blood instantly.

The other True Immortal Realm expert seized the chance and pulled Whitey back, but to no avail.

In an instant, the situation changed. Everything seemed to turn around!

"You... What do you want?!"

Tong Cheng felt a shadow loom over him, blocking the sunlight. Covering his bleeding nose, he tried to open his eyes. However, what welcomed him was that mortal, who stood and watched him.

"You damn mortal!" Tong Cheng's eyes turned bloodshot as he snarled.

A gust of wind blew over, breaking the velvet rope that Bu Fang used to tie his hair. Instantly, his hair fluttered in the wind.

Bu Fang cast Tong Cheng a sidelong glance, pulling the corners of his mouth into a smirk.

A moment later, his shoulder shook, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife swooped down, slashing at Tong Cheng.

The onlookers were utterly frightened. They shuddered, the hair on their napes rising!

That mortal... He dared to kill Tong Cheng?!

That man is the genius Immortal Chef of the most influential family in Immortal City!

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife's power was extremely formidable. The air seemed to be slashed altogether under the might of this blade.

Tong Cheng shivered.

Bu Fang's kitchen knife had split Tong Cheng's knife with just a slash, and if it struck his head, wouldn't it be no different from cutting a piece of tofu?

"You can't!"

"Filthy animal! How dare you!"

The moment the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was about to strike Tong Cheng's head, a series of terrifying shouts boomed in front of Bu Fang.

An intimidating aura surged over from outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, and it came near Bu Fang in an instant.

A lance zoomed over, crossing the void as it hit Bu Fang's Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

Ding!

Bu Fang arched his brows as the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was pushed backward.

The surrounding people's tense nerves grew all the more taut.

That is... the Two-star True Immortal Expert from the Tong family!

However, in the next moment, what the spectators saw made them draw in a breath of cold air.

Bu Fang didn't stop. Instead, he raised the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok at the same time.

Then...

He aimed at Tong Cheng's head as he fiercely attacked.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok grew increasingly larger in Tong Cheng's eyes once again.

Tong Cheng's nerves were tense, and his entire body shook like a leaf. He was cursing ten thousand times under his breath.

He wanted to run. However, his heart was occupied by the tremendous black wok, and he couldn't move an inch.

Boom!

An ear-piercing noise resounded. Then, the ground shook as it caved in.

Fine cracks reached further away like threads of a spiderweb with Tong Cheng as the center.

His head was buried in the ground, his body still.

The onlookers seemed to have heard the sound of something cracking...

That sound came from the golden shadow hovering above Tong Cheng's spirit sea, which shattered after being hit by Bu Fang's attack.

After two hits from the same wok, Tong Cheng, who was at the One-star True Immortal Realm, had his spirit sea shattered!

Tong Cheng saw a towering black turtle, which was big enough to cover the sky and shoulder the world, intimidate his spirit sea, tearing it apart.

Then... he lost consciousness.

Boom!

A surge of intimidating energy approached rapidly.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows and lifted his head, staring at the fierce old man who was rolling his eyes at him.

The old man charged over and opened his eyes wide, as though the corners of his eyes were about to be torn.

"You... Damn you!" He let out an ear-shattering roar.

Boom!

Suddenly, a palm descended. This terrifying attack, which seemed like a massive curtain made of true energy, aimed at Bu Fang.

Buzz...

The red and white Vermillion Robe emitted a radiance, and a moment later, it rattled as if something was smashed broken.

At this moment, the invincible function of the Vermillion Robe took effect.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows.

Gazing at the old man, he wielded his Black Turtle Constellation Wok without any thought on manners or respect!

The onlookers took in a breath of cold air, as though they had seen a ghost.

That mortal chef... He was not shaken at all! Did he really intend to go against a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert?!

He wanted to ascend to heaven!

Chapter 980: Strip off His Clothes? No... Slap Him to Death!

The old man didn't think that the mortal before him would not run away. The latter even decided to smash him with a massive wok!

Where did this mortal get his courage?!

The old man's facial muscles twitched.

He was a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert. His power was extremely fierce and formidable, not to mention that he occupied a high and respectable position.

This mortal... How dare he counterattack with the wok despite the pressure he was under?

"You want to die? You filthy animal, you don't want to live anymore!" the old man from the Tong family angrily bellowed.

Tong Cheng had been wounded terribly by a mortal that hadn't even reached the True Immortal Realm. The brutal black wok had been swung twice, and this made everyone shiver in fright.

The old man sent out a palm, but he had been unable to stop and wound the mortal.

Of course, it was such a humiliation for him.

To repay this humiliation, the old man figured that he could use the mortal's life to wash it away.

It was just a wok. The old man thought he could blow it away with one strike.

He wasn't Tong Cheng.

Tong Cheng was at One-star True Immortal Realm, but he had been lazy in his cultivation. Hence, his fighting prowess was slightly weaker than that of a normal One-star True Immortal Realm expert.

As for the old man, his cooking talent wasn't good, so he had focused on cultivation instead. As an expert at Two-Star True Immortal Realm, how could a mere mortal defeat him?

Although the old man was somewhat bewildered that his true energy curtain was unable to strike that mortal to death, he didn't have much time to dwell on it.

Meanwhile, Bu Fang remained expressionless. The black-and-white bandage loosened, revealing his arm with the Taotie drawings. As the Taoties' ear-piercing roars resounded from it, the strength of his arm increased.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok swung hard, and its earthen-yellow glow lit up the area around it.

The sound of air being torn rang out.

The old man's expression was cold. He curved his palm into a claw and reached out to snatch the incoming Black Turtle Constellation Wok. He wanted to crush it to pieces!

The spectators were so shocked that their jaws dropped.

Bu Fang had decided to attack a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert!

How could that mortal be this arrogant?

How could he be this persistent?

Although two hits from that wok had almost killed Tong Cheng, this time, he was facing off against a Two-star True Immortal Realm expert from the Tong family!

This newly-promoted Immortal Chef had an amazing, overbearing aura.

The jaws of Xuanyuan Xiahui and the others had dropped as they watched these events unfold. Bu Fang really, really scared them.

Mu Liuer furrowed her brows. The Tong family was too lawless.

“Do you really think our Immortal Kitchen Pavilion does not have experts?” She snorted.

Shortly, a powerful aura shot out of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

It was the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion’s Two-star True Immortal Realm expert.

Boom! Boom!

The terrifying pressure spread really fast, and a dazzling beam of light shot out from a corner. It moved like a meteor, heading towards the old man from the Tong family.

Bu Fang expressionlessly gazed at the old man as turbulent waves arose on his spirit sea.

The gold divine dragon soared, and the massive black turtle also floated up...

A moment later, Bu Fang's extreme mental force surged like an attacking, tidal wave.

The claw formed by the old man halted in midair. Bu Fang's mental force had him feeling flustered.

Boom!

The audience watched with tense expressions as Bu Fang's wok shot towards the old man's head.

Swish.

The void in the wok's path seemed to shatter.

The old man's cultivation base was definitely much higher than Tong Cheng's. In the True Immortal Realm, the gap between One-star and Two-star experts was really vast.

The old man was flustered only for a second and quickly pulled himself together.

The ground beneath him almost exploded. He raised his hands above his head, in an attempt to shield himself.

Bang!

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok struck the old man's arms, and its terrifying force sent the old man flying backward.

With a resounding boom, the man crashed into the ruins, causing clouds of dust to rise into the air.

The area suddenly turned dead silent.

The audience was stunned. No one could believe what they had just seen.

This mortal chef really did want to ascend to heaven.



His wok was able to blow the Tong family's Two-star True Immortal Realm expert away!

That wok... had won him so many confrontations.

Two strikes from it were enough to leave Tong Cheng near death. And now, one strike from it had blown away the old man from the Tong family.

Boom!

Rocks soared into the air.

The old man climbed up from the ruin. Pulsing green veins appeared on his forehead, and bloody murder filled his eyes. His aura continued to rise.

"You filthy animal!" The old man screamed.

However, the expert from the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion had taken this chance to arrive in front of the old man from the Tong family.

"You said that you won't interfere... You broke the rule. Your Tong family looks down on our Immortal Kitchen Pavilion," the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's expert said coldly.

"You can't protect him! This mortal has offended our Tong family. His end will not be a good one!" the old man snarled.

When the old man saw the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's expert, he knew that he had lost his chance to kill Bu Fang.

"That has nothing to do with our protection. You said that you won't make a move," replied the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's expert.

The air chilled as though daggers had been drawn.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

In the distance, the two experts from the Tong family had finally escaped from Whitey. They dashed toward Tong Cheng and quickly helped him up.

However, the moment everyone got a clear look at Tong Cheng, they sucked in breaths of cold air.

Their minds trembled.

Tong Cheng's head was deformed. Indeed, Bu Fang had not shown any mercy.

When the two experts from the Tong family felt Tong Cheng's feeble aura, their hearts sank.

Tong Cheng's energy was vanishing. His head was now a bloody mess.

His mental force rapidly diminished as the seconds passed...

His spirit sea had been crushed by the Black Turtle Constellation Wok's spirit! Tong Cheng was completely screwed!

Upon seeing Tong Cheng's terrible situation, silence reigned in the entire place.

This was the best example of one courting death of their own free will. Not only did Tong Cheng fail to overcome his opponent, but he was left half-dead as well.

It had taken only two hits from the wok to shatter Tong Cheng's spirit sea.

The moment his spirit sea collapsed, Tong Cheng was done for. He was no longer qualified to be an Immortal Chef, and there was even a possibility that he would become retarded.

The onlookers sucked in breaths of cold air. Too pathetic...

They hurriedly turned to look at Bu Fang, fear filling their eyes.

Tong Cheng's Third Uncle shivered, overwhelmed by grief.

Such a good man... How did he end up almost beaten to death using a wok?

"My Tong family's Immortal Chef has been rendered disabled. Do you think I will let this slide?"  
The old man's voice trembled as he gazed at the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's expert.

The Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's expert did not reply.

Tong Cheng had actually brought this on himself.

If Tong Cheng had not been overcome by greed, trying to take Bu Fang's Earth Immortal Puppet using his lofty Tong family's status, he would not have ended up in such a miserable state.

Tong Cheng had started all of these, so of course it would all end with him.

"You two, take Tong Cheng back to the Tongs' mansion first..."

The old man from the Tong family sounded very solemn. A shattered spirit sea was a serious injury that could not be treated completely. However, the resources the Tong family had at their disposal were good enough to save his life.

The two True Immortal Realm experts exchanged looks and nodded at the old man. They took Tong Cheng's limp body and dashed out of the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

No one stopped them, and the three figures soon disappeared.

Bu Fang put away his Black Turtle Constellation Wok and Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

His Vermillion Robe fluttered as he clasped his hands behind him.

Whitey quietly stood behind him. Its mechanical eyes twinkled constantly.

“The Immortal Chef test is over, and I passed it. If you don’t have anything else to say, I’m going back to open my restaurant and start my business,” Bu Fang said.

Open his restaurant?

You are still in the f\*cking mood to open your restaurant?

That attack you doled out to the Tong family’s precious son has made him a retard, yet you dare to leave so leisurely? Do you intend to walk into the net yourself?

As one of the top families, the Tongs would never allow this young man, who had challenged their prestige, to remain alive.

Although Bu Fang had become an Immortal Chef, it was not impossible for those influential families to scratch an Immortal Chef to death...

However, just when everyone thought that Bu Fang would ask for protection from the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, he casually left with his Earth Immortal Puppet.

In the end, the duo promptly left the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

Mu Liuer was dumbstruck.

Xuanyuan Xiahui and Xuanyuan Xuan wore expressions of shock.

This mortal... Isn’t he afraid of anything?

Shouldn’t he be soliciting for protection now?

By leaving the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, he had lost its protection. How could he possibly fend off the Tongs on his own?

He was just seeking death.

The old man from the Tong family wore a cold expression as he watched Bu Fang leave. With a swish of his sleeves, he left too.

As for the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's Two-star True Immortal Realm expert, he didn't stop him as his responsibility was to protect the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion.

The wellbeing of an Immortal Chef didn't matter to him.

Moreover, that Immortal Chef looked like he wanted to die, so it was not necessary for him to take any action.

The crowd stayed silent for a while before leaving the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion in a hurry. After all, there was an interesting show bound to happen outside.

Xuanyuan Xiahui sighed. He didn't know where Bu Fang was getting his confidence from.

...

Outside the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion

On the long street, Bu Fang casually walked with his hands clasped behind him.

A man and his puppet walked down the street. The clear sounds of their footsteps rang out, making everyone watching them hold their breaths.

Many people had followed Bu Fang, hoping to see some good stuff.

Beating up Tong Cheng until he became disabled... If Bu Fang could leave easily, the Tongs wouldn't be the Tongs, and they would not be qualified to be one of the top families in the entire Immortal City.

Suddenly, Bu Fang stopped.

Right in front of him, a long lance streaked down from the sky and embedded itself in the ground, causing rocks to fly and gusts of wind to form.

A True Immortal Realm expert from the Tong family slowly descended from the sky, his gaze locked onto Bu Fang.

Since they were no longer in the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion, the old man did not seek to conceal his murderous aura.

That murderous aura made the sky darken, and the spectators found it hard to breathe normally.

A Two-star True Immortal Realm expert attacking with full force...

The thought alone was truly frightening.

That mortal chef couldn't survive such a disaster...

The old man's expression was cold, and a chilling killing intent radiated out of him.

Above his head, his original soul had spurned a sky in which a dazzling star shone!

The old man's robe flapped as he descended like an imposing mountain. The air around him became heavy.

"You wounded a member of our Tong family, and now, you want to run away? Mortal, you are really arrogant," the old man spoke coldly.

Suddenly, a terrifying aura burst out of him and swept past the long street, giving rise to a large tornado.

The people on the long street began to flee in fright.

The spectators sighed at this development, feeling sorry for Bu Fang.

The old man had not bothered to hide his murderous aura. He could now kill Bu Fang, who was without the Immortal Kitchen Pavilion's protection, with ease.

The apparent murderous aura made Bu Fang frown. He ran a hand through his loose hair and gently exhaled.

"You do not intend to let me go and open my restaurant?" Bu Fang asked in a low voice.

He raised his head slowly, his gaze settling on the old man with incomparable prestige.

When he did not hear a reply, he casually said, "Little Ha, ten Spicy Strips if you make a move now."

"Hahaha! Bu Fang young man, you should have made such a wise decision earlier. Let this wise and brave king ascend the stage. This king's stripping finger... is so hungry."

A burst of loud laughter rang out after Bu Fang spoke.

The spectators watched a man clad in a long robe, which opened at his chest, suddenly appear in front of Bu Fang. He had used his hand to cover half of his face.

That loud laughter had come from him.

Bu Fang looked at Nether King Er Ha, and then back at the old man who was emitting a murderous aura.

The corners of his mouth curled up as he said, "Strip off his clothes? No. Just slap him to death."