

Gourmet 1591

Chapter 1591: Bu Fang Is Not Allowed to Cook?

It started to rain—the rainwater contained spiritual energy.

Although Bu Fang's divine sense was suppressed, it still existed, so he could clearly feel the spiritual energy in the rainwater. Since when did Earth have spiritual energy? Was it always here, or did it appear because of his return?

Bu Fang was puzzled. In the past, he did not cultivate, so he had no way to know if the rainwater contained spiritual energy.

The rain did not last for too long. Soon, it stopped. Water puddled on the ground, splashing as Bu Fang stepped across it. The icy cold rainwater seeped between his toes and made him feel a slight chill.

The spiritual energy was only in the rainwater, and as the water evaporated, it rose in wisps and filled the air. In fact, the air did not contain any spiritual energy—it was only because of the rain that it had one. In other words, the weirdness was in the rain.

Suddenly, Bu Fang paused and fell in deep thought. It seemed to him that the Artifact Spirits were really sleeping on Earth. Otherwise, there would not be spiritual energy rain here.

He was somewhat helpless that he could not find Nethery. His divine sense was suppressed by a very strong force. Of course, he could break the restriction with force, but he did not know the consequences. Would it alert the unknown risks? Or would it cause a drastic change that will lead to Earth's total destruction?

Bu Fang returned to his room in the old building. The stench of the rotting ingredients still lingered in the air. Frowning, he cleaned them up and threw them away. These ingredients were nothing to him.

Just when he was done, someone rapped at the door. He opened it and saw Liu Mu standing outside, looking at him with a horrified face as if he was looking at a ghost.

Liu Mu dared not to offend Bu Fang now. A guy who could crush a cellphone with a bare hand and almost broke his finger with a gentle slap definitely had some secrets he could not afford to know...

“The master chef wants to see you!” Liu Mu said. After that, he turned and ran away as if he was fleeing. He had not figured out how he should face Bu Fang, so he did not want to stay with the latter for too long now.

“The master chef?”

Patting Shrimpy on his shoulder, Bu Fang stepped out of the room, went down the stairs, left the old building, and came to the restaurant across the street.

Yue Mansion was the name of this restaurant. It was luxuriously decorated, but its business was bad. It had nothing to do with the chef’s skills. In fact, the dishes of this restaurant were delicious. Bu Fang had tasted them when he was an apprentice chef here. However, the restaurant’s business just did not pick up. Back then, Bu Fang could not figure out the reason.

In the restaurant, Liu Mu sat timidly in a corner. When Bu Fang glanced at him upon stepping through the door, he shivered instantly and looked away.

Twitching his lips, Bu Fang put his hands behind his back and walked toward the kitchen. He did not need anyone to tell him that the master chef was in there.

Sizzle...

As soon as he entered the kitchen, he was greeted by a rapid clanging sound and flashes of flames. Someone was tossing a wok, which kept colliding with the stove.

Bu Fang looked over and saw a middle-aged man. In his late forties or early fifties, the man—holding a ladle in one hand while clutching the edge of an iron wok with a square of cloth in the other—was deftly tossing the wok. In Bu Fang’s eyes, however, the man’s wok-tossing techniques were riddled with mistakes.

At the edge of the stove were various seasonings, including sugar, salt, MSG, soy sauce, garlic paste, and chili. It was all a bit familiar and strange to Bu Fang. He seemed to have not cooked in such a simple way for quite a long time.

Sizzle...

The tossing of the wok was over. A ladle of water was added, and a sizzling sound rang out instantly. A lid was put over the wok to let the food stew for a while. Only then did the master chef turn to look at Bu Fang.

“Oh, here you are...” Looking at Bu Fang, the master chef smiled gently.

Bu Fang nodded expressionlessly, but his face softened a lot. When he was an apprentice chef in this restaurant, the master chef had taught him many things and thought highly of him.

“You’re slacking off a bit these days, Bu Fang. Being a chef is a profession where you can’t afford to slacken off because once you did, your sensitivity to food will be weakened, and it will be difficult for you to cook dishes that will satisfy people,” the master chef said. He wiped his hand with a square of cloth and leaned his back against the stove, looking at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded. Naturally, he knew what the middle-aged man meant by saying that he was slacking off. But it was not his fault. He had traveled to another world.

“Business has been bad in Yue Mansion, so we might be closing down soon... I came here with the ambition to make a career, but who knew things would end up like this... Ai, forget it. Go and chop up the ingredients... We’ll eat together later.”

The master chef sighed. Then, he turned around, removed the lid, and continued cooking.

That gave Bu Fang pause, but he did not say anything. Instead, he went to another stove, picked up a few potatoes, and hefted them. ‘What a familiar ingredient...’ he thought to himself.

Cutting potatoes is a very annoying task because you have to peel them first before you can cut them into thin slices. But Bu Fang did not mind. He had a sudden desire to cook a dish now. He wondered if he still possessed the same mastery of cooking, now that he had returned to Earth.

He grabbed a kitchen knife from the rack. With a shake of his hand, the knife spun in his palm, flashing sharply. After washing the potatoes, he lightly tossed one up into the air. Even as the potato

was about to fall, his eyes became extremely sharp. In his gaze, the potato was falling very, very slowly.

The kitchen knife slashed out abruptly, flashing as it drew a half-circle. Then, Bu Fang held it sideways with its flank facing upward. The potato fell and landed on the flat surface, spinning, while on the other side of the knife was a whole strip of potato peel of the same width.

Just then, Liu Mu walked into the kitchen, and he saw what happened. His jaw dropped in an instant as a stunned look came over his face. He never knew a potato could be peeled like that! “You... You...” He pointed out a finger and stammered.

Bu Fang glanced at Liu Mu and twitched the corner of his mouth.

Da da da da da da...

A burst of knocking sounds rang out next as the kitchen knife collided with the chopping board. Somehow, it sounded very pleasant to the ear. In just the blink of an eye, the oval-shaped potato was chopped into thin slices, each identical in length and width.

The sound attracted the master chef, and he turned around just in time to see Bu Fang’s knife technique. He was amazed, but that was it. If he saw how Bu Fang peeled the potato, he would be as terrified as Liu Mu.

Bu Fang did not continue after chopping the potato. The next dish the master chef would cook was stir-fried shredded potatoes.

“You continue,” the master chef said suddenly. For some reason, he felt a charm in the knife technique Bu Fang used to chop the potato, and it convinced him. He wondered if this boy had suddenly been enlightened.

“Alright.” Bu Fang nodded with an expressionless face. He then turned on the gas, ignited it, and began to heat the wok. His movements were simple and straightforward, mainly because the dish was very easy to cook.

The kitchen knife flipped and moved across the chopping board, throwing the shredded potatoes into the wok. Wisps of white steam rushed up instantly. The whole set of movements was perfectly coordinated as if it had been rehearsed countless times.

As the flame roared, Bu Fang kept a calm, emotionless face. He reached out the ladle in his hand toward the seasonings placed next to the stove and scooped out different seasonings without even looking. Then, he sprinkled them over the potatoes and began to toss the wok.

Liu Mu swallowed. “This kiddo... doesn’t even know what he’s doing, does he? He’s just acting cool! He didn’t even measure the amount of seasonings before adding them into the wok!”

He did not believe Bu Fang’s cooking skills would become so good overnight. They were on the same level not too long ago!

“Shut up! Pay attention to his cooking...” The master chef scolded Liu Mu, then turned around and watched intently.

Bu Fang’s cooking movements were flawless, and the calm look in his eyes came from his confidence in his cooking skills, which told the master chef that he was absolutely confident in the amount of seasoning in every scoop and his control of the temperature.

That was the kind of confidence that only a world-class chef could have—this was textbook cooking!

With a toss of the wok, the shredded potatoes all fell into the ladle. A splashing sound could be heard as they were poured into a bowl. The sauce was added next, and the dish seemed to flash.

Liu Mu almost thought that he had gone blind! The dish was flashing! He saw the dish flash just now!

“The spicy and sour shredded potatoes are ready.”

Bu Fang put down the cooking utensils, frowned, and wiped the water off his hands. He felt kind of awkward without the God of Cooking Sets.

“This...” The master chef’s lips were shivering as he looked at Bu Fang in disbelief.

The dish was ready to serve, and it seemed to gleam. Although it was just a simple dish of spicy and sour shredded potatoes, the aroma lingering in the air and the right amount of spiciness and sourness showed that it was not as simple as it looked.

The master chef swallowed, picked up a spoon, and scooped up a spoonful of pale golden shredded potatoes. When he looked at them carefully, he saw that every shred was identical in width and length. This was a perfect knife technique. Besides... the taste and temperature of every shred were exactly the same as well...

As soon as the spoonful of shredded potatoes entered his mouth, the master chef's pupils constricted.

"Ahhh!"

He narrowed his eyes, his face turned red, and even his sleeves were fluttering. He felt as though he was riding on a horse, galloping across a vast expanse of grassland. The wind was blowing, the horse was neighing, and potatoes were rolling beneath his feet...

When the spicy and sour taste combined with the tender potatoes, they simply made the perfect delicacy in the world! The master chef was completely intoxicated! Holding the spoon in one hand, his legs pressed tightly together, and he was trembling all over.

He had never tasted anything so delicious. Was this really something that humans could cook? Was it not God's masterpiece?! His eyes turned red as if he was about to burst into tears...

Liu Mu was struck dumb. When he looked at the master chef's reaction, he felt the latter seem to have been possessed by a ghost. 'F*ck... Do you have to be so moved? This is just spicy and sour shredded potatoes!' he screamed in his mind.

The fragrance lingering in the air filled him with disbelief. He did not believe that Bu Fang, whose cooking skills were on the same level as him, could cook such a dish!

He grabbed a porcelain spoon, scooped up a spoonful of shredded potatoes, shoved them into his mouth, and began munching them even when they were still hot.

Liu Mu munched, then munched again. Suddenly, his movements stopped, his body froze, and his eyes seemed to lose focus. He felt as though his soul had drifted away.

The dish made him remember the dishes his old grandma had cooked for him when he was small. The taste and the feeling caused a lump to come into his throat, and he could not help but cry.

How could there be such delicious spicy and sour shredded potatoes in the world?!

Looking at the reactions of the master chef and Liu Mu, Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth.

Suddenly, a rumbling sound rang out. He furrowed his brows in an instant and looked through the window at the sky. There, thunderclouds began to gather. A vast amount of spiritual energy surged in them, and an invisible force seemed to have targeted him.

Bu Fang's eyes focused. 'Lightning punishment? There's also lightning punishment when I cook on Earth?' He looked straight at the sky as if to see through the thunderclouds.

However, the thunderclouds quickly dispersed. It was as if its appearance was just to give Bu Fang a warning.

He narrowed his eyes. 'Is this a plan to stop me from cooking?'

Chapter 1592: A Customer Who Brings His Own Ingredient

While Bu Fang was watching the thundercloud, the plate of aromatic spicy and sour shredded potatoes had been finished off.

The master chef and Liu Mu took turns to scoop out spoonfuls of potatoes, enjoying the dish happily. They were intoxicated. They never thought that an ordinary dish could be so delicious and that a dish they had eaten so many times would touch them so deeply. Were the spicy and sour shredded potatoes they used to eat all fake?

When Liu Mu picked up the last slice of potato and threw it into his mouth, the plate of spicy and sour shredded potatoes was finished.

"Good... It's so good!"

Liu Mu smacked his lips and looked at Bu Fang in surprise. ‘Is this the Bu Fang whose cooking skills are on the same level as mine? Could it be that he was improving his cooking skills when hiding in his little rented room over the last few days?’ he thought to himself. ‘But... How could he have improved so much in such a short time?’

Good cooking skills came from the accumulation of learning and practice over a long time, and every world-class chef had devoted decades to one particular craft. And yet, Bu Fang had become too good!

The master chef wiped his mouth with a handkerchief. The look in his eyes was somewhat complex. Just now, he was asking Bu Fang not to slack off, but now the latter had exhibited cooking skills that put him to shame.

Was this the Bu Fang he knew? He had been thinking highly of Bu Fang because when compared with Liu Mu, Bu Fang was more passionate about cooking, but he never expected that the passion would turn into cooking skills so quickly.

“Are you starting to be enlightened? Or did you get some secret cookbooks?” the master chef smiled and said jokingly. He no longer looked at Bu Fang as a junior. With just the spicy and sour shredded potatoes, Bu Fang could already finish his apprenticeship.

“From today on, you can cook on your own...”

Bu Fang nodded and did not think too much of that. His cooking skills were already beyond the master chef’s imagination. Both his understanding of cooking and his focus were not something that the average person could comprehend.

What concerned him now was who was restricting him. He had just cooked a serving of shredded potatoes, and yet he was warned with lightning punishment.

‘Could it be that...’ Bu Fang narrowed his eyes slightly. After bidding farewell to the master chef, he left the kitchen and came to the rooftop of the old building across the street.

As he stood there with the breeze blowing at him, he looked up and stared at the vast sky. It was cloudless. The thundercloud left as fast as it had come. Down below was the busy street, and around him, tall buildings rose toward the sky. The air of a modern city was filling his lungs.

Bu Fang was in a slight trance, but he quickly recollected his composure. Narrowing his eyes, he bent his knees. A terrible force exploded out from his legs as they straightened. In the blink of an eye, he shot into the sky like a rocket, rushing into the clouds with a sonic boom.

The wind was messing his hair, but Bu Fang did not mind. He wanted to see what was restricting him. Was it the Will of the Great Path, or perhaps some mysterious beings?

He had created quite a noise, and the old building shook when he kicked it to shoot up into the sky. Many people inside thought an earthquake had struck and ran out to the street, while others cursed loudly to vent their anger.

Before long, Bu Fang had rushed into the clouds. A strong wind was blowing at him, and a heavy pressure fell on his shoulders. He had almost broken through the restriction, but he could feel that once he did that, the Earth would be destroyed. The strange feeling made him hesitate, and eventually, he gave up.

When he rushed out of the atmospheric layer, his clothes were already torn. With the momentum, he stood in the starry sky for a while and glanced around. His eyes shone brightly as he stared straight into the cosmos, looking at the distant stars and the vast expanse of space, trying to find the mysterious force...

Unfortunately, everything appeared to be peaceful and calm. Bu Fang frowned. He could not find anything unusual. Then, the pressure on him made him fall back to Earth.

His ears were filled with the whistling of the wind as he plunged like a meteor at great speed. Some satellites hovering around captured the scene, and it immediately panicked many people.

“What is that? A meteorite? But why is the meteorite shaped like a man?”

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Bu Fang landed on the ground with a boom, and wisps of white smoke could be seen rising from his body. His control of the force was perfect, as he did not cause the ground to break even though he had fallen from such a great height.

Whatever Earth's secrets might be, Bu Fang felt it was imperative that he find the Artifact Spirits and return them to the God of Cooking Sets. Only in this way could he embark on the path of becoming the perfect God of Cooking.

Another rain of spiritual energy began to fall. The icy cold rainwater patted on Bu Fang's face, freshening him. There was definitely something strange about this rain, but Bu Fang could not tell where this strangeness came from at the moment.

He returned to the rented room, changed into a new set of clothes, and went to the restaurant. It was lunch hour, but the restaurant's business was quiet as usual. It did not reflect the master chef's cooking skills.

The master chef sat in a chair, making tea and reading a book, while Liu Mu was playing with his phone in a corner. They were used to being without customers. If this were to go on, it would not take long for the restaurant to close down.

"Oh, you're back?" The master chef smiled when he saw Bu Fang. "Let's eat, then. I had thought of asking you to cook us a meal."

Liu Mu put away his phone. He was already very hungry. However, just as they were about to eat, a footstep came through the door.

Bu Fang's expression remained unchanged as he picked up some vegetables with his chopsticks, while Liu Mu went up excitedly to greet the customer at the master chef's instruction.

"Welcome! What do you like to eat? We serve dishes from all eight major cuisines... The chef in our restaurant can cook any dish!" Liu Mu said with a smile, his face beaming with energy.

The customer walked straight into the restaurant and sat down on a chair. He was wet all over, and when the rainwater evaporated, wisps of spiritual energy rose from him. There was something strange about him...

Liu Mu stopped smiling. At this moment, he thought of the rumors about people with strange power and ghosts that were going viral lately. His face grew dark slightly.

“Your chef can cook any dish?” The customer’s head was bowed as he chuckled. His voice was a little cold. Suddenly, he reached out a hand, pulled down the zipper of his vest, and took out a carp that was still twitching and spitting bubbles.

“Make a dish with this fish...”

“We... This restaurant does not accept ingredients brought by customers,” Liu Mu said with an unsightly face.

“When I ask you to cook it, you will do as I said... Don’t give me all that bullshit! If you failed to cook it well...you will all die with the fish!” the customer said, his head still bowed. As he was talking, rainwater dripped from his vest and fell on the floor, filling the air with an eerie sound.

“I... I...” Liu Mu’s head was blank. ‘What did this guy just say? If we fail to cook it well... we will all die with the fish? He must be joking, isn’t he?’

“Go now!” the man snapped, his voice seemingly capable of stunning one’s soul.

Liu Mu shuddered. With a splash, the fat carp flew into his hands. The slippery and cold touch made his face turn white with fear. He was in a dilemma now, not knowing whether he should take the fish or not.

“This fish... I’ll cook it.” The master chef put down his bowl and chopsticks and stood up, frowning. The restaurant finally had its first customer of the day, but it was one who came with his own ingredient... It seemed that the restaurant was really well on the way to closing down.

He came to Liu Mu’s side, reached out a hand, and caught the fish.

“Oh, this is a fat fish... How do you like me to cook it? Fish Head Tofu Soup?” The master chef smiled. There was a flash of surprise in his eyes as he pinched the carp. He had never seen a fish so fat, not to mention that it was still so lively after leaving the water for so long.

“You decide... Cook it well, and you’ll be rewarded. Otherwise, you will die with the fish.” The man’s head was still bowed.

Bu Fang picked up a slice of meat, ate it, then glanced at the customer.

The man seemed to sense the gaze. Slowly, he raised his head. Droplets of water fell from his wet, tangled hair. He had a pale, bloodless face, and his eyes seemed to glow with a ghostly green gleam.

Bu Fang looked at the man, then at the fat fish in the master chef's hand. At the moment, the chef was walking toward the kitchen with the fish. He was very confident in his cooking. In fact, he itched to cook the fish as soon as he saw it.

Liu Mu was a little afraid when he saw the master chef enter the kitchen, so he shrank back to Bu Fang's side. For some reason, he found that he felt safe when staying beside Bu Fang. He pulled out his smartphone, opened the browser, and started to search for something...

While he was searching, Bu Fang rose to his feet, turned, and stepped into the kitchen. He felt something strange in that fish.

"The strange event of the city of Jiangdong: The Luming Restaurant at Peace Road found all its chefs, including its master chef and apprentice chefs, dead!"

"The owner of Baiyu Restaurant at Tianxin Street is missing, while the chefs all died in a tragic yet bizarre way..."

"Bizarre events plaguing chefs? Strange fish scales were found in the restaurant where chefs died tragically..."

Liu Mu's face turned pale. As he read the news, his heart began to beat faster and faster. He knew Luming Restaurant. It was a very popular restaurant on Peace Road. He was familiar with the Baiyu Restaurant as well... Although the latter's business was not as good as the first one, it was not bad either.

However, the chefs in both restaurants were dead, and... many fish scales were found? Fish scales?

Liu Mu's lips were shivering. He suddenly felt his hands slimy and disgusting, so he quickly wiped them on his clothes. He looked up, wanting to tell Bu Fang the news. Now, only Bu Fang with his unflinching face could make him feel safe.

But Bu Fang was nowhere to be found when he raised his head. The restaurant was very quiet. The only sound was the sound of his own breathing and the sound of rainwater dripping from the customer's vest to the floor.

'Dammit... How could you leave me alone here?!' Liu Mu wanted to weep. Grabbing his phone, he was about to get up and run into the kitchen as fast as he could when a pale hand came resting on his shoulder.

Liu Mu stammered, "I..."

"Be quiet... You're very noisy."

A hoarse voice rang out. Shaking violently, Liu Mu jerked his head and looked to his side. He immediately saw a pale face, a pair of ghostly green eyes, and wet hair that tangled together, dripping with water. At this moment, the green eyes were staring at him from less than an inch away...

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In the kitchen, the master chef put the fish in a basket. He was good at cooking fish dishes. At first, he thought of making Fish Head Tofu Soup, but then he realized that the dish did not need the whole fish. Fearing that the customer would accuse him of wasting the fish, he changed his mind.

He decided to cook Boiled Fish, which was one of his best dishes.

Instead of processing the fish, he went ahead to prepare the other ingredients. From a large fridge, he took out cucumbers, bean sprouts, black fungus, and some other things. Then, he chopped them and set them aside on a plate for later use. After that, he began to prepare the Boiled Fish's soup, which was the most crucial part of the dish.

When Bu Fang walked into the kitchen, the master chef had already begun to process the fish. Holding a sharp knife in one hand, he grabbed it out of the basket to remove its scales.

Bu Fang stood at the kitchen's entrance and watched with an indifferent face.

The master chef was methodical in his movements. He scraped away the fish scales, which flew in all directions and made a faint noise as they fell to the floor. After the scales, he removed the bones, sliced the fish, and sent them into the wok for a hot oil bath.

Sizzle...

A spoonful of hot oil was poured into a stainless steel basin. The shredded cucumbers and black fungus could be vaguely seen in it, and after sprinkling in some chopped scallions, the Boiled Fish was ready to serve.

Carrying the basin, the master chef turned around and saw Bu Fang. That gave him pause.

“Hey, Bu Fang. Why are you here? I’ll bring this to the customer. Help me clean up the kitchen,” he said, smiling. After that, he walked past Bu Fang and left the kitchen.

Bu Fang turned his head and glanced at the Boiled Fish in the stainless steel basin. His eyebrow arched a little. Then, he walked up to the stove.

The floor was littered with fish scales, while fish bones scattered the stove.

Bu Fang took a deep breath, reached a hand into the basket, and... pulled out a lively fat fish. It was the same fat carp the strange customer had brought. At this moment, the fish was grinning at him.

Chapter 1593: Animals Are Not Allowed to Become Demons...

Looking at the carp that was grinning at him, Bu Fang seemed to see a clown jumping back and forth before him. There was something strange about the fish. The moment it came through the door, he already sensed the strong spiritual energy surrounding it.

Because of the excess spiritual energy, the carp had developed sentience. Clearly, it was no longer an ordinary carp. In earthly terms, it had become a demon.

Clutching the fish, Bu Fang was puzzled. If the carp was here, what was the thing the master chef had cooked just now? Could he have taken the wrong fish? He did not think so.

The carp struggled in Bu Fang's grip, twitching its body and flapping its tail, but his hand caught it tightly like a pair of pliers, so it could not break free no matter how hard it tried.

It seemed to be a little panicked. Spiritual energy flowed in it, then its body began to grow larger at a rate visible to the naked eye. Its teeth became extremely sharp, and pointy spikes emerged from its head to its tail.

In just the blink of an eye, it had transformed from a harmless fat carp to a vicious, carnivorous giant fish.

Bu Fang watched with a calm face as the carp transformed. He wondered if this was the effect of the spiritual energy. At the same time, he was shocked by the fact that an existence such as this, which could be considered as a demon, was able to cause trouble in the city.

Since even fish had mutated, it was inevitable that some humans had mutated as well. The Earth was already different from the one he remembered.

Suddenly, the carp slapped the stove with its tail, making a loud noise. The next moment, it leaped toward Bu Fang.

"Don't you know that animals are not allowed to become demons after the founding of the country?" Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth.[1]1

Looking at the approaching carp, he lifted a hand and knocked it on the head with a flick of his finger. The giant carp froze in midair instantly, shrank like a leaking balloon, and turned back into a small fish. Then, it fell onto the chopping board, flapping its tail.

"This is how a fish should look like..." Bu Fang said lightly.

He crooked his finger, and immediately, the kitchen knife placed on the rack fell into his hand, spinning. Losing its spiritual energy, the sentience of the fish on the chopping board was gone, and it looked no different from an ordinary carp.

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The master chef walked out of the kitchen with the stainless steel basin that contained the Boiled Fish. However, the scene in the restaurant took him by surprise.

Liu Mu sat with the customer, face to face. Their heads were bowed, while Liu Mu's body shook violently.

Puzzled, the master chef wanted to ask if there was something wrong, but he was stopped by the customer.

"Is the dish... ready?" the customer asked.

The master chef ignored Liu Mu for the time being and placed the basin on the center of the table. "This is Boiled Fish cooked with your carp. Give it a try..." he said, wiping his hand with a square of cloth. He was very satisfied with the dish he had cooked.

"If the dish is not cooked well... You will die with the fish," said the customer hoarsely. His voice sounded like the grinding of sand on sand, making the hair of those who heard it stand on end.

At last, the master chef felt something odd—combined with Liu Mu's behavior, his heart skipped a beat. "You..."

However, before he could finish speaking, the customer had already picked up a pair of chopsticks, stabbed them into the Boiled Fish, and begun stirring vigorously, causing oil to spill everywhere.

As the Boiled Fish's fragrance spread, the master chef's face grew paler and unsightly, for he found that the fish in the basin was... gone.

How was that possible? Was he seeing things now? He himself had personally killed the fish, removed the scales, and sliced it into small pieces. Why was the fish gone now?!

"Where is my... fish?" The customer stopped stirring. His voice was a little depressed.

The horrible voice caused the master chef to shake uncontrollably. Everything was just too bizarre, so much so that he felt a chill run down his back.

“I clearly remembered—”

“Stop giving me excuses and get ready to die with my fish...” Sneering, the customer jerked his head up and revealed his pale face, his eyes glowing with a ghostly green gleam. Then, he pinched his lower lip with two fingers and blew. A shrill whistle rang out immediately.

“You can all go to hell with my fish now...” The customer laughed wildly with an expectant look on his face.

Liu Mu and the master chef both slumped in their chairs in disbelief. What had they run into? Was this still the world they knew?

Tap, tap, tap.

Suddenly, a clear sound of footsteps rang out. The expressions of the master chef and Liu Mu changed. Even the strange customer was slightly taken aback. They all turned and looked in the direction of the kitchen, then saw a skinny figure walking slowly out.

“My fish...” The customer paused for a while, then his nose sniffed and smelled the rich aroma that was spreading through the air. It was the smell of Boiled Fish.

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen and placed the dish before the customer. “Here’s the fish you want,” he said indifferently.

The customer was struck dumb. Liu Mu and the master chef, on the other hand, were shaking. They suddenly admired Bu Fang for his bravery.

“See for yourself if this is your fish...” Bu Fang said.

The customer, pupils constricting, reached out his chopsticks and stabbed them hard into the Boiled Fish. When he pulled them out, a piece of white fish floated up. His face grew paler as he shuddered.

“My... My fish...” he murmured with a blank face. Then, the ghostly green gleam in his eyes shone even brighter. “How dare you cook my fish!”

With a roar, the customer lurched to his feet. The rainwater on him dripped even faster to the floor as if he had just been fished out from a pool.

The scene made the master chef and Liu Mu shrink to a corner in horror. However, Bu Fang's face was still as calm and indifferent as before. He had seen all kinds of storms, so a threat of this level was nothing to him. Compared to the terrifying Soul Thirteen, this customer was like a little pig waving its foot.

Sure enough. After unleashing his aura, the customer turned to run out of the restaurant.

"Did I say you can leave?" Bu Fang said lightly, standing where he was with both hands clasped behind his back.

As soon as his voice rang out, the customer paused, only to run even faster in the next instant.

Bu Fang twisted his lips. With a thought in his mind, the divine sense that was being compressed in his spirit sea spread out in an instant.

Upon feeling the divine sense, the running customer immediately fell to his knees. Although Bu Fang's divine sense could only cover an area of ten meters in circumference, he did not find it difficult to suppress this man.

Walking slowly, Bu Fang came up to the customer and looked down at him.

"You... You are a Qi cultivator..." the customer said in horror. He began to regret his decision to come here. One who played with fire would eventually get burned. He finally ran into a Qi cultivator.

'A Qi cultivator?' Bu Fang arched his brow. "Well, I think I am..." he said lightly. He was too lazy to say anything else, so he raised a hand.

He reckoned the man must have acquired some evil beast taming technique, found a carp who possessed spiritual energy, and raised it into a demon. The carp was docile, but under his control, it ate human flesh, and since then, it was no longer docile.

Beasts that had tried human flesh could not be kept anymore because they would become addicted to the taste of humans. So, Bu Fang could confirm that the man before him was not a good guy. Had he not returned to Earth, the consequences would have been disastrous.

“Mercy, Exalted Immortal! Mercy!”

The moment Bu Fang raised his hand, the man dropped on all fours and kept kowtowing. He looked frightened. The pressure Bu Fang put on him was just too much.

“Mercy? Why should I show you mercy?” Bu Fang said expressionlessly.

“I will trade my life with a secret... I... I know there’s a nine-tailed fox nearby! I know where to find it!” the man said hastily. To save himself, he revealed the secret.

“We Beastmasters have been fighting among ourselves for this nine-tailed fox. Even the state institutions are involved now. I did this to improve my strength so that I can fight with my peers... If I don’t improve my carp’s ability, I will lose the chance to fight, and I will lose the opportunity to rise in the upcoming trend...” the man said unwillingly.

To Beastmasters, a nine-tailed fox was simply a divine beast! If anyone of them could tame it, the individual would be able to stand on the peak of the world!

The customer, however, did not realize that after he had finished speaking, the pressure on him grew stronger and stronger.

Bu Fang’s face was dark and gloomy. ‘A nine-tailed fox? Could it be Foxy? She has nine tails... Is Foxy in some kind of dangerous situation? But even if her strength is suppressed, she should still be strong enough to scare these weaklings away. Did something happen to her?’

“A nine-tailed fox? If that is a real nine-tailed fox... You are just going to get yourself killed with this little carp,” Bu Fang said.

“No, no, no... Exalted Immortal, there’s something you don’t know. For some reason, the nine-tailed fox is severely wounded... so all the Beastmasters and people with power in Jiangdong are aiming for it!” the man said hurriedly.

Suddenly, he felt his body float up—he realized that he was lifted by a mighty force. That made his heart skip a beat. He was even more convinced that Bu Fang was many times stronger than him.

“Bring me there, or... die,” Bu Fang said coldly.

After going through the disaster of the Soul Demon, Bu Fang’s murderous aura had grown stronger. He had only unleashed a little bit of it, and the Beastmaster was already so scared that he almost pissed in the pants.

In a corner, Liu Mu and the master chef felt as if they were looking at a fairy tale, their eyes widening in disbelief. Was that really Bu Fang? What happened? Why did the customer scamper away as soon as he saw Bu Fang, as if he was some terrifying being?

Of course, what shocked them the most was the floating customer... It was a trick that only a deity could perform!

Bu Fang lowered the Beastmaster and asked him to lead the way. He was excited to learn news about Foxy, but if something bad happened to her, he would not spare those who hurt her.

Foxy was wounded. What about Nethery who was with her? And who on Earth could injure Foxy? Even though her cultivation base was suppressed just like him, her physical strength was not something anyone on Earth could deal with!

He thought of the spiritual energy rain, and his brows immediately furrowed.

‘Are there also powerful cultivators on Earth? And our arrival has attracted their attention? Could the prying eyes and the warning lightning punishment also be the works of these cultivators?’

Bu Fang’s frown deepened.

‘No wonder the System said that Earth is not safe. It seems the God of Cooking Sets’ Artifact Spirits are not so easy to wake up...’

Chapter 1594: You’re Under Arrest

Bu Fang left with the customer, leaving behind the horrified Liu Mu and the master chef. The two of them exchanged a glance—both of them felt that this was just a dream.

Liu Mu swallowed and thought to himself, ‘So those things I read on the Internet are real? People with strange powers... really do exist. I just saw them with my own eyes!’

His eyes lit up. Then, without hesitation, he pulled out his smartphone, went to a forum, typed what he saw and heard today into a thread, and published it.

...

The customer was a Beastmaster, which was actually a group of people with special powers, specifically the ability to communicate with animals.

Of course, there were limitations to his ability. Because he had comprehended it when he was drowning, whenever he controlled his spirit beast, his body would become all wet and dripping with water as if he was a monster who had just crawled out of a lake.

He had lost all hopes, but when the ability came to him, he thought perhaps heaven did not want him dead yet. So, he worked hard to stay alive. However, his hatred for humanity drove him to keep ordering his little carp to harm people.

This was a man with a twisted mind, and it could be seen from the occasional glint of resentment in his eyes as he led the way with a bowed head.

He had a very sensitive identity: a criminal being sought by the state agency. He knew that if he showed up this time, he would certainly attract the attention of the authorities.

In fact, he did not want to go anywhere near the nine-tailed fox so early. But he had no choice. The guy behind him was looking at him like a lofty god, giving him so much pressure that he could hardly breathe. If there was a chance, he really wanted to run away.

They took a taxi out of the city and into the suburbs. Another rain of spiritual energy began to fall, but it was a drizzle this time. The Beastmaster let the rain fall on him with a crazy and greedy look. He loved the feeling of getting wet because the spiritual energy in the rainwater improved his ability.

“The nine-tailed fox is in this mountain...” said the Beastmaster. He glanced over his shoulder at Bu Fang, and the resentment in his eyes vanished for a moment.

“In this mountain?” Bu Fang squinted at the lofty mountain. Half hidden in the shadow of the forest, a path led up the mountain, and it appeared to be dark and gloomy.

“Since you know about the nine-tailed fox, do you know the girl who accompanied her?” Bu Fang asked after thinking for a while.

The Beastmaster paused. ‘A girl? How can there be a girl accompanying the nine-tailed fox?’ To Bu Fang, he said, “No, the fox is alone. It fled into the mountain to escape the people who tried to hunt it down, and it was not accompanied by anyone...

“Also... Here’s a reminder for you. Once you step on this path, you are within the target range of all. The supernatural agency of Hua, Beastmasters, as well as some Qi cultivators of hermit families will notice you... so it will not be so easy for you to rescue this nine-tailed fox!” said the Beastmaster.

“Just lead the way.” Bu Fang glanced at him, expressionless.

The Beastmaster was helpless—he had no choice but to turn and step onto the path.

As soon as they stepped onto the path, Bu Fang felt spiritual energy gush out from the ground, which was so bright that he was forced to close his eyes.

The Beastmaster’s eyes lit up. He knew that his chance to run away had come! Taking advantage of the moment, he ran frantically to the side of the path and rushed into the woods, ignoring the thick branches. In just a flash, he was gone.

“Trying to run away from me?” Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth and patted Shrimpy on his shoulder.

Eyes rolling, Shrimpy squeaked and sped away, turning into a golden ray and vanishing in an instant. Before long, a miserable shriek could be heard coming from the woods, but it was cut off abruptly.

With a whistling sound, the golden ray shot out of the woods and landed on Bu Fang's shoulder, turning back into Shrimpy. Its body glowed dazzlingly.

Vaguely, the sound of people sucking in their breaths could be heard coming from different hiding spots. It belonged to those who were watching Bu Fang in the dark ever since he stepped onto the path.

"Someone else is coming... He seems to be a Beastmaster..."

"What is that thing? A golden mantis shrimp?"

"Do mantis shrimps also have such strong fighting prowess? What level of Beastmaster is this?"

Many people were murmuring in the dark. Bu Fang naturally knew who these people were. They should be Beastmasters or superhumans. Of course, they were superhumans not recognized by the authorities. He paid them no mind. With both hands clasped behind his back, he walked down the path.

The rugged path went up a slope. Halfway, the cement-paved passage turned into a muddy track or broken flights of stone steps. Bu Fang had no idea where Foxy was, but he knew he would find her if he kept walking up the mountain.

When he was halfway up, however, Bu Fang was stopped by someone. It was a group of men and women in khaki coats. Expressionless, they blocked his way, preventing him from going further.

"Mister, there's danger ahead. Please turn back from here," said a middle-aged man with an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips.

"What's going on up there?" Bu Fang asked with a straight face.

"Nothing special. A landslide blocked the path," the man said, then glanced suspiciously at Shrimpy. He seemed to sense something strange in Bu Fang.

“A landslide?” That gave Bu Fang pause, but he just twitched his lips. He knew that was only an excuse. “I thought there is a nine-tailed fox up there?”

“Oh? How did you know about the nine-tailed fox? Are you a... Beastmaster?” The middle-aged man froze. “Impossible. I know all the Beastmasters in Jiangdong, and you are not one of them. Who are you? Are you a Beastmaster from another city?”

The look in the middle-aged man’s eyes grew serious. He wondered if the news about the nine-tailed fox had spread so far? If the Beastmasters from other cities or even other provinces were here, he feared that he and his men from the Jiangdong branch might not be able to keep them in check, not to mention the fact that many other superhumans were watching in the dark.

Bu Fang shook his head and did not explain. “Let me through.”

“No, we can’t let you go up there. Please leave here, mister,” the man said seriously. Then, he pulled out an ID from his pocket and showed it to Bu Fang, hoping that it would convince the latter to leave.

The man had already prepared to take Bu Fang down, but to his surprise, Bu Fang stepped back after glancing at his ID and walked away slowly.

‘Ha, this lousy ID is quite useful sometimes.’

“Chief Luo! There are more and more spiritual energy points... The numbers of superhumans and Beastmasters on this Hidden Tiger Mountain are now... over one hundred!” a young and pretty girl said to the middle-aged man. She was wearing a set of headphones and holding a laptop.

The face of the middle-aged man who the girl called Chief Luo grew serious. “Xiao Ai, do you see that man? Can you help me find out the size of his spiritual energy point? I want to know what class he is,” he said, watching with a frown as Bu Fang left.

The girl nodded. After determining Bu Fang’s location, she began to search on the computer. “Eh? Chief... there is no spiritual energy point on that man. He is likely an ordinary man.”

‘An ordinary man? No, he is not an ordinary man...’ Chief Luo thought to himself. “How’s the situation of the nine-tailed fox? Is the Beast-binding Rope working?” he asked.

‘The Beast-binding Rope is a weapon we created based on the immortal artifact in ancient mythology, which has a great suppression effect on the spirit beasts born from the revival of spiritual energy... Although this nine-tailed fox is an S-class spirit beast, the rope has successfully reduced its spiritual energy level to A-class,’ said Xiao Ai as her fingers danced over the keyboard.

“Very good. Keep it that way... When the nine-tailed fox’s spiritual energy level is reduced to B-class, we will strike at once and capture it!

“We must act fast. The appearance of the S-class nine-tailed fox has attracted too much attention. The Beastmasters from other cities, even the superhumans from other countries are eyeing it now... I’ve requested reinforcement from the HQ, but we need to solve this problem by ourselves and do it as quickly as possible. We can’t give our enemies any chance!”

Upon hearing his words, the team members hiding in the dark all nodded in agreement.

Suddenly, Chief Luo frowned. He saw that the young man who had left had come back once again. ‘Xiao Ai didn’t detect any spiritual energy in this young man... Could he really be an ordinary man? But how could an ordinary man know about the nine-tailed fox? Or is he just a curious Internet user who got the rumors from somewhere?’

“Excuse me... If I may ask, what do you plan to do after capturing the nine-tailed fox?” Bu Fang looked at Chief Luo with an expressionless face.

“It will be brought to our HQ and kept in captivity. A nine-tailed fox is a very dangerous creature... For the safety of the public, this is the only way.” For some reason he did not know, Chief Luo explained his plan to the young man.

“I see.” Bu Fang nodded. Then, he put his hands behind him, turned, and left.

Xiao Ai thought Bu Fang might be mentally ill.

Suddenly, Bu Fang turned around once again and walked up to them...

Chief Luo and Xiao Ai were both speechless.

“Mister, please leave at once. Otherwise, we will have no choice but to put you under arrest!” Xiao Ai cried out in a cold voice, her brows furrowing.

As soon as her voice rang out, a few men in coats slowly approached them from a distance.

“Well... After careful consideration, I feel that the nine-tailed fox is my little fox who has been separated from me, so... I can't let you take her away. She is used to the food I cooked, and I don't think she will like the food you prepare for her...” Bu Fang said seriously. Shrimpy, perching on his shoulder, also nodded in agreement.

Chief Luo and Xiao Ai twitched the corners of their mouths, staring at Bu Fang as if they were looking at an idiot.

‘What a liar... The nine-tailed fox is yours? Why don't you tell us you are a god?!’ Xiao Ai thought.

“Mister, you are making trouble out of nothing, which is beyond our tolerance and seriously hinders our work. We will put you under arrest for now, and we will let you go once our job is done here,” said Chief Luo.

“Xiao Ai, lift your hand.”

“Ah?” That gave the girl pause, but she eventually raised her hand. With a clicking sound, a cold handcuff was clipped on her wrist, which linked to another one that was clipped on Bu Fang's slim, fair arm.

“You're a technician, so you don't have to be involved in the actual capturing operation. Watch over this guy for the time being...” Chief Luo cleared his throat. Then, he turned and walked away, ignoring Xiao Ai's blazing eyes.

Bu Fang raised his hand and looked at the handcuff, which appeared to be as weak as if it was made of paper. The corner of his mouth twitched.

“You better behave yourself! Let me warn you, I'm a C-class superhuman! So don't you harbor any ill intention! I'm very strong!” Xiao Ai could not reject the order, so she said that to Bu Fang with a fierce attitude.

...

A few moments later...

“Aye, Shrimpy is so cute! I never knew a mantis shrimp can be so adorable!”

Xiao Ai, sitting to the side with a handcuff on her wrist, was playing happily with Shrimpy. As for Bu Fang, he also sat on the ground, but his face was expressionless, and he did not move at all.

The girl kept talking as she was playing with Shrimpy, but no matter what she said, Bu Fang did not even bat an eye. Suddenly, Bu Fang furrowed his brows and turned to look at the mountaintop.

At this moment, a series of whistling sounds rang out, and countless figures could be seen moving fast through the surrounding woods.

In the distance, Chief Luo rose to his feet abruptly. “At last, they could wait no longer! All team members, follow me up the mountain!” His eyes turned sharp in an instant. Then, with a rumbling sound, his hair burst into flames—he seemed to have turned into a burning man.

The surrounding team members also unleashed their superpowers, then they all began rushing up the mountain after Chief Luo.

“Xiao Ai, stay where you are and keep an eye on the guy!”

Chief Luo’s voice came drifting over from a distance, instantly freezing the girl, who had already opened up her laptop excitedly and was about to stand up and join the team.

“Hey... Do you know a Beastmaster who keeps a little carp?” Bu Fang glanced at Xiao Ai and asked.

“Ah? A Beastmaster who keeps a carp? Let me see...” Xiao Ai paused for a moment, then began to search in her laptop. “Found him... You must be referring to Zhang He, who is a wanted B-class Beastmaster. Why? Do you have any intelligence about him? A B-class Beastmaster is a very terrifying existence...”

“Hmm... So his name is Zhang He. Well... When I was on my way here, I accidentally killed him. Does this count as intelligence?” Bu Fang said, twitching the corner of his mouth.

Xiao Ai was stunned.

Chapter 1595: The Smell of Meatballs

Bu Fang was not too worried about Foxy. Even if she was significantly weakened, she would still be far too strong for those superhumans. After all, she was already a God, and what she ate every day were dishes prepared by him, a God Emperor.

Her flesh had evolved to a level that was far beyond that of an ordinary spirit beast, making her one of the top beings in the universe. Even if she laid on the ground and let those superhumans attack, she would be fine. At most, she would lose a few strands of hair.

It was the same for Bu Fang. His flesh was so formidable now that it was many times stronger than that of an ancient deity. Even if he was struck by a nuclear bomb, he was likely to be unscathed.

Xiao Ai was somewhat speechless. Bu Fang's indifferent words left her a little overwhelmed. Zhang He, who kept a carp, was a B-class Beastmaster, an existence as fearsome as a B-class superhuman.

In today's Earth where spiritual energy had increased dramatically, he belonged to a group of very powerful people. However, Bu Fang claimed that he had killed the Beastmaster in such a casual manner...

“You must be kidding me!” Xiao Ai forced a smile. At this moment, the harmless-looking Bu Fang seemed to have turned into a demon in her eyes. She glanced at him and his expressionless face, then at the handcuff on her wrist. For a moment, she wished she could strangle Chief Luo to death.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched slightly, then he reached out a hand. His fingers were long and fair like that of a pianist. With a click, he broke the handcuff with a twist, as easily as if he was tearing a sheet of paper.

The smile on Xiao Ai's face froze. “You... You behave yourself! I'm a C-class superhuman! You... Don't you think about doing bad things!” She was so scared that she wanted to cry. Her lips were trembling, and she could hardly hold the laptop in her hands.

Bu Fang was too lazy to waste his breath with her, so he lifted a hand and pointed a finger at her forehead. With a buzzing sound, an invisible wave rippled out, and she immediately slumped to the ground with her head bowed, losing her consciousness.

With hands clasped behind his back, Bu Fang started toward the top of the mountain. From the woods around him, he kept hearing the sound of things moving at high speed. Clearly, many people were rushing toward the mountaintop as well. He narrowed his eyes and continued at a casual pace—he was not in a hurry.

Looking at the twisting path that led up the mountain before him, Bu Fang was a little confused. He had no idea if this was real or just an illusion. Or was it his mental demon?

If all these were real, where was the Chaotic Universe of which Earth belonged? He was sure that it was not the same universe where the Xiayi Divine Dynasty was located. In that case, which Chaotic Universe did Earth belong to? He frowned and decided not to think further for the time being.

Bu Fang walked on, and before long, he reached the top of the mountain. Shrimpy, who had been slouching on his shoulder, suddenly perked up and kept squeaking. He gave its head a rub and said, “Have you sensed Foxy? Call her for me,” he said.

Eyes lighting up, Shrimpy turned into a golden ray, shot up into the sky, and hovered in midair. Then, an invisible sound wave began to emit from its body and spread out in all directions.

In the woods, birds flapped their wings and other animals bolted out of their nests, filling the air with a sudden clamor. The next moment, a roar exploded out from the mountaintop, then a white figure emerged and sped between the trees.

“There it is! The nine-tailed fox!”

“Good heavens! It’s a real nine-tailed fox! A legendary spirit beast!”

“I want to tame it! I want to be its master!”

The surrounding Beastmasters who had been watching the nine-tailed fox all went crazy, and they began to run frantically toward Foxy.

Meanwhile, Chief Luo and his men perked up as well. Each of them was holding a silver gun. Firearms were known to be the best weapons to deal with Beastmasters because their flesh was weak—a bullet could easily end their lives.

What made Beastmasters strong was their ability to tame spirit beasts who had mutated because of the revival of spiritual energy. Controlling spirit beasts to fight was their strength.

Superhumans, on the other hand, were people with peculiar powers that strengthened their bodies and gave them stronger strength, so they were not afraid of firearms.

Chief Luo was an existence feared by Beastmasters. He was a superhuman, and together with his firearms, he was like a nightmarish existence to them. However, they would never give up on catching the nine-tailed fox even with his presence.

Clutching a gun, Chief Luo's head was blazing as he stared excitedly at the nine-tailed fox in the distance. The fox's nine tails were twitching from side to side, its hair as white as snow and glowing beautifully in the night.

“So beautiful... It's hard for anyone to desecrate such an amazing creature. It's a pity that it was born in the wrong era,” Chief Luo said with mixed emotions. Then, he turned to his men and said with a frown, “Alright, let's move out! The nine-tailed fox's spiritual energy has reduced to A-class. We'll have the greatest success rate if we act now!”

At his order, the men behind him began to move. A few superhumans rushed into the woods with silver guns in hand, covering themselves with trees while approaching Foxy.

With a humming sound, a superhuman walked out from behind a tree—his body turned completely transparent. At the same time, another superhuman transformed into a puddle of water and slowly crept toward Foxy.

“Haha! Do you really think you can capture the nine-tailed fox alone? The State Supernatural Agency is too ambitious!”

A whistle rang out. The next moment, a wolf with green eyes bolted out of the woods, charging toward the nine-tailed fox. As it ran, it grew larger and larger, and its hair turned hard and pointy

like steel needles. Its huge paws kept pounding on the ground, kicking up clouds of dust as it shot toward at great speed.

“Dammit!” Chief Luo cursed, raised his hand, and waved it. A fireball immediately flew toward the wolf. With a rumble, it burst apart, disappearing into the air. “Attack!” he thundered.

At his voice, the hidden superhumans all showed themselves and leaped toward Foxy. However, none of them was as fast as the wolf. Before they could approach, it was already closing in on Foxy!

“Dammit! This is Liu Changhe, an A-class Beastmaster! How dare he show himself here!” Chief Luo’s face became very unsightly.

He had a feeling that the mission was going to fail. If he let Liu Changhe tame the nine-tailed fox, it was very likely that the Beastmaster would grow into an S-class existence and become a big problem for the State Supernatural Agency!

Under the cover of darkness, a figure watched excitedly as the wolf charged toward the nine-tailed fox. He knew that once he tamed the fox, his ability would be improved again, and soon the world would have another S-class Beastmaster!

Suddenly, the man’s face froze. The wolf had closed in on the fox and was opening its mouth when the latter raised a paw and smashed it with a casual swat. A popping sound rang out as if a balloon had burst, and the wolf exploded into pieces in just the blink of an eye.

Chief Luo and the surrounding superhumans froze, while Liu Changhe appeared dumbstruck.

The wolf’s huge body fell to the ground with a crash. Blood puddled under it, and the pungent smell of blood filled the air.

Everyone was stunned, while the superhumans getting ready to approach felt chills run through them. Didn’t someone say that the strength of this nine-tailed fox had been suppressed by the Beast-binding Rope to A-class? If that was the case, how did it manage to kill an A-class wolf with just one swat of its paw?

Chief Luo sucked in a cold breath. “Retreat! Retreat at once!” The nine-tailed fox could now be listed as an extremely dangerous spirit beast. He knew that that swat was impossible without S-class power.

The nine-tailed fox rolled its eyes and opened its mouth as if it was yawning. The next moment, it dashed off, its nine tails swaying in the air as it vanished from where it was.

“Chief... Shall we chase after it?” A few men looked at their chief, hesitating.

The flames on Chief Luo’s head were gone. Gritting his teeth, he said, “Yes! We can’t let the fox fall into others’ hands, especially those from other countries!”

The next moment, a group of men ran in the direction where the nine-tailed fox had disappeared.

Foxy dashed through the woods at high speed, gleaming like snow. Her nose was twitching as if she had smelled something. Following the scent, she kept running. Suddenly, she saw flashes of light in the woods around her and heard a rapid popping sound.

Bullets were being fired at her. They came at great speed, but when they were about to pierce her, they bounced away and fell to the ground. Foxy glanced around and stopped abruptly.

In the distance, superhumans in black anti-exposure suits emerged from the woods, each holding a strange weapon. Their leaders whispered to each other in a foreign language. The next moment, one of them waved his hand, signaling others to strike.

At this moment, Chief Luo arrived. When he saw the group of strangers, his expression changed dramatically. “It’s a foreign supernatural organization! Dammit! Why hasn’t the reinforcement from headquarters arrived yet?!” He was nervous.

Foxy cocked her head and squinted at the superhumans in anti-exposure suits, who were slowly closing in on her. A vast amount of energy began to rapidly converge in her mouth, and a delicious aroma gradually spread out of it.

Everyone’s expressions became somewhat odd.

“What’s that aroma? Why does it smell so good?”

“It smells like meatballs... Who is eating meatballs in the middle of nowhere?”

“Can meatballs smell so delicious? Where can I get them?”

The surrounding people looked at each other. They had not yet realized that the aroma came from the fox’s mouth.

Just when Foxy was getting ready to shoot out explosive meatballs, a clear sound of footsteps rang out. That gave the superhumans present pause, and they all squinted at the figure who stepped between them and the fox.

It was a skinny young man with close-cropped hair and a blank face. Step by step, he walked toward the nine-tailed fox.

“Eh? Who is this? Is he a Beastmaster?”

“I don’t think so. I know all the Beastmasters in Jiangdong, but I never met this guy before!”

“I don’t know him... Could he be a Beastmaster from another province? Or is he a Beastmaster from Sakura?”

Many people were frowning and muttering. The superhumans in anti-exposure suits stopped where they were. They were determined to capture the nine-tailed fox.

However, the faces of Chief Luo and all the team members behind him became very strange.

“This... Isn’t he the guy we met just now?!”

“I thought Chief had cuffed him with Xiao Ai?”

“Xiao Ai said that he doesn’t have any spiritual energy and should be an ordinary man... Since when did an ordinary man become so bold?!”

The team members whispered to each other, while Chief Luo's face grew more and more unsightly as he watched Bu Fang walk step by step toward the nine-tailed fox, who was an S-class spirit beast.

"Don't go any closer! Quick, turn around and leave!" Chief Luo shouted.

However, even as his voice rang out, the foreign superhumans in the distance sneered and pulled their triggers.

A rapid popping sound filled the air as a volley of bullets shot toward the nine-tailed fox as well as the young man. If there was no miracle, the young man would be riddled with bloody holes in a flash and... die!

Chief Luo's face darkened. The team members behind him and the Beastmasters hiding in the woods were angry as well. They could not believe that these foreign superhumans were so unruly and had even brought weapons into their country!

The corners of Bu Fang's lips curled upward slightly, while Shrimpy stood up on his shoulder, waving its legs excitedly. When Foxy saw him, her eyes softened instantly. Bowing her head, she came up to Bu Fang, rubbed her head on his cheek, then stuck out her tongue and licked his face. She looked quite docile.

Meanwhile, shrill whistling sounds rang out around them as bullets arced through the air and rapidly closed in on them.

Just when everyone thought Bu Fang was going to die, the bullets suddenly stopped and froze in midair just one inch away from him...

Chapter 1596: I'm Sorry, I Just Zoned Out

The bullets froze in midair as if they were fixed with glue. The sight of them floating there was amazing yet unsettling. At the very least, all the people present stared with wide eyes and dropped jaws.

They were first surprised by the nine-tailed fox's friendly attitude toward the young man, then shocked by the floating bullets. None of them knew a trick that could freeze bullets.

“Is he... an S-class superhuman? A psychic-type superhuman?”

The corner of Chief Luo’s mouth was twitching. ‘I knew it. This guy is really a superhuman... He sure is good at disguising! Also, why is the nine-tailed fox so friendly with him?’

Suddenly, he thought of the words Bu Fang had said, that the nine-tailed fox was his and used to eat the food he cooked...

Chief Luo shuddered at the thought. ‘Could it be that... he really owns this nine-tailed fox? When did Hua have such a great Beastmaster? And why did he come to Jiangdong?’

Bu Fang gave Foxy’s head a gentle rub, then put her in his arms. Around her neck was a metal collar with little red dots flashing, which should be the so-called Beast-binding Rope. Frowning, he reached out a hand, ripped the collar, and threw it on the ground like some rubbish.

Chief Luo was dumbstruck. That was the Beast-binding Rope researched and developed by the State Supernatural Agency, a device that even an S-class spirit beast could not break free from. Why was it ripped off like a piece of paper?

The bullets were still floating in midair, and the foreign superhumans were beginning to lose their patience. Unconvinced, they opened fire again, and this time, a sniper hiding somewhere far away aimed at Bu Fang’s head and pulled his trigger.

In the territory of Hua, they were looters, and once they captured the nine-tailed fox, they would withdraw immediately. Therefore, they showed no mercy at all. They would kill anyone who stood in their way.

However, just when those bullets were about one inch away from Bu Fang, they stopped once again. Now, he was surrounded by countless bullets. It was a scary sight, and anyone who saw it would feel a chill run down his back.

“Have you played enough?” Bu Fang said coldly. Then, he raised a hand, crooked a finger, and flicked a bullet with it. The next moment, all the bullets turned around and...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The bullets shot back faster than they came, filling the air with a rapid whistling sound that made the scalps of those who heard it go numb. However, the foreign superhumans showed no fear at all—they were wearing the latest anti-exposure suits, which were bulletproof.

Suddenly, a foreign superhuman in the suit collapsed, then two more fell. Soon, the other foreigners all plunged from the treetops and smashed onto the ground, no longer breathing. Their superhuman flesh and anti-exposure suits they were so proud of did not provide them with much resistance.

“Come... Let’s go back,” Bu Fang said softly, rubbing Foxy’s head. After that, he started toward the foot of the mountain. He was here to bring Foxy home, and he was too lazy to get involved in other affairs. What concerned him now was how to find the sleeping Artifact Spirits. He did not have a clue right now, so his temper was not very good.

The surrounding people were silent and dared not to breathe too loudly. What kind of existence was this? With just a flick of a finger... he had killed all the people from the foreign supernatural organization, among who were A-class superhumans?!

‘Who exactly is this young man? Could he be a... Qi cultivator?’ Chief Luo felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave, and he dared not to move. He wanted to stop Bu Fang, but when he saw the dead bodies of the foreign superhumans in the distance, he gave up the idea. He could only watch as the young man left with the nine-tailed fox.

“Chief, what should we do now?”

“The mission has failed...”

His men all looked at him with unsightly faces. Taking a deep breath, he said, “Let’s regroup and return to the HQ...” The strength of the young man was unfathomable, and they would be fools to try to fight him.

The surrounding Beastmasters were no fools as well, but their desire for the nine-tailed fox was too strong. So they all followed after Bu Fang.

After leaving the mountain, Bu Fang continued walking at a steady pace. Stroking Foxy’s soft fur, he frowned and asked, “Do you know where Nethery is?”

Foxy looked up and shook her head.

Bu Fang was not surprised that the little fox had no idea of Nethery's whereabouts. It seemed that he might have more trouble finding Nethery. Foxy was, after all, a spirit beast, so she made a bigger target.

The vague auras following him from behind were very obvious in his divine sense. Bu Fang liked that not a bit, so he thought he needed to teach those people a lesson. With Foxy in his arms, he stopped in place. That startled those Beastmasters hiding in the dark. Then, he exhaled softly, looked up, and said lightly, "Scram."

"Scram..."

"Scram... scam... scam..."

As his voice left his mouth, it grew louder and louder until it sounded like the clap of thunder, shaking the whole mountain and exploding in every ear. At the same time, a terrifying divine sense pressure fell from the sky.

The faces of all the Beastmasters changed. Every one of them coughed up blood, fell to the ground, and could no longer move as if their whole bodies were filled with lead. They felt as though they had gone to hell and back. The aura was just too horrible.

Without hesitation, these Beastmasters jumped to their feet and scurried away like mice. They did not dare to stay long, for fear that Bu Fang might kill them. They had seen with their own eyes how Bu Fang murdered those foreign superhumans—they could not believe such a terrifying Qi cultivator existed in Jiangdong!

It was only when Bu Fang had sensed all the auras disappeared and heard no more noises that he walked at a steady pace toward his rented apartment. Meanwhile, Foxy and Shrimpy were playing on his shoulder.

As he walked, a thought suddenly struck him, and he sank his mind into the spirit sea. He hovered over the spirit sea, and the God of Cooking Sets were all floating in there as well. Then, he went up to the enormous Qilin, who was sleeping at the moment.

It was the Qilin who told him about the Artifact Spirits' whereabouts, so he thought it was only right to come and ask him for further information.

"Qilin, the sleeping place of the Artifact Spirits is on Earth... But where exactly are they?" Bu Fang asked, frowning. His voice resounded through the air, but the Qilin showed no sign of waking up. "Is the revival of Earth's spiritual energy related to the slumber of the Artifact Spirits?" he asked again.

Suddenly, the Qilin opened his huge eyes, fixing them at Bu Fang.

"Why don't you guess..." said the Qilin.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched.

"Aha, ha, ha, ha... For the sake of Little Host's cuteness, I'll reveal some insider information... The Artifact Spirits are sleeping in different corners in this world, and if you wish to find these corners, you will need keys... But you will need to find the keys yourself..."

"Let me tell you one more thing... These keys are related to the revival of spiritual energy," added the Qilin. After that, he did not seem to want to say any more. Before Bu Fang could ask further, he fell back into a deep sleep. Soon, he was snoring so loud that the whole spirit sea was shaking.

Bu Fang twisted his lips and glanced disdainfully at the Qilin. With a thought, he left the spirit sea. 'I need to find the keys that are related to the revival of spiritual energy...'

He pondered as he walked. Soon, he was back in the city. The sky was gray, and again it rained. Large drops of rain fell from the sky, pattering against the ground and splashing everywhere. Wisps of spiritual energy evaporated from them and rose back into the air.

'The keys are related to the revival of spiritual energy...' Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. He thought he should find out the root cause of the revival of spiritual energy, and if he wished to know the answer, he had to find professionals.

He stood on the side of the street, his shirt wet with the rainwater. Suddenly, an umbrella appeared over him. It was an oiled paper umbrella.

“Hmm?” That gave Bu Fang pause. He turned around and glanced at the person at his side. It was a gentle young man in an ancient style garment.

“It’s raining, and it’s not good to be wet,” the young man said gently.

“Oh,” Bu Fang replied, his face expressionless.

Then, the young man’s eyes turned and rested on Foxy, who was curled up in Bu Fang’s arms. “What a cute little fox. A nine-tailed fox is a rare species... I wonder if mister... wants to sell it?” he said.

He held out a finger to tease Foxy, but the little fox snorted and looked away.

“No, I’m not selling her,” Bu Fang said.

Foxy’s morale shot up instantly. She turned back, opened her mouth, and bit the young man’s finger.

The young man’s face froze, and he quickly shook his hand and pulled it back. When he looked at the finger, he saw a row of teeth marks on it.

“This little fox is... quite naughty.

“I’m Yu Ge from Penglai... and I wish to buy this nine-tailed fox from you. A nine-tailed fox is a rare spiritual being. Have you ever heard of the story about an innocent man who got into trouble because of his wealth?” said the young man, rubbing his hands.

“Penglai? The Immortal Island of Penglai?” Bu Fang arched his brows. The name made him recall a legendary immortal place. In the country of Hua on Earth, the legend of immortals had been passing down since ancient times. Did those immortals really exist?

“So... Are you an immortal?” Bu Fang asked as he looked at Yu Ge.

Yu Ge smiled enigmatically. Clearly, Bu Fang was scared by the name he had mentioned. “Immortals naturally exist... So, are you going to give this nine-tailed fox to me now?” he said, chuckling.

“You are so shameless... Didn’t you say you want to buy from me? Why should I give her to you?”
Bu Fang said expressionlessly.

Yu Ge was taken aback, then he said lightly, “In that case... I won’t be polite with you anymore.”

He was a proud Qi cultivator, and he had rushed here as soon as he learned about the nine-tailed fox. He was already losing his patience after talking with Bu Fang for so long—he thought the latter was the same as those stupid superhumans... He was a Qi cultivator, and when he cultivated to advanced levels, he would become one of the legendary immortals. Therefore, he was very proud of himself.

“Freeze!”

Pupils constricting, Yu Ge held out a finger and pointed it at Bu Fang. A strange spiritual energy wave seemed to spread across the void.

Bu Fang stood where he was with Foxy in his arms.

“I don’t understand. I tried to reason with you, and yet you still want me to use force. Since the revival of spiritual energy, common people nowadays have become more stubborn... I can’t believe you dare to talk back to me, an Immortal...”

Yu Ge shook his head. He and Bu Fang were not the same kind of people. He was an existence who was destined to become an Immortal. In his opinion, the nine-tailed fox was a spiritual beast that was supposed to belong to Immortals, and it should not be tainted by a mortal.

Holding the umbrella with one hand, he reached out another hand to grab Foxy out of Bu Fang’s arms. What he used just now was the Freeze Incantation, an immortal spell of Penglai. Even a superhuman could not resist it.

Looking at the unmoving Bu Fang, he smiled faintly and held out a finger, pointing toward Foxy’s nose.

Suddenly, Foxy, who seemed to be frozen, opened her mouth and bit Yu Ge’s finger again, leaving another row of bite marks.

It was Yu Ge's turn to become frozen.

Bu Fang cleared his throat, then turned to look at Yu Ge and said lightly, "I'm sorry. I just zoned out. What did you say?"

Chapter 1597: Capture a Qi Cultivator Alive

"I'm sorry. I just zoned out..."

'What did he say? Zoned out? Zoned out my as*!'

Yu Ge felt his world view had been refreshed. He could not believe that the young man before him was not affected by his Freeze Incantation. 'This is a Penglai Immortal Spell! How could he not be affected?!'

Even an S-class superhuman would be controlled by the Freeze Incantation for at least thirty seconds. However, the young man before him was unaffected at all.

The pain from the fox's bite on Yu Ge's finger seemed less pronounced now. He stared with wide eyes at Bu Fang—his graceful air of an immortal seemed to have faded a lot.

Foxy loosened her mouth, turned to the side, and spat out her tongue with a disgusted look. Bu Fang gave her head a gentle rub and looked indifferently at the man.

'A Qi cultivator from Penglai?' he thought to himself. He was really zoned out just now. His return to Earth this time had not only found the revival of spiritual energy, but also all sorts of strange events, which filled him with doubts and confusion.

The revival of spiritual energy had produced superhumans. This was a little strange. However... What about those Qi cultivators? Unlike superhumans, Qi cultivators were supposed to be associated with mystical immortals in ancient times.

There were a lot of myths in Hua, including the Buddha in the West, the celestial court, and demons... Bu Fang wanted to look for the sleeping Artifact Spirits, and he had an intuition that the places where they slept must have something to do with these immortals.

Therefore, the way he looked at Yu Ge became gentler.

The rain was still falling. Holding the oiled paper umbrella, Yu Ge took a few steps back, causing the water filled with spiritual energy to splash with every step. Rainwater kept falling from the edge of the umbrella, forming a curtain of droplets that obscured one's gaze.

"Who are you?" He narrowed his eyes. The fact that the Freeze Incantation was ineffective against Bu Fang had thrown him into confusion. All of his original plans were messed up. 'No wonder he could tame the nine-tailed fox. There is definitely a big secret in this young man... Is he a Qi cultivator from some sect?' he thought.

"Well, I have a question for you..." Bu Fang said after thinking for a moment, and then he took a step forward.

Yu Ge was already on his guard—he did not dare to let Bu Fang approach him. His eyes shone brightly in an instant as he murmured something under his breath and waved his hand. The next moment, a white beam shot out of his finger and sped toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang made no effort to dodge. Instead, he raised a hand, caught the white beam, and crushed it with a squeeze of his palm in a very casual manner.

Yu Ge was stunned. He was a Qi cultivator, and his strength was equivalent to that of an S-class superhuman. However, when standing before this young man, he felt as if he were a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

He had not had this feeling for many years. After cultivating in the Immortal Island of Penglai for years, he thought he was successful in his cultivation, but as soon as he came to the city, he ran into a tough opponent.

"Stop that now... I'm just going to ask you a question." Bu Fang's brows furrowed slightly.

This Yu Ge's attacks proved to be more advanced than those superhumans and Beastmasters. The white beam he unleashed just now could be considered as an energy beam. It contained a rich

amount of spiritual energy, which was a means that compressed spiritual energy to physical form and turned it into an attack.

‘Perhaps this is the so-called immortal means,’ Bu Fang thought to himself. He took another step forward, still holding Foxy in his arms.

Like a bird frightened by the bowstring, Yu Ge kicked the ground and darted backward. The oiled paper umbrella had been thrown aside by him. His sleeves were already soaked through by rain, and yet they still fluttered lightly.

As he moved back, he put his forefinger and middle finger together to form what looked like the tip of a sword. A warm sword light immediately emerged, wheeling around him and whistling loudly.

“Penglai Sword Finger...”

Yu Ge’s eyes were very serious as if he were facing the enemy of his life. He had to bring the nine-tailed fox back no matter what, so his clash with Bu Fang was inevitable. On top of that, he held a strong contempt for those who were strong but pretending to be weak!

With a whistle, the sword light pierced through the air and shot toward Bu Fang. It was very fast, almost surpassing the speed of sound. However, when it was one inch away from him, it was pinched by his fingers.

Bu Fang had only exerted a little force, and the sword light instantly broke with a crisp snapping sound. Just like that, a fine steel sword had broken into two halves and fell to the ground...

The atmosphere was frozen for a moment. Yu Ge stared blankly at Bu Fang, his eyes wide as he screamed inwardly, ‘My Penglai Sword Finger is a real immortal skill, and yet... it was broken so easily? This guy must be a skillful Qi cultivator as well!’

Terrified, he slapped his hip. A purple gourd flew out in an instant, hovering in midair and spinning rapidly. Then, with a thought in his mind, the gourd’s mouth popped open, and countless sword lights came pouring out of it, enveloping Bu Fang in a flash.

What happened here had already terrified many people. They could not believe what they saw. Were those flying sword lights a... special effect? No, those were two immortals fighting each other! People began to gather around, took out their smartphones, and kept taking pictures.

Yu Ge could care less about these people now. The sword lights kept falling, hacking the ground and sending dirt flying in all directions. This was his Sword Gourd, a magic treasure specially used to subdue demons and devils. He was forced by Bu Fang to unleash it.

If he could not suppress Bu Fang today and failed to bring the nine-tailed fox back, his reputation would be completely destroyed. Staring at the countless sword lights, Yu Ge's eyes shone dazzlingly. He believed that... Bu Fang could never resist his sword lights!

Suddenly, Yu Ge froze. He found that his sword lights kept disappearing as if they were devoured by something. The next moment, a figure emerged...

Foxy's mouth was wide open as she kept inhaling. When the last sword light entered her mouth, she burped, then found a good spot in Bu Fang's arms and curled up comfortably.

The corner of Yu Ge's mouth twitched. 'How did all my sword lights get eaten? And why is that guy not hurt at all?!

Bu Fang's face was indifferent. He had just wanted to ask a question, and now it seemed that he had no choice but to resort to force. The Sword Gourd was spinning rapidly in midair. Bu Fang flicked his finger. The air popped and turned into a bullet, which shot toward the gourd, hit it, and broke it into pieces in an instant.

'Dammit...' Yu Ge was struck dumb. After taking a look at Bu Fang, who was holding the fox and had a mantis shrimp on his shoulder, he turned to flee without hesitation.

He finally realized the gap between him and Bu Fang after hitting walls several times in a row. This inconspicuous young man was a... mighty god! He wanted to flee and return to the Immortal Island of Penglai! However, as soon as he turned around, a terrible pressure pressed down on him, causing him to stumble and fall to the ground.

'The terrible will that filled the air... Is it f*cking... divine sense?!' With a terrified look in his eyes, Yu Ge opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but...

Bu Fang walked up to Yu Ge. He chose to deal with this Qi cultivator, who had an overwhelming desire to survive, in a simple yet violent way. With a rumble, he knocked the guy unconscious and took him away. He would ask the question when the cultivator woke up.

The farce was over. The people around flushed with excitement. As they watched Bu Fang leave, they took out their smartphones to upload the pictures they had captured to the Internet. However, they were stunned to find that all the pictures in their phones had been erased.

...

Yu Ge woke up—he felt something licking his face. He opened his eyes and saw a simple apartment. ‘Where am I? What am I doing? What happened?’ After asking himself these questions, he recalled that he was not a captive.

The air was filled with a rich fragrance. When he smelled it, Yu Ge found that his stomach began to rumble. ‘How is this possible? As a Qi cultivator, I’ve already gotten used to fasting...’ He had not eaten any food for years, and yet he felt hungry now. ‘But it smells really delicious...’ A complicated look came over his face.

He turned around and saw that the little fox was licking his face. The nine-tailed fox was a supreme-grade spirit beast, and his master had asked him to bring it back. Now it looked like he might fail to complete the task.

“You’re awake?”

Bu Fang glanced at Yu Ge. With a shake of his hand, he tossed the dish in the wok up into the air, which glowed beautifully and emanated a rich aura that spread through the air.

Bu Fang had cooked it with the food ingredients in the System’s storage space. As his divine sense was suppressed, he could not go to the Heaven and Earth Farmland, but he could still take out the things in the System’s storage space.

It was a simple bowl of dragon-blood egg-fried rice. A tantalizing aroma wafted out of it, making the mouths of those who smelled it water.

Bu Fang filled a small bowl and placed it on the table. “If you’re awake, come over here and eat this. I’ve questions to ask you after you are full. Stop struggling. You can’t even defeat my mantis shrimp... You’re too weak.”

Yu Ge felt insulted, yet he didn't say a word. He was a Qi cultivator from the Immortal Island of Penglai, and he was very strong! Even though he was not as strong as the immortals in those ancient myths, he was not too weak either!

Still, under Bu Fang's gaze, he got up, came up to the dining table with his weak legs, and took a deep breath. "This smells so good..." His stomach rumbled again as he fixed his eyes on the simple egg-fried rice in the small bowl. The blood-colored rice and the golden egg gleamed beautifully.

At some point, Foxy had already darted up the table and began to enjoy the fried rice. As for Shrimpy, it perched on Bu Fang's shoulder, spitting bubbles.

Impatiently, Yu Ge grabbed a spoon, scooped out a spoonful of egg-fried rice, and shoved it into his mouth. The bursting fragrance and the delicious taste that almost caused his tongue to tie up intoxicated him instantly. All that was left in his eyes now was the bowl of fried rice. He had never tasted such delicious rice.

After finishing the first spoon of rice, he ate the second spoon, then the third... Suddenly, his pupils constricted. 'There are only three spoonfuls of egg-fried rice in this bowl? Did he do this on purpose? He must be! He is too evil!'

Bu Fang ate his egg-fried rice at a steady pace, ignoring Yu Ge's reactions and resentful eyes.

"I never thought there would be a day when I, Yu Ge, would be conquered by a bowl of egg-fried rice... But can you give me a few more spoonfuls?" Yu Ge leaned back in a chair and stared resentfully at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance. "Sure, but you have to answer my questions first..."

Yu Ge flipped his hair, looked at Bu Fang, and said, "Tell me your questions, and I will answer them... for the sake of the egg-fried rice."

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. "The revival of spiritual energy on Earth... What exactly is going on?" he said lightly.

Upon hearing the question, Yu Ge, who looked relaxed, stiffened in an instant.

Chapter 1598: Is That Young Man Really a Chef?

Bu Fang's question was quite astonishing. He wanted to know the cause of the spiritual energy revival.

Yu Ge did not expect that question. Leaning back in his chair, he glanced at Bu Fang. He thought he saw a grim look on that expressionless face, which sent a shudder through him.

'Could this strange young man have discovered something?' he thought to himself.

"The revival of spiritual energy..." Yu Ge cleared his throat before continuing, "It means the spiritual energy has recovered. The spiritual energy that comes from nowhere has caused mutation to the living beings on Earth..." he said with a dry smile. It was a general explanation that explained nothing.

Bu Fang stared indifferently at him, making his scalp go numb. Shrimpy's eyes were rolling, and its shell glinted coldly like sharp blades, sending a chill down his back. Foxy was baring her teeth, but since she had a cute appearance, the way she showed her teeth made her look even more adorable.

"Don't beat around the bush... Earth's spiritual energy revival is not a natural event; it is man-made. Anyone with eyes can tell this, so you don't have to hide it from me," Bu Fang said.

His words sent a shock of cold through Yu Ge. 'Dammit it! How did he find out? How could this guy possibly know this? The revival of spiritual energy is the work of immortals, and no ordinary man has any clues about it. How did he know this secret?'

"There is nothing special about the revival of spiritual energy... It is not as complicated as you thought. In fact, this is a celebration for all the living beings on Earth," Yu Ge said with a smile. He tried to calm himself down.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted as he found that he was lifted from the chair. The young man was still sitting on the chair and staring at him with a pair of emotionless eyes. However, a furry ring had wound around his neck. It was the fox's tail, which had forcibly lifted him from the chair.

Lying on the table, one of Foxy's nine tails had grown long and large and coiled around Yu Ge's neck. The adorable, harmless nine-tailed fox had transformed into a peerless savage monster in just a flash.

“Now tell me the truth... you have only three seconds,” Bu Fang said.

Now that he managed to find a Qi cultivator, Bu Fang had to get some useful information out of the guy. He could clearly sense that the spiritual energy in this cultivator was the same as that in the rainwater.

Yu Ge struggled, patted Foxy’s tail, then fell and slumped onto the chair, breathing rapidly. A wave of sadness welled up from deep within him.

Back at Penglai, he was a genius Qi cultivator, but when he came to the mortal world, he was being tortured by this young man. He could not help but feel sad for his ill fate.

“I’ll tell you... Supposedly, with your strength, you should have known the secret,” Yu Ge cleared his throat, glancing at the expressionless Bu Fang. “The revival of spiritual energy is actually a wild celebration organized by Earth’s cultivators... Or, to be more specific, it is co-organized by the Qi cultivators of Hua and the Chosen Ones of the West!”

Yu Ge’s expression grew odder when he saw that Bu Fang was still unmoved. ‘His strength is considered not weak, so he should have known about this secret. This is a global event. Mortals might not have any clues about it, but how could a cultivator like him be so clueless?’ he thought to himself.

‘Could he be a rogue cultivator? An elderly senior who had cultivated in seclusion somewhere for who knows how many years? Hmm... This is very likely. The fact that he owns the nine-tailed fox and keeps a golden mantis shrimp as a pet... He must be an elderly senior who has just come out of seclusion. Heck, he might even be an elderly senior from the ancient times...’

At the thought of that, Yu Ge’s expression became solemn.

“A wild celebration?” Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. Making no further comment, he signaled Yu Ge to continue.

Yu Ge cleared his throat again, then said, “The celebration is not organized without purpose. It is a rehearsal for the true revival of spiritual energy!” His eyes narrowed slightly, and he seemed to turn a little fervent.

“The true revival of spiritual energy?” Bu Fang frowned.

“That’s right... The revival of spiritual energy now is just an illusion. It is caused by the rainfalls that originated from the spiritual energy the high-level cultivators had compressed in the atmospheric layer. It is fake. The true revival of spiritual energy comes from inside the Earth. Its magnitude will be much larger than this, and the result it will cause will be more intense!

“You know why? Because the immortal seniors of cultivators had discovered that... Earth’s spiritual energy is, in fact, extracted and sealed in four different places on Earth. Now, the cultivators had found the locations. As long as we venture deep into those secret realms, open up the arrays or barriers that seal the spiritual energy, Earth’s spiritual energy will be truly revived!”

Yu Ge talked feverishly, and the more he said, the more excited he became. On the other hand, Bu Fang’s pupils constricted. The first thing he thought of after hearing that was the sleeping places of the Artifact Spirits. The four places where spiritual energy was sealed described by Yu Ge were too similar to the sleeping places of the four Artifact Spirits.

“Where are the four places?” Bu Fang asked, frowning.

“Ugh...” Yu Ge, talking with fervor a moment ago, froze in an instant, and his face flushed a little. “The four locations... I don’t know where they are. I really don’t know. I’m just a little Qi cultivator, how can I know such a secret?” he said embarrassingly.

“Qi cultivators are also divided into levels... When we cultivate to the advanced realm, we can even become Immortals. You know about Immortals, don’t you? Those Immortals in myths...don’t you think they’re fake. They are real!

“For example, the Patriarch of the Immortal Island of Penglai where I come from is a real Immortal. As an omnipotent existence, he can even fly in the sky and travel through earth... In fact, he can kill you with a pinch of his fingers should you meet each other,” Yu Ge added.

Bu Fang gave him a sideways glance. “Immortals...” he murmured under his breath.

“Immortals... All I ever wanted is to become one. But it is too difficult to become an Immortal, especially in the era when Earth’s spiritual energy has depleted. If it were in ancient times, becoming Immortals is relatively easy...

“Immortals is a general term. Actually, they can be divided into Earth Immortals, Human Immortals, Heaven Immortals... And above that are Divine Gold Immortals, Immortal Kings...”

A look of longing passed over Yu Ge’s face. His words, however, gave Bu Fang pause.

‘There are actually so many levels among Immortals? But why can’t I sense anything on Earth? The so-called Immortals shouldn’t be so quiet. Also... Who are those who suppressed my divine sense?’

“Immortals don’t stay on Earth,” said Yu Ge as if he could read the question from Bu Fang’s face. “Earth’s spiritual energy has been exhausted and no longer suitable for Immortals to cultivate. They are now living in Earth’s secret realms. According to my Patriarch, those secret realms should be other planets in the universe.

“There are only a few Immortals staying on Earth now.” After saying that, Yu Ge fell silent. His face was a little dark, as he realized that he had said too much. He did not know why—perhaps he was convinced by Bu Fang’s aura.

Bu Fang pondered for a while. Suddenly, he rose to his feet. He decided not to think so much for now. As for those Divine Gold Immortals and Immortal Kings, he was too lazy to pay them any mind. All he wanted now was to find the sleeping Artifact Spirits.

Suddenly, Yu Ge felt his shoulder sink, then he found that Bu Fang’s hand had rested on it. “Senior... What do you want?” The corner of his mouth twitched. He wondered if Bu Fang was going to kill him since he had told him everything.

“You really don’t know where those four places are?” Bu Fang looked at Yu Ge. The next moment, his divine sense poured forth, and a mighty pressure fell abruptly.

Yu Ge’s face darkened. Sure enough, this black-hearted senior was going to kill him! “No, no, no... I have a little clue!” he said hastily. The killing intent that almost took a physical form sent a shock of cold through his soul. He did not dare to hide anything.

“Tell me,” Bu Fang’s voice was cold.

“Ahem, ahem... Do you know the ‘World God of Cookery Tournament’ that’s been going viral lately?”

“God of Cookery Tournament?” Bu Fang paused. He did not understand what this had to do with a chef competition.

“Let me tell you... This tournament is actually organized by cultivators. The powers behind it include the Qi cultivators of Hua, the Chosen Ones of the West, and the believers of gods from some small countries.

“Think about it. Why would there be so many powers of the cultivator world involved in a cooking competition? Because the first spiritual energy sealing point is related to chefs...” Yu Ge said.

‘Related to chefs?’ Bu Fang narrowed his eyes, and the corners of his mouth curled upward slightly. It appeared that his guess was correct. Those spiritual energy sealing points were indeed the sleeping places of the Artifact Spirits!

“The top three chefs of the God of Cookery Tournament will be chosen by those cultivators and will be brought to the spiritual energy sealing points. They will then know where those places are...” Yu Ge said. He curled up his lips and felt so proud of his quick wit.

“Very good. Sign me up for the competition,” Bu Fang said. ‘A cooking competition?’ he thought, twitching the corner of his mouth. ‘My cooking skills can easily crush all the chefs on Earth...’

Yu Ge felt a headache at once. ‘He’s not a senior but a spoiled child waiting to be served by others... If you want to participate in the competition, go and sign up yourself! I’m a Qi cultivator, not a chef...’

However, when he glanced over his shoulder, he saw Foxy’s nine tails sway from side to side, and the golden mantis shrimp was staring at him with gleaming eyes.

“Senior... The competition has already begun, but if you wish to sign up...there is another way. You can go to the State Supernatural Agency...”

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. “The State Supernatural Agency...”

...

In a secret base located in the suburb of Jiangdong...

Chief Luo sank back into his chair, a little tired. His mind was in a mess right now.

‘The nine-tailed fox is taken away by that young man... Judging by his strength, he should be a Qi cultivator, and not an ordinary one at that since he could freeze bullets... Could he be an Earth Qi cultivator?’

Qi cultivators were divided into four levels: Heaven, Earth, Black, and Yellow. An Earth Qi cultivator was equivalent to an S-class superhuman. As for Heaven Qi cultivators, they were comparable to real Immortals.

‘Since when did Qi cultivators of that level begin to show up on Earth? Is this a good thing or a bad thing?’

Chief Luo was very tired. In front of him were many monitors, each of which was flashing with text, as well as some photos and other information.

Wearing glasses, Xiao Ai walked over from outside with bloodshot eyes. “Chief... I’ve found that fellow’s information!” she said. When she mentioned that fellow, she was gritting her teeth. She could not believe that the guy had knocked her unconscious!

Chief Luo straightened up and looked at the monitor. The next moment, photos, text, and other information appeared before him. The man in the photos was Bu Fang, and the text was his background.

“An apprentice chef?!” he cried out, wondering if the information was accurate. How could that almighty expert comparable to a Heaven Qi cultivator be an apprentice chef?

“Xiao Ai... Are you sure the information is correct?” Chief Luo asked as he went through the information.

Xiao Ai, standing behind him, did not answer. That puzzled him. Suddenly, a slender, fair palm rested on his shoulder. Looking at it, his pupils constricted in an instant. He turned around, only to see Bu Fang’s expressionless face. As for Xiao Ai, she was held by a young man in a Hanfu¹, and she seemed to be completely frozen.

“You... What do you want?! This is the State Supernatural Agency! You better behave yourself!” Chief Luo said hurriedly.

Bu Fang glanced at his information on the monitor. It was correct, but unfortunately, that was all in the past.

“Don’t be afraid. I’m here for only one thing...” Bu Fang pulled over a leather chair, sat down, and looked at the chief. “Do you know the World God of Cookery Tournament?” He paused for a while, then went on, “I want to join the competition... You should be able to get me in, right?”

Chief Luo froze. ‘What does he mean?’ He glanced at the job title on the monitor, then turned to look at Bu Fang, who asked him to get him into the tournament...

‘This mighty Qi cultivator... is really a f*cking chef?!’

Chapter 1599: The World God of Cookery Tournament

The World God of Cookery Tournament was held on a huge cruise ship. Named the Jewel, the nearly one hundred thousand tons ship moored in Hua’s largest port like a behemoth.

It was a very famous cruise ship in the world, and because the competition was really important, the organizer had chosen it as the venue. Another reason was that the competition involved a lot of powers with deep backgrounds.

The quay was thronged with people coming and going. In front of the boarding ladder, men in fine suits were checking passengers’ boarding documents.

In addition to teams of chefs, there were also some business tycoons and people of status boarding the cruise ship. Some of them were there for sightseeing, while others were there for delicious food.

The World God of Cookery Tournament had already become a worldwide event that kept making headlines lately. The main reason was that it brought together some of the world’s most famous chefs.

The chef who won the first place in the competition would get a prize of one hundred million dollars as well as a mysterious gift. That was why it had attracted all the famous chefs in the world and had become the largest cooking competition in history.

People of all colors were crowded on the boarding ladder, while participants from various countries had already boarded the ship. Among them were chefs from Western countries, as well as from Hua and many smaller countries. Their purpose of taking part in the competition was not only for fame but also for the high prize money.

...

“Gentlemen and lady, please hold on. I need you to show me your boarding papers.”

An Asian man in a suit, wearing an in-ear headphone and a black pistol on his hip, stopped a group of people in strange costumes. They were two young men, one in Hanfu and the other with a fox and a mantis shrimp on his shoulder, and a girl with a laptop computer.

The combination was so unusual that the security officer could not help but notice them from a distance.

Xiao Ai was somewhat speechless. She could not understand why she had been sent on board this cruise ship with Bu Fang and the strange man to participate in a cooking competition that she had never heard of.

As a girl who wanted to become a top superhuman, how could she waste her time participating in a cooking competition? However, she did not dare disobey Chief Luo’s order, so she had to bring them both here.

She was wearing a denim jumpsuit. From her front pocket, she pulled out three IDs and handed them to the security officer.

The security officer took them suspiciously. After glancing at Bu Fang, Yu Ge, and Xiao Ai, he finally nodded. “You may board the ship now. But, Sir, you can’t take your... pet on board,” he said with a frown, looking at Foxy on Bu Fang’s shoulder.

“Huh? Why?” Bu Fang asked with an expressionless face.

“We don’t know if your... pet fox has been vaccinated, so please leave it with us for the time being,” the officer said.

“Then why is that dog allowed to board the ship?” Bu Fang pointed to a golden dog held in the arms of a rich lady in a mink coat in the distance.

“That’s a pet dog...” the security officer replied, somewhat helplessly.

“This is my pet fox,” said Bu Fang. Foxy stuck out her tongue and made a cute face.

Xiao Ai rolled her eyes. ‘Pet, my as*! That’s a nine-tailed fox, a highly dangerous spirit beast equivalent to an S-class superhuman!’

Just as the officer was somewhat at a loss of what to do, Yu Ge was getting impatient. ‘Senior is really easygoing. I can’t believe he can talk to this mortal for so long.’ The next moment, he raised his hand and uttered the word ‘freeze’ under his breath.

Suddenly, the security officer’s body was completely frozen. Raising his head, Yu Ge took the lead and stepped into the cruise ship, while the others followed closely behind. In his opinion, they, the cultivators, could do whatever they wanted.

“Good heavens! This cruise ship...”

After boarding the ship, Xiao Ai turned on her computer. It began to beep while the screen displayed countless spiritual energy points. She let out a shocked cry at the sight of that.

She could not believe there were so many superhumans and cultivators on this cruise ship. On the contrary, the two guys beside her, Bu Fang and the strange youth, showed no spiritual energy dots on the screen.

‘I thought a cooking competition is going to be held on this cruise ship? Why are there so many superhumans here?!’

Her alarmed cry drew the attention of many people. In the distance, holding a glass of wine, a beautiful woman in a bright red dress looked over, her red lips slightly pursed. Many people were shifting their gazes to Xiao Ai as well.

As a member of Hua's State Supernatural Agency, Xiao Ai was destined to be the focus of many people's attention. However, her strength did not make these people feel that she was a threat. After all, she was only a C-class superhuman. In their eyes, someone of that caliber was just a weakling.

As for the two men standing next to her, they did not attract any attention because no one could feel their spiritual energy.

Xiao Ai covered her mouth with one hand as she realized that she was being noticed by many superhumans, who were from the West, Sakura, and some other countries. She knew that she needed to be cautious in every word and action she took here.

"Heavens... This... Is this really just a cooking competition? Why does it bring together so many superhumans?" Xiao Ai asked Bu Fang and Yu Ge in a low voice.

No wonder the State Supernatural Agency had a spot in this competition. With so many superhumans on this cruise ship, they had to be here no matter what.

"Your chief didn't tell you?" Yu Ge gave the somewhat nerdy girl a strange look.

Xiao Ai shook her head stupidly.

"What a poor child." He made a tsk-ing sound with a haughty look on his face. After that, he said nothing else.

...

Weighing nearly one hundred thousand tons, the cruise ship was a monster on the sea. After all the passengers were on board, it finally started its engines. With a piercing whistle blaring through the clouds, this beast of the sea slowly sailed away from the port and glided into the vast ocean.

The interior of the cruise ship was more than twenty stories high. Bu Fang and his companions walked through it and arrived at the area where they would wait for the competition to begin.

The competition had attracted many world-class chefs. In addition to them, there were also some ordinary chefs participating, who were attracted by the high prize money. However, these ordinary chefs had also gone through numerous cooking competitions before they were qualified to board this ship.

Every chef's face was full of confidence and a look of eagerness to fight. All of them wanted to win first place, for the champion would not only be able to make international fame, but also receive one hundred million dollars of prize money as well as a mysterious gift.

The participants included not only individuals but also teams. In fact, very few of the participants came alone—most of them were teams. Compared to individuals, well-coordinated teams could cook in a more organized manner.

Bu Fang and his companions sat in a corner. The waiting area was gorgeously decorated. Neon lights were constantly flashing, while lively music was lingering in the air. Men in suits and ladies in gowns were dancing on the dance floor, while all kinds of wine and food were being served on tables around the floor.

Yu Ge was gone to find something good to drink and eat. Xiao Ai sat beside Bu Fang and never took her eyes off him—Chief Luo had given her the task of keeping an eye on him.

Bu Fang did not do anything unusual. He just sat in the chair, quietly waiting for the competition to start. Just now, he had spread his divine sense and scanned the entire floor. He found that among the participants, there were not many superhumans and Qi cultivators. He did find a few, but they were not chefs.

The participating chefs were all ordinary people, but they had superhumans mixed in their teams. It seemed that this World God of Cookery Tournament was not that simple.

“Good day, beautiful lady. May I have the honor to invite you for a dance?”

As Xiao Ai was working on her computer, a gentle voice rang out. A handsome man in a fine suit, with blond hair and blue eyes, came in front of her, held out his hand gracefully, looked at her with a smile. He asked in fluent Mandarin.

Xiao Ai paused, and when she looked up and saw the young man's handsome face, she blushed.

“Go ahead,” Bu Fang said lazily.

The blond youth nodded to Bu Fang with a smile. Bu Fang’s face was expressionless as he closed his eyes, while Xiao Ai, blushing and bewildered, was led away by the youth.

Suddenly, a clear sound of footsteps rang out, and a sultry scent of perfume spread through the air. A woman in a bright red dress came up to Bu Fang, her hips moving from side to side as she walked. Her long skirt parted from her thighs, revealing her attractive fair skin, and with every step she took, her ample bosom bounced, attracting the eyes of many people.

“Hey, handsome boy, will you dance with me?” the woman stood before Bu Fang and said in a soft and charming voice. Her Mandarin was not fluent, but she spoke with confidence.

However, after she had finished speaking, Bu Fang still sat there and did not move. The expression on her face froze slightly. Glancing at the little fox and the mantis shrimp on his shoulder, a strange light flashed in her eyes.

Just as she curled her red lips and was about to make another invitation again, Bu Fang opened his eyes. “What did you say?” he asked, his face expressionless.

“May I ask you... for a dance?” the woman said in a seductive tone. There seemed to be a pink gleam in her eyes, and she kept blinking.

Bu Fang was with Xiao Ai, who was a member of Hua’s State Supernatural Agency. As a superhuman from Sakura, the woman had to come to pry out some intelligence. Not long ago, all the superhumans from Sakura were ordered to do their best to assist their chefs in winning this cooking competition. So, she needed to be prepared for everything.

She had great faith in her charming powers—she knew that this young man before her would soon listen to her and tell her everything he knew.

“What’s wrong with your eyes? Got sand in them? Why do you keep blinking?” Bu Fang asked.

The woman was taken aback.

‘How could this man be unaffected by my charming powers?’

“Sir...” She wanted to say something, but she suddenly noticed that Bu Fang’s eyes had become very deep. She felt as if she was facing a chaotic starry sky, and she was drawn into it. Soon, her cheeks turned red, and her legs clenched together uncontrollably.

She was vaguely aware that she was talking, but she could not remember what she had said. By the time she finally came to her senses, she was already in the distance, and the young man had long since disappeared.

The woman was dumbfounded. ‘What just happened? What did I say? Why do I feel so tired and weak?!’

...

“Sakura? How dare a small country like this covet the Artifact Spirits...” The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth curled slightly. With him here, even an Immortal King could not touch any of the Artifact Spirits.

In the distance, the host was already announcing the start of the God of Cookery Tournament. Yu Ge came back with a satisfied look on his face and a piece of cake in his hand. Xiao Ai had returned as well. Her face was flushed, and she looked drunk.

Bu Fang thought the competition would be a fun one. It had been a long time since he had encountered Earth’s food. He was suddenly interested in the competition.

...

On the twentieth floor of the luxury cruise ship...

The whole floor was filled with stoves, which looked quite visually appealing. One after another, chefs in neat chef’s robes and their teams marched between the stoves and took their assigned places.

These chefs came from all over the world, including Hua, Western countries, and some other small countries. However, they all had one obvious characteristic: they all wore neat chef’s robes.

Bu Fang stood in front of his stove and looked down at the denim jacket he was wearing. It was an outfit he had casually taken out of his rented apartment. Xiao Ai, standing beside him, was wearing a denim jumpsuit, while Yu Ge wore a flowing Hanfu.

Amid a crowd of chefs dressed in neat white robes, their outfits made them look slightly peculiar. And because of that, they attracted many indifferent and disdainful glances.

“I can’t believe people like these also came to take part in this competition... Money really moves people. The prize of one hundred million dollars has attracted all kinds of strange people here!”

With the crisp sound of a gong, the World God of Cookery Tournament officially began!

Chapter 1600: The Instant Noodles at the Competition

“Are these people really chefs?”

The other chefs, all dressed in neat chef’s robes, glanced incredulously and disdainfully at Bu Fang and his companions. Every one of them was very serious about such a formal occasion, and they would do everything to show their best side. They would never dress in such an unconventional manner like this.

“You think this is a cosplay competition?! One guy is wearing a Hanfu, the other a denim jacket, and the girl in a jumpsuit... Are you guys here to be funny?”

Many chefs scoffed at the attire of Bu Fang’s team. Chef’s robes were a symbol of their status, and in formal competitions like this, they needed to dress well to compete so that they could be seen as reliable chefs.

The host was a handsome Western man with blond hair and blue eyes. Judging from his exceptionally handsome face, he should be a man of mixed blood. In this era, people of mixed-blood were especially popular. Even in Hua, people with blood mixed between northerners and southerners were very popular as well.

Holding a microphone in his hand, the host stood on the stage explaining the rules of the competition. He spoke fluent Mandarin. When he had finished, a beautiful hostess repeated what he said in perfect English. This was to make sure that everyone understood the rules.

They said a lot of things, but mostly they were introducing the judges.

The judges were divided into two groups. The first group was made up of five main judges, while the second group was a panel of three hundred common people. These common people were not chefs, but business tycoons and people of distinguished status from all over the world. They made an extraordinary panel.

As for the five main judges, their identities were unusual as well. They were all people of great prestige in the food industry, including two women and three men, one of whom was a monk.

The first of the two women was a fat lady. Dressed in expensive jewelry and wearing thick lipstick, she looked like an upstart, but her true identity was a world-class food connoisseur with a notoriously sharp tongue. It was said that dozens of chefs had cried after being scolded by her.

The second woman was very beautiful, and her body was very hot. She had blond hair but a gentle Asian face, and her overall appearance was so perfect and balanced that it was simply a masterpiece of heaven. She was also a food critic, a judge who all major events in the food industry would invite. Her words were sharp, and every time she made a comment or critique, she hit the nail on the head.

As for the three male judges, they were all famous veterans in the food industry, especially the monk. Although he was a monk, he was a very well-known gourmet in Hua. Besides, he was good at cooking vegetarian dishes. Many dignitaries fought for a taste of his craft.

However, even though he was a monk, he was not a vegetarian, and drinking wine was his favorite hobby. Therefore, people called him ‘the master of meat and wine.’

Bu Fang glanced at the judges and slightly curled the corners of his mouth upward. Of the five judges, three were not mere mortals. He found it a bit interesting. Also, many of the three hundred judges exuded faint spiritual energy.

Yu Ge was nonchalant. As a Qi cultivator, he did not care what others think about him. As for Xiao Ai, she was still blushing as she was still immersed in the charm of that beautiful blond boy.

“Well, those are our judges. The World God of Cookery Tournament has invited the world’s most famous judges, so there is no doubt that this will be a strict and cruel event. It will surely go down in history! After all, the winner will get a hundred million dollars! If heaven could give me a chance to start all over again, I would give up my career as a host and become a chef instead!”

The host’s repartee immediately spiced up the atmosphere.

“Now... The theme of the first round of the competition is... noodles! Noodles is a common food around the world, and we hope that chefs from all over the world can bring the best noodles to us!

“The cooking time is one hour. The ingredients are prepared for you. Please, chefs, wield your kitchen knives and ladles to bring us a wonderful competition!”

As the host shouted at the top of his lungs, the atmosphere was completely boiling. The next moment, many stoves began to spew out dazzling flames, while the air rang with the sound of chefs preparing their ingredients.

...

“Noodles? Senior... What kind of noodles are you going to make?”

Yu Ge had great confidence in Bu Fang’s cooking. He had tried Bu Fang’s dragon blood egg-fried rice, and just three spoonfuls of it had completely captured his heart and made him give up fasting.

Xiao Ai was not as confident as he was. From what she had gathered, she knew that Bu Fang was nothing more than an apprentice chef.

In her opinion, the participation of an apprentice chef in a world competition was no different from a joke. Every chef here was a world-class chef, all working in five-star hotels. As an apprentice chef, what ability does Bu Fang have to compete with them?

‘Do you think this is a movie? The story of a mediocre chef who defeats countless famous chefs and then wins the cooking competition? Wake up, young man!’

She really did not have much confidence in Bu Fang. She admitted that he was very strong, but strength and cooking skills were two different things. Even a god might cook dark cuisine that made people vomit, so she did not have any hope for him at all.

She felt that Bu Fang must have some other purpose for participating in this competition, and all she had to do was find out this purpose and inform Chief Luo.

‘Noodles? So the theme is noodles...’ Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. In all his years running restaurants in the other world, he rarely cooked noodles. He had once introduced a Rampage Ramen that had received great popularity. However, he had no intention of cooking that dish in this competition.

He opened the cabinet under the stove. It had a lot of ingredients in it. He saw fine flour, fresh noodles, and even a large packet of... instant noodles.

‘Hmm? Instant noodles?’ The corner of Bu Fang’s mouth twitched a little. ‘Why would the organizer prepare instant noodles?’ He suddenly remembered that he had once cooked instant noodles in the Xiayi Divine Dynasty. That bowl of instant noodles was known as the Soul Demon’s nemesis.

“Huh? There are actually instant noodles here? Are you the organizer’s son? Is this specially prepared for you?”

Xiao Ai also saw the instant noodles, and she was surprised. Instant noodles were a blessing to people who could not cook. She did not expect to see it in a world competition such as this. “This truly is a world competition. The organizers are really well prepared!”

However, she did not think Bu Fang would take the instant noodles out to cook. If he really did that, it would be faster for him to just withdraw from the competition.

Suddenly, Xiao Ai’s eyes widened as she saw Bu Fang take the instant noodles out of the cabinet. He also took out an egg. “You... Are you really going to cook instant noodles?” She looked at him as if he were a fool. ‘He truly is an apprentice chef. How could he choose to cook instant noodles in a major competition? He’s going to lose for sure!’

Bu Fang gave her a sideways glance and said nothing. As for Yu Ge, he was quiet because his heart had been captured by Bu Fang.

With a ripping sound, Bu Fang tore open the packet and took out the instant noodles. Many people heard the sound, and they turned to look at him.

“Where did that idiot come from? He’s cooking instant noodles at the World God of Cookery Tournament?”

Many judges were speechless. They could not believe that someone was cooking instant noodles in an international event such as this. Even the host had taken notice of Bu Fang. After all, it was hard for Bu Fang not to attract attention when he took out a packet of instant noodles among so many famous chefs.

“Ugh... Haha! What a surprise! Someone in the competition is really quite naughty... He’s really going to cook instant noodles! How delicious can his instant noodles be? Let’s wait and see!”

The host was being polite, but many judges were already scoffing. They had decided that when the instant noodles were served before them, they would not try it, and if they did, they would start a live stream of them eating shit!

The five main judges simply ignored Bu Fang. As people of high status, they would never eat instant noodles!

Xiao Ai stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes. She wanted to find out if there was anything special about him. Since he dared to cook instant noodles, he must be very confident in himself. Could he have some secret weapon? But she was soon disappointed.

‘Is cooking instant noodles in the water a secret weapon?’ Xiao Ai twitched the corner of her mouth.

Yu Ge’s confidence in Bu Fang began to waver now. ‘Could it be that the egg-fried rice I tasted is just a very simple dish? And I found it tasty because I’ve been fasting for too long? If not, why is he cooking the instant noodles in the most traditional method?!’

One after another, squares of instant noodles were added to boiling water. Soon, they softened and spread out. Bu Fang added the seasonings before scooping them out. His swift and skillful movements made him look like a veteran in cooking instant noodles!

The other chefs were doing their best to show off their cooking skills. Their noodles were distinctive in their own way. There were sliced noodles, saucy noodles, noodles with bean paste, ramen from Hua, and also spaghetti and handmade noodles from the West.

Plumes of hot steam rose from pots of boiling broth, while the air in the entire twentieth floor was filled with an intoxicating fragrance.

With steady movements, Bu Fang ladled the instant noodles out of the pot and placed them into small bowls. In total, he prepared about a dozen bowls of noodles. As for fried eggs, he only made five.

At this moment, the other chefs had finished cooking, and they brought their noodles over to the judges.

These noodles were the results of their teams' effort. Even though it was only a bowl of noodles, many things needed to be considered when cooking it. After all, they had many competitors. So, before cooking the noodles, they needed to consider the competitors' strength, as well as how they were going to present their trump cards...

One by one, bowls of noodles were brought up to the stage. The host was explaining with his glib tongue, while the five main judges and the panel of three hundred judges began to taste the food.

...

"Bu Fang's secret instant noodles are ready to serve." After placing the last fried egg in a blue-and-white porcelain bowl, Bu Fang finished his cooking and breathed a sigh of relief.

"I can't believe it took you so long to cook instant noodles. You'd better don't bring these instant noodles up there... You'll just make others laugh at you... Really, this is my advice for you as someone who had a similar experience," Xiao Ai said, looking at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. "I need you and Yu Ge to help me bring the noodles there," he said.

Xiao Ai was speechless. 'You can just make yourself a laughingstock... Why do you have to involve me? Can't you see that handsome blond boy is watching me? If I go on stage, my reputation

will go down in a drain!’ However, she had no other choice, so she just carried the bowls of noodles and, together with Yu Ge, followed after Bu Fang.

The noodles were covered by fried eggs, so no one could see them. Bu Fang brought his instant noodles and walked toward the judges. As he stepped up the stage, the main judges and the panel of three hundred judges all laughed.

“Oh, I’m dying of laughter... I can’t believe someone really brings us instant noodles!”

“I admire the courage of this participant!”

“Instant noodles... If this thing can make him go to the next round, I’ll eat plain rice with garlic for a whole month!”

The panel of three hundred judges roared with laughter, but Bu Fang’s expression remained unchanged. Xiao Ai, on the other hand, bowed her head so low that her chin was almost touching her breasts...

The five main judges looked coldly at Bu Fang—they would not be courteous to a participant who dared to serve them instant noodles. Without even tasting his noodles, they had decided to disqualify him! If they ate even just a spoonful of the instant noodles, they would not consider themselves food judges for the rest of their lives!