

Gourmet 221

Chapter 221: There Are Countless People Seeking Treasures From Me, Who Do You Think You Are

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen, stretched his body, and dried his hands. Then, he pulled out a chair to rest for a bit.

Having stayed in the kitchen all morning, he had finally finished making the dishes that his customers had ordered. It was certainly nice to steal a moment of leisure from the rush of business and take a catnap.

Mu Lingfeng sat afar, drinking his fish soup while observing Bu Fang emerging from the kitchen. He had been to the store for many days now, and this Owner Bu gave him the impression of maintaining his composure even before an erupting volcano.

However, Bu Fang's cooking skills were superb, and could easily be considered top-rate among the gourmet delicacies he had tried himself.

If it weren't for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree sitting in this store, Mu Lingfeng would love to come here often for a small meal or a drink. What a pity... as the saying goes, the precious stone may land its possessor in jail. To possess a treasure as prized as the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree meant this store was destined to meet a tragic end.

He knew that, not after long, this store would be wiped out in a split moment.

"That fellow Sheng Mu is bringing Elder Xia to the store. What a shame..." Mu Lingfeng took a sip of the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine and emitted a light sigh.

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A group of burly men trod the streets of the Imperial City, and finally arrived at the tranquil alleyway.

"Is it here?" As Elder Xia flicked a glance at Sheng Mu, the muscles on his ferocious face quivered as he inquired.

"Yes, that store is located in this plain, unremarkable small alleyway." Sheng Mu stroked the head of the black cheetah on which he rode and chuckled lightly.

Elder Xia instantly knitted his brows, a with sneer smearing over his lips, "It is in an awfully remote area. Could the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree really rest in such a cornered little store?"

However, he didn't say much more and led his crew right into the small alleyway. It did not matter whether this store was located in a remote area or in the small corner of an alleyway, as his sole target was the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree. As for the store... it was not among his primary concerns... For all that matters, he could simply wipe it out if it got into his way.

Standing before the entrance of the store, Elder Xia twisted his neck. All the muscles in his body begun to shake and throb, as a stirring dragon.

Sheng Mu squinted his eyes, hopped off from the back of the cheetah, and turned his head to face Elder Xia. "Elder Xia, are we going in or not?"

"Come on, let's check out that Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree first? Is it really as you've described... to be honest, I still don't believe your words. How could gems like the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree appear in this random corner of an alleyway." Xia Da twitched his mouth.

Sheng Mu was taken back and wasn't sure how to respond. However, he quickly laughed it off and led the crew into the store.

Stepping into the store, he was hit by the cozy atmosphere within, which caused his complexions to change. As a seventh grade Battle-Saint, he was especially sensitive to spirit energy. The rich food aroma and spirit energy that filled the air as well as one's stomach were both marvelous and incredible.

The atmosphere inside versus outside of the store were drastically different. Once in a while, the Path-Understanding Tree spread Path-Understanding Notes that penetrated one's spirits and heart.

"The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree really does exist!" Sheng Mu's eyes lit up. He turned to look at Elder Xia, who had also stepped into the store.

The expression of the latter had become somewhat odd.

"For dining, please consult the menu behind you. Let me know what you want to order." Seeing numerous strong men entering the store, Ouyang Xiaoyi wrinkled her brows. The store was pretty small, and with these new additions, had begun to seem crowded.

"Dining? Haha! You little lassie, I am not here to eat, I'm here for the treasure!" Sheng Mu guffawed.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was startled, and for a moment, didn't know what to do.

Bu Fang, who sat on his chair, wrinkled his brows and gazed at these hefty men.

"Get me the store owner. Tell him to hurry his ass if he still wants this cornered little store to survive and stay open!" Sheng Mu was fierce and ruthless.

Bu Fang stood up, shielded Ouyang Xiaoyi with his body, and walked before this crowd of people.

"I am the owner of the store. Is something up?"

From a distance, Mu Lingfeng shook his head. Sure enough... these warriors of the Ferocious Hall, with their well developed limbs but heads of a moron, had found their way here. However, he didn't bother moving himself, and merely remained in his seat whilst enjoying the delicious fish soup.

"Something's up? Sure there is! Didn't you hear what I said before, that I've come to the store in search of the treasure? Don't play possum with me. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, fork it over..."

Sheng Mu formed a fist, and with the muscles on his face quivering, laughed viciously.

Bu Fang glanced at him without any facial expressions, curled his lips, and then opened his mouth: "There are countless people seeking treasures from me... who do you think you are?"

Sheng Mu was absolutely dumbstruck. He glared back with bulging eyeballs and summoned up a deadly force of energy. However, before he had the chance to make a move, he stopped abruptly in astonishment. That was because he felt a swift and fierce force of energy gushing through the doors and directly locking him down.

"Who is making trouble in this store?"

Outside, a cold voice rang in the air. The shadow of a figure had appeared.

The bystanders, including Bu Fang himself, peered outside of the door in curiosity. They realized quickly that the fellow out there with such bellicose utterances turned out to be a serpent-man.

Bu Fang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Serpent-man Yu Feng was really there protecting his store... Who would have thought that he'd actually dare to show up. The crowd before him emitted powerful forces of energy, so where did he gather the courage...

"Hey ho? You intend to defend this store?" Sheng Mu broke into a chuckle. Was this seventh grade Battle-Saint serpent-man the store's trump card? If so, it would really take the fun out of it.

"Owner Bu, I have promised you that I will look after the store. I live up to my words." The serpent-man Yu Feng remarked solemnly.

A long, black spear appeared in his hands. It swept across the air and pointed directly at the warriors of the Ferocious Hall standing within the store.

Bu Fang wanted to say something, but Sheng Mu and his crew had already walked out of the store and into the alleyway to face the serpent-man Yu Feng.

Bu Fang rolled his eyes, completely at a loss for words.

Though he couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry at the current circumstances, he still felt a touch of warmth inside.

"Serpent-men are actually appearing in the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire? How interesting..." Amidst the crowd, Xia Da curled his lips into a smirk. Seeing the serpent-man Yu Feng, he couldn't help but laugh.

"The fame of the Grand Serpentine City, located in the Illusory Spirit Swamp, has spread even to the Hidden Dragon Continent. The Serpentine Sovereign had singlehandedly built a magnificent grand city even under the difficult circumstances in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. For that, he had gained the respect of countless people. I wonder if you yourself is from the Serpentine Sovereign's Grand Serpentine City?" Xia Da asked coolly.

The serpent-man Yu Feng was slightly taken back, after which he wrinkled his brows, with the long spear still waving about, and replied: "Even though I myself am not a serpent-man from the Grand Serpentine City, I was fortunate enough to meet the Serpentine Sovereign in person."

When he divulged this, Yu Feng felt a sense of pride. As he came from a branch of the serpent-men tribe, it was already the utmost honor to meet face to face with the legendary Serpentine Sovereign.

"Oh... so you have met the Serpentine Sovereign? Then for the sake of the Serpentine Sovereign, I'll let you scam. Beat it." Xia Da flicked a glance at the serpent-man Yu Feng, waved his hand, and snickered as he replied.

The nearby crowd, consisting of Sheng Mu and the crew, also burst out into laughter.

The serpent-men... were a species they looked down upon, as they were equivalent to man-beasts. Deep into the Wildlands, man-beasts proliferated and lived as the lowest level of species, garnering no respect whatsoever.

Yet now, this serpent-man stood before them vowing to defend the store... It was simply ludicrous.

Bu Fang leaned by the door frame and observed this stand-off calmly. Before he knew it, fat ole Whitey had already emerged behind him, standing like a piece of stiff wood, and its mechanic eyes flashed beams of red.

"How presumptuous!"

The serpent-man Yu Feng did not recognize this strapping, muscular fellow before him. However, he could certainly discern this brute's insulting and disdainful tone. That was absolutely unpardonable!

"Scram? Your audacity is laughable!" Yu Feng's eyes flashed. His serpent tail swung, and waves of true energy surged out of his body. The long, black spear began spinning and piercing towards the brazen man.

In that moment, it felt like the air was almost ripped into shreds. Rat-a-tat, such sounds rang continuously. A furious torrent of true energy rose up like tides, instantly distorting the atmosphere within the small alleyway.

As expected, a warrior at the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint summoned a terrifying force of pressure when he made a move.

The faces of Sheng Mu and the crew had changed colors. This serpent-man had a truly impressive cultivation level. No wonder he had the guts to stand out... None of the seventh grade Battle-Saints currently present could take him down without a struggle.

Unfortunately... this serpent-man had no idea of whom he was in presence, nor what kind of an unimaginable existence they represented!

Xia Da remained in his spot with squinting eyes. The mighty spear was just short of a meter away from his body when Xia Da finally decided to sluggishly lift up his brawny palm.

Crack...

An ear-splitting sound reverberated in the air. The serpent-man Yu Feng's pupils shrank. This human before him had managed to catch the long, black spear he had hurled, and only with one hand.

Bu Fang, still leaning by the door frame, was also taken back. To be able to resist the strike of a seventh grade Battle-Saint with a single hand, this burly brick before his eyes must have a stunning cultivation level himself.

"No wonder he dared to provoke the store... did he feel assured with the addition of superior combat abilities?" Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth and murmured quietly. Of course, not a single trace of anxiety had flashed across his heart.

He patted Whitey's chubby stomach, perfectly unflustered.

Chapter 222: Guardian of The Store, A Demon Who Strips Others

Just like that, the burly man Xia Da easily snatched, with one hand, the cold, black spear which exuded a concentrated scent of blood.

Xia Da simply seized it with his palm without having to use his true energy. His muscular body was strong enough to resist the waves of true energy that the serpent-man Yu Feng had sent his way.

Yu Feng's pupils shrank and his heart shuddered. Able to catch that terrific spear merely with his hands of flesh... This human before his eyes had a body built magnificently, one that was even stronger than that of the typical spirit beast.

Xia Da noticed the astonishment on serpent-man Yu Feng's face. His lips curled, showing off a row of sparkling white teeth, and he chuckled: "This spear... is not bad."

Afterwards, Xia Da hurled a mighty force, and an overpowering force of energy burst out of his hands. Yu Feng, with a spear in his hands, was instantly propelled into the air and forced to glide towards Xia Da.

"Damn it! What kind of force is this!"

Yu Feng was panic-stricken inside. Even with his strength as a seventh level Battle-Saint, he simply could not resist this terrifying pull.

His long serpent tail shook violently, as if a sharp blade cutting through the air, and sliced scathingly towards Xia Da.

A serpent-man's tail was normally their strongest weapon. Those who have trained solely with their serpent tails found it to be much more powerful than the typical man-made weapons.

However, Yu Feng's flinging serpent tail was once again caught by Xia Da. The immense pain from a ripping sensation caused Yu Feng to howl. With a clatter, his long spear fell onto the ground.

Xia Da laughed coldly and scornfully. A gigantic, rock-like fist came rushing down and smashed mercilessly onto Yu Feng's body.

Suddenly, serpent-man Yu Feng, who was at the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint, found himself knocked into the sky by the smack of a fist. A mouthful of fresh blood sprayed out as he crashed hard into the walls of the alleyway and knocked off a pile of bricks.

"Someone who acts blindly without thinking about the consequences. I told you to scram, yet you insist on sticking your foot in." Xia Da clenched his fist. The sound of his knuckles cracking was akin to branches snapping in half.

Xia Da carried his monstrously large body, and edged closer one step at a time toward Yu Feng, who was struggling desperately on the floor.

A formidable force of pressure surged out of his body, one that caused the hearts of all the seventh grade Battle-Saints present to sink and tremble.

This was an eighth grade War-God... like a warrior simply without a rival!

Serpent-man Yu Feng had blood dripping from the corners of his mouth. His serpent tail continued to sway as a sense of horror smeared across the eyes he used to glare at Xia Da... Damn it, who would have thought this was an eighth grade War-God!

He suddenly felt so humiliated. He had promised to defend the store, yet the first time he made a move, he was almost beaten up like a dead dog.

"I wanted to let you off the hook for the sake of the Serpentine Sovereign. But since you are clearly seeking death, you can't blame me for the rest." Xia Da was like a towering mountain that sat majestically with all its grandeur. He peered down upon Yu Feng, who was sprawling on the floor, and slowly lifted up his foot.

The muscles on his feet were just as sturdy as those on the rest of his body. With a single trample, this serpent-man would be off to meet his maker.

Yu Feng's pupils shrank. A gush of true energy burst from his body as he sought to flee in a scurry. Yet, Xia Da merely laughed coldly and stepped down on his serpent-tail. With that, the true energy within his body had completely dissipated...

Spat, out came another mouthful of fresh blood. Yu Feng landed hopelessly on the floor.

"Serpent-men will be serpent-men. An inferior species at the end of the day, and no different from the man-beasts living in the Wildlands." Xia Da taunted with a light smile. His rock-like fist rose once again, this time targeting the serpent-man Yu Feng's head.

If this fist landed, Yu Feng's head was bound to explode, regardless of his cultivation as a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

"Hey... let go of that serpent-man."

The air suddenly froze. Those from the Ferocious Hall merely looked at that serpent-man as if he were a joke. Not a trace of pity could be found in their eyes. Since he dared to ruffle Elder Xia's feathers, he had to prepare for death. But alas, a calm voice cut through the deadly still atmosphere.

Everyone was taken back, and gazed toward the source of that utterance.

Xia Da also paused the fist ready for launch, twisted around his head, and glanced at the slim figure leaning by the door frame.

"You want to save this bonehead? Sure... trade you with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree." Xia Da stood up straight and smiled at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang didn't return the smile, and continued to look at him coolly.

Suddenly, Sheng Mu, who had stayed quiet all this time, stepped toward Bu Fang with a chuckle.

"Elder Xia, I'll take care of this fellow for you! Merely a fifth grade Battle-King, yet with the guts to act all tough in front of us. I've found him to be an eye sore for a while now!"

With a loud bellow, Sheng Mu immediately appeared in front of Bu Fang. His eyes widened, sniggering coldly, as his hands clawed toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was still leaning by the door frame, his complexions unchanged.

"Troublemaker, you will be stripped as an example to others."

Behind Bu Fang, Whitey's robotic voice boomed. Its mechanic eyes flashed red, and such beam scanned across Sheng Mu, blinding his eyes.

Bang...

Sheng Mu's clutch landed on Whitey's stomach, yet did not leave a single scratch.

"What... is this random thing? A puppet?"

Sheng Mu wrinkled his brows, and conjured up another force of energy with his hands. This time, his claw aimed to tear through the puppet.

But no matter how much force he exerted, Whitey remained unshakable.

Afterwards, Whitey lifted up a palm and smacked down.

Sheng Mu felt a crisis coming his way. A burst of true energy enveloped his entire body.

Boom Bang!

With a bam, Sheng Mu was sent flying from Whitey's slap. He was hurled ferociously against the walls.

The others from the Ferocious Hall felt their hearts beating with fear. Sheng Mu was knocked into the air without even able to strike back... Why was this puppet so powerful?!

Whitey's mechanic eyes flared, and then extended an arm to pick up Sheng Mu from the pile of rubbles.

Rip!!

A crispy sound reverberated in the air. Sheng Mu found his garments torn into shards, instantly revealing his muscular, burly body.

Bang!

After stripping him clean, Whitey threw the bare naked Sheng Mu onto the floor.

"A demon who strips others!"

Someone from the Ferocious Hall exclaimed out of terror. It turned out that this puppet was the guardian of the store, a demon who strips others!

"I'm going to kill you!" Sheng Mu roared. He took out another piece of garment from the spatial spirit beast tusk hanging by his neck and clothed himself. His eyes flashed fury blazes of rage.

Whitey's mechanic eyes whirred, with its red beams once again landing on Sheng Mu. That ray of red flickered, with a slight tint of purple shine crystallizing.

Serpent-man Yu Feng, who was laying nearby, simply stared aghast with his mouth hanging ajar.

What the hell? What just happened? What was I doing? What was the point of me getting all beaten up?

How he wished to drill a hole through the ground in that very moment and bury his head...

Who would have thought that the store's defense capacity was so solid. And yet there he was, boasting shamelessly about being the protector of the store. Owner Bu must have laughed at his overconfidence when he suggested it. Though Owner Bu had already turned down his offer, he still decided unilaterally to come to the store's defense.

And the result was being pounded like a dead dog. It was beyond an imaginable level of humiliation.

"Back off first." Xia Da stopped a Sheng Mu ready to strike again. His face showed a trace of fascination as he gazed toward Whitey and curled his lips. That glance was much like one a hunter emitted whilst studying his prey.

"You puppet, have got quite the strength... why don't you come at me."

Xia Da was not short of brute force, and he certainly took pride in his impressive strength. Eyeing the chubby puppet, Xia Da bawled and stomped his feet. The floor tiles in the alleyway instantly cracked and were fragmented into bits.

Boom!

A tremendous force of pressure appeared before Whitey. Rock-like fists rained down on Whitey's plump stomach.

A muffled ring echoed though the entire alleyway.

Whitey was steady like an unshakeable mountain. Its robotic head lowered, the red beams from its mechanic eyes continued to flash, and rested on Xia Da's body.

Xia Da scrunched his brows. How could there be no effect whatsoever?

"Fine! Your store dares to possess this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, so it is unsurprising you've got something to depend on! Then today... I'll test if your source of reliance is tough enough!"

Xia Da's pupils shrank. Waves of true energy circulated within his body and his entire person swelled up. This expansion made him even bigger than Whitey's figure, as if he had truly transformed into a brooding mountain.

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang!!

Xia Da lifted up both of his fists and, like an unstoppable motor, showered an unmoving Whitey with a torrent of smacks.

The entire alleyway shook violently, as if it were hit by an earthquake. Gray sprinkles of dust floated into the air and covered the alleyway with smokes of haze.

Bu Fang stopped leaning carelessly by the door frame. He adjusted his stature and scrutinized the ferocious, beastly streams of light flashing amidst the dust storm.

He had absolute faith in Whitey. But the fellow this time was like a mad dog. His rain of fists was like hammers plummeting down. For an average seventh grade Battle-Saint, every one of those blows would be fatal.

Within the store, the red-clothed Mu Lingfeng also watched soberly.

Xia Da was as large as a beast. He was well known within the Three Godly Temples of the Wildlands and had once ripped a seventh grade spirit beast into two halves with his bare hands. He was a disturbing and fearsome kind of existence. With someone like this giving his all... this store was perhaps near its end.

Chapter 223: Purple-Eyed Whitey, Rampage!

The thunderous tremor continued to pound, causing the entire alleyway to shake and pieces of gravel to shoot through the sky.

Dense ashes formed a dust storm, from which resounded beast-like howls.

Boom Boom!

The invisible forces of energy finally diffused.

From his position in the store, Bu Fang could feel rolling waves of energy blasting on the roof, but then subsequently scattered by an unseeable force within the store. His face displayed a sense of astonishment.

"Hahahaha! I finally blew you up!!"

A last explosion followed the deafening roar of laughter, and the floor of the alleyway was instantly reduced to a pile of ruins.

Blacky was lying by the entrance of the store. He twitched his doggy nose and glanced lethargically at the center of the ashes. Through his eyes, he could see everything within the smoke and dust cloud limpidly.

The bystanders standing from a distance of the alleyway drew in chilled breaths. This was an eighth grade War-God, one able to bring about such a magnitude of wreckage by the sheer force of his body.

Demolishing a small alleyway was something they could accomplish themselves, but only with the application of true energy. Without true energy, their bodies of flesh, though still strong, could never yield such destructive forces.

"Sheng Mu... that... that puppet should have been blown up right!" A Battle-Saint had excitement written all over his face, with both of his eyes beaming.

"How the hell would I know! But since Elder Xia made a move, that puppet must have been ripped into shreds... his label 'beast in human form' isn't a meaningless saying!" Sheng Mu's eyes burned like flames.

Suddenly, a gigantic figure leaped out of the smoked ashes and landed on the floor. His chest heaved, and his mountain-like fists still emitted hot steam.

In the next moment, Xia Da lifted up his head as his eyes fixated on the storm of dust. A light breeze brushed past and dispersed the fumes in the air.

Xia Da focused on the flying sparks of dust and squinted his eyes. All the muscles on his ferocious face quivered.

Bu Fang also stared intently at the smoke dust, but straightaway, the corners of his mouth gently formed a curve.

Beep Beep!

A rattling sound echoed. Amidst the ashes, a silhouette materialized, and its shape became progressively clearer.

It was the same old chubby, white figure radiating with a metallic gleam.

The red beam from its mechanic eyes continued to flash, also at a rather alarming speed.

"What the hell! This is still not freaking smashed into smithereens? This puppet..." Somebody who noticed Whitey's scratch-free body yelped in astonishment.

Sheng Mu also took in a chilled breath. The crazy punches launched from Xia Da's exceptional body were enough to end the life of a seventh grade spirit beast. Yet this puppet... was intact and unmarked!

Bloody hell... did it have to be so extraordinary?

Xia Da's pupils also shrank. Afterwards, his chest pumped out a huge puff of air as he bellowed with laughter.

He stomped ferociously with one foot, crushing the rock beneath him into bits. His entire body sprang up as he swung his rock-like fists straight at Whitey yet again.

If it couldn't be crushed with one or two attempts... then tens, hundreds of times it shall be... surely it couldn't survive after all of that?!

Bang!

However, his fist didn't even reach Whitey this time.

The red beam from Whitey's eyes froze. Its palm batted down like a fan and slapped Xia Da, who had just sprinted a few steps, right onto the floor.

"Damn it!" Xia Da was enraged. This puppet's attack caught him by surprise!

Bang! Whitey's mechanic eyes aimed at Xia Da, and its palm rose and smacked down once again. With a loud boom, Xia Da's body literally sank into the grounds, sending tiles flying everywhere.

The floor was now effectively and utterly destroyed.

The cracks in the ground extended to Blacky's resting spot but stopped short, as if blocked by an invisible force of energy.

Blacky yawned and continued to watch with enthusiasm as the chubby Whitey... tortured the poor fellow.

Bang!

Whitey's every whack appeared so calm and composed. However, for Sheng Mu and his crew, it was almost as if the smacks landed on their own chests. Their hearts trembled with fear.

"You abominable piece of shit! Now I'm pissed!" With a holler, a rich wave of true energy surged up before Whitey.

This rush of true energy shot straight to the sky and spread through the entire Imperial City. Numerous people felt its force.

The force of pressure from an eighth grade War-God had finally and wholly burst forth in this very moment.

Whitey's swinging palm was caught by Xia Da, now covered from head to toe with an armor of true energy. Xia Da gradually lifted up the palm as his eyes stared daggers at Whitey coldly.

He had long forgotten when was the last time he had suffered such a huge loss. But being knocked onto the floor ruthlessly, now this was a first.

It has always been him tormenting others. Never had there been someone who dared to treat him this way!

The armor created by true energy shone brilliantly and lustrously, as if made of tangible materials. This was the uniqueness of an eighth grade War-God. Once one reached the breakthrough to the realm of War-God, one could generate matter through the force of energy vortex in one's energy core. Then, by nourishing it with true energy and an infinite supply of vigor, one could then transform it into an actual weapon.

"Your puppet here sure has something up its sleeves. Just you wait... once I tear this puppet apart, you'll be crushed into pieces next!" Xia Da's glance suddenly shifted toward Bu Fang. As the owner of the puppet, Bu Fang was the ultimate culprit in bringing about his utter humiliation.

The clear intent to kill rushed from Xia Da's body, and fed into his growing might. The force of pressure that had spread through the air made it hard for Sheng Mu and the crew to breath evenly.

Whitey's eyes, which had thus far targeted Xia Da, suddenly blasted with a brightening red ray that nearly blinded others.

"Sensing the troublemaker's intent to kill the host. Shifting mode, prepare for extermination."

The red beam burned so fiercely that it had reached its peak, suddenly dulled, and transformed into an odd shade of purple. That tone of purple caused both Xia Da's body and heart to shiver. He definitely had a bad feeling about this.

Purple-eyed Whitey, switched on!

Bam!!

Whitey lifted up a foot, at a speed that Xia Da was unable to discern, and landed a kick swiftly on Xia Da's stomach.

Snap!

With a crackling sound, Xia Da's entire body was thrust into the sky by Whitey's kick. The armor of true energy before his abdomen had fractured... and fell off piece after piece.

Xia Da's eyes widened, and he couldn't help but heave uncomfortably. There was nothing but wrath on his face, and his intent to kill had just amplified.

With a loud bang, the small alleyway brimmed with brilliant rays of light. Standing before Whitey was a colossal silhouette of a demonic god with three heads and six arms!

"Go to hell!" Xia Da covered his stomach, and the fragmented armor of true energy gradually repaired itself. He lifted up a clenched fist, and simultaneously the silhouette of a demonic god also raised its gigantic fist and punched toward the purple-eyed Whitey from below.

Whitey's purple eyes beamed, and its entire figure instantly vanished like a lightning. What a complete juxtaposition to its previously sluggish manner.

Everyone lifted up their heads instinctively, only to see the chubby puppet floating in the sky. Its raised palm easily withstood the punch of the enormous demonic god silhouette.

Everyone stared aghast as Whitey's robotic palm transformed into a sharp knife covered with mystifying markings.

The blade of the huge knife glistened, as sharp as ever.

Swoosh!

The blade flashed by like a beam of light, and slashed through the arm of the demonic god silhouette. With a crack, it was smashed into pieces and dissipated into true energy that had scattered into the air.

Xia Da's heart trembled violently and, with a howl, he released a black cascade from the mouth of demonic god. That stream fluctuated with destructive waves of energy, as if determined to finish off Whitey.

Whitey remained unmoved, and even the purple beam of light from its eyes froze. A massive black hole appeared before its chubby stomach and completely consumed the black-colored cascade crashing onto Whitey's body.

"Oh my god!! What kind of monster is this!"

Xia Da's pupils shrank. He was well aware of the capabilities of that black cascade, which had the power to demolish an entire city. Yet today it was easily absorbed by this puppet.

Could it get scarier than this?

Whitey's hand, having transformed into a giant knife, swiped through the air and sliced down from the head, completely butchering the true energy demonic god.

Xia Da spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, and his entire figure staggered backwards. His gigantic stature was like a leaking balloon, and quickly reduced to its original size.

The armor of true energy that had shielded him also began to crack... and continued chipping off piece by piece.

After that one slash, he had met his defeat.

Bam!

Whitey landed on the floor with a deafening boom, a sound which reverberated through the alleyway, and swung its knife again. Its imposing manner caused Sheng Mu and his crew to become limp with fear. They could barely stand straight...

A puppet had basically vanquished their elder, an eighth grade War-God!

"That was... dog fuckin' unbelievable! A mere puppet... how could it be so powerful?" A seventh grade Battle-Saint trembled with horror and couldn't help but curse. Whitey had truly scared them out of their wits.

From a distance, a black dog lifted open an eye and gazed at the seventh grade Battle-Saint who had just spoken... Last time it was a young monk who wanted to eat dog meat, this time it was a dumbass who wanted to screw a dog?

When the hell did dogs offend you people?

Blacky humphed derisively and curled his doggy lips to show a row of pearl white teeth. Afterwards, he lifted up his doggy paw and lashed at the air.

Swoosh!!

The seventh grade Battle-Saint who had just swore felt his heart thud. In an instant, he was hit with a blackout.

Sheng Mu goggled as the seventh grade Battle-Saint besides him was turned into a pile of ashes that dissolved into the soil. His heart almost stopped beating that very moment. Terror, panic, desperation... all sorts of negative feelings had poured into his mind.

That puppet... was virtually the devil!

He attributed this Battle-Saint's death to Whitey... as the purple-eyed Whitey before him looked like a terrifying demon.

Nobody noticed that a black dog lying by the entrance hummed delightfully and gradually lowered its delicate doggy paw.

Xia Da struggled badly and finally pulled himself up from the floor. Both of his eyes were bloodshot.

However, Whitey's enormous knife was not merciful... With a swoosh, a deep gash appeared across Xia Da's body, and blood spurted out of that wound.

This puppet... was out to kill him!

Xia Da's ferocity had evaporated, and all that was left was infinite horror!

Bu Fang, who stood by the entrance of the store, breathed with relief. Whitey will be Whitey, always living up to the reputation of the store's safety guarantee.

With Whitey here, what was the worth of... even an eighth grade War-God?

Whitey's mechanic eyes flashed a purple gleam, and stomped down with heavy steps. It was almost as if each step directly landed on the hearts of Xia Da and his crew.

This group of warriors of the Ferocious Hall... were frightened to death.

Suddenly, both a rumbling roar and a long spear shot from the far side of the sky. The spear was flung from the hands of a figure and pierced through the air. It traveled at a speed so fast that sparks of fire almost spurted out of the spearhead.

With a loud boom, the long spear was thrust before Whitey's body, and burning flames rushed up like a torrent.

Inside the store, the red-clothed Mu Lingfeng's face suddenly darkened. He had kept a close watch on the sequence of events outside and finally rose to his feet. This was a move made by Elder Bian of their Imperial Beast Hall!

Mu Lingfeng left his spot and strode toward the exit of the store.

Bu Fang, still standing by the door, cast him a perplexed look.

Mu Lingfeng suddenly stopped course and peered at Bu Fang, who was still by the entrance. An inexplicable beam of light seemed to be circulating in his eyes.

Only a fifth grade Battle-King... oh my dear Owner Bu.

Suddenly, a wave of Path-Understanding Notes suddenly poured out of the store. The Path-Understanding Notes were like invisible ripples and disseminated from the insignificant corner of this store to the small alleyway outside. Not after long, it had spread to the entire Imperial City.

Chapter 224: What on Earth was This Monster?

The buzzing was not loud. It rang like a gentle breeze passing by and jiggling the bells.

The sound had a soothing effect, fluttered like ripples and caressed the mind. It cleared one's head and led one's true energy to circulate smoothly inside.

This was the Path-Understanding Notes.

An unusual aroma wafted out of the store. The originally faint fragrance was becoming richer. If it was akin to a light milky scent previously, it has now turned into dense, silky streams of milk—the two stages were completely different.

Bu Fang was at a loss, and so was Mu Lingfeng. They both turned and looked towards that ordinary corner of the store. A sapling, one a little higher than a man, was shaking slightly as it bloomed. Mystifying runes floated around the sapling, making it lush and full of spirit energy.

The earthen yellow flowerpot had also completely changed in appearance. In replacement of its dustiness was a delicate sheen of glazed jade. The earthen yellow surface peeled off, revealing the essence inside.

Three fist-sized, lime fruits were hanging from the Path-Understanding Tree. Four lines of cloud shaped moires suspended about, with the last flickering stripe coming into shape. It seemed like it was about to materialize right away. Once all stages were completed, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree would have matured and bore fruits, which meant its Path-Understanding essence would have reached the peak.

When that time came, even an eighth grade War-God couldn't help but burst with greed.

The shimmering flame in Mu Lingfeng's eyes instantly brightened. The Path-Understanding Fruit on the Path-Understanding Tree, had finally ripen!

Bu Fang was also eyeing the lime colored fruits on that Path-Understanding Tree with great interest. He had seen Three Stripes Path-Understanding fruits before, but the one he came across was not in a very good condition. It had been placed in the vault of the Light Wind Empire for too long and more than half of its essence was lost. That one was no comparison to the glittering, crystal clear fruits on this tree, which were surrounding by cloud-shaped moires as they shone brightly.

"Owner Bu, did that Path-Understanding Tree... bear fruits?"

Mu Lingfeng, dressed in red, turned to look at Bu Fang as he uttered this words in a meaningful tone.

Nonetheless, he quickly became dumbfound as he noticed that Bu Fang took no notice of him and was instead staring blankly at the lush Path-Understanding Tree with shaking twigs.

"The System has detected that the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree has borne fruits. Temporary task: the host needs to protect the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree and invent a dish with its fruits. The dish needs to pass the system's evaluation review. Task reward: the recipe of Mapo Lightning Tofu."

The moment Bu Fang had cast a glance at the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree, the System's solemn voice went off in his mind, even startling him a little.

He did not expect the system to chime in at this time, let alone suddenly announcing a temporary task.

"Invent a dish with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits?" Bu Fang felt the corners of his mouth twitch.

Now that the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits had matured, it had lured a bunch of warriors to gather by the door. In announcing such a task at this very moment, the system was clearly butchering the hopes of those Battle-Saints outside.

The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits were naturally necessary to develop a dish. He also knew immediately, without having to give it a hard thought, that it would not be easy to pass the system's evaluation. There were only three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits, which was too scanty a supply for Bu Fang.

"Owner Bu..." Mu Lingfeng frowned slightly as a trace of discontent flickered across his fine, refined face. Bu Fang dared to completely ignore him.

However, another idea struck through his heart. He took a look at the metallic puppet battling the wild crowd alone outside, and then gazed at the matured Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree inside the store. Standing right before him was Bu Fang, merely a fifth grade Battle-King...

If he caught Bu Fang, did it mean that the Path-Understanding fruits would belong to him?

...

A long spear burning with furious flames struck right in front of Whitey, whose mechanic eyes were shining in a shade of purple. It sent shattered bits of rocks exploding everywhere.

Everybody looked up at the sky in shock only to see a figure so huge it had obscured the sun and sky suddenly emerge. It was a giant black dragon, on the back of which rode a small-figured elder with a hunched back.

Though this elder was rather petite in size, his energy was frighteningly strong.

"Bian Changkong?" Xia Da, who was covered in blood, finally breathed a sigh of relief. Seeing the spear in front of him effectively blocking the terrifying puppet's further attack, he felt his heart skip a beat.

The hunchbacked elder stepped out, with hands behind his back, and appeared to be physically strolling on air. The black dragon folded its wings, and with the beckon of the elder, disappeared into a flash of light after a loud howl.

Bian Changkong, elder of the Imperial Beast Hall, was a War-God and was unusually strong.

"As an Elder of the Godly Temples of the Wildlands, you have allowed yourself to be beaten like a dead dog. You have utterly marred the reputation of the Godly Temples of the Wildlands." Bian Changkong flicked a glance at Xia Da, who was covered in blood and had barely escaped being cut into two halves, as he sneered derisively.

He raised his hand and the spear flew back into it. A huge wave of pressure repressed the crowd as he waved his hand.

Bian Changkong looked toward the purple-eyed Whitey with a grave complexion. Xia Da was an elder of their Godly Temples of the Wildlands. He couldn't just watch him die here so he chose to step in.

A dense aroma drifted out, with the rings of the Path-Understanding Notes nearly reverberating throughout the entire Imperial City.

One by one, the Battle-Saints residing within the Imperial City began exerting their strong forces of energy. They could no longer sit still... the Path-Understanding Notes permeated the air, alerting them that the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree had matured and borne fruit. Needless to say, their hopes of advancing to the echelon of War-God relied on that.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Countless shadows of figures rushed through the Imperial City at the speed of lightning and one by one, converged at the small alleyway.

Zhan Kong returned to the inn just in time to catch Wu Yunbai trying to sneak out. His lips curled and his face broke into a ruminative smile.

"No rush. Let's go together. I'll secure a Path-Understanding Fruit for you. Once you reach the peak of seventh grade Battle-Saint, I will assist you to achieve the breakthrough." There was a rare trace of tenderness in Zhan Kong's words.

Wu Yunbai was dumbstruck. Master Ah Wu, standing next to her, could only blink to ease the awkward expression on his face.

In Xiao's Quarter, Xiao Meng draped on his silver armor. He carefully combed his jet-black hair, took a spear, and stepped out of his residence. He was headed for Fang Fang's little store.

Having guarded the capital for such a long time, he felt he deserved to seize the chance to do something for himself. He wouldn't want to miss this opportunity to advance into eighth grade War-God.

A flash of sword cut into the sky along with the blooming, fierce energy of the sword. In the sky, an elder with white brows and hair was flying on the blade of a sword. He was heading rapidly toward an alleyway he desperately wanted to erase from his memories.

The hairs on Tian Xuze's beard bristled. Even though he had a nightmarish experience in that alleyway, he couldn't bear giving up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and lose the chance of reaching eighth grade War-God.

"Hahaha! The Imperial City sure is lively today. Everyone seems to be going for that Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. Tsk Tsk."

The donkey's hooves stamped on the grounds of the Imperial City and echoed a crispy sound. The old drunkard rode on the back of the donkey, laughing as he poured wine into his mouth.

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling rolled their eyes at this old fellow. They both rushed past him and soared away as swift as two swallows.

...

Whitey's purple eyes flickered. The shining shade of purple was ice cold and released with it an intention to kill. Everyone who sensed it felt chills run down their spine and goosebumps creeping over their skin.

One of Whitey's arm became a huge blade, bringing about a sharp breeze of wind even with the slightest wave.

Xia Da looked at Whitey in fear, with his heart trembling and shuddering. This puppet was way too frightening!

Bian Changkong pointed his spear at Whitey and spoke with a hoarse voice:

"This fellow is a warrior of our Godly Temples of the Wildlands. Could you kindly show some mercy and spare his life?"

Xia Da's face was flushed red. He felt like his chest was blocked by a suffocating heaviness that couldn't be lifted. He was in a state so pathetic that he needed this old fellow to beg for his mercy... that was simply excruciating!

Whitey's robotic head turned and its purple eyes were still glistening as it announced: "Anyone with the intent to kill the host will be exterminated."

Bam!

Then, Whitey directly stomped down, sending bits of rocks flying about as the ground beneath it shattered. Whitey moved at a speed so fast it was hard for the human eye to detect.

Bian Changkong's pupils shrank as he bellowed thunderously.

"If so, please pardon my offense." True energy started to gather around Bian Changkong, one that seemed even stronger than that of Xia Da.

The spear pierced through the air like a flying dragon. Suddenly, there emerged the silhouette of dragon, waving its claws and grinding its teeth. Strong wind hustled and scattered rocks rained down. The force of pressure was simply terrifying.

This hurl of the spear stifled all of the nearby Battle-Saints.

Whitey kept charging forward to counter this strike. Its purple eyes flickered.

Then it raised the blade on its hand and lashed.

Sploosh Splash!

Boom Bang!

A loud explosion echoed and the dragon-shaped spear shattered into pieces, much like a collapsing bridge. The ferociously howling dragon silhouette was sliced into two halves by the blade.

Bian Changkong's hand trembled. He felt like his entire figure was engulfed by a strong, hostile sense of killing intent. His body stiffened as if he had fallen through the cracks of an iced pond.

Damn it?! What on earth was this monster?!

Chapter 225: The Dainty yet Terrifying Doggy Paw

This was the first time Bian Changkong had sensed such an intimidating force of pressure. He had nearly forgotten what a palpitating heart feels like, but it evoked sentiments that were buried deep inside.

The puppet lump before his eyes did not emit a flood of true energy which he found irrepressible, but it did give him a clear sense of unwavering, peerless quality. In terms of true energy, the puppet was unable to make him feel subdued, yet when it came to sheer momentum, he was forced to admit defeat.

When the gigantic knife came slicing down, the true energy from his long spear was like a winter's day ruined by a flaming bonfire, ice melting into water. In short, it did not awe the puppet at all.

Bian Changkong suddenly froze from head to toe. The single slash of knife terrified him so much that it felt like he had just fallen through the hole of an iced lake.

The true energy within his body circulated with great difficulty, a phenomenon that was unthinkable. He, a superior existence even in the three Godly Temples of the Wildlands, was now stricken with dread.

With his spear knocked out of his hands, Bian Changkong suddenly felt a sharp pain between his thumb and index finger. He remained dumbstruck as he subsequently sensed a strong wind brush past.

Swoosh!

So fresh and crisp was the sound of knife meeting flesh, sending goosebumps down one's body.

The speed of this purple-eyed puppet before him was alarmingly fast, as a light breeze that had swept past him with a giant knife.

Afterwards, a hideous wail rumbled behind him.

Bian Changkong instantly felt his chest heavy. His entire figure trembled as he began drawing in sharp breathes.

At this very moment, the alleyway had become awfully still.

A rubber ball-like material bounced onto the floor, emitting a loud thud... everyone's heart shuddered as they gazed at the person behind Bian Changkong with petrified eyes, their bodies literally shivering with fear.

The wail came and went quickly, as if smothered by a hand strangling one's neck.

Bian Changkong slowly twisted his head. His aged eyes shrank as chills ran down his spine.

Whitey's also mechanically rotated its neck. The purple ray from its eyes flashed once again but then reduced into a shade of red. The ominous glare that targeted all of heaven and earth with a killer's instinct had also dissipated with this switch of light.

At once, the crowd felt a lessening tension in their hearts and began to breathe rapidly.

Before Whitey's body knelt a massive shadow of a figure. This gigantic body was covered with bulging muscles akin to stirring dragons, yet its head had been completely severed.

Fresh blood continued to spew out like a fountain, spreading a pungent bloody odor throughout the small alleyway.

The great knife in Whitey's hands turned back into a fan shaped robotic palm. It twisted its head around and targeted a dumbfounded Bian Changkong with a red glow of light.

Eighth... an eighth grade War-God... just got beheaded?

In this unremarkable little corner of the Light Wind Empire, an eighth grade War-God... had fallen?!

Bian Changkong's aged face shook violently. His hunched back slouched down even more.

All of a sudden, his entire body was showered with coldness. He lifted up his head and locked eyes with the red gleam emitting from the metallic lump puppet.

The intent to kill that he had worried about was no longer present, but... he still had an indescribable bad feeling.

"Troublemaker... you will be stripped as an example to others."

Whitey announced mechanically after flashing its red beamed eyes and scanning it across Bian Changkong's body.

...

"Owner Bu, I really need this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. I am wondering whether you might bear the pain to give up this beloved gem?"

Mu Lingfeng's eyes glistened as they shifted onto Bu Fang. He simultaneously began summoning the force within his body. This force of pressure produced by his cultivation as a seventh grade Battle-Saint spread and inched toward Bu Fang.

A fifth grade Battle-King was no different from an ant in the eyes of a seventh grade Battle-Saint. Simply by releasing a force of pressure with one's true energy, a seventh grade Battle-Saint could send a fifth grade Battle-King down to their knees like a dead dog. That was the discrepancy of their power.

Even though Mu Lingfeng recognized deep down that this was somewhat immoral, he suddenly craved to witness the stony Owner Bu sprawling over the floor like a dog.

Just envisioning this fascinating image filled his heart with excitement!

The store's primary buffer was currently preoccupied with an eight grade War-God outside. Though he didn't know how that turned out, he didn't expect there to be any suspense left. After all, the number of eighth grade Battle-Saints outside... definitely exceeded one.

"Are you threatening me?"

Bu Fang's mind had just snapped back from receiving the system's orders and immediately noticed Mu Lingfeng edging closer and closer to him with a body fully charged of true energy.

An expression that clearly harbored malicious intentions belied Mu Lingfeng's elegant, gentle complexion. His gaze... was clouded by a strangeness.

Kneel... could it be that I haven't released enough forces of pressure?

Mu Lingfeng muttered quietly inside as he took a step forward. He shuddered, however, when he detected Bu Fang's perplexed look.

Taking another stride, Mu Lingfeng increased his pressurizing by another degree, one which any typical sixth grade Battle-Emperors would find unbearable, let alone a mere Battle-King.

Bu Fang blinked his eyes and watched as a flushed face Mu Lingfeng closed in on him. He couldn't help but roll his eyes. This one here... was he an idiot or what?

Why hasn't he knelt down yet? Why has he managed to stay perfectly calm under my force of pressure?! Impossible!

Mu Lingfeng's pupils shrank as he finally affirmed that his power was simply incapable of suppressing Bu Fang. With that, a trace of loathsome hatred filled his eyes.

Since he had already made a move on Owner Bu... there was no point in recoiling now.

Bam!!

Mu Lingfeng stopped applying his force of pressure, and instead summoned up a wave of true energy as he clawed at Bu Fang.

"Owner Bu, sorry for the offense! The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit has a huge impact on my good fortunes, and I mustn't forsake it!" Mu Lingfeng exclaimed coldly.

From afar, Ouyang Xiaoyi had already backed away in reaction to Mu Lingfeng's terrifying aura. She had sprang back and recoiled to the corner of the Path-Understanding Tree. With the Path-Understanding Tree as a shield, she managed to minimize the influence that Mu Lingfeng's force of pressure had on her.

Ouyang Xiaoyi's petite face blanched as she cast a worried look toward Bu Fang. Would the smelly boss... die?

As for this fellow before her eyes... who had turned against them with the snap of a finger, he was truly detestable!

Bu Fang did not fear any kind of forces of pressure, and therefore remained unaffected by Mu Lingfeng's attempts. But seeing that Mu Lingfeng decided to make a move, he couldn't help but wrinkle his brows.

Though his cultivation had much improved, he was still miles away from... tackling a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

Whitey was currently held up outside... as for that lazy dog, huh? Lazy dog?!

Bu Fang's eyes flickered and witnessed a large black dog walking toward him like an elegant cat.

Mu Lingfeng's eyes were filled with elation. As soon as he captured Owner Bu, he would become the new owner of the store. Hence, the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit would naturally fall under his possession. After he consumed this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, he could finally enter the echelon of eighth grade War-God!

Eighth grade War-God was a serious obstacle and a state of being he had wanted to achieve even in his wildest dreams. Becoming an eighth grade War-God, outshining the other competitors from the Godly Temples of the Wildlands, and finally becoming its future successor!

Hahaha!

Finally... finally all of this was about to come true!

Mu Lingfeng felt so satisfied that he wanted to break out into laughter.

However, in the very next second, a black dog walking cat steps barged into his sightline and blocked his way. It lifted its doggy head, opened its doggy mouth and yawned loudly.

"What's up with this dog walking cat steps? A dog thinks it can stop me?"

Mu Lingfeng cracked up.

His hands, wrapped with horrifying waves of true energy, continued to claw down, this time with intentions to tear through the dog as well.

However, just as he stepped closer to the dog, the jade pendant before his chest began to scorch. The burning sensation sent alarming signals down his body.

The jade pendant emitted a ray of beam, from which a fiery red shadow surged out and hovered overhead.

The Fire Lion's massive figure instantly occupied a huge chunk of space, making the store seem rather crowded.

Blacky gazed at the Fire Lion floating above his head, then curled his doggy lips and humphed contemptuously. He lifted up a dainty little doggy paw and patted at the Fire Lion ready to launch towards him with all its mighty fury.

The Fire Lion was a seventh grade spirit beast, one extremely ferocious and powerful. Its sudden emergence was accompanied by foul wind and a rain of blood, striking terror into the hearts of many.

Even Bu Fang felt his heart beating with fear.

"Lil'Fire?" Mu Lingfeng flinched and took a step back. He couldn't understand why his Fire Lion, originally resting happily in the imperial beast rune, had suddenly popped out.

However... he froze the very next second.

A fierce lion's roar echoed, but it was a wail carrying an infinite amount of terror and grief.

Bang!!!

After a loud boom, Mu Lingfeng's terror-stricken eyes watched as the Fire Lion simply exploded into a confetti of minced flesh.

Splloosh Splash.

Blazing hot streams of blood splattered over Mu Lingfeng's whole body, but his heart had never felt as bitter and cold as it was now.

Shredded flesh and streams of blood showered the store but then quickly and visibly dissolved into ashes that scattered into the air.

A seventh grade Fire Lion, all because a coquettish dog walking cat steps lifted its paw... had just perished without leaving behind a corpse.

Who would have thought that the store... had a trump card like this. The many rumors about a Supreme Beast residing in this store... turned out to be true!

Blacky laid down his paw, his doggy eyes gazing coolly at a Mu Lingfeng so scared out of his wits that he had fallen, butt first, onto the floor. Blacky's doggy nose wrinkled.

Bu Fang curled his lips, rubbed Blacky's smooth, immaculate fur, and then turned around to walk towards the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit.

He didn't even bother flickering a glance at Mu Lingfeng, who was still shaken over Blacky's paw.

Bu Fang's frostiness filled Mu Lingfeng with despair, as this meant Bu Fang was no longer concerned with his life or death. Instead, the one he had to face... would be a terrifying Supreme Dog!

This was a wretched, depressing situation, yet it was a tragedy that Mu Lingfeng had brought upon himself.

Blacky's doggy lips widened, showing off a row of sparking white doggy teeth. He cast a glance at Bu Fang's back, then snorted before lifting up, once again, his doggy paw.

The target this time was the simply terrified Mu Lingfeng.

Chapter 226: Gather Around, The Path-Understanding Fruit Finally Unveiled!

Swoosh Swoosh Swoosh!

Sounds of sky ripping apart echoed through the Imperial City. One after another, countless warriors with weapons on their backs galloped by and rushed toward the location of the ripe Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, Fang Fang's Little Store.

These people were not all fierce seventh grade Battle-Saints, with some only fifth grade Battle-Kings or sixth grade Battle-Emperors. However, they had the same target as these Battle-Saints, and came precisely for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree.

As the saying goes, obtaining rare treasures rested on a pinch of good fortunes. What if a bystander happened to be blessed by a stroke of luck and got a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit?

That lucky bastard would have a wonderful life ahead, advance to the level of Battle-Saint, then breakthrough to War-God. By then, one may very well start fantasizing about reaching the echelon of Supreme-Being.

The shadows of figures converged rapidly at the alleyway in which Bu Fang resided, much like a swarm of flies.

The Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou, each full of power and energy, rushed toward the alleyway carrying their eye-catching, specialized weapons. Although the store evoked nightmarish memories, they still couldn't resist the temptation of Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling arrived at the alleyway almost at the same time. Both of their pupils shrank when they witnessed the big scene before them. The narrow alleyway was already filled with a crowded bunch.

The forces of energy on these folks were stable and strong, even distorting the atmosphere nearby. It was apparent that none of these bystanders had a weak cultivation level, and that they consisted mostly of seventh grade Battle-Saints.

However, none of the them dared to act recklessly. The ordinarily tranquil alleyway had been demolished into rubbles. Its walls thoroughly cracked and its pavement covered with shattered pieces of rocks.

Whitey's chubby figure stood still in the alleyway like a gigantic mountain. Not far from Whitey was a massive beheaded figure kneeling on the floor.

Swish!

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling stared with their mouths agape.

A naked elder flew by and crashed into the floor right next to them as he landed on his face.

"Another one stripped... Bu Fang's demonic stripper has really lived up to its name." Ni Yan didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She hurriedly covered Ye Ziling's curious eyes. Denied of the urge to peep, the latter was rather dismayed.

Ni Yan glimpsed at the naked old man with repugnance.

Bian Changkong's aged face quivered nonstop, but he dared not to object loudly. The puppet was way too strong, and he was simply no match to it. No wonder a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree would appear in their remote little store. With such a terrifying warrior on guard, any absurdity that had occurred here now seemed understandable.

Extracting another robe from his spatial sprit ring and clothing himself, Bian Changkong finally felt a little better. But this satisfaction did not last long, as on a second thought, he snapped right back into anger.

He was a mighty elder of the three Godly Temples of the Wildlands and had already reached the level of eighth grade War-God. For someone like him to be stripped and flung onto the street was incredibly humiliating!

"What are you looking at, young lady!" Bian Changkong was in a fit of rage. As he put on his robe, he caught sight of Yan Ni and Ye Ziling staring at him with curious eyes. His face darkened immediately as he scolded them.

Now Ni Yan was no push-over. She proceeded to pull a long face as she rebuked him coldly: "How does an old fellow like you who strips down and streaks have the nerve to open his mouth? Do you really think your frail physique is somehow charming? How shameless."

Ye Ziling also stepped out and glowered at him.

Bian Changkong was so enraged that he almost coughed up blood. The true energy within his body began to circulate as he prepared to smack these two audacious girls to death.

However, just as a stream of true energy surged out of his energy core, he felt chills running down his back. He suddenly remembered there was still a terrifying puppet standing from a distance.

Clip-Clop-Clip-Clop.

The sound of donkey hooves hitting the pavement echoed. A donkey sauntered into the small alleyway, and on it rode a figure.

The old drunkard filled his mouth with wine. With a flushed face, he smiled. "Who the hell dares to make a move on the third elder of our Celestial Arcanum Sect?"

The old drunkard clutched a huge gourd filled with wine as he cast a tipsy glance at Bian Changkong. He suddenly raised his eyebrows and laughed pleasantly: "Oh it's you, old fellow."

"You!" Bian Changkong instantly knitted his brows into a frown. The old drunkard of the Celestial Arcanum Sect was very powerful. His arrival at the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire was surprising. Could it be he was also here for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits?

That was very much possible, seeing how this man was obsessed with brewing fine wine, and the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was a rare spirit fruit, one cut out to be a superior ingredient.

A long howl resounded through the air. The shadow of a burly figure leaped out and emerged from the sky.

This was a fellow with half of his face covered by a silver mask. Strong forces of energy projected from his body.

"The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits have ripen... I am not greedy and only seek for one piece," Zhan Kong said plainly as he hovered in the air majestically and peered down at the store beneath him.

Another eighth grade War-God!

The old drunkard took another sip of wine and narrowed his eyes.

Bian Changkong also shot Zhan Kong a meaningful glance.

Eighth grade War-Gods were indeed strong. But right in this very alleyway... a War-God had just fallen!

Zhan Kong wrinkled his brows into a frown upon realization that nobody had responded to his request. He took another stride forward, leaping over a large distance, and stopped right in front of the store.

Suddenly, a different sensation hit his heart, prompting him to peer inside the store.

Bang Bang!!

After a chain of explosions, and alongside the mournful wails of a spirit beast, a red clothed figure stumbled out of the store in fright and desperation.

Zhan Kong could sense that this fellow was a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

The color drained from Bian Changkong's face. "Oh no! Why is Lingfeng in that store?"

Aware of Mu Lingfeng's terrified state, Bian Changkong charged right toward him without further hesitation.

"Elder... Elder Bian, help me!"

Mu Lingfeng rushed out of the store, and seeing Bian Changkong dashing toward him, felt like there was still a last glimmer of hope. He bawled miserably.

Dead, all dead!

Lil' Fire, Lil' Water and Lil' Thunder had all perished!

It was the doing of that scary black dog. A seventh grade spirit beast couldn't cope with the force of his paw. Three of his seventh grade spirit beasts were now mercilessly slaughtered by a dog!

He was in so much pain and anguish, but on top of that, it was a sense of fear that dominated him.

That dog... was a demon!

Bian Changkong's face was filled with bewilderment. This was the first time he had ever witnessed Mu Lingfeng this petrified. He pulled Mu Lingfeng to his side and immediately sensed an aggressive force emerging from the store.

"Huh? A doggy paw of true energy?"

Bian Changkong was baffled. A small, delicate doggy paw could frighten the mighty young master of their Imperial Beast Hall out of his wits?

"Watch out, Elder Bian! Duck!"

Mu Lingfeng saw how Bian Changkong was foolish enough to try resisting the doggy paw, and that really scared the living daylight out of him. One could replace the three seventh grade spirit beasts they lost. But if the elder of the Godly Temples of the Wildlands died... the consequences would be freaking dire!

Bian Changkong was taken back, and his face became even grimmer. He conjured up a delicate true energy armor that enveloped his body. A beam of light then flashed within his hands, and a small black serpent appeared wrapping around his arm.

Hiss, hiss. The serpent flicked its tongue, and with it spread a terrifying force of pressure.

This was also a seventh grade spirit beast.

Bian Changkong directly flung the small serpent at the doggy claw. This seventh grade Black Water Snake was a precious treasure of his. It had a terrifying combat capability, and the average careless eighth level War-Gods couldn't escape its attack.

The small serpent ferociously stretched open its mouth, flaring its fangs as it spewed out poisonous venom.

In the very next moment, with a loud bang, the doggy paw merely trampled over it. The serpent... simply exploded and dissipated into a bloody fog.

Holy Shit!

Bian Changkong trembled from head to toe. Fear rushed into his eyes like an uncontrollable flood of water.

A seventh grade spirit beast was smashed into a smoke of blood with a single strike... could this doggy paw be any more terrifying?

Without needing to think twice, Bian Changkong was determined to take flight. But was he able to make a break for it?

He blocked Mu Lingfeng's body as the doggy paw came charging at them again.

Bang!

With nowhere left to hide, Bian Changkong was forced to summon his spear and attempt to withstand this strike.

Spat!

Out came a mouthful of fresh blood, and the bones in Bian Changkong's body crackled like fried beans. The long spear in his hand instantly shattered into pieces.

His entire body was tossed through the air and crashed onto the walls of the small alleyway. The armor of true energy wrapping on him had also fractured into bits and pieces...

The mere strike of a doggy paw had nearly finished off an eighth grade War-God.

Mu Lingfeng fell on his butt as he slumped onto the floor. He felt like his entire world has turned into a shade of gloomy gray.

The muscles on Zhan Kong twitched as he quietly coughed. He withdrew his palm awkwardly. That doggy paw evidently also... threw him off his game.

The small alleyway became deadly still in that moment. Sounds of warriors ripping through the sky to land in the alleyway rang once in a while. But having detected the grave atmosphere within the alleyway, nobody dared to make a noise.

Tap Tap Tap.

A series of footsteps echoed from the store, finally breaking the silence. Then, a slim figure emerged from the shadows.

Bu Fang clutched in his hands the three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits infused with rich spirit energy. He approached the door with a big black dog walking cat steps on his right and a little loli following suit on his left.

This bizarre combination quickly drew everyone's attention. Seeing the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits in the slender fingers of that youth, everyone began to breathe heavily.

The protagonist... had finally appeared!

Chapter 227: Saying That I Misappropriated... How Shameless Can You Get?

In a small courtyard within the Imperial City.

Ghost Chef Wang Ding walked toward the big wok in front of him. As the lid opened, a steaming hot stream of dense spirit energy immediately surged forth. The spirit energy collided with his wrinkled face, filling the air around it.

Taking a breath, his nostrils felt as though they were on fire, forcing him to retreat a step back and knit his eyebrows as the burning sensation became unbearable.

"The essence of 37 fifth grade spirit beast boiled into the Essence Meat Broth, plus an elixir found in ruins during my trips throughout the continent. This Essence Meat Broth is the cream of the crop." Ghost Chef's eyes shone as his entire body jittered in exhilaration.

"Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit... I must definitely get it. The water is muddy enough. I wonder if the little restaurant has been destroyed or not; rumour has it there's an eighth grade expert residing there... however, that little restaurant should have become a wasteland by now."

Ghost Chef mumbled to himself as he stirred the broth, bringing forth a rotten smell.

A porcelain jar, with the size of a fist and a round shape, was brought out.

Opening the lid, Ghost Chef filled the jar with the boiling meat broth from the wok, enough to fill the entire jar.

"With this Essence Meat Broth, even against an eighth grade War-God, I still have a fighting chance in a battle. It's a pity... the side effect of the broth is too great, I must get my hands on the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Tightly clasping the jar of scalding hot broth in his hand, Ghost Chef put on a set of black robes and left the small courtyard.

Outside, two guards who were on duty noticed the Ghost Chef coming out. Their eyes widened but before they could utter a single word, Ghost Chef sliced their throats within a flash. A cold expression could be seen gleaming from the Ghost Chef's eyes.

These were people sent by Ji Chengxue to monitor him. Of course, he was aware of it. It had just been too troublesome for him to act before. Now, with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit ripening, naturally he wouldn't be soft-hearted.

With regards to the Ghost Chef's character, the fact that he was able to roam the continent and survive attested to the point that he wasn't a soft-hearted person.

A cynical expression appeared in the Ghost Chef's eyes. Still clasping the jar, he took large strides forward with a short flash.

...

As the masonry around him broke, sands flew around the alleyway. A dense number of experts crowded around, heavily breathing could be heard, with eyes tinged with redness, glaring closely at the tiny store hidden in an alleyway.

Outside the restaurant entrance stood a strange combination: a skinny youth, a lovable young girl and a plump dog.

In Bu Fang's hand were three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits which had just matured, emerging colorful and full of vigorous spirit energy. Their aura continued to fill the surroundings, daring the alleyway full of experts to make trouble.

The three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits in Bu Fang's hand could be their window of opportunity. Getting one of the fruits would be the ultimate opportunity for them, offering the chance to have a breakthrough, something they always dreamed of...

For those War-Gods floating in the air, it was slightly beneficial for them. Although the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits were precious, it was only of immense use to the Battle-Saints. In the eye of an eighth grade War-God, the effect was weaker. However, being able to get their hands on it would not be bad at all, still a heavenly treasure.

After all, he had promised Wu Yunbai to get his hand on one of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

Bam!

Within the ruins of a wall, a dishevelled figure could be seen crawling out. This person's appearance was miserable, with his whole body covered in fresh blood and sporting a vicious look.

"Cough, cough!" Bian Changkong coughed out blood with eyes full of dread. To think that a dog's paw would bring him so much more fear than the iron man puppet he encountered.

"This little restaurant... is truly inconceivable!"

"Elder Bian!" Mu Lingfeng hurriedly ran along the alley to Bian Changkong side. His eyes fell on the man's body, draped in blood, while supporting him up. Mu Lingfeng could not bear the sight and heaved a cold sigh. The one in front was an Eighth-Grade War-God, yet he was still beaten so miserably.

This dog... could it be the legendary supreme beast?

Supreme beast... even in the deepest area of the Wildlands, the existence of such a being was a taboo. To think that in this city and in this very alleyway existed such a terrifying being.

"Owner Bu, I'm Zhan Kong, one of the commanders from White Cloud Villa. Today, I come seeking a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Faced with the strong battle forces of the restaurant, Zhan Kong finally chose to compromise and performed a fist and palm salute to show respect to Bu Fang.

Seeing that it was one of the commanders from White Cloud Villa, people from the surroundings started to whisper to each other.

White Cloud Villa was one of the powerhouses in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. Although the people present could not recognize it, Elder Bian did and his face started to change. With his position as an elder, naturally he understood the strength of White Cloud Villa. It was a force on the same scale as the Three Godly Temple of the Wildlands.

He eyed Zhan Kong's dignified face.

"Owner Bu, I'm Bian Changkong, one of the elders from the Three Godly Temples of the Wildlands. I also come seeking a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Far away, the old drunkard started to laugh yet he did not come forward for his self-introduction. He took a sip of wine, wiping his mouth afterwards in delight.

The surrounding people's gaze fell on Bu Fang, waiting in anticipation.

Bu Fang stood at the restaurant entrance, emotionless as his eyes swept through the surroundings. Looking at the damaged alleyway, his eyebrows knitted together.

"I know the reason why you guys have come today, the three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits that are in my hands," said Bu Fang as he lifted his hand out. The three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit attracted their glaze.

However, soon he retracted his hand to stow away the three fruits.

He curled the corner of his mouth while emotionlessly saying, "However... I don't plan to give the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits to any of you."

Everyone present was stunned. Soon and at the same time, they became agitated.

Bu Fang didn't plan to surrender the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits? Was he planning to keep all three of the heavenly treasures?

That statement had made everyone dissatisfied. They had travelled a long distance to reach the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire, all for the sake of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. To think that Bu Fang wanted to keep the fruits for himself... Such a selfish act tempted the anger of the crowd!

Zhan Kong's face wasn't pleased. He had never expected Bu Fang to issue such a strong statement of rejection.

"Owner Bu, in front of so many people, you boldly misappropriate all three fruits for yourself. That is not very nice," said Zhan Kong coldly.

His words reflected the feelings of everybody present, as they continued to glare angrily at Bu Fang. What irritated the crowd more was that under everybody's gaze, Bu Fang's facial expression did not change at all.

Bu Fang shook his head and doubtfully looked at Zhan Kong, "Misappropriate? You say I misappropriate? I won this Five Stripes Path-Understanding seed fair and square, by winning the first prize from the Imperial City's Hundred Families Banquet. Since I won it, that means the seed belongs to me. I planted the seed in my restaurant and looked after it from germination to final maturity... You say I misappropriate, how shameless can you be?"

Bu Fang's voice wasn't loud and held no anger. It was his daily emotionless way of speaking, and yet it stunned everyone.

That was right. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree belonged to Bu Fang. He was the rightful owner of the heavenly treasure. There was no reason for him to hand over the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

After listening to Bu Fang's words, a laughter came from the old drunkard. As he brought forth the wine gourd to his mouth to take a sip of wine, the wine fragrance scattered forth.

"But there are three Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits and yet you want them all for yourself. This will anger everybody. Heavenly treasure is a golden opportunity. You..." Within the crowd, somebody unwillingly yelled.

"Right... This heavenly treasure cannot be monopolized by one person!"

"If this old man is unable to gain this heavenly treasure today, I will fight it out with you. Whoever denies this old man the chance of having a breakthrough will be my enemy."

The voices of admonishment started to surge and as they got louder, the crowd became even more excited as they scolded Bu Fang. The killing intent started to surge.

As Bu Fang hugged the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits, he threw a glance over the crowd and became impatient. He must complete the system's temporary mission, three fruits were simply not enough for himself, so how could he share them with others.

He curled his mouth as he turned to make his way back to the restaurant, feeling lazy to argue with the crowd.

"Owner Bu, I will use crystals to buy the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits!" The silent Bian Changkong opened his mouth while staring at Bu Fang.

"Right... crystals are not a problem." Mu Lingfeng nodded his head as he realized that.

Since Bu Fang turned back and faced Bian Changkong, they thought that he was considering selling the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.

At once, Bian Changkong was delighted, "I am willing to pay five thousand crystals for a single Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. Is Owner Bu interested?"

Five thousand crystals for a single Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. To be honest, the price was quite fair. After all, a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit increased the chance for a seventh grade Battle-Saint to breakthrough to War-God, although it was not a hundred percent chance of a breakthrough. So, paying five thousand crystals for it still carried a risk.

"I'm willing to pay seven thousand crystals." Zhan Kong reported a higher number as he gave a look at Bain Changkong.

"Ha ha! I like this sort of peaceful solution. There no point in meaningless killing. This old man is willing to come out with nine thousand crystals. After all, Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit should be a suitable ingredient to brew wine." Old drunkard finally spoke with a laugh.

Bian Changkong stared furiously at the two other men, gritting his teeth, "This old man will pay ten thousand crystals!!"

Ten thousand crystals...

At once, everyone in the crowd sighed.

They were talking about crystals, not gold coins. Ten thousand crystals... was a price as high as the heavens. Just to buy a single Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit... It might not be worth it.

The entire wealth of a Battle-Saint probably was around ten thousand crystals.

Hence, everyone in the crowd felt that Bu Fang would accept the deal. After all, the amount was simply too irresistible.

Naturally, Bu Fang was tempted. Ten thousand crystals... if he was able to convert them to his cultivation, it would spare him of a lot of work.

"System, if I sell the fruits, will the crystals be considered as the store's earning?" He asked the system after deliberating for a while.

Within a moment, the system replied in a serious tone, "It will not be counted. The cultivation level of the host depends on the sale of the restaurant. Hence all sale must be from the dishes cooked by the host. If the fruits are sold, any crystals gain won't be counted in the increment of cultivation level."

Bu Fang was expressionless. Of course... he knew the system would not give him any shortcut.

The anticipating glances of everyone clearly showed that they assumed that Bu Fang would sell the fruits.

Bu Fang's heart ached. Still, he gritted his teeth and replied to Bian Changkong in an emotionless expression, "Do I, Owner Bu, look like the sort who lacks crystals? No matter how many crystals are offered for the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit... I will not sell them."

What!

Bu Fang's words incited a lot of gasps. Bian Changkong was in a daze, with fires surging within him. He was pissed off.

"Owner Bu did want to misappropriate for himself after all! Get him!"

"This opportunity belongs to everybody, how can he take them all for himself! Kill! Snatch the fruits!"

"Damned! For an opportunity to breakthrough, everyone with me!"

Bu Fang's words were like a knife which severed the hopes of everyone present. The crowd finally couldn't resist taking action.

When there were enough benefits laid out in front of the masses, all fears of Whitey and the supreme beast were gone.

The crowd of experts, all releasing their true energy, rushed toward Bu Fang's restaurant with a look of avarice on their faces. As everybody rushed forward, the ground seemed to tremble from the terrifying momentum. Even Zhan Kong's face started to change.

Even now, Bu Fang eyes still had that same cold expression. Glancing at all these greedy people, he sighed.

"Since everyone is eager to seek their death... so be it."

Chapter 228: Lord Dog Made a Move!

Within the Imperial City, a large wave of true energy surged and spread toward the sky. As it reached the clouds, it scattered in all four directions, covering the entire city. Within the surge of different forms of true energy, a flood of angry voices followed.

At this point, the entire small alleyway was filled with chaotic shouting, all for the sake of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. The crowd could not hold it in anymore.

Ni Yan's face whitened. Hearing the shouts from those experts with their fuming facial expressions, she pulled Ye Ziling toward her to prevent her from getting lost among the crowd.

She glanced toward the direction of the small restaurant, as more experts surrounded the building.

Ni Yan could not understand why Bu Fang did not accept the deal to sell the Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. If he had agreed... this situation would not have occurred.

If he agreed to the sale, the crowd would not have turned violent. After all, anyone who could purchase one of the fruits would be of a certain strength. For example, both Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong were eighth grade War-Gods, and nobody would dare harbour any desire to rob them.

Yet, Bu Fang still held on to the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits. This gave the crowd the chance to rob him. That was the ultimate reason why all that tension was created.

"Sister Ni Yan, will Owner Bu... be okay?" Ye Ziling doubtfully asked, turning to face Ni Yan only to see her biting down on her lips, as she seemed to decide. Her true energy started to circulate.

Immediately, Ye Ziling was shocked, "Sister Ni Yan, you want to join in the fight?"

"Fight, what fight? Be a good girl and stay at the old drunkard's side, I will go and help Owner Bu." Ni Yan snapped and knocked on Ye Ziling's head.

Ni Yan knew that Bu Fang had a terrifying puppet, Whitey... and a black dog. However, the opponents in front of him were just too many. Even the flow of the alleyway was jammed due to the large crowd, with their colliding true energies enough to collapse the walls of the alleyway.

With a large number of seventh grade Battle-Saints present, their combined strength could even compete with an eighth grade War-God.

"Now is not the time for an idle chat." Ni Yan strained her eyes, causing the true energy from her body to surge forth. With her snow-white legs revealed, she dashed forward a few steps to block the path of two incoming shadows.

"All of you, get lost!!"

Ni Yan gave the ground a mighty kick and true energy overflowed from her shoulders. She reached out and grabbed two nearby two Battle-Kings before viciously throwing them backward towards the crowd.

Bam Bam!

Swatted away by the oncoming crowd, whose heads had been clouded by greed, the two Battle-Kings vomited blood from their severe injuries before letting forth a miserable howl.

Ni Yan was truly a domineering sight to be seen, as three thousand green threads danced in the air, each strand powered by her surging true energy. Her face was one of seriousness and tempestuous anger.

As she continued to toss away multiple waves of experts, a sinking feeling hit her.

She had already blocked many experts, but there were just too many in the crowd.

An arrow fast as lightning glided across the crowds, with a large sonic wave trailing it. Several people were pierced, gravely injuring them.

"Sister Ni Yan... I will help you."

...

"Since everyone is eager to seek death... so be it"

Bu Fang's voice wasn't loud, yet it transmitted throughout the entire alleyway. As the crowd heard it, those anxious experts did not feel afraid at all, but instead their eyes became redder in anger!

"Kill! If you don't hand over the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, we will thrash your restaurant and then kill you!" Somebody in the crowd shouted.

The shout of "kill" could be heard echoing from the crowd.

Whitey, with its large belly, blocked the entrance of the restaurant. Its red mechanical eyes flickered, turning to purple.

"Whoever wishes to harm the host must be eliminated."

Thump!

The chopper reappeared in Whitey's hand. With a downward stroke, it split open the heads of the two most front Battle-Emperors.

As the thick blood oozed, not only did it not force the crowd to retreat, rather, it increased the bloodthirstiness of the crowd.

Ni Yan and Ye Ziling started to retreat as they continued to battle, till they reached the front of Bu Fang. Their two appearances were a mess.

"Owner Bu... are you crazy! Going against so many people?!" Ni Yan tone was slightly angry as she spoke. She did not understand Bu Fang's thinking at all.

Those who were familiar with Bu Fang also helped to block the encroaching crowd as they retreated to the restaurant entrance.

The appearances of Xiao Meng, Wu Yunbai and the rest were dishevelled.

As Bu Fang's eyes swept over the people who helped him, his gaze warmed. However, as his glance turned toward the greedy crowd, his eyes turned cold.

"Lazy dog, these people... you do not need to hold back," Bu Fang coldly spoke. For the first time, his voice contained a killing intent.

As the little black dog's mouth and nose started to twitch slightly, its eyes revealed a sense of excitement.

"Don't need to hold back? Great..." Its tongue stuck out as it licked its lips, revealing razor-sharp white teeth.

"Greed is the root of all evil... all these reckless humans." A calm male voice echoed throughout the entire alleyway.

Within the crowd, Zhan Kong suddenly halted from the impending sense of danger that was strong enough to cause his heart to beat wildly.

Run!

Without a single thread of hesitation, Zhan Kong turned his body and retreated out of the restaurant's surroundings.

A few shadows dashed out of the crowd and floated in the sky, hearts pumping wildly.

One of them was the old drunkard riding a donkey... To think that the old man's donkey could float in the air too.

Bian Changkong dragged Mu Lingfeng away as he retreated from the surrounding. Within the crowd, there were many who were able to sense the impending danger.

Those in the sky looked with fear as they stared downwards.

Blacky strode out of the restaurant like a cat while Bu Fang asked Ni Yang and the rest to retreat into the restaurant.

Blacky came to a stop beside Whitey, which by now was totally covered in blood.

Whitey, after all, was a puppet not able to generate any true energy. Even though it possessed the battle strength to go against ninth grade experts, when faced with the large crowd, it had its hand tied up. At this moment, Lord Dog came to assist.

A sixth grade Battle-Emperor with eyes full of anger released a shout as his body was enveloped with true energy. The axe in his hand was pointed toward the black dog, preparing to slash downwards.

"Prepare to die!"

Faced with the shadow of the axe coming down on it, Blacky let out a bark as it raised its dog paw and patted down.

Boom!

The axe disintegrated along with the Battle Emperor who became a puddle of blood.

While the fall of an expert brought a slight chill to the heart of the crowd, they angrily pressed forward.

Boom!!

A terrifying pressure surged from Blacky's body, blocking the crowd of experts' advancement. The herd of shouting came to a stop.

Under the crowd's panic-stricken eyes, the black dog body changed to a humongous size, without a trace of its former naïve appearance.

In a short moment, it became a two-meter-tall black hound enveloped in burning black flame.

Sizzling!

The surrounding air seemed to burn.

Everybody in the crowd had a sense of being suppressed, as they couldn't help but kneel on the floor to the presence of the dog. Battle-Kings, Battle-Emperors and even Battle-Saints all collapsed to the ground.

As the giant hound took a step forward, the ground started to shake. It blinked its eyes as it sighed. Space seemed to rip as it disappeared from its original position.

Zoom!

The giant hound sprinted forward, leaving a path of blood behind it as it stopped at the center of the crowd.

As the giant hound's sight swept across the surroundings, its mouth twitched, revealing razor-sharp shiny teeth. Tilting its head upwards, a heaven scattering howl swept across the city.

Boom!

With a single sound, the entire floor of the alleyway caved in.

The crowd of kneeling people all screamed in agony as blood seeped out of their orifices. Their only desire was to escape out of the alleyway. However, before they could even take a few more steps, they became blood puddles.

While the Battle-Saint held on for a while longer, the final outcome remained the same as they exploded without leaving behind a single intact limb.

As those experts hovering in the sky witnessed the gruesome scene, their hearts felt like it had been seized by a formless dog paw: all it took was a single squeeze and then, squish!

"Ni... Ninth grade... supreme beast!!"

At this point, Mu Lingfeng was certain that the dog before him had reached the realm of ninth grade supreme beast!

Cold sweat could be seen dripping on the foreheads of the people floating in the sky. They all felt fortunate knowing that they weren't down there right now.

In their eyes, the alleyway had become hell... Blood mist and explosions occurred non-stop, each signifying that an expert had fallen.

Everybody had misjudged the true strength of the restaurant.

The trump card of the restaurant... wasn't the puppet at all, but rather this existence which no one noticed... a terrifying ninth grade supreme beast!

Chapter 229: The Path-Understanding Blossoming Flower

Bang Bang Bang!

Miserable howls kept on resounding within the small store. Every miserable howl signified an expert being turned into a blood mist.

That was practically hell. It was frightening to the point of making one feel their heart tightening the moment they saw the scene.

Whitey had already reinstated back to its red-eye mode. The bloodstains on its body had also been automatically purified. Once again, it was turned back into its original white and plump appearance as it stood behind Bu Fang.

Ni Yan and the others were in shock. Their complexion had turned deathly white due to the frightening scene.

They had never even once seen such a gruesome scene before. Even Xiao Meng, who was accustomed to slaughtering, also felt his heart shuddering. His pores had widen up and his back was drenched in cold sweat!

Ye Ziling widened her eyes while her lips turned deathly pale. She was originally an obedient girl who stayed within the Hundred Thousand Mountains. Even though her cultivation was pretty decent, she had never even witnessed any bloody scenes of a battlefield before. Let alone this shocking scene that was in front of her right now.

Looking at the big black hound which was standing in the middle of the alley barking, at that moment, everyone couldn't help but feel some reverence within their hearts.

Bu Fang complexion was also slightly pale. However, he still tried his best to control himself.

The ferocious barking did not resonate throughout the Imperial Capital as it was shrouded by Blacky's true energy, causing the barking to only resonate within this alley. Therefore, outside of this alley, the Imperial Capital was still the same as before, auspicious and peaceful. So much that there was not even any trace of the frightening energy.

The alley floor had finally been shattered and was tainted by the fresh blood.

Some of the people had fled from the alley but their spirit had long been repressed. They did not even dare to turn around to take another glance as they tried to frantically escape from the alley.

Those who had managed to escape are basically those who possessed a cultivation level of Battle-Saint and above. These Battle-Saints all had a set of uniquely life-saving methods. Therefore, they were able to survive from this calamity.

The ferocious howling had finally come to a stop.

The large hound had also lowered its head, which had been perking up. Its eyes apathetically swept around its surrounding once as he looked at the spacious and empty alley. It harrumphed once while its body started shrinking. Ultimately, it returned back to the form of the plump dog, Blacky.

Striding in its graceful cat steps, Blacky returned to the store.

The frightening imposing pressure had also finally dissipated from the valley. They heaved a sigh of relief and loosened up the tension that had been building up in their bodies. It was as if the boulder which had been in their hearts had finally fallen off.

Blacky opened his mouth and yawned. That lazy appearance... it was as if Blacky was asking for a beating.

However Xiao Meng was actually looking at that black dog in reverence and did not even dare to manifest his awe-inspiring prestige at all.

Bu Fang patted Blacky's head. He raised his head and looked at those people who were hovering in the sky above the alley and said indifferently: "Do any of you still want the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit?"

Want? Want your sister!

Everyone was cursing in their heart. Indeed, they wanted it but would they still have the courage to? Such a frightening dog... it was not something they could contend against. Even if a War-God were to face this dog, they believed that War-God would also be powerless against it.

"Er... There is not a need for all of you to be discouraged or disappointed," Bu Fang looked at those people who were hovering in the sky and said seriously.

"The reason why I am not selling the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit is because I needed this fruit and would use it to make dishes. You might not be able to obtain the Path-Understanding Fruit, but you can still choose to buy the dishes made from it. I believe those dishes would certainly not make any of you feel disappointed."

Make dishes with it? Using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit? Everyone hovering at the sky felt somewhat comical as if they were overwhelmed by Bu Fang's decision.

Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was a heavenly treasure. And you are freaking telling us that you want to use it to make dishes?

Zhang Kong and Bian Changkong complexion was also somewhat dumbfounded.

On the contrary, the old drunkard grinned and felt that it was very interesting. He had wanted to use the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit to brew wine, but Bu Fang actually wanted to use it to make dishes... The line of thoughts from both sides were just using a different method that would lead to the same result.

The Old Drunkard immediately started laughing heartily. He picked up the wine gourd and poured a cup of wine for himself so as to keep his surprise under control.

After that, he pulled the stubborn donkey down to the middle of the alley and started walking toward the small store.

Ultimately, that donkey was forced to stay within the alley by that Old Drunkard, outside the store.

"I am looking forward to Boss Bu's dishes that were made using the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit." The Old Drunkard smiled.

Bu Fang looked at that old man in surprise. Bu Fang nodded his head and did not say anything.

In the sky, Zhan Kong and his men frowned. Finally, they also chose to descend, and then entered the small store.

The disturbance had finally come to an end. No one knew how many experts had died in this unremarkable alley in the Imperial Capital. There were Battle-Saint who had managed to escape from this alley. They all had rushed out of the Imperial Capital fanatically and did not even bother to turn their head back. They were all frightened to death by that dog.

Above the streets of the Imperial Capital, Ghost Chef Wang Ding slowly advanced over. In one of his hands, he was carrying a porcelain jar and his appearance was very placid.

"Where did all the fluctuation go? Could it be that I have arrived late... and the battle has already ended?" Ghost Chef was somewhat puzzled. According to what he had understood, it was impossible for this small store to be able to contend against all the onslaught from those experts.

Arriving at the alley entrance, he looked inside. The secluded alley was extremely spacious and empty. There was not a single person there.

However, there was a heavy reeking of blood assaulting his nostrils. This caused the Ghost Chef to feel as if he had been thrown into an ocean of blood.

Ghost Chef deeply sucked in a breath of air. His complexion carried faint traces of grave as he entered into the alley. The moment his foot touched the ground, he felt that the sole of his foot had submerged down. He was startled. He lowered his head to take a look. The floor of the alley had actually been covered by a layer of chisel powder...

"Inside this alley... what exactly had happened!" Ghost Chef's heart suddenly started thumping as he felt a sense of uneasiness.

"It's so quiet... Could it be that it has really ended? But why hasn't this small store been destroyed?"

Ghost Chef slowly strode over and arrived in front of the small store. Unexpectedly, the store was actually filled with people!

"Could it be that this small store had been invaded and occupied? It seem possible... It's definitely possible!" Ghost Chef's heart was certain about it as he deeply breathed in a mouthful of air.

He no longer hesitated as he opened up the porcelain jar lid.

The dense fishy stench drifted out, causing the Ghost Chef to slightly wrinkle his eyebrows. The smell was really too smelly!

By the entrance of the store, the Ghost Chef drank all the broth from the jar in a shot. In an instant, he felt that his whole body meridians had started to swell.

Crash!

The porcelain jar fell onto the ground and shattered into pieces.

It immediately caught the attention of everyone inside the store. All of them looked out and were surprised to see an old man with dishevelled hair kneeling down on the ground fighting against his convulsion.

After convulsing for a while, that old man stood up. That supposedly aged facial features had unexpectedly become a lot younger.

The Ghost Chef Wang Ding twisted his neck and felt the insurmountable strength within his body. He endured the urge to laugh heartily. Was this the strength of a War-God? Sure enough, it was able to let one be attracted by it.

"Next, it's time for me to seize the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit."

Ghost Chef smiled sinisterly as he lifted up his head. His gaze fell onto those curious eyes that were staring at him.

...

Bu Fang grabbed onto the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and returned back to the kitchen. He placed the spirit fruits, which were covered in brilliant lights and vibrant colors that emitted rich true energy, onto the cooking bench.

He stared at the three fruit and wrinkled his eyebrows. No one knew what he was thinking about when he touched his chin while contemplating.

The current mission was to use this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit to make a dish. Only by passing through the system's evaluation would the quest be counted as completed. But the problem was what kind of dish should he make? This was the main problem, which still remained unsolved for Bu Fang.

"Use the smash cucumber salad method to handle this Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit so as to restore back the original feel of the spirit fruit?" Bu Fang murmured. However, the idea was being dismissed by him very quickly. If he were to really handle it this way, he would definitely not pass the evaluation. After all, according to the craftiness of the system, it would never allow Bu Fang to complete his mission so easily.

After giving much thought to it, Bu Fang took one of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and a green smoke appeared around his hand, after which a pitch-black, simple and unadorned Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared on his hand.

Bu Fang took out a chopping board. After brandishing the knife, he sliced the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit into two.

Immediately, a rich fruity smell pervaded out and unexpectedly brought along faint heat with it. After slicing it into half, the pulp inside it started to leak out the thick fruity juice, that also carried a mild and humid heat with it.

After sizing up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, Bu Fang muttered to himself for some time before started to cut the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit very quickly. Da Da Da. He chopped the spirit fruit into portions of equal size.

Bu Fang decided to cook a dish to test it out first.

Bu Fang took out an egg from the cupboard. This was a fifth grade spirit beast egg. There was still a disparity if he were to match it with this Path-Understanding Fruit.

After cracking the egg into the bowl and beating it up, Bu Fang ignited the fire and started warming up his pan.

He waited for the pan to reach a suitable temperature before pouring oil into it. After the oil had started boiling, he poured the neatly sliced Path-Understanding Fruit which was pervading the air with its aroma and spirit energy into the pan. Immediately, sizzling sounds resonated.

The oil splattered in all directions.

Bu Fang controlled his true energy and directed it into the pan. He controlled the spirit energy direction so as to prevent destroying the spirit energy in the spirit fruit.

After stir-frying it for a while, Bu Fang poured the egg liquid into the pan. At the same time, he also poured in the neatly sliced Path-Understanding Fruit into it. Both items were mixed together. Immediately, and rich aromas burst out, causing one to feel intoxicated by it.

Bu Fang sniffed the aroma and felt that his brain had become clear and sober. Extremely Refreshing!

"It's so fragrant!" He praised. Subsequently, he started to stir-fry it very quickly.

It was only for a moment and the egg liquid started to solidify. Because of the mixture with the Path-Understanding Fruit juice, the solidification did not look as tender and yellow as it was supposed to be. In contrast, it was somewhat glittering and translucent, as if it was frozen.

Bu Fang covered the pan with a lid so as to steam it for a moment. He controlled his true energy to pull out the spirit energy within the pan, causing the spirit energy of the dish to attain a kind of equilibrium.

Finally, Bu Fang opened the pan lid. The heat burst forth as it brought along the dish aroma and rushed out of the kitchen.

Bu Fang took a white round porcelain bowl and poured the dish into it.

With his professional arranging skills, the plate retained the brilliant glow and vibrant colors, with heat being emitted out of the Path-Understanding Fruit. In the middle of it, it was decorated with the glittering and translucent scrambled egg. The scrambled egg spirit energy bubbled up while the spirit energy of the spirit fruit burst forth. Clouds emerged on top of the dish, forming a moire.

"Path-Understanding Fruit Scrambled Egg... Er, this name is too crude. Let's call it Path-Understanding Blossoming Flower. It is a lot more classier. It would make it appear to be more decent."

Bu Fang spun the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife around his hand, and the knife turned into green smoke and vanished.

He looked at the plate with the dish, was shrouded by cloud lines in its magnificent golden color, and the corner of his mouth rose.

"System, is this dish able to pass the evaluation process?" Bu Fang questioned the system.

If this dish was able to pass the evaluation, then it would save Bu Fang a lot of efforts from innovating again. Therefore, he was somewhat looking forward to the answer.

Nevertheless, the solemn and conscientious tone of the system resounded inside Bu Fang's mind very quickly.

"Dish name: Path-Understanding Blossoming Flower. Chef: Host, Bu Fang. Amount of spirit energy contained inside the dish: 70%. Path-Understanding Factor measurement: 70%. The Final usefulness evaluation: After a Battle-Saint had consumed it, it would be hard for him to rely on this to successfully break through to a War-God. Therefore, the dish is a failure."

Chapter 230: The Ghost Chef Who Failed at Showboating and Ended Up Getting Thrashed Instead

As expected, Bu Fang failed the evaluation test, and then he confirmed that passing the evaluation would not be as simple as it seemed.

"The main criteria of the evaluation was the amount of spirit energy retained and Path-Understanding factor accumulation..." Bu Fang murmured to himself while touching his chin.

He used the Golden Dragon Bone Knife to slice the fruit, so the spirit energy should have been well preserved in that point. As to why that much of spirit energy was wasted, it was because during the cooking, he did not control the movement of the spirit energy well.

"Then, this dish was wasted..." As Bu Fang looked at that cloud-shaped mist diffusing, he felt a sudden pain in his flesh.

"For the host, who wants to become the top chef in this fantasy world, if his dishes fail the evaluation, they will not be allowed to be put for sale." Words that were strict and conscientious echoed from the system.

If the failed dishes were allowed to be sold, it would mean disrespect to both the customers and one's own culinary skills. When a chef presented a dish, it had to be a successful dish, one that was better than a chef's previous dishes.

Bu Fang let out a sigh. Whitey appeared beside him unnoticed. He touched its fat belly, and its those sharp eyes gleamed as its round and plump stomach opened up, like a bottomless pit.

This was the hole that Whitey used to collect waste... Bu Fang lifted up the dish, frowned, and although he felt it was a waste to throw it away, he resisted this feeling and threw it into Whitey's belly.

This signified that the first Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was now wasted.

After handling the first failed dish, Bu Fang did not rest but instead went into deep thought for a while, thinking about ways to create the dish in a way that could ensure that the spirit energy and Path-Understanding factor could be preserved.

The system did not provide a recipe, but Bu Fang was already used to such a situation. Many of his dishes were created by himself and this was very important for a chef. This was what was called creativity.

Bu Fang had an idea and took out a few ingredients from the system's storage space. Wandering Dragon Cow meat, Illusory Spirit Swamp Fat Fish, and some spirit fruit and herbs. These were all

the ingredients that Bu Fang had, and the system did not provide many ingredients. There were two Path-Understanding Fruits left. If Bu Fang wanted to complete this mission, there was no room for any errors.

He stared at the few ingredients he had and stopped at the Wandering Dragon Cow meat and the fat fish. Which amongst the two ingredients should he choose?

Tap!

He snapped his finger. Bu Fang had an idea. Surprisingly, he did not choose to use the seventh grade Wandering Dragon Cow meat, but instead the mysterious Illusory Spirit Swamp Fat Fish.

These fat fish were collected by Bu Fang from the serpent-men. Its meat was succulent and fleshy, and its taste when grilled was delectable.

This time round, Bu Fang was not planning to grill the fish, because he was sure that grilling was not compatible with the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit.

Firstly, he cleaned the fat fish, then cut open the fish stomach. Gripping onto the Dragon Bone Knife, he used the back of the knife to pound the flesh of the fat fish. True energy flowed from the Dragon Bone Knife directly into the flesh, causing the flesh of the fish to glow up. He then carved some patterns on the body of the fish.

Bu Fang then started to handle the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit. He cut the fruit into two, ensuring that its juice was kept in a porcelain bowl, before further cutting it apart. The dense spirit energy started to dissipate around the entire kitchen, causing one to feel extremely alert. After extracting the juice, Bu Fang carefully and meticulously spread the juice on the fish meat. He made sure that the entire fish was coated with the juice. The juice quickly seeped into the fish meat.

He took the blue and white porcelain bowl, retrieved two pieces of the Path-Understanding Fruit pulp and insert them into the mouth of the fish, blocking the air passage of the fish. Then, he took the remaining fruit pulp and spread it on the fish, covering it.

He opened the pot, started the fire, and placed a steamer into the pot.

Bu Fang put the fat fish that he prepared into the steamer. Undoubtedly, this time the dish he chose to cook was steamed fish.

However, steaming was not any easier than boiling, Bu Fang had to always ensure the flow of true energy and control the change of spirit energy of the fish.

The higher the grade of the ingredient, the higher the level of true energy control required of the chef. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit was of a very high grade, containing a highly concentrated amount of spirit energy and Path-Understanding factor. To not destroy the spirit energy and Path-Understanding factor, Bu Fang must make use of true energy to control it.

This could be considered as a type of true energy cooking, and such method really tested the cultivation level of a chef.

Bu Fang concentrated, and the true energy emerged from his energy core, constantly spreading from his hands and covering the steamer.

....

Ghost Chef had a smug on his face when he entered the premises of the store. In his mind, he was thinking that the people in this store were definitely sharing the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit and he had to obtain one of this fruit at this moment.

After drinking the secretly-made meat broth, the Ghost Chef achieved godlike culinary cultivation level. He also regained his youth, strength and confidence.

However, after entering the store, his expression changed.

The people in the shop looked at him suspiciously, not knowing what this authoritative man wanted there.

Ghost Chef raised his eyebrows and turned toward the corner, where the Path-Understanding Tree was, and then he froze.

The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree leaves were thriving. They were greenish, radiant and overflowing with spirit energy. It was growing very healthily, but... the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits had disappeared from view. It was clear that they had completely divided up among the people.

"Dam it... i was indeed too late!" Ghost Chef cursed softly before turning his gaze toward the other people in the shop.

"Did your divide up the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit? I will spare the lives of the people who handover the fruit!" Ghost Chef was anxious, as he really needed the fruit. He had even been prepared to use the highly effectively, secretly-made Meat Essence Broth to get the Path-Understanding Fruit.

For the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, he couldn't care less anymore.

There was a large number of people seated in the store, waiting for Bu Fang's Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit dish, but instead, there was one random person who appeared and demanded them to hand over their Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruits.....

Damned be your sister! We also want to have the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit!

Zhan Kong and Bian Changkong looked toward that Ghost Chef with a hostile look. They planned to pay a fortune, but were unable to buy over Owner Bu's Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit, and this weird random guy in front of them actually threatened them to hand over the fruit. Who did he think he was?

Zhan Kong stood up and was in a sulky mood as Owner Bu had vented his emotions on him. At this moment, both parties felt like venting their frustration on each other.

Bian Changkong also stood up. After consuming an elixir previously, he had mostly recovered at this point.

The two of them walked with gloomy faces toward the door, where the exasperated Ghost Chef was at.

The old drunkard laughed heartily and gulped down a mouthful of wine, merrily preparing to watch this show unfold.

"Are the both of you looking for death?!" the Ghost Chef threatened in a gloomy tone as he narrowed his eyes.

He now had the power of a War-God. In his impression, that was the highest level that one could attain. Were the two ants in front of him looking for death?

He feeling very egoistic at the moment.

"Who do you think you are threatening?!"

Bian Changkong coldly opened his mouth and swang a slap toward Ghost Chef as he whistled.

Ghost Chef was visibly stunned and angrily rebuked, "Looking for death!"

Bang!

Ghost Chef was stunned. He blocked Bian Changkong's slap but was unable to defend himself from Zhan Kong's. His face immediately swelled.

"Holy mother! What kind of situation is this? How could I, someone with a cultivation level of a War-God, be hit in the face?"

Ghost Chef raged, and the increased power in his body surget out as true energy.

Bang!!

There was another slap by Zhan Kong. He had not shown any mercy and displayed a stern facial expression. However, beneath the silver mask, Zhan Kong's face hid a mocking expression.

"Who do you think you are to threaten the commander?" Zhan Kong replied coldly. He could not defeat that black dog in a fight, but how would he lose to this random dude.

"Damn it! Go to hell!" Black smoke started to gush out from Ghost Chef's body as he shouted in an angry and anxious tone.

Bang!!

However, without even waiting for the black smoke to completely gush out, Bian Changkong kicked the Ghost Chef out of the shop and into the ruins of the small alley.

"What a retard."

Biang Changkong and Zhan Kong looked at each other and laughed before successively dashing out of the shop.

At this moment, they felt depressed and wanted to vent their frustrations. Where did this retard come from... It was timely, as it allowed them to vent their frustrations.

Blacky, lazily lying in front of the store's doorstep, sleepily gazed at this one-sided domination and then yawned.

Ghost Chef's miserable cries sounded endlessly. He had believed that he was going to demonstrate his lofty skills. However, he did not expect that he would be beaten up by two dudes.

With no ability to retaliate, he knew in his heart that these were truly two War-Gods.

Xiao Meng leaned against the door of the store, looking at the miserable and pathetic Ghost Chef. Xiao Meng felt a flash of happiness.

"Ask your slave to spread the news. You made the whole Imperial City fall into a turmoil, and now you finally got beaten. A person like you definitely deserves a beating."

Xiao Meng gloated at his misfortune.

Suddenly, an aroma came from the kitchen, bringing with it an unusual implication. Everyone was stunned and turned toward the kitchen with expectancy as it looked like Owner Bu's dish was about to be completed.