

Gourmet 1131

Chapter 1131 Bu Fang's Special Handmade Ice Cream

Chef Jing Yuan's eyes were glowing, and her beautiful face expressed confidence.

A knife rack appeared in her hand, where all kinds of kitchen knives could be seen. The handles of these knives were all made with spirit metal, making them shimmer with an enticing brilliance.

Chi Si leaned lazily on her chair as she looked at Chef Jing Yuan and Bu Fang. "The imperial feast qualification cooking competition shall now begin."

Everyone in the square was filled with excitement and cheered.

Finally, the cooking competition that was related to the destruction of Spring Wind Pavilion, the one that they had been waiting for, was about to take place.

Chi Si stood up and said, "The rules of this competition are simple. The two chefs must cook one dish each, and they will then be judged by me, General Lin Damei, and General Heimu. The winner of this match will be the one qualified to cook for the imperial feast of Empress, which is in six days."

Her voice wasn't loud, but with everyone remaining silent, they were able to hear her clearly.

Bu Fang expressionlessly nodded.

Chef Jing Yuan held a kitchen knife in her hand and nodded as well.

Nether King Er Ha watched with a Spicy Strip in his mouth and continued to enjoy sucking it. He was very confident when it came to Bu Fang's cooking skills.

For Bu Fang to go against a little girl, is it even possible for him to lose?

The crowd began to make a lot of noise as they discussed. But when Chi Si raised her hand, everyone turned quiet.

Chi Si, as a general of the Red Dragon Army, showcased her prestige in Goddess City.

...

Hundreds of miles outside the square, two figures sat on a spiritual metal seat that was suspended in the air.

One of them was the Empress, who was wearing a red robe, while the other was Nethery, who had a cold expression on her face.

Both of them looked at the square, and they seemed to be looking forward to the match.

“Sister Nethery, who do you think will win this cooking competition?” Empress Bi Luo asked as she leaned on the armrest with her chin on her hands, curiosity filling her eyes.

Nethery’s dark eyes looked into the distance, looking at Bu Fang’s calm face. “Bu Fang.”

Empress Bi Luo blinked and turned to Nethery. “Why? Chef Jing Yuan has been the chef of the imperial feast many times. Her cooking skills are quite good, so this Empress likes her dishes very much.”

“No reason. He’s Bu Fang, and he has never lost in a competition.” Nethery’s red lips slightly curled upwards, revealing a slight smile.

Empress Bi Luo was speechless and could only express helplessness. After a while, she said, “I shouldn’t have asked. I wonder when you began to place all your faith in that little chef.”

Nethery glanced sideways at Empress Bi Luo and said softly, “You don’t believe me? How about we have a bet...”

Empress Bi Luo’s eyes lit up. “A bet? Okay, what will the winner get?”

Nethery also became excited. “Hmm... How about the loser will have to do one thing the winner wants them to?”

“Alright, let’s do that! Hehe! This Empress has never lost a bet!” Empress Bi Luo laughed.

In response, Nethery just glanced at Empress Bi Luo with a playful look in her eyes.

...

On the stage...

Once Chi Si’s words rang out, Bu Fang and Chef Jing Yuan began preparing to cook.

At least, this wasn’t a battle where Bu Fang risked his life. At the moment, he wouldn’t be able to take out any combat dishes.

Nevertheless, it doesn’t mean that he could just relax. He had to win this competition.

As for what to cook, Bu Fang already came up with an idea after thinking about it all night in the farmland.

This dish will definitely give everyone a surprise!

Chef Jing Yuan’s passion for cooking was definitely strong, but her cooking was unusual. In his opinion, she had yet to figure out how she truly wanted to cook.

Chef Jing Yuan seemed to be in deep thought.

Bu Fang gently breathed out. Then, he went to his designated position.

He stretched out his hand and pulled something from his waist.

Buzz...

Shining light could be seen from where Bu Fang was. Suddenly, a roar that seemed to have come from a tiger reverberated, making everyone's heart slightly jump.

Boom!

With a loud noise, the White Tiger Heaven Stove landed in front of Bu Fang.

Chef Jing Yuan's eyes suddenly shrank. Looking at the White Tiger Heaven Stove, she could feel tremendous pressure coming from it.

That stove...

Chef Jing Yuan took a deep breath and felt an unprecedented pressure.

But she wouldn't admit defeat just because of some pressure that she felt from a stove. Instead, she actually became more motivated to do her best.

As the head chef of Spring Wind Pavilion for so many years, Jing Yuan had always been facing a lot of pressure, resulting in her becoming tired and weary. Nevertheless, she shall continue on.

With a thought, two kitchen knives on the rack suddenly flew up into the air.

As they spun, Chef Jing Yuan reached out and grabbed the handle made from spiritual metal, her eyes blazing with determination.

Not too far away from Jing Yuan, one could see ingredients begin floating up into the air.

Jing Yuan, who was holding two kitchen knives, began swinging the two knives violently.

Sparks flew through the air. As the ingredients were hit by the knives, they would fall down to the ground.

Jing Yuan's knives moved so fast that it was difficult to even see them.

“It’s Chef Jing Yuan’s dual-knife cutting technique!”

“Her dazzling knife skill is truly incredible!”

“It has been a while since I’ve seen Chef Jing Yuan execute such techniques...”

The people surrounding the stage were chattering with excitement, watching the stage with great interest.

It seems that, to them, even witnessing Jing Yuan’s cooking was a great honor.

Once Jing Yuan enters a cooking state, she becomes very imposing. Every slash cutting the ingredients was just the way she wanted, from how deep the cut was to how long it was.

This knife technique has been practiced by Jing Yuan for countless years, so it was impossible for her to make a blunder.

She was well aware that in order to be a good chef, she must practice day and night. Whether it be knife techniques, cooking techniques, heat mastery, and so on, she had to put them into practice so as to truly be able to bring out the desired taste of the dishes.

Currently, her mind was only filled with thoughts related to what she was doing.

Suddenly, a surprised cry came from the distance, as though the crowd had seen something incredible.

Chef Jing Yuan was also slightly stunned, subconsciously raising her head to look.

There, she could see that Bu Fang had started cooking.

But...

Bu Fang’s cooking was very simple.

Clack!

Bu Fang took out a bucket. When the lid was opened, a strong fragrance of milk spread out.

This milk's fragrance had a mellow feel to it, and a unique fluctuation seemed to have spread, causing Chi Si's and everyone else's face to change.

That fluctuation reminded them of Bu Fang's previous exploding meatballs and explosive iron pot...

"What is this man trying to do?"

"Is he trying to cause another explosion?"

They all tensed up and intently stared at the stage.

Then, Bu Fang snapped his finger, and a clay pot appeared. He then placed the clay pot on top of the stove.

After that, he opened his mouth, spurting out a jet of white flame.

As soon as the flame came out, the temperature around them seemed to have changed. At the same time, terrifying fluctuations were felt by everyone.

Chef Jing Yuan's eyes shrank.

What an intense flame...

It was the first time she had ever seen such a flame.

Using her spiritual perception, she could see that the flame... was extremely violent.

Whoosh...

The hot air came out of the clay pot.

Bu Fang reached out and, after probing the temperature, poured the milk into it.

Pure white milk came pouring down like a waterfall, and the silky liquid made many people exclaim in shock.

The fragrance seemed to have intoxicated many people.

Chef Jing Yuan gritted her teeth. She didn't know what Bu Fang was cooking, but she knew that, right now, she needed to concentrate on her own dish.

Chef Jing Yuan put her hands together, and the crowd turned silent. Soon, a black flame burst out from her palms.

She may not have an immortal flame, but her flame was considered strong.

The flame that burst out from her palms was also extremely hot. Although its temperature was not as high as Bu Fang's flame, it was at least brought about by her own actions, making it so that she had near-complete control over it.

Boom!

When the flame flew into the stove, Chef Jing Yuan placed aside all distractions and began cooking.

On the other hand, Bu Fang's strange cooking attracted almost everyone's attention.

In the clay pot, rumbling sounds could be heard.

The milk that had been poured into the pot had begun boiling. The milk bubbles burst, and a fragrance constantly spread out from them.

While the milk was boiling, Bu Fang went to start on other things.

He took out an egg.

The eggs that he brought out were from an Eight-star Beast Emperor, which he had harvested in the Immortal Cooking Realm.

These eggs were of top quality. However, he knew that the best eggs for the dish that he was about to make would be Phoenix eggs.

But Phoenix eggs were rare. The only one that Bu Fang had acquired had already been used.

Now, Bu Fang can't find Phoenix eggs, even if he wanted them.

Two blue and white porcelain bowls were taken out.

The Eight-star Beast Emperor's eggs weren't very large—they were just about the size of three palms.

An egg rose, then began falling. It hit the edge of the blue and white porcelain bowl, then cracked.

When the eggshell cracked, Bu Fang carefully separated the yolk from the egg white.

This process was not difficult for Bu Fang. However, to most of the people watching, they couldn't understand what he was trying to do.

“What's that man trying to cook?”

His strange way of cooking really made people speechless.

A small formation was formed. In the formation, a bright light was let out.

Then, Bu Fang let out a soft sound.

“Shrimpy.”

A golden streak of light flew out, flashing around Bu Fang’s body.

Bu Fang made Shrimpy separate the egg white from the yolk as he went and took out crystal sugar that was made in the farmland. After that, he had Shrimpy beat the egg white.

After beating the egg white, the egg yolk was next.

Shrimpy was able to let out a certain energy that would enhance the taste of the food, which was vital to the dish.

Then, Bu Fang turned to look at the pot.

The milk in the pot was still boiling and seemed to have boiled to a slightly sticky consistency.

After removing a layer of film, he then poured the slightly sticky milk into a bowl. While the milk was cooling down, Bu Fang could begin on other stuff.

On the other side, Shrimpy was about to finish carrying out the task that Bu Fang had given. The egg yolk and egg white were almost done getting beaten, with some bubbles present in the bowl.

Bu Fang then poured the milk into the bowl with the egg white.

Milk and egg white were mixed together, and after a long time of tumbling, the liquid became thicker and thicker.

When the mixture was evenly mixed, Bu Fang then poured the yolk into it and got Shrimpy to churn the mixture.

Shrimpy seemed to enjoy this feeling, turning it over and over. There was a pale golden light constantly diffusing from Shrimpy, the close-to-invisible energy constantly fusing into the dish.

For the beaten liquid, Bu Fang breathed softly and was ready to begin the critical step, which was freezing the dish.

Bu Fang did not choose to use the refrigerator that the system could provide.

He had a bolder idea.

He intended to use his own mental energy to empty the air around the liquid to create a freezing effect, so he would be able to control the temperature to achieve the best effect.

Bu Fang's mental force suddenly surged out.

A big hand seemed to have appeared, covering the blue and white porcelain bowl.

Around the blue and white porcelain bowl, ice crystals suddenly began to form...

Bu Fang's eyes focused on the bowl.

In the distance, people around were puzzled by Bu Fang's cooking. They could only smell the previous fragrance that came from the milk, and after that, they couldn't sense anything more.

But such fragrance from the milk couldn't reflect Bu Fang's cooking skills.

Many people became suspicious.

Can this guy really cook?

On the other hand, Chef Jing Yuan's cooking had come to an end.

The fire blazed into the sky, and the hot flames continued to move about.

The rich aroma of the dishes lingered in the air.

People could even hear the splash of oil.

The crowd nodded.

That's cooking. That man's actions. How could that be cooking?

Can what he's making even be eaten?

Many people sneered.

Suddenly.

Someone stared towards where Bu Fang was with a doubtful expression.

Dark clouds had emerged above Bu Fang's head... But, how could there be dark clouds here on the ground?

Everyone was stunned.

They weren't the only ones stunned.

Even Chi Si and other big generals were slightly shocked.

In the next moment, from the dark clouds, a thunderstorm seemed to have broken out.

Bu Fang looked up at the lightning tribulation and slightly smiled.

Bu Fang's Special Handmade Ice Cream... It was finally done.

Chapter 1132 I Feel Young Again!

Boom!

As soon as a thunderclap sounded, everyone in Goddess City began to panic.

Goddess City hadn't experienced any thunder for many years!

The crowd looked up with fear on their faces, thinking that the world was about to end.

Chef Jing Yuan was also stunned. She raised her head and looked at the dark clouds gathering above, her heart shaking.

"What... What's happening?"

Chef Jing Yuan's eyes continued to look around. Then, she looked at Bu Fang in the distance. Seeing his calm appearance, she could not help but express shock.

Are the clouds gathering because of his dish?

If that's the case, then that dish... How extraordinary is it?

Chi Si, Lin Damei, and some others also narrowed their eyes. They frowned as they looked at the lightning punishment in the sky.

Bu Fang was naturally no stranger to lightning punishments.

In the Immortal Cooking Realm, almost every dish he cooked had to face the lightning punishment, and it was something that one must endure as an Immortal Chef.

Just as plum blossoms endured and grew in the bitter cold, dishes need to be honed and baptized by lightning if they want to be perfected.

Buzz...

Suddenly, something appeared beside Bu Fang.

Whitey's figure rose to the sky, its mechanical eyes twinkling.

After calling out Whitey, Bu Fang no longer bothered with the lightning punishment. His eyes returned to the ice cream that had just solidified.

Ice cream was something that Bu Fang wasn't unfamiliar with.

A genuine top-quality ice cream would always be very sophisticated in both ingredients and processes used, which was made possible by an exceptional ice cream maker.

To become an exceptional ice cream maker, one would have to have a non-human level of control over every single aspect of making the product. For example, in terms of temperature, Bu Fang had to control the ice cream with his cultivation, allowing it to bring out its best taste.

In the blue-and-white porcelain bowl, the ice cream had successfully condensed into a solid dish.

A chilly air circulated, and although the fragrance wasn't strong, one could definitely smell a mild milk fragrance from the product.

Meanwhile, lightning continued to plunge down, but under Whitey's resistance, it was quickly swallowed up.

This time, the ice cream had triggered four lightning punishments, and Whitey was able to resist all of them effortlessly.

After swallowing the lightning punishments, Whitey, with lightning flashing in its mechanical eyes, seemed to have become drunk and went to stand behind Bu Fang.

The dark clouds in the sky began to disperse. Soon, those clouds that made every woman in Goddess City panic completely disappeared.

From what had just taken place, many people had come to understand that the lightning punishment was really caused by the man.

How could cooking a dish trigger a lightning punishment?

It was beyond their imagination.

Many people could only breathe in and look on curiously. They all thought that Bu Fang's dish had nothing special to it, but the appearance of the lightning punishment completely changed their opinion of him.

For a dish to actually trigger a lightning punishment... It was so surreal.

Swoosh...

A strong fragrance, as if having come out from a vortex, turned into a whirlwind.

Chef Jing Yuan was finally done cooking.

Hot oil was then poured onto the dish. With that action, an intense aroma burst out...

Sniffing the fragrance, Bu Fang couldn't help but be slightly stunned.

It smelled so good. The fragrance that had spread seemed to have come from a dish that had experienced lightning punishment, which was really not bad.

This woman's cooking skills were honestly quite good.

It was a little tower of dishes that was wonderfully executed. The ingredients were fried, then stacked on top of each other. The oil that had been added at the last moment was poured on the top, flowing down beautifully.

It was a gorgeous dish.

However, after taking a glance at the dish, Bu Fang's eyes turned away.

This Chef Jing Yuan was a good cook, but in his opinion, that was it. She was merely good.

Well, this is Goddess City after all. It wasn't another Immortal Cooking Realm, where Immortal Chefs could be found anywhere.

Chef Jing Yuan's cooking level has yet to even come close to the level of an Immortal Chef.

Nevertheless, she had a good foundation, and she even had the very important Heart of Cooking Path, which was rather commendable.

Having not spent time in the Immortal Cooking Realm, it would indeed be hard to properly grasp the Heart of Cooking Path.

Hence, Chef Jing Yuan's talent could be considered really good.

But... due to the environment that she has been cooking in, her skills could only reach this level.

Bu Fang looked at Jing Yuan with an expressionless face. In the next moment, he reached out and slapped the stove.

Bang!

Many people were startled, and their eyes all focused on Bu Fang.

A dazzling radiance emanated from the ice cream, letting out beams of different colors. This was the result of Bu Fang having masterfully controlled the freezing temperature.

The cold air lingered. Accompanied by a beautiful mist, the dish looked like a beautiful work of art.

It was a piece of ice that was as beautiful as it was intoxicating.

Whoosh...

Bu Fang's hand shook, and a cyan smoke rose to the sky.

Then, a knife appeared in his hands, spinning as light burst forth. It was as if meteors were falling from the sky.

Everyone watched the knife move around. They all held their breaths, not daring to make a sound.

At this moment, Bu Fang displayed his knife skills. Everyone was shocked to discover that there seemed to be a vast starry sky right in front of them.

A stream of meteors looked to be falling from above the stars.

Such a situation made everyone dumbfounded.

Meteor Knife Technique and Big Dipper Carving Technique... These skills were engraved in Bu Fang's memory, so executing them was effortless to him.

As the knife began processing and carving the top of the ice cream, the colorful light would sometimes dim and brighten...

This phenomenon made the people around exclaim again and again.

Soon, on the White Tiger Heaven Stove, the sculpted ice cream descended slowly.

Bu Fang flipped his hand.

Three blue-and-white porcelain bowls twirled and were then placed down. Then, the ice cream began to descend towards the porcelain bowls.

The first bowl of ice cream was like a blooming rose. Its petals weren't too thin nor too thick, curving around neatly to form a beautiful pattern.

The second bowl of ice cream was like a flying bird. With perfectly carved wings, it made the ice cream look alive and ready to fly.

The last bowl of ice cream was like a small bear with narrow eyes. Sitting in a porcelain bowl, it had a cute and lovely feel to it.

When the three bowls of ice cream were revealed, everyone fell into a daze. It simply never occurred to them that Bu Fang could actually make such a dish.

The ice cream had a colorful luster and flowing brilliance. They couldn't move their eyes away from it.

“Wow! How beautiful!”

“Can we even eat this? It looks too... beautiful!”

“I've never imagined that there was a dish capable of moving me...”

Instantly, the crowd exploded into chatter.

There was no fragrance, but just by virtue of appearance, it captured all the women's hearts.

Chef Jing Yuan stared at Bu Fang's dish.

That's a dish?

Ice dishes?

From its appearance... It's cute... It's as if it's magic...

Suddenly, Jing Yuan no longer had confidence in her dish.

Bu Fang wiped the stains around the blue-and-white porcelain bowl with a clean white cloth. Then, he took out another white cloth and placed it under the blue-and-white porcelain bowl. With a shake of his hand, a silver spoon was placed on the white cloth.

Afterwards, Bu Fang stepped back and gently let out a breath.

“Special Handmade Ice Cream, done!”

The onlookers clapped and cheered, though these women didn’t really know why they were cheering.

...

In the distance, Empress Bi Luo craned her neck and squinted at the three bowls of ice cream on the stove.

“Sister Nethery, what kind of food did that Bu Fang cook? Why has your sister never seen such a dish before?”

Nethery was also stunned. This was the first time she saw Bu Fang cook such a dish.

She had never eaten such a dish, so she didn’t know how to answer Empress Bi Luo.

“Can it be eaten? If it can’t even be eaten... then it can’t be considered to have beaten Jing Yuan,” Empress Bi Luo said.

Nethery glanced at Empress Bi Luo and said, “Bu Fang’s dishes are always unusual. Where else have you seen Spicy Strips? How about hot pot? And how about that amazing spicy blood lobster?”

Nethery’s words shocked Empress Bi Luo

Those dishes sound strange...

Spicy Strips... what’s that?

Hot pot? A pot that’s hot?

Spicy blood lobster... This sounds pretty good...

Gulp.

With those thoughts popping up in her mind, Empress Bi Luo gulped. "Alright... I shall reluctantly believe you."

"Sister Bi Luo, don't forget... our bet," Nethery said.

Empress Bi Luo snorted. "You can rest assured that this Empress has never lost a bet."

...

The three ice cream dishes hovered around Bu Fang as he brought them towards the judges.

He looked at the three judges and said expressionlessly, "Three bowls of ice cream, one for each of you."

Each of these three bowls of ice cream had different shapes, representing different flavors.

They had to choose a dish themselves?

Chi Si and the others looked at each other, seeing surprise in the others' eyes.

Then, they all nodded.

Chi Si placed her finger on her red lips and looked at the three ice creams whirling around Bu Fang.

"I choose the rose!" Chi Si said.

Bu Fang nodded. With a thought, the ice cream that was carved like a rose floated towards Chi Si.

He then turned to Lin Damei.

“I choose the bear!” Lin Damei’s skin glistened as she grinned.

Bu Fang nodded, and the ice cream that was carved like a bear floated towards her.

And finally, Hei Mu was left to eat the ice cream carved to look like a bird.

Chef Jing Yuan, who was holding her dish, frowned and bit her lip.

Staring at Chi Si and the others who were ready to start tasting the ice cream, the onlookers craned their necks as their eyes squinted.

Although the ice cream enticed them... they had no idea as to how it would taste. If all that it had was a good appearance, then it couldn’t be considered to be good food.

It wasn’t just the crowd watching.

Empress Bi Luo and Nethery, as well as the Nether King Er ha, were also watching.

Chi Si’s hand grabbed a small silver spoon, and her little thumb slightly turned up. She glanced at Bu Fang before she gently took a scoop of the rose ice cream.

When the silver spoon touched the ice cream, it didn’t have any resistance. A mellow fragrance burst out, making Chi Si’s eyes shine.

When the spoonful of ice cream entered her mouth, her eyes suddenly widened.

Beside Chi Si, Lin Damei scooped up a spoonful of ice cream as well, bringing it into her mouth.

Hei Mu was calm, and her movements were rather slow.

Nevertheless, after tasting the ice cream, all three of them were stunned.

The three judges then pulled out the silver spoon from their mouths.

Chi Si's expression was unclear.

Lin Damei's cheeks turned red. She held her silver spoon tightly, grinning with shining eyes.

"This ice cream... really makes me feel young again!"

Chapter 1133 A Mouthful of Ice Cream

Is that ice cream really that delicious?

From the three generals' reaction, it looked like they had become intoxicated by the taste.

It looks good and tastes good. Could ice cream really be that amazing?

Chi Si's eyes squinted, fascination written all over her face.

The moment the ice cream entered one's mouth, a refreshing feeling would instantly spread throughout the body.

That feeling could perfectly be described by a single word.

"Refreshing!"

The silver spoons had also become cold. When they touched her red lips, it was as if there was an electric current that coursed through her whole body.

Of course, the most important thing was the taste.

The ice cream had the same coldness as ice, but it wasn't exactly ice. Moreover, the fragrance of milk in the mouth was so mellow that it would make people feel intoxicated, resulting in their cheeks flushing red.

That delicious taste instantly diffused, making a person tremble all over.

It was smooth with a creamy fragrance and refreshing coolness.

Chi Si squinted, and her long eyelashes involuntarily shook.

She gently breathed out. The corners of her mouth curled upwards, showing everyone a charming smile.

An indescribable mood could be seen from her eyes. Such an expression had not appeared on Chi Si's face for a long time.

As she grew older, she had been smiling less and less, to the point that in a year she might not even smile a single time.

A mouthful of ice cream made Chi Si's heart soften instantly.

Again, with a silver spoon carefully bringing a spoonful of ice cream towards her mouth, the fragrant milk was so delicious that her body and mind relaxed.

It was just as Lin Damei had exclaimed. It seemed like an electric current coursed through their bodies, allowing them to once again feel young and rejuvenated.

Chi Si smiled, her eyes narrowing in bliss.

To actually be able to make a person show such a big smile... was incredible.

Chi Si continued to eat. The rose ice cream was scooped up by her one spoonful at a time...

The three judges were wholly focused on their ice cream.

“It’s delicious...” Chi Si murmured.

On the side, Lin Damei looked as if she had gone mad. Such delicious food had allowed her to feel as if she had returned to her youth.

It just drove her crazy.

She didn’t eat as gracefully as Chi Si did. Actually, she used to be an ordinary person, so she didn’t even need a spoon.

Therefore, she grabbed the blue-and-white porcelain bowl and ate straight from the bowl.

Eventually, her mouth was covered with ice cream. She stuck her tongue out, unabashedly licking the ice cream.

“Wahaha! It’s delicious!” Lin Damei’s eyes shone, and she couldn’t help but laugh excitedly.

It’s quite in line with her character. She’s insane if she wouldn’t say a word.

On the other hand, besides Chi Si and Lin Damei, there was another person eating ice cream in silence.

Her movements weren’t very showy. She was actually eating rather timidly.

Although she had a big build, when she ate ice cream, she ate elegantly and carefully. You could see that she had a personality that was fairly cautious.

Eating and eating...

Hei Mu’s eyes were reddened at once. The more she ate, the more excited she seemed to become.

Finally...

She couldn't help it. Tears started streaming down her cheeks.

This bowl of ice-cream touched her heart and gave her mixed feelings.

She recalled her youth... That was an innocent and beautiful time...

The masses below had long been stunned.

After eating a bowl of ice cream, the three generals showed such exaggerated expressions.

Is ice cream really that amazing?

Everyone took in a cold breath. A moment later, their hearts trembled.

They were just staring at the three generals, so why did their hearts shake like this?

Watching them continuously scoop up the ice cream into their mouths... filled their hearts with desire.

Even Chef Jing Yuan's heart ached in desire.

A shameless lick resounded.

Everyone's eyes once again focused on the judges.

General Lin Damei was holding the blue-and-white porcelain bowl, licking the ice cream all over.

Her eyes suddenly lit up. "Woah! It's even better when you lick it!"

Chi Si and Hei Mu were stunned, and they unconsciously took a lick.

The tongue rubbed over the ice-cream, and the cold feeling burst out in an instant. From the tip of the tongue, a sweet taste and creamy fragrance... burst out!

Chi Si and Hei Mu's eyes narrowed.

Really! Amazing!

They laughed in surprise. Putting down the silver spoon, they began to hold the blue-and-white porcelain bowl as they earnestly licked the ice cream.

Memories from their youth constantly appeared in their minds.

However, it was no surprise that Bu Fang gave the three judges an awkward look.

He hadn't intended for the three people to lick the ice cream, but it wasn't like he had explicitly told them not to either.

It seems that when it came to ice cream, women would subconsciously start licking it.

Bu Fang also wanted to develop a number of different types and flavors of ice cream.

Today's ice cream could be said to have a rather mild taste.

If Bu Fang were to add in an immortal fruit as an ingredient, the taste of the ice cream would definitely be much more noticeable.

Of course, this required Bu Fang to put in more effort.

Bu Fang muthought about it.

Goddess City was a place where if one were to open an ice cream shop, the business would definitely boom. Comparing it with Spring Wind Pavilion's ability to collect money, it would definitely be able to reach the same level.

Bu Fang touched his chin.

Suddenly...

Just as that idea popped up in his mind, the system's serious voice resounded.

“Special task: Before the host enters God Vanishing Mountain, open an ice cream shop in Goddess City and teach the chefs and apprentices to learn at least three ways to make ice cream. Task reward: Gourmet Array: Imprison.”

Bu Fang was stunned.

That was rather unexpected. The system had given him a task

Open a restaurant in Goddess City?

And an ice cream shop at that?

An ice cream shop would have to prepare not only ice cream, but also many other frozen products, such as ice sticks, milk tea, and so on.

How in the world would Bu Fang find the time to execute such an operation?

Frowning, Bu Fang suddenly felt his head start aching.

A thing to note was that the task reward was actually another Gourmet Array. He already had three, so this would be the fourth should he acquire it.

The first three Gourmet Arrays that he acquired were Enhance, Explode, and Defense. Just now, the system had said that the reward would be named Imprison.

Bu Fang squinted, thinking the effect of that Gourmet Array should be good.

With the Enhance array, Bu Fang could dish out some ramen. Then, he could produce an explosive iron pot and an explosive meatball.

As for Defense, Bu Fang hadn't really been using it for the dishes he had made. With his current equipment, he didn't really need much extra defense.

Bu Fang stopped thinking of such things and returned to focusing on the competition.

Of course, as things were, Bu Fang had basically already won.

Chef Jing Yuan herself was attracted to Bu Fang's ice cream.

The outcome has already been decided.

Whoosh...

The three judges had finally finished eating their ice cream. They didn't waste a single drop, even licking the blue-and-white porcelain bowl twice to make sure.

After finishing their ice cream, they put down their bowl and let out a long breath.

The sense of comfort and the pleasure that came from eating the ice cream was simply beyond what words could describe.

The people around them had long been eyeing the ice cream that they were eating, wanting to have a taste.

And it wasn't just them.

Even the Empress, who was watching far away from them, had long turned impatient. She couldn't wait to have a taste of the dish.

Fortunately, she was able to hold herself back and keep her face.

Empress Bi Luo had also thought that since Bu Fang had made this dish in the competition, he would naturally also prepare one for the imperial feast, where she could have a good taste.

Soon, however, her face turned bitter once again.

She truly wanted to have a taste of it at this moment.

Whether it was Empress Bi Luo or Nethery, they were both impatiently looking at the empty bowls that were placed in front of the judges.

After eating the ice cream, the three generals took a short rest. After that, Chef Jing Yuan's dish was served.

A glorious, steaming dish, entered the sights of the three generals.

The color, fragrance, and taste seemed to be pretty good, allowing the three generals to have the appetite to continue eating.

However, after having tasted the dish, the three generals—who would always be happy to have a taste of Chef Jing Yuan's dishes—did not show much change in their expression.

When Chef Jing Yuan saw how the three generals looked after eating her dishes, she understood that she had lost.

It was a crushing defeat.

This kind of defeat was really a little hard for her to accept, so she became rather downcast.

Her first taste of defeat made her feel like crying.

Chi Si thought for a while, then said, "Chef Jing Yuan's dishes are also delicious... But... it wasn't able to move me as much as the other dish... Compared to Bu Fang's dish, Chef Jing Yuan's is rather ordinary."

She wanted to comfort Jing Yuan, but when she gave it some thought, that was the only thing she could say.

Indeed, compared with ice cream, this dish is really ordinary.

Chef Jing Yuan's eyes soon turned red.

She lost...

The crowd turned silent. They didn't know what to say.

The best chef of their Goddess City had lost to a male chef...

Everyone could only remain silent.

Suddenly...

Just as Chef Jing Yuan was about to cry, Bu Fang opened his mouth and said, "Isn't it just right for you to have lost? Your Heart of Cooking Path wasn't that determined, showing that you're still rather hesitant about cooking. You're still undecided on whether or not you should continue on this path."

His words were sharp and without any sympathy.

Jing Yuan was stunned and raised her head involuntarily.

Just when everyone thought Bu Fang was going to be cynical.

Suddenly, people found that Bu Fang went to the remaining ice cream position, dug out two ice hockey balls and put them in a blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

Flip your finger.

The blue-and-white porcelain bowl flew to Jing Yuan.

Jing Yuan was stunned, and the people around her were stunned.

Then, everyone showed jealousy and madness.

Ice cream...

They also wanted to have a taste!

Jing Yuan took the ice cream that Bu Fang had sent.

She looked up and gave Bu Fang a puzzled look.

“Won’t you have a better understanding of things once you take a bit?”

Bu Fang looked at Jing Yuan and said, the corners of his mouth slightly curling upwards.

Jing Yuan frowned as she understood what Bu Fang meant. Bu Fang said that her heart of cooking was not concise, which she knew very well.

Because when cooking, she would sometimes get confused...

Taking a deep breath, she then brought the porcelain bowl closer to her.

Jing Yuan grabbed the silver spoon in the porcelain bowl.

Scooped up a spoonful of ice cream and then carefully put it into her mouth.

Jing Yuan’s eyes suddenly changed.

Chapter 1134 The High Priestess“ Prophecy

Jing Yuan had never thought that such delicious food could exist.

This dish was in a league of its own.

The ice cream in her mouth spread throughout her whole body in an instant. The smooth taste, the rich fragrance of the milk, and the unique flavor made her completely stunned.

“How is it possible for something to taste this good?!”

She held the blue-and-white porcelain bowl and brought another spoonful of ice cream into her mouth.

After having a taste of Bu Fang’s dish, she now understood why Chi Si would say that her dish seemed to have nothing special...

Indeed, it turned out that her dish was lackluster compared to this dish. Her dish had no amazing taste nor an impressive feeling.

Still... she worked hard. She had used up all her energy to cook it, and she did the best she could.

Yet... it still ended like this.

She lost.

At her level, she was less qualified than Bu Fang to cook for the imperial feast.

Holding the porcelain bowl, she scooped up another spoonful of the ice cream.

The melting ice cream made Jing Yuan’s eyes water.

Even if Bu Fang had just left the ice cream as is, not having sculpted it in any way, Jing Yuan could still taste the wonders in it.

Moreover, it allowed her to know the gap between her and Bu Fang.

When Chi Si saw Jing Yuan crying, she felt a little nervous.

Lin Damei and Hei Mu also stood up involuntarily with a concerned look on their faces.

On one side was the best chef of Goddess City, and on the other was Bu Fang, who could create that delicious ice cream.

Jing Yuan cried, and they didn't know what to say.

Bu Fang looked at Jing Yuan. "Was it delicious?"

Jing Yuan, with reddened eyes and nose, gave a gentle nod. It would have been against her values to say that it wasn't delicious, but just couldn't say it.

The ice cream was truly beyond her imagination, and it even reminded her of the simplicity and beauty of cooking when she had just started to learn how to cook.

"Then stop crying. Continue eating, and be happy."

Jing Yuan took a deep breath and looked at Bu Fang. "You said that my Heart of Cooking Path is unsteady. Can you tell me how I can find my way?"

Everyone was stunned. Chef Jing Yuan's failure left a bad taste in their mouths.

"The Heart of Cooking Path is your understanding of the way of cooking. There are thousands of paths. You need to find your own path. Your previous cooking has been stagnating because you have not found your own way. Your goal was only to become the imperial feast chef, but once you no longer had this goal, you became confused. You were aimlessly cooking dishes with little essence and dedication," Bu Fang explained.

Chi Si looked at Bu Fang and fell into deep thought.

Lin Damei was confused.

Many of the people around did not understand.

Of course, it didn't matter whether they understood it or not. What truly mattered was if Jing Yuan could understand.

Jing Yuan's eyes were lost for a while. Then, slowly and steadily, she seemed to be enlightened.

Looking at her appearance, Bu Fang couldn't help but reveal a slight smile. "Tell me, what do you think your path is?"

Jing Yuan remained quiet. She looked around and looked down at the ice cream in the blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

After one bite, a warm feeling emerged from the bottom of her heart, which gradually made her eyes firm.

Holding the blue-and-white porcelain bowl tightly, she took a deep breath and looked at Bu Fang. "I want to learn how to make ice cream..."

Jing Yuan's voice sounded sincere, but she seemed afraid that Bu Fang would be offended. Hence, she was rather anxious.

It seems that her answer didn't really surprise Bu Fang. After tasting the deliciousness of that ice cream, any cook would want to learn how to make it.

Jing Yuan also understood that if Bu Fang left Goddess City, this delicacy would accordingly disappear.

The disappearance of ice cream would be a disaster for Goddess City.

Just from a bite of that ice cream, Jing Yuan had fallen deeply in love with it. She felt she had to learn how to make ice cream no matter the cost.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth slightly curled upward as he looked at Jing Yuan. "If you want to learn, you can... be my apprentice."

Jing Yuan was stunned.

Everyone around was stunned as well.

Bu Fang didn't refuse?

Chi Si's brows furrowed. She looked at Bu Fang, seemingly discontent.

Jing Yuan is the head chef of Spring Wind Pavilion. How could she just go and be some man's apprentice?

Such a thing...

"I accept!" Jing Yuan's voice resolutely resounded.

Chi Si's eyes widened as she turned to look at Jing Yuan incredulously.

How could it be possible that Jing Yuan would agree to such a request?!

"I promise to be your apprentice. I want to learn how to make ice cream!" Jing Yuan said earnestly.

After Jing Yuan finished saying those words, she felt relieved.

A heartbeat seemed to have resounded. It was a sound that seemed to have come from ancient times.

The Heart of Cooking Path... had condensed!

At this moment, Jing Yuan's spirit had changed dramatically. It seemed as though she had become an Immortal Chef.

"Well, in that case, you can follow me and study under me. But for now, the imperial feast takes priority," Bu Fang said.

There was no doubt that Bu Fang had won the competition and won the imperial feast cooking qualification.

Although Jing Yuan lost, she would still be Bu Fang's assistant for the imperial feast.

Everyone looked at Bu Fang with a complicated look in their eyes.

Of course, they were mainly curious about the taste of ice cream. Unfortunately, as spectators, they had no chance to taste the delicacy that moved all three generals.

Bu Fang put away his stove and tidied up all the kitchen utensils. He then looked at Jing Yuan and said, "Now, take me into the kitchen for the imperial feast."

At this moment, Jing Yuan was busy eating ice cream with a flushed face. When she heard Bu Fang's words, she immediately looked around, finally noticing that the crowd had dispersed.

The three generals were also busy and left separately.

Chi Si called for her red dragon and rode on it, then disappeared into the sky.

Lin Damei called for her green dragon, while Hei Mu called for her black dragon.

The departure of the three generals meant the end of this intense imperial feast qualification competition.

After Jing Yuan finished eating her ice cream, she and Bu Fang then left.

“Head Chef Bu, please, this way,” Jing Yuan earnestly said to Bu Fang as she gestured towards a location by the Dragon Lake.

...

“Ah?! She lost? Why did that little girl admit defeat so easily?” Empress Bi Luo, who had just watched how the cooking competition ended, suddenly looked confused.

It seems she had lost the bet.

Nethery turned to Empress Bi Luo with a smug look.

Empress Bi Luo laughed awkwardly when she saw Nethery’s face. She then immediately became playful, grabbing Nethery’s head and rubbing it against her chest.

“A loss is a loss. So what if I have to heed to my little sister’s request? What does this big sister fear?” Empress Bi Luo laughed.

Then, with Nethery, she flew towards the palace.

Now, she was looking forward to the imperial feast.

To win against Jing Yuan shows that Bu Fang’s cooking was definitely not bad.

If a delicacy like ice cream was present, the imperial feast this time would indeed become exciting.

...

Sacrificial Hall, Goddess City

The High Priestess was sitting on a cushion. Not far from her was an incense burner that had pale blue smoke slowly flowing out of it.

That smoke had a unique scent. When one was exposed to such a fragrance, they would immediately become slightly relaxed.

Wei Jin slowly opened the door to the hall and came in. She had once again worn her loose, long robes, the embarrassment from Nether King Er Ha still fresh in her mind.

“Is the competition over?”

The High Priestess did not wait for Wei Jin to open her mouth and instead raised her head as she asked.

The High Priestess’ face was plain without makeup, but she was still undeniably beautiful. At this moment, she was combing her long hair with a wooden comb.

“It is. The man won,” Wei Jin said.

She had also seen the emergence of ice cream, which made her very interested and curious as to how it tasted. But when she thought of her task, she endured her longing.

“Oh... so nothing surprising.” The High Priestess nodded and no longer said anything.

After a while, she placed the wooden comb into a dressing box by her side, then stared at the incense burner.

“Some time ago... I had divined a prophecy,” the High Priestess said with a gentle voice.

Wei Jin was stunned, and her heart suddenly shook.

The High Priestess divined a prophecy?

“The prophecy says that... Goddess City will be separated from the rest of the world in the near future. There will be a big event in the forbidden land we know as God Vanishing Mountain... For Goddess City, it’s hard to judge whether this is a blessing or misfortune.”

Wei Jin's body trembled more and more violently.

Goddess City will be separated from the rest of the world?

Goddess City, together with the force from God Vanishing Mountain, had made an agreement that one cannot be separated from the other... How could the High Priestess come to make such a prediction?

Moreover, it was unknown if this prophecy was a blessing or a misfortune...

"H-High... High Priestess... Shall we inform the Empress of this prophecy?" Wei Jin felt her teeth chattering as she felt a chill move through her body.

"What are you afraid of... No one can destroy Goddess City. As long as the forbidden land exists for the rest of the world, Goddess City will be safe and sound even if the Netherworld's army were to invade."

The High Priestess laughed lightly, looking like a hundred flowers were blooming around her.

"Regarding the Empress, this High Priest will tell her, but the time is not ripe yet. We shall wait until the imperial feast has passed... so for now, don't disturb the Empress..." the High Priestess added.

After that, she took the lid off the incense burner and poured a bit of light blue crystalline powder into it. A moment later, light blue smoke began to flow out once again.

...

Palace Kitchen, Goddess City

The palace kitchen was very busy. Women would come and go, constantly processing food.

Jing Yuan arrived with Bu Fang. After walking through the chaotic crowd, they finally arrived at a quiet spot.

“The imperial feast is different from ordinary banquets. It is held every year, and it is the most celebrated day in Goddess City,” Jing Yuan said.

“While the imperial feast’s dishes and recipes are basically already set, some dishes can still be modified to the chef’s preference. However, other dishes must be cooked strictly according to the recorded recipes... The cookbook is in this room. Head Chef Bu needs to master all the dishes in the cookbook by tomorrow and also tell us the names of the dishes and the modifications to be made so that we can prepare.

“The imperial feast requires a total of eighteen dishes, three of which are used for sacrifice, while the remaining fifteen are to be eaten. The three dishes for sacrifice are prescribed by the ancestral government and cannot be changed,” Jing Yuan whispered.

Bu Fang listened carefully. Since he had acquired the right to cook for the imperial feast, he would naturally take this matter seriously.

He then went to open a door.

On the other side of the door, candlelight lit up the room.

Bu Fang stepped in.

This was a room with only a single table, a single chair, and a pot of tea. On the table were eighteen jade tablets, where the recipes were recorded.

There was nobody else in the room.

After seeing Bu Fang enter, Jing Yuan bowed slightly, then closed the door.

She did nothing else. She just stood quietly in front of the door as if she was guarding it, ready to prevent anyone else from entering.

Before her was the busy palace kitchen. The sound of cooking and other sounds filled her ears.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Nether King Er Ha— who had already told Bu Fang that he had to go somewhere—walked slowly towards the palace while holding a Spicy Strip.

It was time for him, the Lord of the Netherworld, to meet the Empress of Goddess City.

Chapter 1135 The Tyrant of The Kitchen... Bu Fang

Goddess City was actually like a miniature country, with Empress Bi Luo as its monarch.

The palace was majestic and sat at the center of the city. From Dragon Lake, the main street stretched to the palace, which was made with smooth green bricks.

Walking on the white jade steps in front of the palace, one would feel a comfortable feeling.

There were handrails on each side, which was also carved out of white jade. The handicraft of the sculptor was superior, as shown by the lifelike sculptures. Looking at them felt like they were about to come back to life, flying off after spreading their wings.

Nether King Er Ha held a Spicy Strip in his mouth. As he advanced, the shirt in front of his chest was loosely opened, revealing his pale chest. A trace of playful smile hung off the corner of his mouth.

By Nether King Er Ha's side, two imperial guards followed him, a little cautious.

Of course, Nether King Er Ha did not care about it. He walked along the main street, then stepped onto the staircase.

Just a while later, he entered the main hall of the imperial palace.

With a huge banging sound, the doors of the hall shut suddenly.

Nether King Er Ha narrowed his eyes as he looked into the distance.

On the high platform, an elegant figure sat languidly on the throne. That figure shot out a drowsy look, landing onto Nether King Er Ha's body.

Nether King Er Ha held the Spicy Strip in his mouth, then gently bit a mouthful. After chewing for a bit, he continued to leave the Spicy Strip hanging out as he raised his eyes to meet the gaze of that drowsy figure.

Looking at Nether King Er Ha, Empress Bi Luo instantly pressed her red lips together as she asked playfully, "Not even properly doing your job as the Lord of the Netherworld... Why did you come dressed as a woman to Goddess City?"

Then, she stood up, her scarlet long robe billowing as it stirred up a gust of aromatic wind.

"I just dropped by to find a friend as it was on the way," Nether King Er Ha replied.

"A friend? There are no friends of the Lord of the Netherworld in Goddess City... Oh, are you talking about that little chef?" Empress Bi Luo narrowed her eyes.

Nether King Er Ha laughed. "That's right, Elder Sister. You are exceptionally intelligent as usual."

"Stop joking around. Are you sure you're not like your loose father? You're not here for the Spring of Life in God Vanishing Mountain, are you?" Empress Bi Luo's elegant hand touched her own chin as she looked at Nether King Er Ha.

Nether King Er Ha walked around, finding a spot to lean against.

"Of course not. That time, my father wanted to borrow the Spring of Life to try to wash away the curse on Nethery's body. Of course, while he was at it.... he did it with your mom." Nether King Er Ha shrugged his shoulders with a helpless look.

Empress Bi Luo let out a snort. A moment later, her figure flashed, teleporting in front of Nether King Er Ha.

Her scarlet long robe fluttered as a terrifying pressure suddenly spread out.

Nether King Er Ha instantly froze, and the Spicy Strip in his mouth shook.

Empress Bi Luo stretched out a finger, tapping Nether King Er Ha's forehead. Her nails were painted red, which looked very pretty.

That jab caused Nether King Er Ha to retreat a few steps. Eventually, he leaned against the wall.

"As the Lord of the Netherworld, how is your cultivation so weak? How are you to handle the burden of being a ruler?" Empress Bi Luo asked, walking barefooted on the ice-cold floor of the palace.

Nether King Er Ha did not mind it. Holding the Spicy Strip in his mouth, he gently laughed.

Empress Bi Luo of Goddess City was strong without question. After all, she carried the weight of a forbidden land, God Vanishing Mountain.

Of course, this was also why he was weaker.

"Happy to partake but not putting in any work. You need to think of danger even in peaceful times. The Nether Prison is like a sharp pike floating above us, and we don't know when it is going to open up a huge hole in Earth Prison. Could it be that you don't feel a thing?"

Empress Bi Luo crossed her arms, looking at Nether King Er Ha resentfully for not meeting her expectations. Her voice sounded a little helpless.

"Let's not talk about that for the time being. That friend of mine needs to enter God Vanishing Mountain and borrow the Spring of Life to water the Immortal Tree seedling. The Immortal Cooking Realm is in danger of being invaded by Nether Prison, but their Immortal Tree is in deep slumber. They need to recover the Immortal Tree seedling, or else those Sacred Realm experts will break through the barrier of the Immortal Cooking Realm," Nether King Er Ha said, furrowing his brows as he shook his hands, changing the topic.

"Immortal Cooking Realm? That name is very familiar, but.... What does that have to do with this empress? The Spring of Life is a unique and precious medicine. Can it be lent just because you asked for it?"

Empress Bi Luo crossed her arms as she calmly continued, “I said this before, if that little chef’s imperial feast is able to satisfy me, then this empress will naturally take him to God Vanishing Mountain. Whether he obtains the Spring of Life depends on his good luck. If he cannot satisfy me, then he will be chased out of Goddess City. Anyway, to want to obtain this empress’ approval in the imperial feast is not as simple as that little chef’s imagination.”

Nether King Er Ha leaned against a pillar as he pouted. “That imperial feast you’re talking about... Seventy percent of it is a celebration, while thirty percent is offering a sacrifice to the gods.... If he can obtain the approval from that woman of God Vanishing Mountain, then will you still stand in the way?”

“Ha! You think you know everything?” Empress Bi Luo glared at Nether King Er Ha.

Within Goddess City, the method of giving birth to the next generation was reliant on the Spring of Life. Goddess City had no men, but when a woman reached an age, they would go to the Sacrificial Hall to obtain the Spring of Life that was blended with a secret method. After drinking that, the women of Goddess City would become pregnant for ten months, then give birth to a baby.

And the newborns were practically all women.

This repeated, like a cycle.

It was unknown how long this practice was done in Goddess City, but all its citizens were women.

Although it was said that the previous Nether King Tian Cang had done it with Empress Bi Luo’s mother, Empress Bi Luo was still born from the Spring of Life.

She had completely no blood relations to Nether King Er Ha.

However, there was a sibling bond between the two, so they idly chatted for a long while.

Empress Bi Luo taught Nether King Er Ha some methods and ideas on how to be a proper monarch.

Nether King Er Ha seriously listened.

One woman taught and one man listened.

Time quickly trickled by just like this.

...

Palace Kitchen, Goddess City

A day and a night had already passed.

Chef Jing Yuan still stood by the door, she turned her head from time to time to look inside the door. Seeing the door that did not move in the slightest, involuntarily furrowing her brows.

She felt that it had been quite a bit of time already, to record down those recipes, should not require so much time.

Creak....

Suddenly, just as Jing Yuan was letting her thoughts run wild.

That tightly shut door finally opened.

When the door opened, the bustling atmosphere of the kitchen rushed at him, causing Bu Fang to be a little dazzled.

Within the kitchen, many chefs were cooking and dealing with ingredients in full swing.

After all this was the kitchen of the imperial palace, it was required to be able to support the food and drinks of the entire Goddess City.

Bu Fang walked out from within, his face calm.

Jing Yuan looked at Bu Fang, with a little hope in her eyes.

“Have you finished seeing the recipe? And remembered the cooking methods in the recipe?”

“I have memorized it.”

Bu Fang nodded his head.

Eighteen dishes, to Bu Fang, were actually easily learnt by a glance.

Why he spent so much time inside, was because he wanted to make some changes to these dishes.

Because in his eyes, the dishes of these recipes, were filled with flaws.....

Including the three that Jing Yuan told him, those sacrificial dishes that could not be changed in the least.

“Time is tight, should we start preparing the ingredients now?”

Jing Yuan looked at Bu Fang, then let out a curious question.

After all, Bu Fang was the main chef now. She was just the assistant helping Bu Fang.

She was always the main chef of the previous imperial feasts, and was used to giving orders, so changing it suddenly was a little difficult.

Bu Fang crossed his arms, and did not answer Jing Yuan’s questions.

This made Jing Yuan’s brows slightly furrow.

Bu Fang crossed his arms then walked into the kitchen, making a round around the kitchen.

He absorbed all the things completely with his eyes, then understood everything clearly.

Gently spitting out a breath.

Bu Fang looked at Jing Yuan.

“You go prepare the ingredients. As for everyone else in the kitchen..... Scram, all of you,” Bu Fang calmly said.

His voice was not loud, but in that instant, it resounded across the entire kitchen, causing everyone who was busy in the kitchen, to stop their movements.

Everyone looked over doubtfully.

The assistant chefs in the kitchen, were all women, and were all middle-aged woman.

Hearing Bu Fang actually wanting to chase them out, they instantly became unhappy.

Everyone of them put down whatever they were doing, widening their eyes as they glared at Bu Fang.

“Don’t think that just because you are a man, that we won’t dare to do anything to you! Us assistant chefs, cook daily in the kitchen, we prepare every round of imperial feast, what right do you have to chase us away?!”

“Even Her Majesty cannot chase us away! You are just a man!”

“Without us, the imperial feast cannot be completed!”

These middle-aged women were very strong-willed, with their wide eyes they glared at Bu Fang, everyone of them shouting disgruntledly.

Jing Yuan’s face was very unsightly.

However Bu Fang on the other hand was very calm.

He only calmly watched this group of women chattering nonstop.

After some time, Bu Fang then opened his mouth.

“Have you finished saying your piece?”

“Since you are done then leave.... I am the main chef of this banquet, what I say ... is law.”

Bu Fang opened his eyes slightly, looking at this group of people, his face expressionless.

The group of women instantly felt flustered, not knowing what to say.

The main chef was the chef leading the banquet.

He held absolute control over the kitchen.

The previous years, because of Jing Yuan's delicate personality, hence all these women had gotten used to it, but it was changed to Bu Fang this year, the other party's strong pressure, made them a little speechless momentarily.

“Do you know the meaning of a main chef? If you don't, then go back and understand it before coming back to talk to me. Now, I'll count to three, other than Jing Yuan, the others all scam out of the kitchen.”

Bu Fang said, his voice a little chilly.

“Three....”

The faces of the woman below all suddenly changed.

They gritted their teeth, really feeling disgruntled in their hearts.

They indeed did not wish to give up the right of being the assistant chef of this times imperial feast, after all when the imperial feast was held, if they the assistant chef's wished to, they could reap many benefits!

The previous years with Jing Yuan as the main chef, and her delicate personality, had helped to nurture their unscrupulous behaviors.

But right now, the main chef had changed, and had actually chased them out of the kitchen for no good reason.

How could they take this lying down.

“Two....”

Bu Fang's gaze was cold, without a trace of emotion.

Jing Yuan stood at the side, clenching her fists not knowing what to do.

Many people below had already begun to walk out of the kitchen, but some people still felt unfair in their hearts.

“One.”

Bu Fang spat out the last word.

In the kitchen, almost everyone had left except for three people, who were all glaring at Bu Fang.

Looking at these stubborn women, Bu Fang raised the corner of his mouth.

With a move of his will, a magic array appeared.

Whitey's figure instantly appeared behind him, after swallowing thudner, Whitey's energy seemed to have become even more solidified.

“Whitney, these troublemakers..... you know how to deal with them right?”

Bu Fang calmly said.

With a swish, Whitey’s figure then rapidly dashed out, as the metal wings behind it suddenly spread out.

The crackling sound of lightning resounded ceaselessly.

Within the robotic eyes, light shined.

“Troublemakers.... Will have their clothes ripped as an example.”

The robotic voice rang out.

The remaining few stubborn middle-aged women that did not wish to leave and obtain some benefits were instantly scared witless, hurriedly running out of the kitchen.

“Whitey, stand guard outside the kitchen, no one is to enter, troublemakers, you know.....”

Bu Fang said.

In the next instant, Bu Fang’s eyes turned, landing on the figure of the anxious and frightened Jing Yuan.

“You go find all the required ingredients for cooking the dishes of the imperial feast, within today, all the required ingredients, have to be dealt with.”

Bu Fang’s voice was calm, but it caused Jing Yuan to be so scared her entire body tightened, hurriedly turning to leave.

Jing Yuan had never seen such an intimidating chef.

This made her a little scared in her heart.

Even if she was the main chef, she would chat and laugh with those assistant chefs below.

But.....

Bu Fang's actions had utterly flipped her world view.

Watching Jing Yuan's leaving figure, Bu Fang raised the corner of his lips, "My assistant chefs, not anyone can be it, at least.... Not a group of harboring sinister thoughts."

Jing Yuan's figure stiffened, even more frightened in her heart.

Chef Bu.... is so frightening!

He was literally the... tyrant of the kitchen in legends.

Chapter 1136 The Modified Recipes of The Sacrificial Dishes

Bu Fang did not care what others called him.

Furthermore, from how he saw it, being called the Tyrant of the Kitchen could still be considered as a compliment. If one did not have absolute control within the kitchen, then how could one be deemed as a good chef?

As the head chef, if he handled a group of assistant chefs that did not listen to orders, with their hearts filled with thoughts on how to skimp on work and stint on ingredients, then what would this kitchen become? It would definitely have a foul atmosphere.

Just now, when Bu Fang had surveyed one round, he had found out that at least half of the assistant chefs had made shortcuts and scrimped on ingredients. In other words, they were not doing their proper job.

Because these people had usually cooked in the kitchen, they had gotten used to dealing with the ingredients, so they would inadvertently miss out on a few steps.

For example, some traces of skin were still left unpeeled after peeling the ingredients. Furthermore, they were not washed properly after peeling.

Maybe to others, these processes would not be noticed, and maybe they might think that it did not matter. But to Bu Fang, these steps should not be missed. To constantly improve, he had very stringent requirements when it came to cooking.

One can simply refuse to do it, but if you skimp out on work and stint on ingredients, then that was unacceptable.

Jing Yuan's mild and timid personality had enabled the unscrupulous behavior of these people.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was the complete opposite. During cooking, his temper was pretty bad.

It was okay if he cooked alone, but if there was an assistant chef present, any mistake made by that assistant would be utterly reflected in his eyes.

Watching Jing Yuan's departing figure, Bu Fang's face did not change in the least. To him, cooking was a type of art, and towards art, one had to strive for perfection.

Bu Fang pulled out a chair and sat down. His brows slightly furrowed.

Within his mind, the recipes of the three sacrificial dishes that he had seen in that room appeared.

The three sacrificial dishes, according to what Jing Yuan said, were not to be changed. However, in Bu Fang's eyes, these three dishes still had flaws despite looking perfect.

If he was able to amend and fill the gaps in them, then the taste and texture of those dishes would be elevated to another level.

The three sacrificial dishes had very nice-sounding names—Spring Wind, Summer Wound, and Autumn Obscurity.

Who gave the three dishes these names? It was indeed a little interesting...

Bu Fang rubbed his chin. Just from the names of these three dishes, he was able to feel a slight wave of grief.

Of course, this could be just his own feelings.

Bu Fang did not move for a while. He remained sitting on the chair like that, deep in thought.

There were about five days left. Within these five days, he had to find all the required ingredients as well as deal with all of them.

Furthermore, he needed to first finish cooking the three dishes that were important for the sacrifice.

There were many requirements, and time was tight.

Time was flying past rapidly.

Meanwhile, within the imperial palace, the news about Bu Fang rapidly spread.

The news of Bu Fang chasing out all the assistant chefs from the kitchen eventually spread from the imperial palace to the entire Goddess City.

After hearing this news, most people's faces would turn a little strange and interested.

To chase out all the assistant chefs out of the kitchen.....

What was this man trying to do? Eighteen dishes... Could it be that he wanted to cook them all by himself?

Oh, he still had the great chef Jing Yuan as an assistant.

However...

Even with Chef Jing Yuan, there were only two of them, so it would be very difficult to cook all the dishes of the imperial feast in time...

The chefs who were chased out by Bu Fang mocked him, and their words spread as well.

In an instant, the entire imperial palace did not look favorably upon this year's imperial feast.

Naturally, Empress Bi Luo heard about it. It only took around half a day for the news to reach her ears.

Listening to the recount of a maid, Empress Bi Luo revealed a playful look on her face. "He really chased all the assistant chefs out of the kitchen? A little interesting... Suddenly, I'm looking forward to this imperial feast." Empress Bi Luo's red lips slightly opened, revealing her white and gleaming teeth.

That maid was instantly curious. "Your Majesty, could it be that that man is planning to cook all the dishes for the imperial feast by himself?"

"If he did not chase out all those assistant chefs, I might not be looking forward this much..." the empress said.

The maid was instantly confused.

"If he didn't do that, how will I know what kind of people those assistant chefs are? Last year, this empress did not have any expectations for the imperial feast and just muddled through it. But this year, maybe something will change. If not, then this empress' expectations will be wasted."

Empress Bi Luo drowsily leaned back on her spirit golden throne, her well-proportioned figure forming a perfect arc.

...

After half a day, Jing Yuan rushed back.

From a distance, she saw Whitey standing guard outside the kitchen, which made her feel a little unsettled.

The pressure that Whitey had displayed previously made her a little scared.

However, she still drummed up her courage to push open the door to the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen...

Bu Fang sat on the chair, deeply pondering. In his mind, he was going through the steps of cooking those dishes.

Suddenly, his eyes moved, seeing Jing Yuan had already returned.

Jing Yuan shut the door of the kitchen, then walked towards Bu Fang. When she saw him, she did not speak. She just waved her hand, and a huge pile of ingredients appeared on the ingredient section.

“Here are two sets of ingredients for the imperial feast, so Head Chef Bu has two chances... If the dish fails, you can try once more. Many of the ingredients are all very valuable, so I was only able to obtain two sets on a short notice.” Jing Yuan looked at Bu Fang as she spoke.

Bu Fang stood up and clasped his hands. He walked over to the ingredient section and checked all the ingredients, rummaging through them.

Then, he turned to look at Jing Yuan and said, “Go out again and find some Green Jade Fruit and Violet Cloud Grass...”

“Hm? Green Jade Fruit and Violet Cloud Grass?” Jing Yuan slightly froze, baffled. “There doesn’t seem to be any dish among the eighteen dishes that requires these ingredients...”

She furrowed her brows. Suddenly, just as she was about to say more, her figure froze after meeting Bu Fang’s cold gaze.

Thinking of Bu Fang chasing away all the assistant chefs earlier, Jing Yuan's small face turned pale.

"I'll go now..."

This was the tyrant of the kitchen, and she actually questioned his orders.

A wave of fear suddenly sprung in her heart.

Jing Yuan turned her body and ran off into the distance, disappearing in just a short while.

The corner of Bu Fang's lips instantly twitched...

This woman... Is she stupid?

After Jing Yuan left, Bu Fang's gaze then landed on the ingredients. He sighed and rolled up the sleeves of the Vermillion robe, starting to prepare these ingredients.

Of course, he was going to deal with the ingredients of the three sacrificial dishes first.

Buzz...

A blade light instantly flashed.

Bu Fang's gaze turned sharp as a screen of stars appeared. In the next instant, comets descended, and blade lights shot out.

These ingredients then flew towards the heavens. Under the blade lights, their shapes constantly changed.

Skin flew everywhere as stalks fell. Each strip, each piece, each slice was cut to near perfection.

After cutting up all the ingredients, Bu Fang then began to wash them.

The water of Goddess City was clear with a very dense spiritual energy, and there was almost no difference from his Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water.

Hence, he did not change to any other water and directly washed them.

Swish. Swish.

In the spacious kitchen, only the sound of Bu Fang washing the ingredients rang out.

After a long time, Jing Yuan returned.

The two types of ingredients that Bu Fang asked for were quite rare, so she had to flip through the entire ingredient warehouse before finally finding them.

When she pushed open the door of the kitchen and stepped in, she saw that the ingredients had already been dealt with and were placed on blue-and-white porcelain plates, with glistening water droplets still shining on top of them.

Jing Yuan stood frozen on the doorway.

It hadn't been that long, and Bu Fang had already dealt with all the ingredients needed for the sacrificial dishes?

"What are you doing standing there for? Give me the ingredients, then go and deal with the rest of the ingredients. Remember, you must not be sloppy when you deal with them."

Jing Yuan got a hold of herself and hurriedly passed the two ingredients to Bu Fang.

After Bu Fang received them, he immediately swung the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, cutting the Green Jade Fruit into two halves.

He took the two halves of the fruits, then tightened his grip, squeezing out the dark green colored liquid from within. That dark green juice fell into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl that he had already prepared.

As for the Violet Cloud Grass, Bu Fang opened his mouth and spurted out a bundle of white-colored flame, causing the Violet Cloud Grass to melt into violet-colored liquid.

He then put the liquid form of the Violet Cloud Grass into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

The ingredients of the three sacrificial dishes had been all dealt with.

As Jing Yuan dealt with the ingredients at the side, she looked over at Bu Fang's direction and asked curiously, "The Green Jade Fruit and Violet Cloud Grass doesn't seem to be required in the sacrificial dishes, right?"

Bu Fang did not reply immediately. He just gave Jing Yuan a glance and said, "Just wait. You will know in a while."

In the next instant...

The White Tiger Heaven Stove emerged, which was followed by the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. After the wok was placed on top of the stove, a bundle of flame was spat out, falling onto the stove to burn brightly.

The scorching heat suddenly spread out.

Bu Fang then used a velvet rope to tie up his hair, then began to cook.

The ladle in Bu Fang's hand spun. His mental energy spread out, causing his Vermillion Robe to fly.

Jing Yuan stood in the distance, a little dazed...

Bu Fang's movements were as smooth as water. It caused one to be dazzled just by watching.

The first of the three sacrificial dishes was Spring Wind.

It was a vegetable dish. According to the recipe, this dish was made by mixing thirty-two different types of spirit herbs and immortal Ingredients. Each ingredient had its own taste and could not just

be combined. When eaten, it should give thirty-two flavors, so this was a huge test of a chef's control.

It represented the recovery of thousands of living things along with the spring wind, giving off a splendid feeling like hundreds of flowers had bloomed.

The Spring Wind was meant to be like that.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The light of the flame rushed towards the skies.

Then, ingredients were poured into the wok.

Bu Fang shook the wok while stir-frying it. As every ingredient flew towards the sky, the oil on them dripped off, giving off a brilliance.

After gently flipping the wok, the ingredients fell into the ladle. Then, he placed them on a porcelain plate.

With his mental energy, the presentation of the ingredients was very intricate.

Hot oil boiled. As it dripped down, sizzling sounds rang out ceaselessly.

It caused that dish to give a dazzling brilliance.

Boom!

Above them, thunderclouds flooded the skies.

The lightning punishment was descending.

Of course, Whitey would deal with it. This time... it should be able to eat its fill.

Jing Yuan watched like she was intoxicated. She learned a lot just by watching Bu Fang cook.

Among it was the control of the flame, as well as sensing the heat within the ingredients...

This literally shocked her to the heavens.

Before this, she had a hazy control towards all of this. Compared to her, Bu Fang's skills were complex and intricate.

Many practices must have been needed to reach such a level... She still lacked a lot.

Suddenly...

Jing Yuan's face changed.

After Bu Fang had boiled the juice of the Green Jade Fruit in the wok, she realized that he intended to pour it over the dish that had been plated already.

This step... was not recorded in the recipe!

"Head Chef Bu, no! The recipe of the sacrificial dish cannot be changed at all!" Jing Yuan subconsciously opened her mouth and shouted.

However, Bu Fang only calmly gave her a glance, and the movements of his hands did not stop.

The dark green liquid continued to pour down.

Chapter 1137 Goddess City's Imperial Feast... Begins!

Jing Yuan's face instantly turned a little unsightly.

She mentioned several times that the sacrificial dishes had to be cooked strictly according to the recipe. Not a bit could be changed.

There could not even be a trace of mistake during the cooking process. Once there was a mistake, it would easily cause the taste of the dish to change.

But Head Chef Bu...

He had actually added new ingredients and made a change to the recipe.

This was a very bold move!

Jing Yuan hurriedly put down the task she was doing, swishing the water off her hands as she walked over.

A dense fragrance spread in the air. The dish gave off a dark green light, blinding her eyes in an instant.

It was a very beautiful dish.

Jing Yuan had to admit that the recipe, which had never been changed before, did not look like this when cooked.

“You... You...”

Jing Yuan was momentarily at a loss for words.

Bu Fang gave Jing Yuan a glance. The corner of his lips was slightly raised as he reached out to gently pat her head, causing the latter to freeze on the spot.

“As an assistant chef... the first thing you have to do is to trust the head chef.”

Feeling that gentle touch on her head, Jing Yuan's face turned bright red instantly. Even she herself did not understand why her face would turn so red in this instant.

“I... I...” Jing Yuan opened her mouth, not knowing what to say.

“Okay, go back and continue dealing with the ingredients... I know what you want to say, but you do not need to worry. Since I dare to change the recipe, I’m naturally confident,” Bu Fang said.

Jing Yuan did not know what to do at this moment, so she walked back to her spot in a daze. Picking up the kitchen knife, she continued to prepare the ingredients.

After a long time, she recovered her spirits and looked over at Bu Fang.

The sacrificial dish was directly offered to the High Priestess of the Sacrificial Hall... so not a hint of mistake should appear.

It had to be known that before Jing Yuan, there was a head chef who had taken it upon herself to change the recipe of the sacrificial dishes. Later, during the imperial feast, it was discovered by the High Priestess, and that chef was executed on the spot...

From then on, no one dared to make any changes to the sacrificial dishes.

But... Head Chef Bu...

Jing Yuan felt a little conflicted. But after seeing Bu Fang’s confident appearance, she revealed a helpless look.

“I’ll just cook another set secretly at night... If Head Chef Bu’s set is not accepted, at least mine can save him. Head Chef Bu will not meet the same end as that previous chef.” Thinking this in her heart, Jing Yuan recovered her spirits and continued cooking.

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

On the arc of the sky, black clouds blanketed the skies, covering the entire imperial palace.

Nethery, who was in the imperial hall, raised her head, looking at the dark horizon. She muttered, “Bu Fang has started cooking...”

“It’s the appearance of the will of the Great Path... To be able to bring the will of the Great Path here in Goddess City, this little chef’s dish is really not ordinary,” Empress Bi Luo commented, supporting her chin with a hand as she looked at the sky.

Nether King Er Ha sat cross-legged in the distance, holding a Spicy Strip in his mouth. He said proudly, “Bu Fang young man’s cooking skills... are beyond your imaginations!”

Nethery agreed with his words, nodding her head several times.

From this night, the dark clouds above Goddess City constantly appeared.

Rumbling sounds rang out ceaselessly as thunderclaps boomed.

The people of the entire city were on their tenterhooks, all of them looking in the direction of the imperial palace with awe and fear in their eyes.

For such a strange phenomenon to appear before the day of the imperial feast... It was enough to make the hearts of the people shiver.

Five days passed quickly.

The last lightning punishment descended, which was blocked by Whitey.

With its body covered in lightning arcs, Whitey sat down on the ground. The light in its mechanical eyes continued to flash, as if it was digesting all these lightning punishments.

After this, Whitey’s strength would definitely have a huge improvement. Of course, to digest these lightning punishments, time was needed.

...

Sacrificial Hall, Goddess City

With a creaking sound, the window was pushed open.

The High Priestess wore a white robe. Crossing her arms, she stood in front of the window, watching the vanishing black clouds with an unfathomable gaze.

Within the room, a light blue-colored smoke rose from the incense burner, constantly wafting out.

The white robe was very long, and it spread out within the room, like a budding flower bud.

“Has it ended? The imperial feast... is finally here. The day of the prophecy is near,” the High Priestess gently murmured. Her voice was soft, as if only she could hear it.

Outside the door came a knocking sound.

The High Priestess turned her body.

The door was pushed open, revealing Wei Jin who was clad in warrior-like clothes. Her solemn face was drawn with sophisticated makeup, further emphasizing her sternness.

“High Priestess, Her Majesty has allowed this humble servant to invite the High Priestess to enjoy the imperial feast in the imperial palace,” Wei Jin said respectfully. She then raised her hands and put them together before slightly giving a bow.

The High Priestess walked over to the incense burner, sitting down cross-legged. In a calm voice, she replied, “I know.”

Then, with a wave of her hand, a makeup box appeared. Opening the makeup box, she picked up a wooden comb and began dressing herself up.

The High Priestess was usually barefaced. If she were to attend any activity, she would need to put on exquisite makeup.

Two maids entered the room. One of them held a beautiful dress, while the other held silver jewelry, kneeling by the side of the High Priestess.

The High Priestess' movements were gentle and elegant. Gently picking up the brow pencil, she decorated her immortal-like beautiful appearance.

After putting on makeup, her cold beauty was elevated by a trace of nobility and charm.

Swish...

The maid then carefully put on the silver accessories on the High Priestess. Her jet-black hair was put up, and with the silver accessories on top, her noble look became more obvious.

The High Priestess stood up. Spreading out her arms, she let the white robe slid off her body.

Her skin appeared as the clothes slowly slid off. It was like milk, as if it would break with a light touch.

The two maids took tiny, cautious steps, spreading open the beautiful dress for the High Priestess to wear.

A belt wrapped around her waist as ornaments were added.

Outside, Wei Jin still maintained her respectful posture. After waiting for the High Priestess to finish dressing up and slowly walk out of the room, she retreated and followed behind the High Priestess.

In Goddess City, the Empress had the highest rank, and just below her was the High Priestess.

Although Wei Jin was the great general of the Guardian Army, she did not dare to show a trace of neglect.

Ring.

A wave of soft ringing sounds rang out.

The two maids raised a scepter that had nine golden rings, handing it to the High Priestess.

The High Priestess grabbed the scepter, her gaze instantly turning cold and proud. “Let’s go to the imperial palace.”

Wei Jin and many subordinates answered, ” As you say.”

...

The gates of the imperial palace were wide open.

The throng of people was overwhelming. Many officials of Goddess City, including soldiers, were all hurrying to the imperial palace.

The entire city was brightly lit, wrapped in smoke.

On the streets, children were frolicking as teenagers laughed, looking very lively.

The day of the imperial feast was a day of celebration for Goddess City.

Before the palace, many imperial officials all wore beautiful dresses. Whenever they meet, they would cup their hands as they saluted, congratulating each other and giving each other their blessings.

The maids came out in groups, forming lines to welcome to many officials.

Lin Da Mei wore a green-colored armor, laughing loudly as she came from outside the main hall. Her wheat-colored skin made her look valiant and heroic.

Chi Si’s red cape billowed, her scarlet armor looking like blazing flames. The wings of her red dragon spread out as it roared, giving off a terrifying pressure.

At the same time, a lady riding a winged tiger jumped down. She was the general of the Beast Army, and she controlled hundreds of Goddess City's beasts.

Everyone, from commoners to officials, entered the imperial palace.

The spacious imperial palace was elegantly decorated.

In the center of the imperial hall was a spirit gold dining table, which was round and had a circular rotating tray in the middle. Its sides and legs were engraved with beautiful images.

And around the dining table were chairs, fifteen in total. It represented the fifteen people in Goddess City with high positions.

On both sides of the huge dining table were small dining tables. They were evenly placed and matched the corresponding side.

On the highest spot of the imperial hall was the imperial throne. Empress Bi Luo wore splendid clothes and exquisite makeup, looking so beautiful that it made one freeze.

With red lips like burning flames, she sat elegantly on the high throne, looking down on everything.

Nethery and Nether King Er Ha were in the distance, sitting on a small dining table.

"When my dad entered Goddess City, he seemed to have also taken part in this imperial feast... So many years have passed, and this king also has the honor of participating... Tch, tch, tch. Won't you say that this is fate?" Nether King Er Ha held a Spicy Strip in his mouth, looking at Nethery.

Nethery gave Nether King Er Ha a side glance. "If you did not dress up as a girl to enter Goddess City, you think you can take part in the imperial feast?"

"Even if this king comes in strutting, I can also take part in this imperial feast, okay?!" Nether King Er Ha instantly glared.

Nethery gave him a glance, then coldly smiled.

That gaze made Nether King Er Ha so angry he was about to argue with Nethery.

However, the sound of the harp rang out.

Outside the imperial hall, petals fluttered.

There were huge crowds and troops, slowly arriving.

The sound of golden cups clashing, the sound of the harps ringing, and the sound of girls singing rang out ceaselessly.

Outside the imperial hall, the High Priestess with a stern face arrived barefooted.

Every official stood up, looking at the High Priestess respectfully.

Everyone in Goddess City respected and feared the High Priestess of the Sacrificial Hall. That was because she was the only existence in Goddess City who was able to contact the slumbering unique existence in the God Vanishing Mountain. Even the Empress was unable to do it.

The Empress held the authority of who can enter and leave the God Vanishing Mountain, while the High Priestess was in charge of contacting that unique expert.

Moreover, it was said that the High Priestess and the Empress were blood sisters.

Empress Bi Luo stood up, watching the High Priestess who was leisurely coming over, her face instantly turning stern.

She walked down from the throne, slowly descending to get close to the High Priestess. After a short greeting, she brought the High Priestess to sit.

She sat on one of the spots in the huge spirit gold table.

The High Priestess sat on her left. Then, the five great generals took their seats, followed by the rest of the officials.

Soon, the fifteen seats were filled.

The dining table had a tense atmosphere.

The High Priestess was cold and proud, while the Empress was noble.

The audience watched the two, their gazes revealing respect.

On the small dining tables, the rest of the officials took their seats.

Once everyone was seated, the High Priestess stood. Reaching out her white palm, her fingers performed hand seals, quickly creating a mysterious magic array. That magic array shot out, landing on the center of the spirit gold dining table.

A well-dressed maid, who was standing at the entrance, instantly bowed, her voice reverberating across the entire hall.

“Goddess City’s imperial feast begins.”

On the sides of the imperial hall, the big doors instantly opened. A moment later, maids who were holding dishes walked out.

Every maid held a blue-and-white porcelain plate, which was covered by a silver lid.

Jing Yuan wore fine clothes and exquisite makeup, looking very beautiful. Her hands were held together as she came out along with the maids.

The dishes were placed onto the spirit gold dining table.

Meeting the fifteen people’s gaze, Jing Yuan, who had already hosted countless imperial feasts, still felt her heart tighten.

“First part of the imperial feast, the nine appetizers...”

Appetizers?

Everyone froze.

When did the imperial feast have appetizers?

The maids all rolled back their sleeves, revealing their white wrists as their hands pressed on the silver lids, gently opening them.

The curious and anticipating gaze of the diners fell, landing on the silver lids...

Streams of light shot out from the dishes.

The radiance rushed towards the skies, and an intense fragrance spread out!

Chapter 1138 The First Dish, Jadeite Sugar Taro Spirit Frui

There were nine appetizers before the meal?

When Jing Yuan shouted out this sentence, the entire hall froze.

Previously, when the imperial feast began, it had always been one dish after another according to the menu. There had never been such a thing as an appetizer.

And what's most important was... what's an appetizer?

Many people thought carefully, then managed to understand.

This so-called appetizer should be something that would stir up their appetites, causing them to put their focus onto the dishes. It was that sort of enticing method.

However, this caused another uncertainty, and that is that the appetizer must actually be able to stir up everyone's appetite. If not, it would backfire and cause everyone displeasure.

The maids reached out their hands while the other hand was holding their sleeves. Under Jing Yuan's instructions, they took off the lid.

Rays of light shot out from within, causing everyone's eyes to be instantly drawn to it.

"The first appetizer... Spirit Pickled Radish."

As the maids revealed the first dish, the sound of harp playing instantly rang out.

Everyone's eyes landed on it. Even the cold High Priestess, and the proud and noble Empress Bi Luo all involuntarily looked at the first dish.

As the first dish, it definitely had to be stunning.

And why did Bu Fang choose this as the appetizer? Everyone couldn't help but feel a little curious.

In the distance, Nether King Er Ha who held a Spicy Strip in his mouth scratched his head, curiosity filling his eyes.

Nethery was also the same. She wanted to know why Bu Fang would choose that as the first dish.

However, when the lid was taken off, a wave of unique aroma began to disperse.

Spirit Pickled Radish?

The wave of fragrance spread out, surging out ceaselessly.

Hm?

Everyone's face suddenly changed. With just a sniff, that acidic smell thrust into their noses. It tickled at their taste buds, causing their drool to involuntarily leak out of their mouths.

"A plate of radish?"

"It really is a plate of radish, a nicely cut radish?"

"This is counted as a dish? Is this a joke?"

On the spirit gold dining table, everyone's faces were frozen. They never thought that the first dish would actually be a plate of radish.

Jing Yuan absorbed their expressions. Seeing everyone so shocked... she was relieved.

As for the questionability of this dish...

A playful smile unconsciously appeared on her face.

The idea of an appetizer was added by Head Chef Bu. At first, she also questioned it. After all, it was the imperial feast, so the eighteen dishes had to be exquisite.

But Head Chef Bu had actually suggested such an idea.

What's more important was that the first dish was actually a plate of radish.

This made Jing Yuan question it. However, under Bu Fang's confident and playful expression, she ate a piece of radish...

After that... she was won over.

"These Spirit Pickled Radish are Head Chef Bu's valuable appetizers. There is a limited number of it, so please eat and enjoy it." Jing Yuan did not explain too much, leaving many in suspense.

The people at the spirit gold dining table instantly looked at each other.

Who cares if it's Spirit Pickled Radish or Spirit Spicy Radish? Aren't they all radish?

Such a noble occasion like the imperial feast... and the first dish is a plate of radish? Is this acceptable?

Empress Bi Luo did not say anything. Actually, her suspicions were opposite to everyone else. She had an idea of Bu Fang's culinary skills, so there naturally would be a reason why he dared to make radish as the first dish.

Hence, Empress Bi Luo picked up her chopsticks. Those chopsticks were made of silver and were different from the other chopsticks—they were engraved with exquisite phoenix carvings at the top.

She picked up a piece of radish.

It was dazzling and glowing, and there was even transparent juice rolling on top. The radish had been cut by Bu Fang into strips, and each piece was about the same size.

A wave of unique acidic smell spread out from the radish. This smell did not make one turn away, and it left a deep impression on people.

Clasping a radish, under everyone's gaze, the Empress opened her fiery red lips, showing her teeth as she took a bite of the radish.

The sweet and sour taste that entered her mouth instantly spread out. That taste was not very strong, but it instantly prickled her taste buds, causing her brows to furrow slightly...

This taste...

Crunch. Crunch.

After the Empress' brows furrowed, her eyes suddenly lit up.

This type of sweet and sour taste was unexpectedly good.

Stuffing the entire piece of radish into her mouth and chewing, the Empress once again reached out her chopsticks for a second piece.

“Good!” the Empress complimented.

The onlookers were curious.

It’s just a piece of radish... How tasty can it be?

However, after everyone picked up a radish into their mouths, they became silent...

That taste prickled their taste buds, even causing sweat to come out from the tip of their noses.

The sourness was so pleasant that it made their bodies shiver...

It tasted so good!

Jing Yuan gently laughed, then continued speaking, “The second appetizer, Sour Spicy Lotus Root.”

The audience’s eyes turned, landing on the second appetizer that was revealed.

The revolving tray spun once again, as the chopsticks reached out.

“The third dish, Flowing Crystal Chicken Legs.”

“The fourth dish, Abyssal Spicy Strip.”

Jing Yuan announced the dishes one by one.

The fifteen people at the dining table moved their chopsticks at every dish, unable to stop eating. Not only was the radish appetizer so tasty, the following dishes also made them extremely surprised.

No matter if it was the Flowing Crystal Chicken Leg, or the Abyssal Spicy Strip, they were all like catnip that stroke their hearts, making them unable to pull themselves out of it.

Abyssal Spicy Strip?

Nether King Er Ha was stunned, disbelief all over his face!

Bu Fang young man had actually made his favorite Spicy Strip into an appetizer?

There was such a use?

Empress Bu Luo was surprised. She gave Nether King Er Ha a side glance. Seeing him chew the Spicy Strip in his mouth, she was a little curious in her heart.

This plaything... can actually be eaten?

The Spicy Strip had been cut by Bu fang into small pieces. Scattered on the plate, they let out a dazzling radiance.

The Spicy Strip could be said to have the strongest smell out of all the appetizers, causing everyone to involuntarily reach out their chopsticks.

Empress Bi Luo clasped a Spicy Strip and stuffed it into her mouth. With a suck, her tongue circled around it.

Instantly, the fragrant, spicy taste spread out.

“Oh?!”

The Empress' eyes widened!

This spiciness! This taste! This type of flavor that penetrated deep into the bones!

This was the Spicy Strip!

This truly... tastes too good!

The Empress raised her head. Chewing the Spicy Strip in her mouth, her red lips turned even redder, and a flush appeared on her charming face.

Her exquisite features displayed intoxication.

The reaction of the Empress made the surrounding people scared. The High Priestess was even more suspicious.

It was just a Spicy Strip... Why did it seem like she had taken a pill?

Then, everyone else moved their chopsticks.

All fifteen people at the dining table raised their heads, showing faces of intoxication.

From afar...

Nether King Er Ha, with a face like there was no love in the world, hugged the spirit gold pillar, slamming his head against it again and again.

“This king’s Spicy Strip...”

“These uncivilized women... How could they eat Spicy Strips like this? It should be eaten like this...”

“One suck, two pulls, three sucks, four pulls... Sucking and pulling, In and out... This is the true way of eating Spicy Strips!”

Nether King Er Ha's heart was bleeding, and he was crying.

On the other side, Nethery's lips twitched.

Bu Fang's Spicy Strip was indeed very addicting.

Initially... she was crazy for it, but because she had eaten too much one time, she had abstained from Spicy Strip ever since. Now, she felt scared whenever she saw a Spicy Strip.

However, she had to admit that Bu Fang's Spicy Strip was definitely filled with a deadly attraction...

The nine appetizers had all been served.

Under everyone's dumbfounded gaze, the fifteen people at the spirit gold dining table had swept the appetizers clean.

The maids all sucked in a breath of cold air.

This was the first time that they had seen their masters eat like that!

However, the ones that had finished the nine appetizers did not feel full at all. They felt their stomachs rumbling with hunger, and they couldn't help but want to continue eating.

Even if it was the cold and proud High Priestess, at this moment, she was also filled with interest in the following dishes.

Chef Jing Yuan's mouth curved into a satisfied smile.

Head Chef Bu's appetizers... worked!

Cheering a little in her heart, Jing Yuan turned around and entered the kitchen. After a short while, she personally held a dish and walked over from a distance.

“The first dish of the imperial feast... Jadeite Sugar Taro Spirit Fruit.”

Jing Yuan’s pleasant voice brought a trace of excitement, resounding across the entire place.

She strutted her elegant and small steps as she came in front of the spirit gold dining table, then placed the blue-and-white porcelain plate onto it.

The plates that had been swept clean had already been taken away by the maids. At the same time, appetizers also began to be served on the other tables.

The dishes were served in a staggered order.

“Jadeite Sugar Taro Spirit Fruit?”

This dish made everyone freeze. This time, it would actually be a dish of the imperial feast?

Although the appetizers were pretty good, what tested the head chef were still those eighteen dishes.

Moreover, they had not had any recollection of that dish from the previous imperial feasts.

Chef Jing Yuan did not explain. She grabbed the silver lid and suddenly opened it.

Instantly, hot steam surged, and a wave of dazzling golden brilliance shot out, filling everyone’s sights.

When everyone saw the appearance of that dish, they let out an uproar.

This was shocking!

Even Empress Bi Luo looked stunned, her red lips opening in surprise.

This was a dish that was filled with solid emotions.

As the steam rolled off the dish, it revealed sugar silks, which curved and circled in the air, forming a phoenix that seemed to spread its wings as it rose to the heavens.

In the belly of the phoenix were pink spirit fruits. Under the lights, this dish let out a radiance.

Seeing this dish, many people realized that they had eaten this dish, but at that time, it did not look like this.

The sugar silk was round and wrapped the taro spirit fruit.

Empress Bi Luo could no longer wait. Women naturally loved beauty, and such a beautiful dish made them happy and excited for some reason.

The silver chopsticks reached out, instantly sinking into the sugar syrup to pick up the taro spirit fruit floating within.

With that, another uproar started.

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air.

That was because on the Empress' chopsticks, a silk thread on the taro spirit fruit followed it, as if picking out a fine thread.

With this pull, the wings of the phoenix made out of sugar silk moved, as if it was about to dance lightly and gracefully.

Shocking! It was utterly shocking!

Empress Bi Luo's heart was filled with joy.

A dish giving her such joy was really hard to come by.

After putting the dish into her bowl, the Empress gently licked the taro spirit fruit. The sugar syrup wrapped around it was incomparably fragrant, as if it were an arrow shooting straight into her heart.

It caused her face to involuntarily turn red as she gently let out a gasp.

Her teeth gently opened, then bit down.

The tender taste brought the mushy texture of the taro spirit fruit. Its sweetness, mushiness, and aroma combined as one, which erupted at the same time!

The Empress stuck out her tongue to lick her red lips. At this moment, her joyous feelings need not be expressed in words.

The rest of them had long seen enough.

This dish was actually able to elicit such a response?!

Chef Jing Yuan had already been stunned by it. She never thought that after the dish had been modified by Head Chef Bu, the difference would be so great, as if it were flipping the heavens...

This caused her to involuntarily salivate, wanting to have a taste as well.

The High Priestess gave the Empress a glance, then speechlessly turned the spirit gold revolving tray. She reached out her chopsticks and picked up a piece of taro spirit fruit, opening her mouth to take a bite.

Even if it was the cold and proud High Priestess, she could not help give a gentle gasp...

The remaining thirteen people at the dining table were about to go crazy.

The eyes of Chi Si and the rest shone.

Around them, the other diners stared in a daze.

This year's imperial feast... seems to be very different from all the previous years!

It made one look forward to it.

Meanwhile, a trace of worry appeared in Jing Yuan's face. She gave a glance at the High Priestess, who was happily eating the taro spirit fruit.

Thinking of the recipe of the sacrificial dish that Head Chef Bu had changed... her heart suddenly felt a little unsettled.

Chapter 1139 Cola Flying Phoenix Divine Wings

The Jadeite Sugar Taro Spirit Fruit utterly shocked the entire hall.

After the Empress and the High Priestess tried this dish, they both revealed shocking intoxicated faces.

Everyone went crazy. The remaining thirteen people at the spirit gold dining table could not wait to pick up their chopsticks, all moving towards the Jadeite Sugar Taro Spirit Fruit as its wings constantly moved.

Each chopstick descended, all picking up the taro spirit fruit wrapped in sugar strips. The strips were thin and exquisite, bringing along a wave of sweetness.

Along with the sugar strands being stretched, the phoenix also constantly flapped its wings.

The audience seemed to even hear the sound of a phoenix cry.

However...

With the Jadeite Sugar Taro Spirit Fruit being swept finished, those phoenix wings also slowly began to fold as it withered. They turned into a puddle of sugar strands, covering the blue-and-white porcelain plate.

Many people were still a little unwilling for it to end, sticking out their tongues to lick their lips.

In particular, Lin Damei reached out her chopsticks while licking her lips, constantly rummaging through the sugar threads to find a piece of taro spirit fruit.

However, it was a pity that... there was no more taro spirit fruit.

The number of taro spirit fruits was strictly controlled by Bu Fang. There were eighteen in total, one piece for one person, so it was just right.

The first dish had already made so many people shocked. Now, everyone involuntarily sucked in a deep breath, looking forward to the next dishes.

There were still seventeen dishes to go, and three of them were sacrificial dishes.

According to the rules, the sacrificial dish should be served after the third dish.

Jing Yuan let the maids take away the blue-and-white porcelain bowls on the round dining table, then turned her body, stepping into the kitchen.

She was preparing to take out the second dish.

At this moment, along with the sounds of the harps, the diners on the small tables received the dish.

Everyone's plate had a piece of taro spirit fruit.

Of course, these newly distributed taro spirit fruits were only one, so the sugar threads did not have the appearance of a phoenix.

Although it lacked the stunning appearance, its taste remained unchanged.

While the surrounding diners ate the taro spirit fruit, Jing Yuan once again came, walking slowly from a distance.

She held a flat blue-and-white porcelain plate that was covered with a silver lid.

Jing Yuan's mouth was curved into a smile as she slowly walked.

Everyone's eyes fell on her. No matter if it were the high officials on the spirit gold dining table or the surrounding diners, they were curious about what the second dish was.

Jing Yuan did not leave any suspense. With everyone's eyes all focused on the covered plate, she placed the dish onto the dining table.

"The second dish of the imperial feast, Cola Flying Phoenix Divine Wings."

Jing Yuan's voice was gentle, as if there was a trace of excitement within it.

That's right, it was excitement.

This time's imperial feast, whenever she opened the lid, she would feel excited for some reason, and her figure seemed to slightly tremble.

Because her heart was filled with expectations, she was excited and agitated.

"Cola Flying Phoenix?"

When Empress Bi Luo heard Jing Yuan say the dish's name, her drawn eyebrows slightly knit together. When it came to bird species, she did not like it very much.

Also... what's more important was that, in the previous imperial feasts, there seemed to be no such dish.

Could it be that Bu Fang that man had changed the recipe again?

Just when the Empress was pondering, a wave of dense fragrance spread out. That fragrance had a sweet and meaty aroma, rushing towards their noses.

It seemed to surge into everyone's hearts in an instant.

When Empress Bi Luo smelled this slightly broiled meat fragrance, her eyes instantly shone. Slightly tilting her head, she looked at the lid that Jing Yuan was slowly lifting.

A glazed color shot out from the blue-and-white porcelain plate.

As the fragrance wafted out, it seemed to form into a substance. Along with a phoenix cry, the fragrance seemed to turn into a divine phoenix, rushing out from the crevice of the lid, revolving around the spirit gold dining table.

Everyone's eyes were drawn over to it.

"This is fragrance turning into a substance? The most simple display of the will of the Great Path..."

The High Priestess' eyes slightly shrank, her red lips gently opened, as she said.

Everyone naturally understood.

However at this moment, the audience did not chase after the reason of this fragrance forming into substance, but stared at that blue-and-white porcelain plate in a daze.

The fragrance lingering the air, caused them to constantly swallow their salivas.

"This smell..... Is too attractive!"

"It feels like people look forward more to it than the Sugar Taro Spirit Fruit!"

"I seemed to have seen a huge pile of broiled phoenix....."

...

The audience chattered, all expressing their own feelings.

The corner of Jing Yuan's lips slightly smiled, as she opened the lid while retreating a step.

In the next instant, the light scattered, as the steam rose to the heavens.

Everyone's gaze all shrunk, all sucking a breath of cold air.

On that blue-and-white porcelain plate, was a neatly arranged phoenix wings.

These phoenix wings looked deep brown, there was a layer of thick juice on top of it, that juice was boiling, rolling on top of it, as if it was reflecting the light.

Those phoenix wings were fat and juicy, especially the meat. Placed on the porcelain plate, it was arranged in a circle, in the middle was surging steam, turning a phoenix that spread its wings to fly.

Everyone could tell what the ingredient of this phoenix wing was.

It should be a mixed blood green phoenix raised in the Goddess City.

Everyone was incomparably shocked, they had never thought that, the phoenix could be cooked like this.

However, many people's faces suddenly became a little playful.

It should be known that in the Goddess City, everyone knew.... that what Her Majesty the Empress did not like to eat the most was the phoenix.

In the previous imperial feasts, the phoenix in the menu would all be changed into Papillion wings.

In the end, the head chef had actually once again chose the phoenix....

Was this purposely offending the Empress?

“The second dish of the imperial feast, Cola Flying Phoenix Divine Wings. This dish is Head Chef Bu’s secret recipe, eat and cherish it.”

Jing Yuan then retreated a step, slightly bowing, as she said to the spectators.

Empress Bi Luo’s eyes turned, giving Jing Yuan a glance.

This girl knew pretty well that she did not like to eat phoenix, because the meat of the phoenix had a certain taste that she hated.

Of course, this differed for each person. Some people loved that taste.

“Hmph! If it does not taste good, that little chef can forget about his chance to enter the God Vanishing Mountain!”

Empress Bi Luo’s arrogant red lips raised, then she grabbed the chopsticks with her hands, claspings towards the phoenix wings that were deep brown color with juice scattered over it.

The first time.... She actually did not manage to pick it up.

That wing seemed to know how to fly, it was extremely slippery.

What’s more important is that it was because of the slipperiness of that juice.

It was unknown what was the juice made out of, there was a little sweet and fragrant smell to it, causing one’s appetite to bloom.

She picked up a Cola Phoenix Wing into her bowl.

The Empress gently pursed her red lips, a little curiousness in her eyes.

The Cola in this dish’s name..... Exactly what did it mean?

Picking up the wing, the Empress's scorching red lips gently opened, below her red lips, were her pearly white teeth.

"Mhmmm...."

With a bite, the boiling taste spread out from that wing.

The Empress's red lips rubbed on the top of the wing, that deep brown juice instantly smudged onto her red lips.

Her teeth bit on the soft and tender meat of the wing.

The skin of the phoenix was smooth and soft, with a bite, a hole was instantly bitten off.

The meat seemed to turn into strands as each strand entered her mouth.

With a bite, the bones of the phoenix wing could actually be seen.

Mmmmmmm...

Empress Bi Luo's eyes instantly shined!

This was phoenix meat?

Why was it completely different from her memories?

That hateful taste seemed to have completely disappeared.... What replaced it was a type of sweet and unctuous juice, it was a meat taste that made one's heart go limp.

Steam appeared from the hole that was bitten.

Empress Bi Luo swallowed the meat of the chicken, as her gaze greedily looked at the remaining phoenix wings.

Opening her mouth, she began to chew again.

The surrounding people were in a daze, their faces shocked, because it was hard to imagine Empress Bi Luo chewing a phoenix wing so eagerly.

It had to be known.... It had been around four or five years since Her Empress the Majesty had eaten phoenix meat.

That time, the Empress had only taken a bite, and spat it out.

She had hated the phoenix meat to the extreme.....

But...

Hiss!

The audience all sucked in a breath of cold air.

This time, everyone understood.

This imperial feast... was quite something!

Nether King Er Ha had long opened his mouth, drool constantly leaking out of it.

“Bu Fang young man is biased... Such nice dishes... He actually did not take it out earlier!”

Nethery nodded her head, agreeing with Nether King Er Ha.

The High Priestess looked at the Empress chewing so happily, she pursed her lips, involuntarily showing a trace of curiosity on her cold face, reaching out her chopsticks to pick up a Flying Phoenix wing.

In the next instant, the chopsticks flew, as pairs of chopsticks fell, all picking up the Flying Phoenix Wings.

Every high official ate extremely excited.

With a bite, the tender texture erupted, and the sweet fragrant juice seemed to set off a bomb in their minds.

Jing Yuan was satisfied with everyone's reactions. She did not say anything, turning her body to enter the kitchen once again.

When she entered the kitchen this time, she held the third dish.

And behind her, three maids wearing fabulous sacrificial robes all respectfully held three similar blue-and-white porcelain plates with a lid on top of it.

These three dishes were obviously the sacrificial dishes.

The entire imperial hall rang with the sound of the harp, as the ringing sound of the bell rang out ceaselessly.

The sound of metal hitting metal lingered in the ears.

Paired with the crazily chewing high officials on the spirit gold dining table...

The scene was extremely out of sorts and strange.

Empress Bi Luo had already finished her wing.

Her mouth pouted, and with a gentle spit, a thin bone was spat out, falling on the table. After that, she stuck her tongue out to lick around her red lips.

With a satisfied sigh, Empress Bi Luo narrowed her eyes.

The High Priestess raised her hand, her palms tightly covering her mouth as she lowered her head to spit out the bone of the wing.

Then, learning from the Empress, she left no remains as she licked the juice around her mouth. After licking everything clean, she picked up the clean white cloth to press on her red lips, her temperament cold and proud.

Lin Damei was not that nice to the wing in her mouth.

This woman was so excited her entire body was trembling, while eating she let out a huge laughter like ringing copper bells.

It caused the surrounding people to look at each other involuntarily.

After spitting out the bone, Lin Damei then stood up, holding up the empty blue-and-white porcelain plate.

Then she poured the remaining juice into the small bowl in front of her, till it was half full.

“Hehe.... There should be rice later right? This juice is so tasty, it will definitely be even better mixed with rice!”

Lin Damei scratched the back of her head, as she opened her mouth to laugh foolishly.

The surrounding people all gently laughed kindly.

Chi Si rolled her eyes.

This stupid glutton. Would there be rice in the imperial feast? Could she use her head?

And... could she just... leave her a little bit?

At this moment, Jing Yuan walked over, placing the dish in her hand onto the dining table.

Behind her, many people noticed the three maids wearing the sacrificial robes as they held the dishes.

Looking at the dish in their hands, everyone's eyes shrank, letting out a divine light.

The sacrificial dishes... had finally appeared!

However before that, Jing Yuan's pleasing voice made everyone's attention converge over.

"The third dish of the imperial feast, Flying Great Lobster."

Jing Yuan gently said, her voice was once again filled with excitement.

Then... raising the other hand to hold her sleeve, she reached out to slowly lift the lid off.

Sizzle. Sizzle.

Steam burst out from where the lid opened. It wafted up and gathered, just like clouds!

Chapter 1140 The Sacrificial Dishes Are Out! Killing Intent Spreads Out!

Flying Great Lobster.

When the name of this dish came out, everyone present all realized that they were very familiar with this dish, because in the previous imperial feasts, this dish left a very deep impression on them.

After all, this dish was made using a Five-star Beast Emperor. Although there was not much technique involved, to the many people watching, it was still a visually shocking dish.

It looked like this dish was not modified too much by the head chef. At least, the name had not been changed.

However, the steam and fragrance spreading out caused the onlookers to be slightly shocked.

This dish tested the heat control of a chef as it would affect the meat quality and taste of this dish.

After taking off the lid, the steam spread out, and the dish within was reflected into everyone's eyes.

A huge scarlet lobster appeared on the blue-and-white porcelain plate. Its huge feelers extended upward as its claws opened, its head looking up at the sky.

The shell on its back had been removed, and the sparkling white lobster meat had been flipped out and cut into pieces, which seemed to be wrapped in a layer of glowing substance.

Jing Yuan knew that this was hot oil that was poured on.

This dish was very simple, and there was indeed nothing that needed to be changed. Even if it was Head Chef Bu, there was not much alteration to it.

But, although this dish looked simple... in reality, it was still pretty difficult.

Its heat control had already baffled most chefs. Once the heat control was not adequate, it would cause the lobster meat to become too tough or overcooked.

And in Jing Yuan's eyes, this lobster had been cooked with perfect heat control. It could be seen from the lobster meat that was sparkling like jade.

As for this familiar dish, the guests were not overly shocked. Of course... they were not very disappointed either. It did not give them something that they did not expect, but the fragrance and color made their appetite flare up, wanting to give it a taste.

They all moved their chopsticks, picking up the sparkling lobster meat.

This lobster was huge, and each piece of lobster that Bu Fang had cut up was as big as a fist.

The lobster meat was soft and bouncy. When bitten, it let out a wave of dense fragrance as the meat juice seeped out, making one feel incomparably comfortable.

“Delicious!”

Their eyes lit up as they nodded their heads. Even if it was the same dish, the dish cooked this time was exceptionally good and tasty.

In the distance...

Nether King Er Ha had finished the phoenix wing. He was now holding a spicy strip in his mouth, his face filled with a satisfied look.

Towards the Flying Divine Lobster, he did not look forward to it that much since he had already eaten Bu Fang's Spicy Blood Lobster.

That dish was peak-grade, and it was the best lobster among all lobsters! It was definitely the most delicious!

Nethery continuously nodded her head at the side. As for the Spicy Lobster, her memory of it was very vivid. After all, she was Bu Fang's loyal Blood Lobster fan!

With a plate of Blood Lobsters, she would be able to eat until the end of time!

After the Empress had finished the lobster meat, she drowsily leaned back on the chair and sighed in satisfaction. So far, she was very satisfied with this year's imperial feast. She was a little full already.

She leaned on the chair, wanting to rest for a bit.

The rest around her were the same.

The continuous arrival of the dishes caused them to be so busy that their mouths seemed to have not stopped moving.

It had to be known that in the previous imperial feast, even with so many dishes, it was usually no longer eaten after grabbing one piece. But this year's dishes... had literally been swept clean.

Even the sauces had not been spared.

And, following this, they were able to have a good rest. Because what was coming up were the three sacrificial dishes.

The sacrificial dishes were not for them to eat but to be used as offerings—to be given to the existence in the God Vanishing Mountain.

Hence, the sacrificial dish was extremely important. When opening the sacrificial dish, everyone did not dare to move their chopsticks.

After waiting for the other diners to stop eating and put down their chopsticks, Jing Yuan's eyes suddenly shrank, and her breathing quickened.

She knew that a tense scene was about to happen.

The sacrificial dish... was about to be served.

Actually, at the side door in the distance, a few maids were waiting in the shadows. They were also holding the sacrificial dishes, just that it was cooked by Jing Yuan.

Head Chef Bu had changed the recipe of the sacrificial dish, so she was not sure if this would stir up the High Priestess' anger.

If it truly did cause fury, she would immediately order the people to serve the dishes that she had cooked. This way, the High Priestess would not take out her anger on Head Chef Bu, and he would not be killed on the spot.

After all, in the previous years, there was the matter of the High Priestess killing a head chef.

The High Priestess stood up. The exquisite long robe on her figure slightly shook, and the accessories on her head shone.

In the imperial hall, the sound of harps and bells rang out ceaselessly.

The High Priestess' gaze became extremely serious at this instant, and a stern look appeared on her face.

Even if it was the languid Empress, she straightened her waist at this instant, her gaze staring in front.

The plate of the Flying Great Lobster was taken away. Under Jing Yuan's instructions, the three maids wearing sacrificial robes took small steps as they advanced forward.

They carefully placed the dishes on the dining table, then bowed as they retreated.

With hands folded and placed at her waist, the High Priestess solemnly walked out of her spot. She grabbed the golden scepter with rings from the maid as she dragged her long robe to slowly move.

She walked around the dining table, chanting some words.

At this moment, the entire imperial hall was dead silent. No one dared to let out a single sound.

They all knew that the High Priestess was communicating with the existence of the God Vanishing Mountain.

In the distance...

Nether King Er Ha's eyes narrowed slightly, staring at the High Priestess who was moving the scepter as she walked.

The three great forbidden lands of Earth Prison... Every one of these forbidden lands was famous for its fighting prowess, and they each had a powerful existence capable of slaying many supreme existences.

Even the previous Nether King had been very careful when he had entered the God Vanishing Mountain. That was enough to show the terror of the forbidden land.

Goddess City was the power of the God Vanishing Mountain, and that existence in it was their god. No one dared to harbor any disrespect.

Nethery's eyes had also shrunk. When she was young, she had met that existence before with luck. Although it was a blurry figure, it left her reeling in shock.

That time, the previous Nether King had brought her into the God Vanishing Mountain, wanting to borrow the Spring of Life's dense vitality to wash off the curse in her.

However... it was a pity that even the Spring of Life was unable to wash it off.

What's more, it drew the attention of that existence...

Although it was just a glance... Nethery had never been unable to forget that terrifying energy.

And after returning from the God Vanishing Mountain, she had been exiled by the previous Nether King into the boundless illusionary void with the Netherworld Woman identity. She sat on the Netherworld Ship, drifting across the heavens and earths.

She felt that being exiled was very likely the idea of the supreme existence of that God Vanishing Mountain.

Gently sighing, Nethery snapped back from her memories, her mind a little confused.

Her pitch-black eyes continued looking forward, looking at the center of the dining table. There... the High Priestess had already begun to open the lid.

Chef Jing Yuan had long begun trembling. She tightly clenched her fists, biting her plump lips in nervousness.

She was supposed to be filled with confidence towards Head Chef Bu's dishes, but the High Priestess' prestige caused her to feel otherwise.

Ring...

The scepter with the golden rings floated. The nine golden rings on it spun, letting out ringing sounds.

A white magic array appeared above it, and the scepter floated in the center of the spirit gold dining table.

That magic array hung in the air. As it rotated like the hands of a clock, another small magic array revolved in its center...

The magic array shone with rays of light, illuminating the figure of the High Priestess.

The High Priestess took a step back. Then, bending her fingertips, she clapped above her head.

After reciting a series of ancient words, she continued advancing, walking in front of those three dishes.

After some time, the hands that were held above her head fell down. They were pressed on top of the lid, gently opening it.

Thousands of golden light rays burst out.

Everyone's visions were drawn by it, focusing on the dish below the High Priestess' hands.

The sacrificial dishes... were finally about to be revealed.

Ring...

A wave of unique fluctuations spread out.

Spring Wind, Summer Wound, Autumn Obscurity... These were the three names of the sacrificial dishes.

The High Priestess' actions were fast. After opening the lid of the first dish, before the brilliance of the dish had yet to scatter, she then revealed the second and third dishes.

Boom!

A mysterious fluctuation suddenly spread out from the three dishes.

Everyone all felt a wave of air rushing over. Their eyes widened, staring at the three dishes that had a blinding radiance.

Around the imperial hall, the musicians holding the harp suddenly played a symphony. This was the symphony of the sacrificial tradition, the background music that was played when opening the sacrificial dishes.

It was like it was welcoming the descent of the existence of the God Vanishing Mountain.

Swish.

The robes on the High Priestess moved without wind. In the next instant, her eyes shrank.

As the radiance scattered... it slowly revealed the three dishes.

Spring Wind was a brocade of flower bundles made by stacking thirty-two different vegetables. As steam hazily rolled off it, it shone with vibrant lights and color.

Summer Wound was a meat dish, which was made with thirty-two different meats stacked up together. Its meat fragrance rolled everywhere.

Autumn Obscurity was a soup, a bowl of thick soup that was as clear as water. In the middle of the soup was a limestone-like thing, floating on its surface.

These were the three sacrificial dishes, all with different styles and tastes.

Hiss!

However, the moment everyone saw the dishes clearly, they all involuntarily sucked in a breath of cold air!

The High Priestess' moving long robes suddenly stopped floating, and the atmosphere at this instant became heavy.

Jing Yuan's eyes shrank as she looked at the High Priestess in fear. She felt a wave of terrifying energy, completely wrapping around her in an instant.

That feeling... caused the words she wanted to say to become stuck in her throat.

This scene was very familiar...

That time, the High Priestess had killed the head chef on the spot. And today, this scene... had once again appeared.

The magic array spun as the sounds of the harp rang out harmoniously.

However, everyone's minds had turned cold.

There was steam rolling off the three dishes, their fragrance meandering around.

But everyone did not feel a trace of appetite...

Empress Bi Luo looked at the three dishes, then gently gave a sigh.

“This little chef is truly bold to even change the sacrificial dishes... This time, he should think if he can live through this, instead of thinking of entering the God Vanishing Mountain...”

The High Priestess suddenly turned. With a cold and expressionless face, her gaze landed on Jing Yuan’s figure.

“Who changed the sacrificial dishes? Not only that... they changed all three dishes?”

The High Priestess’ voice was like ice that had been frozen for a thousand years, the chill piercing into the bones.

It caused Jing Yuan’s entire body to shiver uncontrollably.

She wanted to speak, to order the people to bring in the sacrificial dishes that she had prepared, but she did not even have a chance to open her mouth.

She realized that under this terrifying pressure, she was unable to let out a single sound.

Seeing the High Priestess’ cold, emotionless gaze that looked down on her in contempt, a huge wave of shadow covered her heart.

This voice... The person before her was not the High Priestess!

Jing Yuan could not help but bend her knees to crouch before this unparalleled might.

The surrounding people all stood up from their spots, their faces filled with shock.

At this moment, the terrifying pressure had wrapped around their bodies as well, as if it was a gaze that had torn through time to look upon them.

Everyone’s breathing froze.

The unparalleled existence had possessed the High Priestess!

All that could be seen was that the High Priestess' figure suddenly appeared in front of Jing Yuan.

She raised a hand, which was as white as the white root of a lotus, seemingly capturing the entire world's attention.

As the terrifying energy spread out, it slowly smacked down towards Jing Yuan's head.

Suddenly...

Just as that palm was about to land on Jing Yuan's forehead...

Clear and crisp footsteps sounded from the entrance of the imperial hall.

A lean figure single-handedly held a blue-and-white porcelain plate as he slowly walked over.

Those sudden footsteps caused the High Priestess' palm to suddenly freeze.