

Read Gourmet of Another World

Chapter 26: Bu Fang Whose Culinary Skills Were Severely Challenged

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"Big brother, do you think this gigolo is an idiot? We're wagering with him, but we're the ones who decide whether it's delicious. Even if his dishes are really delicious, we can just say that it tastes bad and he can't do anything about it! At that time, he'll still need to obediently hand our sister over," Ouyang Di covertly whispered to the stern-looking Ouyang Zhen.

Ouyang Zhen gave a sidelong glance to his third brother, then snorted and said, "With our taste buds, even the most delicious cuisine in the imperial palace tasted the same. Do you think we even tell whether it tastes good or not? Aren't you just talking crap?"

"That gigolo will definitely lose this wager," Ouyang Zhen triumphantly said as his beard fluttered.

"I knew Big brother is the smartest among us; you understood immediately. It's only because we drank too much and lost our sense of taste. Except for wine, everything tastes like plain water. It's really uncomfortable, though," Ouyang said with a sigh.

"Second brother! Don't worry about it. After we pick up Xiaoyi, I'll let you drink the "Exquisitely Aromatic Intense Flames Wine" that the emperor bestowed to me! It will definitely make you feel as if your entire body is on fire!" Ouyang Zhen said as he patted Ouyang Wu's shoulders.

"Heh! Thank you, big brother! With our palate, only wine can satisfy us now!" Ouyang Wu grinned.

While the three of them were chatting, Bu Fang was already preparing the dishes in the kitchen.

The Ice Sea fish needed to be marinated in advance when cooking Lees Fish, and he only prepared two fishes the night before. He already cooked one previously and was going to leave the other one for dinner. However, since someone else ordered the dish, he took it out to cook it.

After removing the distillers grains from the exterior of the fish, Bu Fang made two small cuts on its body then placed it on a plate inside the bamboo steamer.

The Egg-Fried Rice and Fish Head Tofu Soup were being prepared as well.

The smell of the Egg-Fried Rice was very fragrant; it drifted out from the kitchen and enveloped the three barbarians of Ouyang like silk, causing them to continuously sniff.

"It smells so good! It looks like this gigolo has some skills after all." Ouyang Di said with an intoxicated expression.

The other two remained silent, but they did not think much of it. No matter how fragrant it was, there was no point; with their bland taste buds, everything tasted the same.

As Ouyang Xiaoyi was not around, Bu Fang had to personally serve the Egg-Fried Rice. He placed it on the table and said, "Erm... Whoever's Egg-Fried Rice, please enjoy your meal."

As the three brothers looked similar to Zhang Fei, Bu Fang—who suffered from mild face blindness—was already having difficulty differentiating them.

"This is mine." Ouyang Wu narrowed his eyes, got closer to the Egg-Fried Rice and deeply breathed in. The rich fragrance immediately filled his nasal cavity. He honestly thought it smelled really good.

Ouyang Wu was unable to endure it any longer and scooped up a spoonful of Egg-Fried Rice into his mouth. As the silk-like egg liquid entered his mouth, it immediately solidified. When it mixed together with the pearl-like rice grains, it was like they were jumping around his mouth, giving him a peculiar feeling.

"Guru."

After swallowing the Egg-Fried Rice in his mouth, Ouyang Wu's face turned expressionless. Even though the texture was excellent, it had no taste at all.

Ouyang Zhen and Ouyang Di tried a bite as well, and they both frowned after trying.

"What the hell is this? There's no taste at all... Is this supposed to taste good?" Ouyang Zhen pursed his lip together, then threw the spoon onto the table and complained.

Bu Fang was startled, thinking. "How is this possible? How could the improved Egg-Fried Rice taste bad?"

This was the first time he met a customer that improved Egg-Fried Rice was unable to subdue.

Bu Fang smelled the fragrance of the Egg-Fried Rice in the air; it was so rich that it was as if a piece of silk was caressing his face. "There shouldn't be any problems with the taste!"

"Is it because their taste buds are unique?" Bu Fang thought.

"Gigolo, you should just quickly throw in the towel and return our sister. You will not be able to cook anything that can impress us," Ouyang Di gloatingly said with a smile.

The fact that the three of them only ate a single bite each and did not finish the Egg-Fried Rice was greatly out of Bu Fang's expectations.

Even the big black dog lying at the entrance lifted its head and interestedly watched the scene unfold in the little store.

"Please wait." Bu Fang's expression was extremely grim. He felt that his culinary skills was being severely challenged.

He returned to the kitchen and the Fish Head Tofu Soup was ready to be served. He carefully poured the soup into a blue and white porcelain bowl. The Lees Fish needed a few more minutes, so he served the fish soup first.

"Here's your Fish Head Tofu Soup, please enjoy your meal," Bu Fang solemnly said.

The fragrance of the Fish Head Tofu Soup was not inferior to Egg-Fried Rice in the slightest. The refreshing smell of the fish mixed with the faint fragrance of the tofu was like a fluttering gauze touching their skin. The milky-white fish soup and crystal-clear tofu were giving off a faint radiance under the lighting.

Just the appearance of the dish fascinated the three brothers, triggering their appetite. However, after they finished drinking the fish soup, they became expressionless, as if they had just drank a bowl of tasteless plain water.

"No! Your fish soup doesn't taste good," The Ouyang brothers said in unison while shaking their head.

"Interesting." Bu Fang remained expressionless, but he was extremely serious at that moment. He meaningfully glanced at the three brothers and returned to the kitchen. He still had one more dish left and if it did not impress them, then it would only mean one thing.

"There's definitely something wrong with their sense of taste."

As a chef, Bu Fang was confident of his own dishes. Even though the reactions of the three brothers surprised him, it did not affect his confidence in his culinary skills.

Taking the Lees Fish out of the bamboo steamer, the rich wine aroma instantly gushed out and filled up the entire store.

The triumphant Ouyang brothers sitting in the store suddenly stiffened, as if their souls had been taken.

"Bi... Big brother! What a rich... wine aroma!" Ouyang Di felt his mouth gone dry and his eyes widened like saucers. The moment the wine aroma had emerged, he was instantly captivated.

Ouyang Wu and Ouyang Zhen were feeling exactly the same as he did. They felt as if they had ants in their pants, evoking their desire to drink wine.

"This is definitely the smell of a good wine! Only the "Exquisitely Aromatic Intense Flames Wine" from the imperial palace could compete with this! Could this store really have such a high grade wine?" Ouyang Zhen continuously swallowed his saliva, as he impatiently waited.

The three of them were staring at the kitchen entrance, when a slim figure emerged.

Bu Fang was extremely serious as he slowly carried out the Lees Fish.

However, three pairs of eyes—that seemed as if they were looking at prey—startled him. "What the hell?!"

"Here's your Lees Fish, please enjoy your meal." Bu Fang glanced at the three of them, then placed the Lees Fish on the table and solemnly said.

"How is it Lees Fish? It's not wine?!" The Ouyang brothers cried out in unison, revealing the disappointment in their voice.

"I already said that we don't serve wine," Bu Fang expressionlessly replied.

"Gigolo, you've already lost. You can't impress us without wine. You should just obediently hand over our sister," Ouyang Wu sighed and said while disappointedly looking at the Lees Fish.

"You should try it first," Bu Fang calmly said with an adamant expression.

At that moment, Ouyang Xiaoyi—who had already run away to her room just now—suddenly walked out of her room with a worried expression. "Abandoning the smelly boss like this seems to be a little dishonorable... What if he got beaten up by my brothers?"

Ouyang Xiaoyi was well aware of her brothers' temperament and was feeling slightly guilty.

"Smelly boss, you must hang on, you mustn't die before I get there," Ouyang Xiaoyi prayed in her heart as she swiftly ran out of her room to the dining area.

She covertly peeked into the dining area from behind the door, but the very first sight made her eyes open wide with amazement.

Chapter 27: Do You Have a Grudge Against Dogs?

Ouyang Xiaoyi was hiding behind the door as she peeked into the dining area. She saw that her three barbaric elder brothers were actually gobbling down the plate of Lees Fish.

That was right!

They were behaving exactly like when a normal person ate Bu Fang's Egg-Fried Rice. The look of happiness on their faces were giving Ouyang Xiaoyi goosebumps all over her arms.

It was precisely because Ouyang Xiaoyi knew the situation that she was even more surprised and amazed. Even though she would agree that Bu Fang's dishes were extremely delicious, her brothers had a poor sense of taste. How could they be impressed by his dishes?

"Oh! I know! The Lees Fish has a strong wine aroma... That's because the wine aroma from the distillers grains had completely permeated into the fish, causing the fish to taste like wine. That's why my brothers who can only taste wine were subdued!"

Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes lit up and she was completely sure her hypothesis was right.

As Bu Fang watched the three of them gorging on the dish, a relieved expression finally appeared on his face. Sure enough... there was no one that could resist gourmet food.

"Congratulations, my host, for completing the side mission: Conquer the palates of the three barbarians of Ouyang. The reward will be dispensed later. Young man, you have advanced further on your road to becoming the God of Cooking. Work hard," The system's solemn voice sounded out in Bu Fang's mind.

An awkward smile appeared on Bu Fang's face.

It was the first time that the three barbarians of Ouyang experienced the taste of gourmet food, and it was the first time that they tasted food that could open up all the pores on their body. The fish was simply too delectable.

It contained a trace of coolness that seeped into their minds, and mixed within the coolness was a rich wine aroma that radiated heat. The mixture of hot and cold harmonized with each other and instantly assaulted their almost necrotic sense of taste, as if a dead tree was coming back to life.

They experienced a taste... a taste that they could never forget for the rest of their life.

"Why is it all gone? How dare you rascals snatch your big brother's food!" Ouyang Zhen was still in a daze when he realized that the entire fish was gone; the last piece of the fish was taken by Ouyang Di.

The fish bone was snatched by Ouyang Wu and he was licking it while holding it in his hands.

And so, an entire fish was picked clean by them.

The three of them were reluctantly staring at the plate as they licked their lips and fingers, while trying to recall the wondrous feeling from awhile ago.

"Have you finished eating? I won the wager, right? Then the three of you need to admit that my dishes are delicious," Bu Fang indifferently and yet confidently said, as he expressionlessly looked at them.

The three barbarians of Ouyang immediately froze, while silently cursing. They were caught up in the excitement just now and completely forgot about their wager with Bu Fang... It was really because the Lees Fish was too delicious, as if it was a dish specially created just for them.

"Ehem... Gigolo, how should I say? Even though we finished the dish, but... Tsk, tsk, tsk. It's still no good, your fish wasn't delicious enough," Ouyang Zhen said as he licked his fingers.

"If it wasn't delicious enough, then why are you licking your fingers with a satisfied expression?" Bu Fang expressionlessly thought.

"That's right! Your dish tasted really ba... Uh, even though the taste was okay, it wasn't delicious enough!" Ouyang Di's eyes did a little turn and he stiffly said.

Ouyang Xiaoyi, who was hiding behind the door, covered her face with her hands from embarrassment. Only her foolish brothers would be able to tell a barefaced lie in such an obvious manner.

"That's right! Gigolo, that's why you've lost! Now hurry up and hand our sister over! Otherwise, we'll tear down your store!" Ouyang Wu menacingly threatened as he banged the table. However, when he used his tongue to lick his lips, the menacing part became comedic.

Bu Fang was still expressionlessly standing there. He knew that the three idiots were planning to go back on their word.

"Whitey, strip them. Take the adequate amount of crystals and throw them out," Bu Fang simply said. Then he collected the plates on the table and turned around to head back into the kitchen.

However, when Bu Fang turned around, he immediately saw Ouyang Xiaoyi hiding behind the door. He was slightly startled, then expressionlessly walked by her and entered the kitchen.

Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes widened as she looked at the serene Bu Fang. She was confused by his reaction. Why was he not afraid of her brothers going berserk? Even they were afraid of themselves when they went berserk!

However, in the next moment, the scene that unfolded in the store made her completely speechless.

She saw that adorable white puppet—with a potbelly—throwing out her three brothers with a single slap each. During the instant they were thrown out, they were completely stripped naked with only a loincloth to cover their private parts.

"Ah!" Ouyang Xiaoyi screamed as she quickly covered her eyes. "How filthy! That's simply too filthy! I didn't know Whitey was like this!"

Ouyang Xiaoyi was stunned, but the three barbarians of Ouyang were even more stunned. They shivered as a gust of cold wind brushed against their bodies. The three brothers were looking at the iron puppet with fear in their eyes.

"My god! Big brother, this fellow is really terrifying! We were stripped before we could even react!" Ouyang Di was unnerved. During that instant, he felt as if he was facing his grandfather.

Their grandfather was Old General Ouyang Qi, a sixth grade Battle-Emperor! Could an iron puppet from a little store actually have strength equivalent to a Battle-Emperor?

"God damned dogs[1]! When did such a terrifying thing appear within the imperial city!" Ouyang Zhen could not help but curse out loud.

The big black dog lying at the entrance suddenly opened its eyes and instantly focused its sharp gaze on Ouyang Zhen.

"God damned dogs? Do you have a grudge against dogs?"

Ouyang Zhen's face immediately turned white. He felt a coercion—so large that it felt unstoppable—instantly pressing down upon him. Even that last piece of loincloth covering his private parts exploded and turned into dust.

A dull sound sounded out...

Ouyang Zhen was sloppily kneeling on the ground with a lifeless look in his eyes, as if he had collapsed from exhaustion.

Ouyang Wu and Ouyang Di were shocked by the sudden turn of events. They fearfully looked at the store, picked up their big brother and quickly retreated... The enemy was too strong for them; it was better to call for reinforcements.

The three of them fled, leaving the floor full of dust.

The big black dog disdainfully glanced at the direction they went, stretched out its tongue to lick its beautiful fur, then snorted and went back to sleep.

Zhao Ruge and the rest were standing guard outside the alleyway, expectantly waiting for the three barbarians of Ouyang to tear down that abominable store. However, after waiting for some time, they discovered three naked figures miserably running out.

Two of them had a loincloth covering their private parts so they were still okay, but what did the one in the middle do? Why was he the only one that was totally naked?

Everyone was looking at each other, and saw the horror in the other's eyes.

"What the hell... Even the three barbarians of Ouyang were thrown out? How is that store so fearsome? Is he not afraid of the Ouyang family's retaliation?" Sun Qixiang's tiny eyes widened as he exclaimed in astonishment.

Zhao Ruge knitted his eyebrows and a serious expression appeared on his handsome face. He was not Sun Qixiang, he thought much further than that. It was only a little restaurant that opened in the alleyways of the imperial city, but was able to throw out the three barbarians of Ouyang who were within the imperial city. Was the puppet really that strong? Was the store really that simple?

"No! This store definitely isn't simple! The current situation in the imperial city is unstable, and there are plenty of experts from the Sects hiding around... For a store that can defeat the three barbarians of Ouyang to suddenly appear, there's definitely something going on!"

Zhao Ruge heavily breathed in, then slowly breathed out. As the son of the Minister of the Left, he thought more and saw more. He did not dare to underestimate this little store any more.

"God damn it! That rascal escaped again! No, I must definitely take revenge! I will shut down this store!" Sun Qixiang bellowed!

Zhao Ruge glanced at him as his eyes slightly narrowed, and an enigmatic smile appeared on his face.

The Xiao siblings and the third prince, Ji Chengxue, had arrived as well, and saw the Ouyang brothers nude streaking from a distance.

"Looks like we don't have to intervene after all. Owner Bu is really not an ordinary person." As Ji Chengxue watched the fleeing figure of the three barbarians of Ouyang, a gentle but pensive smile appeared on his face.

As a female prodigy, Xiao Yanyu's thinking was deeper than ordinary people. Her eyebrows were knitted together for an instant, then quickly relaxed.

They did not choose to enter Fang Fang's Little Store and turned back. Sun Qixiang and Zhao Ruge left as well; they did not dare to rashly take action without properly understanding the store.

After washing the tableware, Bu Fang returned to the dining area. He petted Whitey's body and praised it. Then he started to get ready to close the shop for the day.

"Sme... Smelly boss, I think I'll go back first. I am afraid that my grandfather might get angry and send troops to tear down this place." Ouyang Xiaoyi carefully said. She was terrified of this smelly boss; he might just strip her for disagreeing with him.

Bu Fang was slightly startled, then nodded and said, "Today's business hours is over, you can go back now. However, you need to come back tomorrow. You're free once you've worked for seven days."

Ouyang Xiaoyi nodded and carefully left the store, then quickly ran back to the Ouyang manor.

Bu Fang expressionlessly yawned and went back into the kitchen. He wanted to try the reward that he had just gotten and the dish he forgot to make the previous night... the golden shumai.

[1] 日了狗 - The literal meaning of this phrase means "have sex with a dog". It is a swear word used when someone is experiencing an unlucky situation.

Chapter 28: Nine Brewing Methods and the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine

As the night fell, the two crescent moons called out to each other in the night sky and radiated moonlight like a veil across the sky.

The imperial city of the Light Wind Empire— one of the most busy cities in the Hidden Dragon Continent—was still awake in the middle of the night. The streets were lively with people and bright lights could be seen throughout the city.

The Ouyang manor was situated between the two main roads of the imperial city. It was one of the two manors located right outside of the imperial palace. The other was the Xiao manor.

Within the great hall of the Ouyang manor, the three barbarians of Ouyang were toplessly kneeling on the ground with their heads lowered. They did not dare to lift their heads to look at the elderly man sitting above.

Below the elderly man, there was a hairy middle-aged man helplessly standing there.

"Are you an idiot! You bastard, look at those three sons of yours! Running naked in public within the imperial city? Why did I even bother to raise an unfilial son like you? You're disgracing me even when you're this old! I've completely lost all of my face thanks to the lot of you!"

The elderly Ouyang was very furious and his voice could be heard throughout the Ouyang manor. He pointed at Ouyang Zongheng while scolding him and his saliva was spraying all over his son. His finger was even poking Ouyang Zongheng's forehead, causing him to stumble with each poke.

Ouyang Zongheng, a general of the Light Wind Empire, could only hold back his anger while being scolded by his father. He dared to get angry but did not dare to show it. He could only vent out his frustrations on his disappointing sons.

"Are the three of you stupid? I told you to fetch Xiaoyi, not run naked in public! You've really made me lose face! When you're outside, don't say that you're from Ouyang family!" Ouyang Zongheng shouted.

Running naked in public was an incident that had made them lose a lot of face. A few days ago, he was still laughing at that wily Minister of the Left because his son ran naked in public. And now, his sons did it as well and even went as a group. He had completely lost face in front of the other court officials.

The three barbarians of Ouyang did not dare to say anything. With their father and grandfather still angry, anything they said would be wrong.

Just when the tension within the great hall had reached its climax, a small head peeked in through the entrance and looked in. It was Ouyang Xiaoyi.

"Grandpa, dad... Xiaoyi has returned!" Ouyang Xiaoyi leaped out from behind the door with a smile on her face.

When the elderly Ouyang saw Ouyang Xiaoyi, his expression immediately became gentle and kind. He walked towards her and said, "Oh my, my little precious girl. You've really frightened your grandpa. I even thought you were kidnapped by a bad person. Come, let your grandpa see if you're hurt anywhere. Oh my, look at you, you've become skinnier..."

The elderly Ouyang lovingly patted Ouyang Xiaoyi's head with affection in his eyes.

Ouyang Zongheng was full of smiles as well. "My obedient daughter, don't run away from home anymore. Right now, it's not safe within the imperial city. Let's wait until this period is over, and father will run away from home together with you."

The three barbarians of Ouyang expressionlessly watched this scene unfold. At the same time, they felt this world was filled with corruption. Why was it that even though they were siblings, the difference between their treatment was this large?

Ouyang Zongheng felt their gaze and immediately put on a straight face. He snorted and said, "What are you looking at? Hurry up and go train. If you don't reach fifth grade Battle-King by this year, you're really going to get it."

The three barbarians of Ouyang dejectedly ran away as fast as they could. As they were even leaving, they were even making eyes towards their little sister.

Slap!

The elderly Ouyang put on a straight face, then slapped the Ouyang Zongheng, who was putting on airs, on his head and said, "What are you looking at? Hurry up and go train. If you don't reach sixth grade Battle-Emperor by this year, you're really going to get it."

When Ouyang Xiaoyi saw this scene, she immediately laughed out loud. Then she grabbed onto the elderly Ouyang's beard and continued to giggle.

...

Within the kitchen, Bu Fang was calmly retrieving a bag of flour from a cupboard. The flour was prepared by the system and was of the highest quality.

He was preparing the other reward, the Golden Shumai.

The shumai was not foreign to Bu Fang. It was a type of snack that had fillings wrapped in dough and cooked in a bamboo steamer. It could be eaten for breakfast, was shaped like a pomegranate, and was tasty. It had both the good points of xiaolongbao and gyoza.

The skin of the shumai did not need to go through fermentation, so Bu Fang placed the kneaded dough on one side. According to the recipe provided by the system, there was some difference in the cooking method of this Golden Shumai compared to the traditional shumai. The ordinary Golden Shumai would have some pumpkin powder added within the flour, which resulted in the golden color of the shumai.

However, Bu Fang did not agree with this method. The reason was that adding the pumpkin powder would cause the flour to lose its texture and did not improve the taste of the dish.

That was why he took the egg yolk of a few third grade Thunderstorm Pigeons and added them into the flour mixture. By doing so, the skin of the shumai would have the fragrance of the Thunderstorm Pigeon's egg and the golden color.

The next step was the filling of the shumai. There was actually no standard ingredient for the shumai, and the recipe which the system provided was for meat fillings.

"The meat chosen is the tenderloin of the Flame Pig from the Wildlands. The meat is filled with rich spirit energy, and is fat but not greasy. It is an excellent meat ingredient," The system solemnly introduced.

Bu Fang nodded and took out the tenderloin of the Flame Pig from the freezer. The surface of the meat was actually covered by a thin layer of fire; distinct marbling could be seen on it.

After using the kitchen knife to tenderize the pork, Bu Fang began to cut it. His cutting speed was very fast and every cut he made was as if it was carefully calculated. Each piece of pork ended up as thin as the wings of a cicada.

He did not chose to dice the entire piece of pork; one half of it was diced and the other half was sliced. Then he mixed the diced meat with diced vegetables that were rich in spirit energy, and used the pork slices—that were as thick as the wings of cicada—to wrap them.

Once it was wrapped by the skin of the shumai with an opening left at the top, a small and exquisite shumai was made.

Bu Fang's speed was extremely fast: he only needed around twenty seconds to wrap a shumai. With nine shumais per bamboo steamer, Bu Fang quickly completed them and placed them into the bamboo steamer.

The bamboo steamer was provided by the system as well; it was made using bamboo that was slightly purple.

While waiting for the shumai to be done, Bu Fang received his other reward: the winemaking technique.

Wine was actually another type of gourmet food. With good wine, the aroma itself was capable of intoxicating people.

Bu Fang had always wanted to provide wine within the store. However, the system had never made any mentions about it. He did not expect that he would suddenly receive the winemaking technique as a reward.

"Winemaking technique: the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine is produced using the Nine Brewing Method. The brewer's yeast is made in December and thawed in January. Then 15 Kg of the yeast, fifty liters of spirit spring water, and the high quality Dragon Blood Kaoliang—from the northern part of the Light Wind Empire—is used. Distill it once every three days, and once it has been distilled a total of three times, the wine is ready."

"This winemaking technique... It sounds really impressive." Bu Fang did not really understand, but was still impressed by the sound of it. But with such a complicated process, how long would it take to finally finish this?

"The system has provided the enhanced version of the Nine Brewing Method, which quickens the fermentation time and wine production speed. With a cycle per day, only three days are required to produce the wine."

Bu Fang went into a daze, then nodded. If it only required three days to produce the wine, then he could still look forward to it. He was getting slightly restless just thinking about it.

However, while he was daydreaming about the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine, the Golden Shumai was successfully completed.

Bringing his attention back, Bu Fang carefully carried out the purple bamboo steamer and slowly lifted up the lid.

The hazy steam rushed out and filled the air with a refreshing sweet smell. Within that steam, a golden ray of light pierced through. Then right in front of Bu Fang's eyes, this ray of light gradually bloomed and instantly filled his eyes.

It was in a bright and dazzling gold!

Chapter 29: The Little Store in the Rain

The Golden Shumai looked as if it was made of gold. The rich fragrance—blended with a clear bamboo scent—rushed towards Bu Fang and instantly drowned him within the sea of fragrance. Its sparkling, radiant skin looked like it caught on fire. There seemed to be flames burning, but upon a closer look they would disappear.

The nine Golden Shumai were inside the purple bamboo steamer. They were so beautiful and flawless that they could be mistaken as artworks.

As the fillings were first wrapped by a thin layer of pork, both the pork and the skin were deeply welded together after steaming. The filling was a mixture of diced meat and spirit vegetables that emanated an unparalleled fragrance. The moisture of the vegetables mixed together with the fat of the Flame Boar created an aromatic soup that rippled within the shumai.

Bu Fang was eagerly looking at the Golden Shumai; his appetite was triggered by the rich fragrance. Using the purple bamboo chopsticks provided by the system, Bu Fang picked up one of the shumai. He did not immediately put it into his mouth, but first sucked out the soup inside.

The soup—that was slightly gold—was a concoction of the spirit vegetables, meat from the Flame Boar, and purple bamboo. As it entered his mouth, it instantly enveloped his taste buds and filled his mouth with a rich fragrance.

Bu Fang was absolutely delighted. After drinking the soup, he lightly took a bite of the shumai. The skin was extremely tender, and since it was mixed with the eggs of the Thunderstorm Pigeon, it contained a slight numbness. It was not strong, but when combined with the slight burning sensation from the meat of the Flame Boar, it had a unique taste.

It was so delicious that Bu Fang almost wanted to swallow his own tongue.

Soon, all nine shumai were completely eaten by Bu Fang and he was memorably licking his lips. Delicious food would always improve a person's mood.

After cleaning up the kitchen, Bu Fang was preparing to brew the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine. The brewer's yeast was provided by the system and had already gone through the necessary fermentation process. He only needed to directly use it.

He placed the earthen jar—that had half a human's height—within the environment simulation cupboard and his job was done. He only needed to wait for three days and the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine would be completed. Bu Fang was actually looking forward to this wine.

After he completed everything, it was already midnight. Bu Fang yawned and was ready to sleep. As a chef, he needed to have high quality sleep. He would only have a healthy body if he sleep and woke up early every day.

The next morning.

Bu Fang opened up the store for business. The weather was not good that day. Dark clouds had covered up the sky and there was no sunlight.

"It looks like it's going to rain," Bu Fang muttered to himself as he looked at the sky while standing at the entrance.

Blackey lifted its head and glanced at him, then lay down and continued to sleep. He was so lazy that he did not want to move; it seemed that he was not going to seek shelter even if it started to rain.

Bu Fang was surprised as well. Even though the big black dog was living the life of a pig, why was it not becoming fatter? If a pig was raised like this, it would have already doubled its size, and yet this dog still maintained its slim figure.

"I think I'll improve your diet today," Bu Fang said as he stroked Blackey's unblemished fur.

Then Bu Fang returned to the kitchen and began to practice his culinary skills. He prepared a serving of Golden Shumai, and used the rest of the filling to cook a dish of diced meat fried with diced vegetables.

As Bu Fang carried out the aromatic dish out of the kitchen, the eyes of the big black dog were suddenly emanating an intense brightness as it stared at the bowl in his hands.

"Meat! There's meat!" The big black dog thought and eagerly stretched out its tongue.

Seeing Blackey devouring the food from the bowl, an awkward smile appeared on Bu Fang's face. He pulled a chair towards the entrance and curled up on it. As there was no warmth from the sunlight, Bu Fang was staring off into space.

Soon, Fatty Jin and his buddies arrived. As they stepped into the store, they immediately noticed the new dish on the menu, the Golden Shumai.

"Oh my, Owner Bu, is that a new dish? Shumai? Is it for breakfast?" Fatty Jin's eyes lit up and he asked Bu Fang.

"Yes." Bu Fang expressionlessly nodded, then stood up and got ready for work. The arrival of Fatty Jin signified the start of the busy day.

When Fatty Jin and his buddies saw the freshly made Golden Shumai, they were all stunned. The rich fragrance made them eager to taste the dish.

Without a doubt, Bu Fang's dishes were the finest.

Fatty Jin's mouth was covered with oil as he gobbled down the dish. The others whose cultivation levels had not reached third grade Battle-Maniac could only watch while drooling.

"Owner Bu's culinary skills is truly superb! This Golden Shumai is simply too delicious! It really suits my taste! Haha!" After finishing the shumai, Fatty Jin wanted to order another serving but was heartlessly rejected by Bu Fang.

Each serving of shumai cost ten crystals, but that was nothing for the prosperous Fatty Jin. However, as the quantity of the serving barely filled up his stomach, he ordered other dishes as well.

After a while, Fatty Jin and his buddies left Fang Fang's Little Store feeling satisfied. It was their greatest happiness to be able to enjoy this taste every day.

After Fatty Jin and his buddies left, a petite figure slowly arrived while rubbing her eyes.

"Smelly boss, I am not late, right?" Ouyang Xiaoyi said with a yawn.

The sound of thunder could be heard from a distance.

Just as Ouyang Xiaoyi entered the store, it started to rain outside. The continuous raindrops formed a curtain of rain in the sky, concealing the heaven and earth.

"No, you're late," Bu Fang earnestly said.

Ouyang Xiaoyi rolled her eyes in response, then stuck her tongue out and made a face at Bu Fang.

"Smelly boss! I brought enough money today, I want to eat breakfast!" Ouyang Xiaoyi triumphantly said as she took out a sachet and waved it in front of Bu Fang. The sound of crystals colliding could be heard from within the sachet.

Bu Fang expressionlessly glanced at the sachet. There was a smiling pig's head sewn on it; it was definitely her style.

"Oh. There's a new dish today, but your cultivation level isn't high enough. Otherwise, you would be able to taste it," Bu Fang simply said.

Ouyang Xiaoyi's expression froze and she felt as if an invisible arrow had pierced into her chest. "It hurts!"

"I will definitely work hard for the sake of food!" Ouyang Xiaoyi declared while pouting.

"Oh, I am sure that your grandfather would definitely be glad to hear that," Bu Fang expressionlessly said.

Glad? As if! If the elderly Ouyang knew that she was going to train hard just to eat good food, he might just vomit a few liters of blood.

While the two of them were bickering, a figure appeared within the rain.

With an oil-paper umbrella in hand and wearing a white robe, he looked gentle and refined with a smile on his face.

The third prince slowly stepped into Fang Fang's Little Store and closed his oil-paper umbrella. He gave the umbrella a little shake to get rid of the water and leaned it on a wall near the entrance.

Bu Fang curiously looked at the third prince. The third prince seemed a little different that day. Even though he still gave off a gentle and refined feeling, there was a slight bone-chilling coldness hidden in his refinement.

Ji Chengxue stepped into Fang Fang Little's Store, but did not greet Bu Fang. He found a seat on his own and sat down.

Ouyang Xiaoyi and Bu Fang were both puzzled.

Shortly, the disarrayed sound of footsteps came from the alleyway, along with the sound of rain landing on bamboo hats.

From a short distance away, four figures were slowly walking toward Fang Fang's Little Store from the entrance of the alleyway.

The rain gradually became heavier and raindrops created splashes on the ground. The fog became thicker and the entire world seemed to be unreal at that moment. It was as if the rain had suddenly become silent.

As the four figures stepped into Fang Fang's Little Store, a gust of rain and cold immediately invaded the space and the warm ambience instantly changed into a freezing atmosphere.

Ouyang Xiaoyi shuddered and cowered toward Bu Fang's direction, while curiously staring at the four people with her large eyes.

The four of them found separate seats and sat down. They did not speak with Bu Fang either as they imperceptibly surrounded Ji Chengxue.

A raindrop dripped down from one of the bamboo hats and suddenly burst open as it hit the ground; it was like a sudden thunderclap had occurred within the quiet store.

Then, four rays of dazzling white lights suddenly appeared—like a short-lived flower—as they rushed towards Ji Chengxue's position.

Chapter 30: Did You Get My Permission For The Assassination?

As the raindrop burst open, flashes of light appeared.

Underneath the bamboo hats, killing intent as cold as icebergs suddenly engulfed the entire store. Four rays of light flashed with the sound of clashing metals, reflecting the sharpness of the blades as they stabbed toward the refined and gentle third prince from all directions.

The humming of the swords resounded within the tiny space of the store, assaulting their eardrums.

Within that instant when the flashes of light appeared, Bu Fang grabbed onto the petite body of Ouyang Xiaoyi and pulled her behind him to prevent her from getting embroiled in the carnage.

Assassination! This was an attempt to assassinate Ji Chengxue!

Ji Chengxue seemed to have expected it. He calmly sat on the chair with an indifferent expression.

The moment when the four assassins approached, Ji Chengxue's long hair suddenly fluttered on its own. His gentle eyes seemed to have undergone a huge transformation as it changed into the eyes of an Asura; it was as if mountains of corpses and an endless sea of blood were wallowing within.

"To have sent four fifth grade Battle-Kings to assassinate me, what an extravagant move." Ji Chengxue snorted as a surging wave of true energy gushed out of his body and charged toward the deadly assassins.

However, the assassins remained steadfast and continued to aim for Ji Chengxue's heart. They were professionals that focused on killing with a single strike and would definitely not be affected by any of Ji Chengxue's actions.

Ji Chengxue's palm landed on the table. The true energy of a Battle-King was instantly released and generated an impact that resulted in his entire body soaring into the air.

"Hmm?" Ji Chengxue's pupils slightly constricted as he looked in horror toward the table that he smacked with all of his strength. "This table endured my true energy, yet it's actually intact?!"

The sound of clashing metals echoed out.

The tip of the swords of the four assassins collided together. A clear melodic sound rang out as the energy from the swords dispersed and erupted within the store.

However, the explosion of the sword energy from the four Battle-Kings did not cause any damage to the store in the slightest. It was as if the explosion was dispersed by an invisible force.

Ji Chengxue's figure was floating in the air and gradually landed on the tip of the swords; his white robes were hovering and his hair was fluttering.

The five of them formed a strange standstill, but the surging energy around them undoubtedly displayed the dangers of the current moment.

The mood within the store was filled with coldness from this clash of killing intent. This made Bu Fang very dissatisfied.

Within the quiet store, only the true energy collision between the five of them could be heard.

"If you're looking for a fight, please leave the store. Otherwise, you'll all be viewed as troublemakers," a serene voice suddenly sounded out.

The sudden appearance of the voice was like a thunderclap to them within this serious atmosphere, causing them to be shocked.

The little loli, Ouyang Xiaoyi, was looking at Bu Fang like he was a monster as he slowly walked toward the five of them.

That was right!

At such a perilous moment, Bu Fang expressionlessly opened his mouth and voiced out his unhappiness. How was he going to do business with them causing carnage within the store?

The four assassins were all focused on Ji Chengxue, but became distracted by Bu Fang's interruption.

Even though Ji Chengxue was taken aback as well, he was able to make use of this opportunity. With a growl, he heavily stepped on the tip of their swords and knocked their swords away. Landing on the ground, he swiftly struck the chests of the four assassins with his palm and forced them backwards.

"Are you seeking death?" One of the assassins coldly looked toward Bu Fang and hoarsely said. His voice was like sandpaper.

In his eyes, Bu Fang—a mere second grade Battle-Master—was only an ant that could be easily killed with a single stroke of their sword. An ant-like fellow actually dared to disturb their assassination!

"I am the owner of this store. Did you get my permission before trying to assassinate someone here?" Bu Fang expressionlessly asked.

"What a joke." The assassin shook his head. He could not be bothered to care about Bu Fang; an ant-like fellow could not affect the situation. Their objective was the third prince of the Light Wind Empire, Ji Chengxue.

Since Ji Chengxue was a Battle-King as well, they did not dare to be complacent. Even though there were four Battle-Kings on their side, their opponent was a prince. How could he not have any trump cards?

"I already said! Fighting is prohibited within Fang Fang's Little Store. If you continue with this, you shall be viewed as troublemakers," Bu Fang coldly said. He realized that these unforgivable fellows were actually ignoring him.

As the owner of Fang Fang's Little Store and the future God of Cooking, how could they ignore him?!

"How annoying! Die!"

The gaze of one of the assassins suddenly turned cold. With a shout, he swiftly charged toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was enveloped within a wave of killing intent, as if he was plunged into a pool of icy water. The blood in his veins had almost stopped circulating and his limbs could not even move an inch.

This was the result of the use of coercion from a fifth grade Battle-King. It was not something the current Bu Fang could resist. His cultivation level was simply too weak.

Ji Chengxue's expression changed and he angrily shouted, "How dare you!"

He wanted to rescue Bu Fang, but was intercepted by the other three assassins.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was already frozen with fear by the bone-chilling killing intent of the Battle-King. Her eyes were filled with horror and she was unable to lend a hand. Of course, even if she could intervene, there would not be any difference in the result.

And so, it seemed that Bu Fang was caught in a lethal situation where he would certainly die... At least, that was what everyone in the store thought.

For a Battle-Master to actually provoke a Battle-King, calling him fearless would not be enough as a compliment.

Ji Chengxue and Ouyang Xiaoyi could only watch Bu Fang being completely torn into pieces by the assassin's sword.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was very calm. Even though the chilling killing intent made him feel as if the blood in his entire body was frozen, there was not even a single hint of fear on his expressionless face.

Those eyes... looked as if he was looking at a mere thug causing trouble in his store.

"This ant... He's pretty good at putting on an act. My sword is about to land on him, and yet it doesn't look like he's even afraid?" The assassin was slightly surprised.

Suddenly, a gigantic figure appeared in the path of the assassin's sword. It cut off the assassin's line of sight to Bu Fang's figure and immediately startled the assassin.

"Whitey!" Ouyang Xiaoyi excitedly screamed as her eyes lit up.

It was as if the assassin had seen a ghost. He saw a gigantic white iron puppet blocking the path to the ant and it grabbed hold of his sword with a single move.

He tried to pull his sword free but it did not move even a single inch.

Bu Fang lifted his hand and patted Whitey's back and simply said, "Throw these troublemakers out."

"Oh, and beat him half to death first, then strip him and throw him out. I hate him very much," Bu Fang added.

Whitey's mechanic eyes immediately flashed red and a mechanic voice sounded out, "Troublemakers, you will be stripped as an example to others."

Bang!!

A huge and terrifying force rushed out of Whitey's body and that assassin's bamboo hat suddenly broke into pieces, revealing a round and bald head. His eyes widened as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

The assassin was punched in the abdomen by Whitey; a Battle-King's true energy was dispersed by this single punch...

Whitey's large hand grabbed the head of the assassin and lifted him into the air as he stared at the iron puppet in bewilderment.

Bang!

Whitey's fist landed on the assassin's body once more and he immediately fainted. The assassin sloppily lay on the floor, hanging on to life by a thread.

"Judged to be half dead. Will now begin to strip as an example to others," Whitey mechanically said.

Then, sounds of tearing rang out as the assassin's straw raincoat was torn into pieces. He was immediately stripped naked by Whitey, leaving a tiny cloth to cover his private parts. Whitey gently waved its hand and the Battle-King was thrown out of the store like slush.

Bang! The sound of flesh intimately colliding with the ground sounded out and echoed within the little store.

The remaining three assassins, Ji Chengxue, and Ouyang Xiaoyi were all stunned. They stared at Whitey and then at Bu Fang... They looked like they had just seen a ghost.