

Gourmet 271

Chapter 271: Shura Sect Venerable

Light Wind Empire, Border City.

Just a few thousand miles from the shores of the Light Wind Empire, sat a towering and colossal city. The city was huge and took up a vast amount of land. The city walls were as high as the sky, so high it could block out the sun.

Border City was the biggest city and the first line of defence for the Light Wind Empire. It had a long history and was known as one of the Three Big Ancient Cities along with the Imperial City and Western Mystery City.

When seen from afar, the Border City resembled a huge statue of a War-God, giving off an ancient feel. It rested on the frontier of the Light Wind Empire, looking over the land.

On the vast plains outside Border City, there was a group of travellers. Among the group, there were energetic spirit beasts pulling the carriage, flanked by warriors astride Single Horn Spirit Horses. They were all heading for Border City.

A horn sounded off solemnly from within Border City. The sound was deafening and spreading out rapidly.

The gates of Border City opened and many fully armored soldiers marched out. They raised their hands slightly to welcome this group of people.

Ji Chengyu looked impressed but kept a poker face as he steadily rode the Single Horn Spirit Horse. He smirked when he saw all the soldiers that were there to welcome him.

The moment one entered Border City, it felt like a totally different place. The streets of Border City were totally occupied by the soldiers. Ji Chengyu entered the place and stopped at the center of a group of soldiers.

The curtains in the carriage opened and an elderly figure came out from the carriage, with a wrinkled face and wearing a black robe. Breathing irregularly, he clasped his hands and looked at the surrounding people before inhaling lightly.

From among the soldiers, some people who also wore black robes appeared. They respectfully bowed at the elderly man.

"We pay respect to Shura Sect Venerable."

The warriors in black robes began to greet and bow in great respect for him.

Shura Sect did not belong to any of the top ten sects and was a very old sect. They were finally reformed today, in wait for the time to rise again. Light Wind Empire was the first of many stepping stones for them.

The wrinkles on the elderly man's face trembled. He waved his hands at the crowd and said, "The High Priest sent me here today. My first mission is to assist King Yu in his ascension to the throne, and secondly, to fight for the revival of Shura sect. We Shura Sect have remained in low profile for too long, and many people in the world have forgotten how great we used to be. Powerhouses in the Hundred Thousand Mountains, Wildlands and Illusory Spirit Swamp have probably forgotten about us, but soon enough, they will surely remember the fear of being dominated once more."

The Shura Sect crowd was excited; their eyes revealed their enthusiasm.

Ji Chengyu squinted as he saw this sight. His heart began to thud. He had a somber expression.

This Shura Sect... was the force behind Mahayana Island, the backing of Zhao Musheng. Now... they supported Ji Chengyu, whom will rely on them to take back the throne.

However, he knew clearly in his heart that Shura Sect was a double-edged sword, and also a very sharp one. If he did not wield it properly... he would not only sustain mere superficial wounds.

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Wuliang Mountain was as tall as the skies. It resembled a sword that extended all the way into the sky, piercing the clouds.

Within the mountain of the Celestial Arcanum Sect, there sat an old man with white hair and brows, inside a derelict wooden two-storey house. His wrinkled hands held a few pieces of yellow talismans. All of a sudden, his eyes opened and it seemed like a ray of light had shone past them.

The yellow talismans in his hands floated up and were suspended in space, forming a unique pattern.

The old man had a serious look on his face as he took a deep breath. He held the unique pattern in his hands and pointed at the talismans.

A special blood came out from the talisman. The strong smell of the blood filled the whole wooden house. The old man was shocked; he squinted his eyes a little.

"The murderous Shura sect.... they have actually reappeared. Why is this evil sect so stubborn? It seems like the southern region will have to experience bloodshed yet again," the old man murmured and sighed.

He turned the sign on his hands and the blood color on the talisman disappeared. The old man shut his eyes, deep in thought.

"Light Wind Empire again? Why are all the bad things happening at Light Wind Empire?" the old man trembled a little, feeling a little odd.

"But this time... Light Wind Empire is in deep trouble."

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In the morning, the bright sun shone into the room, dispersing the coldness of the night.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and yawned comfortably as he stretched. This room was indeed more comfortable. He got off his bed, washed up, and went to the kitchen.

Yu Fu was still not awake and Xiao Xiaolong wasn't there either.

Bu Fang stood before the stove, spun the knife, and started to practise his carving and sculpting skills. After a few days without practicing, Bu Fang was starting to miss this feeling.

After Bu Fang practiced his skills for a while, Yu Fu came down the stairs and greeted him. Then, they individually started their own practises.

"Xiao Xiaolong is not here yet? You may practice first. We will start the test once he arrives," Bu Fang said with a frown.

Yu Fu obediently nodded her head, held the ingredients she prepared and diligently started to cut the vegetables.

Bu Fang put aside the big kitchen knife and started to cook Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. Not long after, the strong aroma of the ribs filled the kitchen. Yu Fu was so aroused by the aroma. Bu Fang's culinary skills were way better than hers and it could be seen just by judging the smell of the food. She still had a long way to go.

Bu Fang opened the door and left the shop with the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

In the morning of spring, the temperature was still cool. A gust of wind blew and the aroma of the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in Bu Fang's hand dispersed; it was so tempting.

"Blacky, it's time to eat."

Bu Fang whispered, placing the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of the black dog that lay in front of the door.

Blacky lazily opened its eyes and took a look at the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of it. It sneered and did not seem as excited over the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs as it did before.

The human-like expression on this fat dog shocked Bu Fang. What happened?

However, once Blacky sniffed the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, its eyes brightened. He stared at Bu Fang with resentment and started gorging down the plate of food, as if he had starved for many days.

Bu Fang raised his brows, patted the clean fur on Blacky and stood up to return to the shop.

As he walked toward the doorstep, he saw Xiao Xiaolong stroll past the alleyway entrance, toward the shop.

"Are you always so late? Why do you even bother practicing carving and sculpting then?" Bu Fang stared at Xiao Xiaolong and said angrily.

Xiao Xiaolong trembled and suddenly remembered that Bu Fang was already back. He was slacking off while Bu Fang was away.....

"Come into the kitchen. I will test your cutting and carving skills. If you fail, you will have to practice your cutting and sculpting skills with a heavy kitchen knife for the rest of the day."

Bu Fang had seemingly guessed something. He sighed, and with a flap of his sleeves, entered the kitchen.

Xiao Xiaolong's face was as black as charcoal.

He sorrowfully entered the kitchen and saw that the hardworking Yu Fu was practicing. He instantly felt terrible.

Bu Fang pulled over a chair to sit on, then looked at Yu Fu and Xiao XiaoLong expressionlessly. His eyes were serious and ready to judge them both.

"As my cooking disciples, I hope that you two are hardworking and will not slack off. A real chef works day and night to attain success. I hope the two of you remember this principle and will continue working hard on your culinary skills. Now we will start the test on your cutting and carving skills. The two of you will compete against each other and whoever prepares the most dishes in an hour.... will be spared from punishment."

Bu Fang said in a low voice. He had also been a disciple once and he knew the importance of working hard.

Yu Fu and Xiao Xiaolong nodded to signify that they understood what he said.

There was a big carrot placed on the stove beside the two of them. Bu Fang wanted them to cut the carrot into small strips within an hour.

Yu Fu was fine. She was calm and did not panic.

Xiao Xiaolong, on the other hand, was different. His face was as black as charcoal and his eyes wandered around. He was worried.

Chapter 272: Store Owner, Come Out To Die

Spring reached the Imperial City, accompanied with spring rain. It gave the capital a peaceful and quiet atmosphere, as if it was an ancient city situated above a boundless field, simple and imposing.

The greenery was overflowing outside the Imperial City, and the vegetation was lush in both sides of the official road, as the flowers were swaying with the wind and scattering their pollen and fragrant scent.

There were all kinds of people who came from all corners of the Light Wind Empire above the official road. They were all rushing to the capital because it was the center of the empire economy, politic, and culture.

In a distant place in the sky, there was a black spot which was slowly enlarging before the naked eye. That black spot seemed only as a pitch-black mass which was rapidly rushing toward the capital. Its speed was extremely quick, and it seemed as fast as lightning.

In only a short while, the people on the official road felt that the sky was covered by a pitch-black mass and they were feeling all repressed. Such a feeling was quite familiar and they had all experienced it when black clouds covered the lands.

Some people confusedly raised their heads, and after they saw what was above them, were immediately scared limp on the ground, and almost started weeping.

There were no black clouds in the sky, but a giant spirit beast, terrifyingly big. Its open wings could almost cover the whole sky, and it emitted a heavy imposing pressure which made them feel as if their hearts would be dragged out of their bodies.

What kind of monster was that?

All of the people on the main road were scared to the ground, and they were all cautiously and apprehensively lying there. They feared to anger this monster and end up dying terribly.

Bang!

The giant spirit beast landed before the Imperial Capital gate and raised with it, a terrifying gale. All of the guards before the gate were extremely terrified because that spirit beast was absurdly big, as if it was a small mountain.

This spirit beast was a Flood Dragon... its whole body was covered with scales which were emitting a glittering radiance under the moistening of rain, and when it slightly flapped its wings, it brought along with it another terrifying gale.

Its eyes, which were as big as lanterns, slightly rolled and locked onto the guards defending the gate.

Roar!!

The dragon roar was deafening and ear-splitting. All of the people covered their ears and strenuously bore it.

There was a human above that dragon's back. This man's whole body was made of bulging muscles and he seemed like a small hill. His gaze was ice-cold and the short hair on his head was standing upwards as if it was a mass of needles.

"The Light Wind Empire capital... Humph, no matter who dared to kill my little brother, I, Xia Yu, will let him pay for it."

This man's gaze was glittering as if he could see through everything and directly witness what was inside the capital.

He patted the head of the Flood Dragon before he jumped down from it and landed before the city gate.

A talisman appeared and floated in the winds, then absorbed that Flood Dragon in.

The man with a terrifying, valiant and bare-chested body strode toward the capital. On his way inside, a trembling young guard tried to block his path but was directly killed by a slap from him.

"The Light Wind Empire... Where is Fang Fang's Little Store?" After Xia Yu killed the guard, his gaze, which was overflowing with killing intent, swept through everyone before locking into a slightly old guard that was scared by him and still trembling in the ground.

Under such gaze, the already frightened guard could not help blurting out Bu Fang's store location.

Fang Fang's Little Store current reputation in the Imperial City was already prominent, and there wasn't anything strange about why a common guard would know its location.

Xia Yu coldly snorted, placed his hand behind his back, and started walking toward the Imperial City, his target obviously being Fang Fang's Little Store.

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Bu Fang was sitting on a chair and crocking his head to one side while gazing at Xiao Xiaolong, whose face was thoroughly red. The former's hand was holding a heavy kitchen knife and playing with it.

The result of the competition came out. Xiao Xiaolong was utterly defeated, which was within Bu Fang's expectation. From the simple fact that Xiao Xiaolong came in late in the morning to the store, it could be inferred how much he was goofing in normal times.

He tossed the heavy kitchen knife and it landed before Xiao Xiaolong, denting the cutting board and emitting a dull and heavy sound.

"Well... today, as well as tomorrow, you don't need to make anything, you just need to take this kitchen knife and practice your cutting techniques and carving skills. You can only stop when I'm satisfied," Bu Fang calmly said, then stood up and went away. He's disinclined to care about Xiao Xiaolong pitiful and aggrieved appearance.

Yu Fu looked at Xiao Xiaolong with sympathy. She once secretly tried to use Bu Fang's heavy kitchen knife, but it was strenuous for him to even wave it, let alone use it to cook.

Xiao Xiaolong was quite aggrieved and indignant, but he could do nothing about it. It was a pit he dug himself, so he could only restrain his tears and jump into it.

When Bu Fang entered the store, Fatty Jin and the others came over making a ruckus, and Ouyang Xiaoyi also cheerfully arrived at the store.

"Owner Bu, good morning! We didn't see you for such a long time." Fatty Jin eyes brightened and he welcomed Bu Fang while laughing heartily.

His group of fatties also followed him and entered the shop. Ouyang Xiaoyi familiarly started recording what they ordered, to later pass the orders to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang greeted the group of fatties before nodding his head at her and returning to the kitchen. He would start cooking.

After a short while, the dishes fragrant scent fluttered from the kitchen. While Bu Fang was cooking, Yu Fu was respectfully standing beside him and trying to learn from him.

Xiao Xiaolong, on the other hand, was quite aggrieved. his both hands were strenuously holding the heavy kitchen knife, and his white face already became as red as a monkey butt from forcing himself to hold it, because that kitchen knife was really too heavy.

The store started its daily regular business.

That podgy old man from yesterday also came. From the moment he woke up, he couldn't repress himself from desiring to taste that delicacy another time. He was completely infatuated with the Dragon Liver Popsicle.

The dish of the podgy old man was quickly served out, and the cube which was as resplendent as a diamond made the customers exclaim another time at its beauty.

The sounds of footsteps transmitted from the alleyway and the figure of a man who experienced the vicissitudes of the world stepped into the store.

Ji Chengxue was wearing a simple white brocade robe and a tired expression was plastered on his face.

"Ah... Your Majesty?" Ouyang Xiaoyi was the first to notice Ji Chengxue, and she was quite surprised of his presence. Ji Chengxue was quite busy, so how come he had time to come to eat a meal in the store?

Ji Chengxue rubbed Ouyang Xiaoyi head and exhaled a breath, before looking for an empty seat and sitting down.

"Serve me one jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine along with a Fish Head Tofu Soup." Ji Chengxue gently said, the current him did not seem at all like an imposing emperor, but only a customer who came to taste a delicacy.

After Ouyang Xiaoyi carried away the orders, Ji Chengxue's gaze became dazed for a bit. He was quite pleased with the store atmosphere and was more comfortable being here.

The current Light Wind Empire had too many troubles he needed to take care of, and every day there were unceasing urgent reports sent to him. Obviously, there wouldn't be any good news in an urgent report.

All the cities were suffering from the spirit beasts threat, and the people were somewhat flurried. In some cities far from the Imperial Capital, there were even some restless people who occupied the cities and declared themselves as kings.

In just a few days, chaos and trouble started roaming the Light Wind Empire.

At such a critical time, he received the news of Lian Fu's death... Ji Chengxue was truly somewhat exhausted, both mentally and physically.

The jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine was coming. Bu Fang came out while carrying the jar of wine, sat down facing Ji Chengxue, and poured a cup for the emperor.

"Chief Eunuch Lian Fu...has died," calmly said Ji Chengxue after he emptied his cup in a single gulp and revealed a bitter smile, then he started fiddling with his cup.

Bu Fang was startled for a while. Chief Eunuch Lian? Wasn't he that eunuch who's fond of pinching his thumb and middle finger together, that eunuch who had the strength of a seventh grade Battle-Saint? He unexpectedly died?

The cultivation of that eunuch was extremely powerful, and he always protected the Imperial Palace. Now that he died... it would be a huge blow toward Ji Chengxue and even the entire empire.

He wasn't the same as he was before when he was just some small-time restaurant owner who had just arrived in the capital. Although he may not have had a good understanding toward the state of the entire continent, after he unlocked the Delicacy Map, he at the very least had a good knowledge about the Light Wind Empire and the Southern Border.

The Light Wind Empire wasn't some great power in the land of the Southern Border... and a Battle-Saint expert was an extremely important resource for the empire.

He didn't know how to comfort Ji Chengxue, and although that eunuch was stripped and sent back several times when he came to the store, Bu Fang did not have anything against him, as he was quite an interesting person.

"My condolences." Bu Fang also felt aggrieved for an inexplicable reason. He poured a cup for himself and another for Ji Chengxue, then gulped it down.

When Bu Fang put down his cup on the table, the sound of the trembling ground transmitted from the alleyway, followed by intense whistling. A lance of steel came from far away and smashed into the alleyway floor, completely destroying the tiles which had just been repaired.

All of the customers jumped up from the fright.

Bu Fang was startled for a while and when he creased his brows, he heard the sound of friction from someone pulling the lance from the ground.

"Where is the owner of this store? Since you dared to kill my younger brother, then you should obediently come out to die."

Just as his ice-cold voice reverberated in the air, he immediately strode toward the store with an intense killing intent.

Chapter 273: Ferocious Hall's Xia Yu, the Body of a Supreme Being

A giant quake brought ripples that spread in all directions. There was a domineering voice shouting in anger at the store.

Bu Fang's mind went blank. Was this an indication that someone was causing trouble in the store? Which ignorant fellow still dared to make a scene in the store after that last incident?

Ji Chengxue was also stunned. He wasn't the only one; everyone else in the store was equally surprised.

All the customers knew how powerful and scary Owner Bu's store was. Many had shed blood outside the store, at the recently repaired alley. That was the blood of foolish and ignorant people.

They always believed that no one in this world would dare make a scene at Owner Bu's store again. However, soon enough, someone came knocking on trouble's door again.

Bu Fang snapped out of his blank state of mind and stayed composed. He stood up and strolled to the door. Behind the thick smoke, the shadow of a man appeared. He was big in size and tall like a mountain.

Bu Fang stared at this dark figure and felt that he was familiar.

Among the experts Whitey had killed previously... there seemed to have been someone who looked very similar to the person before him.

With a swing of the steel spear, the smoke in the alley dissipated, revealing the person. This person's body was dense with muscles. His energy was constantly circulating. He stared at Bu Fang at the door, smirked, and swung his spear to point it at Bu Fang.

"You are the owner of the store? Was it you who killed my brother?"

His voice was crystal clear and very intimidating as he questioned Bu Fang.

A strong gust of wind blew toward the shop. However, the shop was protected by the system, so the energy dissipated before it reached Bu Fang. His heart skipped a beat due to the pressure. The pressure exerted by the person in front of him was the strongest Bu Fang had ever experienced. Even the War-God from before did not measure up to him.

Xia Yu was stunned. He did not expect Bu Fang to be so composed and indifferent even under such pressure. How was this possible?

Although he wasn't a Supreme Being, he was already halfway to becoming one. His true energy cultivation was also one step away from becoming a supreme being, and his body was already at the level of one. His combat efficiency was almost there; even if he were to face the few old monsters in the Wildlands, he might be on par with them.

The pressure he exerted was not something that a normal person could withstand. Besides, this young man was only a Battle-Emperor.

Battle-Emperor? To him, killing a Battle-Emperor would be as easy as squashing an ant.

"Who's your brother..." Bu Fang nonchalantly asked this big-sized man. This triggered the outsider even more and he was prepared to finish off Bu Fang.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was also not showing him any respect. His expression made Xia Yu fly into a rage.

He took a step forward and the earth split. You caused my brother to die and yet you do not remember who he was?!

Blacky, who was lying at a corner, looked up and took a glance at this big man. It was clearly not happy with him.

Pew...

The huge Whitey was already behind Bu Fang, and its blinking red machinery eyes were locked onto Xia Yu.

Ji Chengxue also stood up and the other customers looked on stiffly.

"Hmmm... since you refuse to come out, I shall destroy your store! Let's see how you continue doing business!"

Xia Yu was chill. He jumped up with all his might, reaching a height of ten meters, as if he was floating in the sky. He raised his hands and a great amount of true energy was released from his stomach, filling the sky. It accumulated to become a True Energy Palm. The patterns on his palm were very unique and quite eye-catching.

The customers in the store were terrified; they had not seen such a scene before. Being able to accumulate a True Energy Palm in the sky... Even a Battle-Saint could not do that?! Could it be that the person before them... was a War-God?!

Oh my gosh! It's a War-God!

Bu Fang was calm as he stared blankly at Xia Yu who was in the sky. The latter seemed like he was mocking and looking down on Bu Fang. He was extremely confident that he could easily destroy the store.

He knew that there was a supreme beast in the store, but he was unfazed by that. Even if it's a supreme beast, he would dare to challenge it. Among the Godly Temples of the Wildlands, Ferocious Hall's Great Elder was fearless and impeccable!

A raging storm brewed, bringing along with it a very strong pressure. This atmosphere made all the customers in the store tremble, panic visible in their expressions.

This true energy that filled the sky looked like it was capable of destroying them. It was too horrifying.

Ji Chengxue was also scared, but as the emperor, he had to remain calm. A weird color swirled around his eyes. This was a true expert! Indeed a strong expert. If the empire had such a person defending us, we would have nothing to fear!

Ji Chengxue took a deep breath. He had never yearned for such an expert to be by his side before.

In the past, he always thought that a Battle-Saint was the highest attainable level already, but after he met Owner Bu and all these strong people... it was then he understood that his expectations, no... the expectations of the world was too low.

A true expert... was beyond their wildest imagination.

"Detected enemy's killing intent. Purple eyes mode, on."

Boom boom!

That huge palm attacked fiercely. He was out to destroy the store.

Blacky slowly stood up; he was very irritated. Why do all these random strangers keep coming here asking for death? Why couldn't they just let this dog eat his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in peace?

However, Blacky did not get involved, because even before he could do so, a white figure flew to the sky at the speed of light.

A loud tremor was felt.

The muscles on Xia Yu's face vibrated. He had a cold look in his eyes. Even though there were many people in the store, and many innocent people living around the shop, so what? I'll just bury them with my brother!

He dealt a blow with his palm.

However, Xia Yu's eyes squinted. He felt a force opposing him, blocking his blow from destroying the whole area. The True Energy Palm was weakened by countless continuous attacks. Did the spirit beast get involved?!

"Bring it on! Let me experience how strong a spirit beast can be!"

Xia Yu cockily shouted and began to laugh. He was certain that this was the spirit beast that killed his brother. The shop owner was only a Battle-Emperor, so how would he be a match for his brother, who was a War-God!

Boom!

The True Energy Palm was negated and dissipated in the air, blowing away with the wind.

In the eyes of Xia Yu, he saw a purple light bean rushing toward him. He held his spear tightly and his muscles tightened. He rushed forward and attacked the purplish figure.

The speed of that spear... was amazing!

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Outside Imperial City.

Mu Sheng placed his hands behind him, looking at the towering Light Wind Empire. Two people followed behind him—they were the experts of the Ferocious Divine Hall.

He was a little afraid of this Imperial City. Although he wanted to see it destroyed, he knew that Elder Xia Yu had already taken action... This store must be destroyed no matter what, even if a spirit beast stood in their way.

The Ferocious Hall's Great Elder had obtained the body of a Supreme-Being. Destroying a shop would be a piece of cake for him.

Riiiiiiiiing.

There was a ringing sound. Sheng Mu squinted at the sky, then saw a bird that burned with flames soar across them.

Sitting on the Intense Flamed Bird, was a slightly plump old man.

The aura of the flaming bird was terrifying. This made Sheng Mu uneasy. This Light Wind Imperial City... Why was there such a being there?!

No mistaking, the slightly plump old man was the person who had finished the Dragon Liver Popsicle at Fang Fang's Little Store. He sensed the tremor that came from the city but was not affected by it. Owner Bu's store had a spirit beast, right? It should not be so easily destroyed.

The slightly plump old man laughed. He opened the lid of his gourd and took a sip of the Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar.

"It would taste better if it was paired with a Dragon Liver. Let me return to Hundred Thousand Mountains to catch a Flood Dragon to try. If I succeed, hehe, I can make a fortune by selling it to the old fools in the tower..."

In the air, the slightly plump old man's evil laugh disappeared.

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In the Imperial City, there was an explosive sound. The whole city seemed to be shaking.

Chapter 274: Whitey's First Ever Rival

Inside Xiao Mansion, in the Imperial Capital.

A surging energy soared like a longsword that wanted to sever the vast sky as a boundless might burst forth.

An image of an incorporeal large sword phantom condensed above the Xiao Mansion, magnificently circulating. A monstrous amount of spirit energy came together and was turned into a big spirit energy whirlpool that revolved unceasingly.

Xiao Meng, who was in his study room reading the secret letter seriously, immediately changed his complexion. Subsequently, he became ecstatic. In the blink of an eye, he rushed out of his study room and arrived at the middle of the Xiao Mansion. His gaze was directed to the secret room as happiness circulated in his eyes.

"Broke through?" On Xiao Meng's face, there were hints of excitement.

A long whistle resonated. The sharp sword energy dispersed and scattered down as if it wanted to sever the blue dome of heaven. With a crash, the secret room's door immediately opened. A tall and straight figure strode out from the secret room.

The man was like a sharp sword, and his sword was like a rainbow.

A huge change had happened to Xiao Yue's temperament. His hair was like fluttering longswords that cut the air. In his eyes, there were traces of sharpness. It was a kind of sharpness that advanced courageously and sliced everything that was in its way.

"Father... I broke through." Xiao Yue looked at Xiao Meng as he smiled. His hoarse voice resonated throughout the Xiao Mansion. Thereafter, behind Xiao Yue's back, a longsword whistled out, as if it wanted to split open the sky. Xiao Yue drove the sword forward and pointed it directly at Xiao Meng.

Xiao Meng immediately started to laugh as he stood proudly above the blue dome of heaven. He moved his fist and circulated his true energy as he collided with the sword Xiao Yue had thrust at him.

The swordsman's sword advanced courageously with an unrivaled offense. It was the consensus of cultivators that a Battle-Saint realm swordsman was an extremely formidable existence.

And now, Xiao Yue was finally also a Battle-Saint. A family with two Battle-Saints. This Xiao Family's fortune was the empire's fortune!

Boom!!

However, the happiness did not linger for long on Xiao Yue's and Xiao Meng's faces as an extremely frightening energy burst out abruptly within the Imperial City.

The energy swept out and the duo's complexion changed. They felt that their hearts were being oppressed incessantly.

"This..." The father and son duo looked at each other and gazed in the direction of the turmoil. It was where Fang Fang's Little Store was located.

Owner Bu's store... did he cause trouble again?!

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A steel spear that shimmered in metal-cold might looked like it wanted to rip the air apart. The spear was ignited with a fiery red brilliant pattern. That grandeur was practically too frightening. Under this spear, those Battle-Saints might not be able to retaliate before getting pierced by it!

A ray of purple radiance streaked across the air. Subsequently, a slashing ray collided against the spear, causing a huge explosion.

Boom!!

A loud sound resonated. The sound wave spread out. The diners in the small store couldn't help but cover up their own ears. It was like this sound could shatter people's eardrums.

Whitey's purple eyes flickered with cold rays as its figure somersaulted in the air, resembling a ball that was revolving in high speed as it landed on the ground with a loud bang. Thereafter, the formidable leaping force burst forth as it shot up once again.

Its hand had already been turned into a large machete that was emitting cold beams. It was extremely horrifying.

The steel spear revolved in the air. Ultimately, it abruptly flew back into the hands of Xia Yu, being caught by the bulging muscular arms. His energy was like a dragon while his eyes shone in extreme radiance. It felt somewhat inconceivable.

A long whistle resounded. Subsequently, he shot down violently like a cannonball, ramming toward the incoming Whitey.

The spear brandished down as the torn air rumbled.

Bang Bang Bang!!

Whitey and Xia Yu collided with each other in the air and in a split second they got tangled up. A person and a machine, with both of their sizes extremely huge. Spear and huge machete bombarded each other unceasingly. Whenever they rubbed against each other, bright sparks would scatter.

Xia Yu's malevolent face was extremely beserk. Numerous spear strikes rained down, resembling a downpour.

Whitey's machinery eyes flickered as the purple rays became denser. The huge machete also continued to bombard attacks as it faced the spear.

Everyone beneath them sucked in a breath of cold air and felt their hearts were in extreme oppression. This... what kind of level was this battle? Just by looking at the battle, they could already feel that their hearts shuddering in fear and a trepidation in the face of disaster.

Bu Fang leaned against the door shutters as the battle that was happening in the heavens created strong gales that caressed his jet-black hair. He stared at the battle, and within his eyes, brilliant rays were circulating, making him looked unperturbed and excited.

Blacky strode around the ground with its cat steps for a while. Subsequently, he looked at the battle happening in the heavens with interest.

That human may have yet to reach the Supreme-Being realm, but his corporeal body had indeed already achieved that. His actual fighting strength was not any weaker than that of a Supreme-Being.

In the end, his small store still provoked this kind of existence... However, so what?

The old dog harrumphed and did not seem to mind it.

A loud noise resounded in the heavens as a figure was smashed down ruthlessly. It crashed onto the main street of the Imperial City, shattering the ground with a deep crater.

Fortunately, the location of the alley was rather desolate. Very little hawkers set up their stalls nearby. Even if initially there were some, they had already left this area long ago.

Smoke and dust filled the air. Whitey's purple eyes twinkled while it climbed up from the ruins as the sounds of falling debris continued.

All of a sudden, Whitey's purple eyes illuminated brightly.

Xia Yu, who was standing proudly in the heavens, stroked the knife cuts on his majestic body and grinned. His face was filled with excitement.

Shoot Shoot!

At the center of the ruins on the ground, the sounds of two cuts echoed out. Afterwards, Xia Yu's pupils contracted as he saw that there were two formidable flying knives slicing out at high speed towards him.

Ding Ding!

Xia Yu held his steel spear and ferociously swept away the flying knives. However, the flying knives turned around and advanced toward Xia Yu once more, threatening to cut him.

Due to the fearful might from the flying knives, Xia Yu did not dare to use his body to resist it. He knew that the might on the flying knives could damage his body. Even though he did not know if

the thing in front of him was a supreme beast or not, without a doubt, its fighting power was extremely dreadful!

Although this thing wasn't bursting with true energy, he still did not dare to look down on it.

"Die for me!"

Xia Yu bellowed out as he blocked the two flying knives with a strike. Then, his entire being was like a cannonball as he dived. With a loud rumble, he rammed into Whitey, who was on the ground of the long street, as they started to fight in hand-to-hand combat once more.

The location of the long street in the Imperial City had been thoroughly wrecked. The place was filled with drifting sands and loose pebbles; a layer of the ground had also been erased away. The surrounding homes all bore holes from the storm of sand and stones.

The amount of prestige the duel had attracted was extremely vast. The both of them had fought from the Long Street to the alley and from the alley back to the Long Street. This continued repeatedly.

Within the Imperial City, the guards had already sealed off the surroundings as they prohibited the masses from approaching.

Xiao Yue and Xiao Meng rushed over to watch the battle at a distant spot. The both of them couldn't help but tighten their hearts. Both sides' strength was too formidable; it was way beyond their imagination.

Xia Yu was very strong. By relying on his body, he could fight against Supreme-Beings. In the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, his position was not low. He was also the Great Elder of Ferocious Divine Hall. That hall majored in cultivating the body, therefore, his body was extremely formidable.

Whitey did not possess any true energy, but ever since it started to protect the restaurant, it had shredded countless clothes. This was the first time it met such a formidable opponent and this was also the first time it fought with someone who kept up with him so closely.

Bu Fang's eyes flickered. He was extremely flabbergasted. It seemed the enemy this time wasn't a nobody. He was even able to sense Whitey's ever-rising fierce battle technique.

A loud rumbling echoed out!

Both figures suddenly shot out, leaving behind a long and narrow gorge on the floor when they separated from each other. Xia Yu was gasping for breath violently. His body was covered in knife cuts as blood spread over his body.

The speed Whitey's purple eyes twinkled was beyond imagination. Its plump body was covered in punch marks as well as spear cuts. It was very obvious that it was having a hard time fighting.

However, compared to Xia Yu, Whitey held a bigger advantage. It would never tire. Yet, Xia Yu, after all, had a human body made of flesh. Eventually, he would tire and his state of mind would drop. Therefore, Xia Yu knew that he must not continue fighting in this manner.

Otherwise, he would be worn down to death by this puppet!

He tossed up the talisman on his hand. Immediately, the talisman blossomed in radiance in the sky and an earth-shattering huge figure suddenly appeared in the middle of the sky.

A loud and clear dragon cry resonated throughout the nine heavens as it spread out to the whole Imperial City. The great prestige of the Flood Dragon pressured down, causing the whole Light Wind Imperial City to sink into a panic.

"Hahaha! Your toy is very strong and I, Xia Yu, admit that I can not do anything to you. But with me tangling it, what other methods does your restaurant have? If my elder brother Tyrant wanted to destroy your restaurant, he could have done so with ease! Killing off my younger brother... I want you to pay with your life!"

Xia Yu tightened the grip on his spear. He pointed out with his spear and the pressure whizzed out as he laughed incessantly.

His eyes were filled with malevolence and self-confidence.

In the sky behind him, a sinister looking pinnacle eighth grade spirit beast was stretching out its enormous calluses. It was a Wildlands Flood Dragon!

Chapter 275: It's Obvious that Dragon Meat's Sweet 'n' Sour Rib Will Be More Delicious

Although a Flood Dragon wasn't a true dragon, the blood of dragons flowed through its veins, so it would have a high position among spiritual beasts.

The Flood Dragon whose dark scales emitted a glittering glow flapped its wing and gave rise to a terrifying gale, then opened its mouth and emitted a deafening roar.

A Flood Dragon's appearance resembled that of a hideous big lizard with wings, and there was a huge difference between it and a true dragon, however, despite this, it was still one of the spiritual beasts at the top of the food chain.

The dragon's deafening roar resounded through the whole Imperial City, and caused all of the commoners in the capital to shiver and limp down to the ground while they tremblingly looked at the giant monster in the sky. For them, the arrival of such a fearsome creature to the capital was tantamount to its doom.

Bu Fang looked at the wild, giant, savage Flood Dragon, and his eyes slightly brightened and he couldn't help feeling excited. This giant lizard was..... unexpectedly, a Flood Dragon?

It was said that Flood Dragons' livers were quite delicious.

Xia Yu tightly grasped his steel lance in his hand and pointed it at Whitey. His eyes were full of excitement and he zealously looked at the store.

"Tyrant Brother! Raze this store!"

Xia Yu widely opened his eyes and bellowed before fiercely throwing his lance out, which went after Whitey while emitting a sharp whistling sound, accompanied by a sonic boom. He also instantly and abruptly burst out after it, shattering the tiles on the floor in his wake.

Whitey's eyes glittered as it waved his machete arm and chopped towards the oncoming Xia Yu.

Ding!

A crisp sound echoed when the steel lance was sent flying away by Whitey's chop, however, it changed direction midway and returned back to Xia Yu's hands. The muscles on them abruptly bulged out as he held his lance and thrust it toward Whitey once again.

Both of them seemed to morph into two black shadows as they intertwined together and started another round of fighting.

All of the observers clearly noticed that Xia Yu's condition was worsening along with the passing of time. That was because he was just a human after all, and he couldn't sustain his peak state for a long period; precisely the reason why he summoned the savage Flood Dragon to help him.

However, to him, it was fine as long as he was stalling this thing which was possibly a supreme beast, because the others weren't a threat to his Flood Dragon, and everything would be destroyed under his Tyrant Brother's powerful draconic power.

When he thought of this, Xia Yu couldn't stop himself from laughing boldly and loudly, and along with it, his moves also became more and more terrifying as he sent blow after blow with a might comparable to Mount Tai.

However, if Xia Yu took a look at the complexion of the people in the store, he would definitely find out that something was amiss.

It was because the people in the store, including Owner Bu, weren't at all frightened, despite the fact that they faced a Flood Dragon at the peak of the eighth grade, and although many of them felt a little oppressed under its aura, there wasn't any fear or dread in their eyes. What appeared instead was a strange and amused gaze.

The Flood Dragon's scarlet eyes, which were as big as lanterns, rolled and looked into the store. Eighth grade spiritual beasts would already have become enlightened, and as Xia Yu's partner, it understood clearly what he wanted.

Destroying a store was a simple and easy task for an eighth grade Flood Dragon. It wouldn't be at all difficult for him to even move a hill if he was ordered to.

The Flood Dragon stretched its neck and ferociously roared at the store. Its dragon roar spread out like a ripple toward the store and oppressed it.

Bang!!

A ball of scarlet flame which seemed capable of igniting the void burst out from the Flood Dragon's mouth. This was the so-called the dragon's breath. It was a sort of innate ability which all spiritual beasts from the dragon race possessed.

Bang Bang!

The fire quickly spread out as if it was blocked by something. A slight trace of ruthlessness flashed through the Flood Dragon lantern-like eyes before it ferociously pounced toward the store and spouted out a waterfall-like torrent of scarlet dragon's breath.

That dragon's breath seemed to be able to burn down everything in its path, and many customers in the store weren't able to remain calm and unperturbed when they faced such a breath which was pouring down toward them like a raging river. Many of them were scared and fell to the ground.

Ji Chengxue was after all an emperor, so he was still able to remain calm and composed when he faced such a scene, although his face became deathly pale without any trace of blood in it.

This scarlet dragon's breath was the only thing filling his eyes and it made him feel how insignificant and weak he was, and he couldn't help but recall many helpless situations which he faced after he became an emperor, and which he lacked the strength to solve.

No matter if it was Zhao Musheng who once caused trouble at the emperor's funeral or the groups of seventh grade Battle-Saints and eighth grade War-Gods which appeared one after another after the news of the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit appearance spread out, all of them made him clearly see through this world.

It was only experts who were truly... supreme!

The dragon's breath ferociously pounced toward them and gave rise to strong squalls of flames, which burned down many houses beside the store.

"Stupid lizard, don't spout your saliva toward this lord dog. Swallow it back!"

When that scarlet dragon's breath was just about to reach the store, a soft and slightly exasperated male voice resounded.

There was a small and negligible black dog standing before the store. This dog's mouth suddenly became immense and a deafening bark echoed from it, accompanied with a dreadful force.

All of the people were dumbstruck.

In the store, Ouyang Xiaoyi hid behind Bu Fang's back while her small flushed face excitedly looked at Blacky.

"Blacky will finally fight."

Although Blacky's bark was powerful and resounding, it seemed only funny and comical compared to the deafening dragon's roar. However, a scene which shocked the masses quickly unfolded out.

The dragon's breath spouted by the Flood Dragon, which seemed capable of destroying the heavens and wiping the earth, unexpectedly stopped and like a reverse waterfall went back toward the Flood Dragon just because of such a simple bark.

After it suffered the brunt of its own dragon's breath, the giant Flood Dragon started fiercely flapping its wing and randomly waving its claws while unceasingly roaring. The unceasing sound of jeering and laughing immediately echoed out...

A faint smell of roasted meat spread around, along with a slight stink of something charred.

After the dragon's breath dissipated, the giant dragon reappeared, and the tyranny in its eyes was becoming denser and denser. Its head was almost roasted, and many of its scales were roasted until they fell off.

Suffering the brunt of its own dragon's breath... What kind of great humiliation was that?

Are those damned humans mocking this lord dragon?

They must die! They must die!

The savage Flood Dragon was utterly enraged. It shook the wings in its back and pounced toward the store. Since its dragon's breath couldn't burn it, then the dragon would directly destroy it!

This Flood Dragon which was as big as a hill could even destroy a mountain, let alone a small restaurant.

In another side, Xia Yu and Whitey's got caught in a stalemate, sparks were flying everywhere and rumbling sounds were unceasingly resounding and echoing in everyone's ears.

However, compared to their fight, the Flood Dragon whose body was as big as a hill and was rushing toward them seemed more oppressive, shocking and dreadful.

Roar!

The dragon's body descended, and as the winds ferociously howled, the Flood Dragon's eyes burst out with a cruel glint... Be destroyed!

The Flood Dragon's ugly face was getting closer and closer, and they could even clearly smell the scent of the roasted parts in its head.

The customers with frail mind were already scared to the point of feeling their hearts rising up to their throat and all of them subconsciously closed their eyes.

However, even though they waited for a long while, they still didn't hear the sound of impact.

A sharp wind blew up Bu Fang's hair, who carelessly leaned against the door frame.

"Don't damage its corpse, the liver of an eight grade dragon is quite valuable... and its meat must be tasty." Bu Fang looked at what was before him, and the corners of his mouth rose up as he calmly said this.

All of the people were stunned for a while after hearing that, and when they raised their heads and saw what was before them, every single one of them widened their eyes.

The giant body of a Flood Dragon was before them, not budging at all.

There was a tiny figure standing above the head of the Flood Dragon, and it was only a small dot compared to the dragon's giant body.

Blacky floated mid-air and put its small and delicate front paws above the Flood Dragon giant face while it excitedly gazed at it.

"Who cares about the dragon liver... It's obvious that it's the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib made from dragon meat that will be the most delicious."

Chapter 276: Xia Yu in Utter Despair

The Wildlands Flood Dragon turned stiff as a rock as it set its large eyeballs on the black dog that was obstructing him from the front of his nose. Before the colossal monster that was this dragon, the black dog seemed more like a housefly than anything. Even the dragon's eyes were bigger than him.

Roar!!

Livid, white air puffed out from its nostril and a cold radiance was emitted as it growled, showing its grotesque and sharp teeth. The Flood Dragon extended its scaly wings and started to thrash up, swirling up a myriad of gales. It brought forth a large amount of strength and started to push its body forward, having a strong will to crush the puny little puppy. However, regardless of how hard the Flood Dragon flapped its wings, it was still unable to move forward by even a fraction. Like a majestic mountain with its peak reaching way over the heavens, the hellhound did not budge.

"Noisy!"

The black dog frowned in irritation as the dragon roared. Thanks to that annoying lizard's constant roaring, his ears were ringing from all that ruckus --didn't that lizard know how tone deaf its roars were?

Subsequently, he sent his exquisite dog paw at the Flood Dragon, making its huge body tremble backward. Blacky's eyes shrunk as its dog paw increasingly enlarged, eventually becoming as enormous as the dragon's head.

In an instant, tremendous pressure exploded out as it shrouded the Flood Dragon. It was the kind of pressure that caused it to tremble. When the extremely fierce Flood Dragon, who had thought itself to be unsurpassable existence, felt such power, it felt immensely intimidated.

Thereafter, the dog paw that was fluttering in the wind slapped down as it smashed the dragon's head ruthlessly onto the ground, producing a rumbling sound in the long streets of the imperial capital. Drowned in pain, the Flood Dragon raised its head out from the floor, with bits of bricks tumbling onto the floor.

Roar!

The Flood Dragon bellowed out an indignant roar once again.

Bang!!

Blacky responded with only his paw, directly slapping the head of the Flood Dragon once again, and sending it back to the ground. The powerful hellhound strode in a graceful manner as it jumped. It leisurely walked above the Wildlands Flood Dragon and indolently harrumphed.

Wuh-PSSSH!!

Whitey sliced into the back of Xia Yu. Blood splattered out instantly. An enormous force pounded out as Xia Yu was turned into an artillery shell that shot out ferociously and rammed onto the wall, causing it to turn into ruins. Whitey's purple eyes flickered as he landed on the floor akin to a heavy boulder.

Xia Yu emerged out from the ruins, violently gasping for air. He was struggling. This was the first time he had felt so much pain in his whole lifetime.

He walked in the direction of Brother Tyrant while his eyes shrunk as he sucked in a breath of cold air. He had thought that Brother Tyrant had already wiped the restaurant into flat ground. After all, violent fluctuations had come from that direction.

However, at this moment, Xia Yu saw with his own eyes Brother Tyrant, a spiritual beast of the eighth grade who was not any weaker than him, beaten on the ground and not daring to move even an inch.

"How is this even possible?!" Xia Yu's eyes contracted as he cried out in shock. How did Brother Tyrant, a beast who did not hold even the slightest degree of fear when he came across other powerful beings, turned into such a sorry figure?

Panic, an unfamiliar feeling to Xia Yu, filled his mind. Didn't they say that there was only one supreme beast in this restaurant? Then, what was the situation happening before his eyes? He had already brought forth all his strength to hinder the supreme beast... What kind of situation was happening at Brother Tyrant's side?

Whitey's purple eyes twinkled as it waved the machete on his hand and pointed it directly at Xia Yu. His figure once again burst off as he skimmed over.

Xia Yu clenched his teeth and thought, "To be able to defeat Brother Tyrant, there must have been another supreme beast with such invincible powers. This is simply too frightening. What exactly is the origin of this restaurant?"

The spear blocked Whitey's attack as Xia Yu whistled out. A true energy armor began to cover Xia Yu's body. He couldn't continue being entangled with Whitey like this any longer. The spear thrust out in a myriad of spear images, whizzing out as if it had been turned into a hurricane, unexpectedly causing Whitey to retreat forcefully.

Xia Yu took out a talisman, waving it at the direction Brother Tyrant. When he saw how Brother Tyrant's state of mind had been clearly beaten up into mush, he knew that he must quickly revoke him back into the Beast Tamer Talisman. If not, Brother Tyrant might just die there. A superior Flood Dragon at the pinnacle of the eighth grade was too precious!

Blacky elegantly strode and stepped on top of the Wildlands Flood Dragon's head. All of a sudden, he felt peculiar fluctuations emerging from the dragon's body, as if something wanted to suck the dragon away.

"Humph!"

Blacky shot a quick glance at Xia Yu who was pinching on the talisman. He harrumphed coldly. Thereafter, he lifted up his hind legs and stamped on the dragon's head ruthlessly.

Buzz...

Kacha!!

Xia Yu's complexion faded. Instantly, a needling stab of pain transmitted through his brain. Subsequently, blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth, his figure retreating two steps whilst staggering.

Whitey whizzed over, and its violet eyes flickered while it chopped out with his knife, almost slicing Xia Yu into two. Blood squirted and splattered everywhere. Xia Yu managed to utter a miserable bawl as he pinched onto the talisman that had already been ruptured inch by inch.

Xia Yu finally knew the feeling of pure horror. He looked at the dog with its head still turned up as it continued to trot all over the back of the Flood Dragon's body with its cat-like grace. He shuddered. What kind of f*cked up dog was that?

The Flood Dragon's head was like a balloon that was being trampled on until it was deflated. Blood flowed out of its mouth. Though its brain did not explode, his life energy had already disappeared.

Blacky's stomps had shattered the Beast Tamer Talisman along with the Spirit Formation Array that lay in the depths of the Flood Dragon's brain, that had long been turned into a pool of mud. If it weren't for Bu Fang, the vicious hellhound would have completely destroyed the body of the once-supreme beast.

Lord dog harrumphed. He was never interested in the lizard who flaunted its dragon race. Therefore, he was not in the least merciful when it came to the big lizard who had the audacity to act tough in front of him.

Xia Yu shivered from head to toe as pain panged in his heart. He had been relying on his eighth grade Flood Dragon in order for his position to never lower in the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. If he were to ever lose the Flood Dragon, his position would surely plummet.

"Damn it! Damn it!!" Xia Yu's mountain-like body fervently trembled and in his eyes there was strong regret.

A long hiss echoed. The distracted Whitey was sent flying back as Xia Yu did not hold back in the slightest and focused all of his power onto his fist, giving out only a single punch.

Xia Yu took a quick glance at the lifeless body of his companion. He did not have any signs of hesitation as he turned around and ascended into the sky. He was trying to flee! He knew well of the underestimation he placed on the restaurant's strength and defenses. The merciless and unmeasurably strong mutt had caused any bit of confidence in him to be crushed into bits and that swelling steel puppet had left him feeling helpless as he learned that no attack had proved to affect the puppet in the slightest. He was truly at his wit's end.

Swish! Swish!

Two flying knives whistled over once again as it sliced onto his back. Floating in the wide sky, Xia Yu spat out mouthfuls of blood. His eyes were bloodshot as he grabbed onto the two flying knives and ripped them out, leaving his back covered with warm blood and cuts.

He ferociously tossed the flying knives along with his steel spear. With a mental command, the spear immediately became like a runic flame, resembling a luminous burning arrow, ignited whilst advancing directly toward Whitey.

Bang!!

The ground instantly exploded as towering billows surged.

Blacky swept his gaze lazily at the stumbling Xia Yu who was planning to escape in mid-air. Nevertheless, it did not have any desire to attack. He was just an ant. So what if he had escaped? So long as the dragon meat was left behind, everything would be great.

However, just as Blacky had twisted its head around, a reckless howl of laughter from Xia Yu resounded above the vault of heavens.

Subsequently, a sparkling and translucent jade talisman fell down while swaying from the vault of heavens as it flew toward the restaurant.

On the Jade Talisman, peculiar fluctuations spread out with a loud bang. In a flash, a vast Formation Array took shape above the sky. Within the Formation Array, frightening destructive energy was lingering. The energy sped towards the restaurant as it came crushing over.

Bloodstains covered Xia Yu's body. He stared at the exploding jade talisman and the Flood Dragon's corpse, eyes filled with distress.

"Since I am unable to defeat you, I will kill you all with an explosion! This is... Hidden Dragon King Hall's Formation Array Spirit Talisman that was drawn by a Supreme-Being. Damn it! You may kill my brother and slaughter my dragon, but you will die for it!!"

After tossing out the Formation Array, Xia Yu no longer hesitated. He dared not to even look back as he burst off toward the outside of the imperial capital. He knew that very quickly half of the city would be completely turned into ruins. After all, the Formation Array Spirit Talisman, made by a Supreme-Being, was as frightening as a nightmare!

...

Outside of the imperial capital, on a vast field, a group of Single-Horned Spirit Beasts draped in fish scales sped over. Their speed was like lightning as they pulled open a huge yellow line on the vast field. If one looked closely at the yellow line, they would realize that the yellow line was surging smoke and dust that they created.

A carriage, with a coffin being dragged from behind, stopped before the band of beasts. Those who were riding the Single-Horned Spirit Beasts were all experts draped in black gowns. Their objective was the lofty imperial capital that was situated at the center of the vast field.

High above in the heavens, an Intense Sun Bird that was covered in flames all over its body swooshed past swiftly as its cry spread in all directions. The slightly plump old man seated cross-legged was abruptly taken aback. He lowered his head and took a peek, witnessing a pitch-black and awe-inspiring carriage as well as the Single-Horned Spirit Beasts. The old man was somewhat slightly puzzled as he frowned.

All of a sudden, the speeding troops slowly came to a stop. The carriage curtain was pried open and an aged figure strode out from it. He stood on top of the carriage as he raised his head and looked at the Intense Sun Bird. The plump old man was thrown off guard, suspicion rising.

"Honored Sir, in another half a daytime, we will arrive at the capital of the Light Wind Empire," respectfully said a black-gowned expert to the old man.

The aged figure nodded his head indifferently and continued to stare at the Intense Sun Bird "Hundred Thousand Mountains Clear Sky Pagoda experts... Never had I expected to bump into them so quickly. Could it be that the Shura Sect plans have been exposed? No... that should be impossible. It's probably just a mere coincidence."

"Let's continue with our journey. According to King Yu's instruction, after we send this eunuch's corpse back to the imperial capital, I would still need to head over to the Light Wind Empire imperial capital to retrieve a treasure."

Chapter 277: The Fall of Supreme-Being-Bodied Xia Yu!

A talisman rocked in the air like a blinding ball of fire. Scorching heat and formidable energy fluctuated around the talisman, forming a massive magic array beyond the sky. A mystifying wave circulated and surged toward the store with vigor.

This was a very frightening wave of energy, one that instilled fear and desperation in the hearts of everyone in the Imperial City. The fluctuations were akin to a demon crawling out of the abyss, trying to engulf all, and hence deepening the dread in one's heart.

Ji Chengxue stared dully at the talisman shining like the blazing sun. Its glare hurt his eyes so much that they were overflowing with tears. However, he simply couldn't control his own body as he let the teardrops fall while breathing heavily. He was indeed suppressed by the force of that intimidating energy.

The tiny ball of fire began to emit a destructive force, filling one with hopelessness.

Even Bu Fang widened his eyes and drew in a deep breath.

"A spirit talisman created by a Supreme-Being? So that is a magic array... how terrifying!" Bu Fang's heart trembled heavily. A blast from the array exploded in the air like a bomb, and its destructibility frightened Bu Fang.

Magic arrays were nothing new to him, since he traveled through the system's transport array all the time. But this erupting magic array suddenly reminded Bu Fang of the military bombs from his previous lifetime. This was something that completely renewed his perceptions of magic arrays.

Bang Bang!!

Ripples spread from the exploding magic array. As they scattered, they set off strong rushes of wind.

Blacky narrowed its eyes, scanned the surrounding, and growled. He strode elegantly, strutting his signature catwalk, and rose from the back of the gigantic Flood Dragon. Then, he sauntered toward the exploding talisman that was glowing like a scorching sun.

The quavering talisman drew nearer Blacky, as the latter also casually strolled toward the former.

Blacky's fur flapped violently against the howling winds. He raised his delicate doggy paw as a cold white light flashed across his eyes. Then, it was as if the entire world was swept away and time was compressed into a single moment. A translucent shield appeared, confining the talisman within.

The energy of the talisman continued to be compressed until it was all pressed into a crystal ball. Its harsh glare was blinding to the naked eye.

Gently patting this smooth round talisman like a rubber ball, Blacky curled his mouth. Then, with a casual flung, tossed the ball away with his delicate paws. The glittering ball traveled like a stream of light, slitting through the sky as if a shooting star, and with a twinkle, disappeared into thin air.

Bang!!

Even those outside of the Imperial City could hear the loud explosion going off from afar. The grounds shook as a fine wisp of dark smoke rose up in the air.

Back on all fours down on the pavement, Blacky yawned and headed back to the store. He found a comfortable spot and lay down, no longer bothered to deal with anything else.

The nearby crowds were dumbstruck and astonished, shooting bewildered glances at the Lord Dog lying on the floor.

To start, everyone could clearly sense the terrifying energy of the spirit runes from earlier, and many even thought that their ends were near—in the sense of death by explosion. But this Lord Dog merely smacked away the spirit rune with a dainty paw.

There was still a dull look in Ji Chengxue's eyes, but alas he let out a sigh of relief, taking in the euphoria of barely escaping their doom.

Yet even amidst these happy sentiments, he realized his longing for more power and stronger warriors.

"If we have this kind of a formidable existence protecting the empire, why ever worry about any eighth grade War-Gods?!"

The father and son duo of the Xiao Family regarded Blacky with even more reverence. This was a Supreme Beast... an unrivaled Supreme Beast! Blacky had only intervened a few times before, yet none was as shocking as today. They had finally realized today the unimaginable powers of a Supreme Beast.

The sound of light footsteps echoed as Bu Fang sauntered out of the store, appearing completely unflustered.

He approached the humungous Flood Dragon, patted its lifeless body, and curled the corners of his mouth. Then, he proceeded to store the Flood Dragon's remains in the system's dimensional bag.

After finishing the task, Bu Fang clapped his hands contently. He twisted his head to look at the lingering crowds behind and retreated to the store.

"The store is open as usual. We welcome any customers." Bu Fang's cool voice rang and snapped everyone below out of their deep thoughts. But alas, nobody was in the mood to dine at this moment, and so they all bid goodbye to Bu Fang and left.

Not after long, the store became very empty.

Bu Fang wasn't terribly bothered by this. He cast a glance at Blacky, who was lying on the ground, then turned around and stepped into the kitchen.

Ji Chengxue returned to the Imperial Palace. Xiao Yue and Xiao Meng also arrived at the main halls.

Though Xiao Yue's recent breakthrough to seventh grade Battle-Saint was technically excellent news to the empire at this time, nobody felt any slight trace of cheerfulness after having experienced the battle just then.

Before that dreadful force of power, a seventh grade Battle-Saint was incompetent. Xiao Yue's own excitement about his breakthrough also vanished, leaving behind only a thirst for more strength.

...

Xia Yu, covered in blood, was fleeing away at full speed. His face was grave and his eyes were filled with terror.

Horrifying! Way too horrifying!

That black dog... What on earth was it? It actually disabled the explosion of a Supreme-Being's spirit rune. That was a spirit rune created by the Magic Array Supreme-Being!

It was a spirit rune that belonged to the Magic Array Supreme-Being of the Hidden Dragon Imperial Court. He managed to acquire one solely by a lucky coincidence and had deemed it his trump card ever since. Even an actual Supreme-Being could be beaten half to death by the rune's powers, yet that black dog...

Realizing this, Xia Yu's entire body trembled, not even a shred of hope or courage remained in his heart.

He suffered a huge loss this time. Not only did he waste his most precious Supreme Spirit Rune, he was also severely injured. His body was in so much pain that every muscle throbbed.

Like a blood red streak of light slitting across the sky, his figure sprinted out of the Imperial City.

Suddenly, his eyes froze as he peered afar. In a great distance, he noticed a storm of dust and smoke spinning toward him.

Perhaps these were people heading to the Imperial City. Xia Yu couldn't be bothered to deal with them now since he was badly hurt and needed to escape and recover.

Xia Yu never thought that the very people he planned to let pass would invoke him instead.

The line of wagons from below slowed down. Then, the sound of bowstrings being plucked blasted in the air. As the whistling continued, a pitch black arrow darted out at an unbelievable speed.

"Another one seeking for death!!"

Xia Yu was fuming. These ignorant, reckless folks from below dared to irk him!

Though he was heavily wounded, he was still the Great Elder of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, not to mention a warrior whose physical body reached the level of a Supreme-Being. How could he remain unmoved at such a provocation?

With an angry howl, the bloody Xia Yu thrust a punch down below. It was as if the air was compressed. His strike crashed against the pitch black arrow with a loud smack.

Bang!!

After an explosion, the curtains to the wagon below suddenly moved. Out came a figure that dashed into the sky, stepping on clouds.

"What a surprise... We happened to encounter a warrior from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. You seem to be... badly injured?"

A faint voice of mockery spread down from the sky. Xiao Yu's pupil shrank when he discovered the pitch-black arrow piercing through his shield of air and charging directly toward him. With a splatter, blood burst out as the arrow pierced his body!

A trace of terror flashed across Xia Yu's eyes. He peered toward the elder with an astonished face, feeling awfully distressed deep down.

"Half a Supreme-Being?!"

The hunched-back old man sneered derisively, his eyes instantly glistening, "Since you happened to bump into this old fellow... forget about ever leaving."

In a split second, another black arrow appeared in the elder's hands. It was as black as ink and emitted a chilled, gloomy energy. The old man plucked the bowstring, sending several arrows after Xia Yu. The arrows darted forward with a force of pressure that nearly stifled him.

Swoosh Swoosh!!

Forced to dodge the arrows under much pain, Xia Yu couldn't duck them all. After all, he was severely injured in his fight with Whitey. His body was hit by three more arrows. As blood splattered everywhere, he lost his balance and fell from the air.

Xia Yu bellowed loudly, not willing to accept this!

Another dark arrow darted forward, crackling like blazing flames, and pierced right through Xia Yu's head, killing him instantly.

The Great Elder of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, the Supreme-Being-bodied Xia Yu, was no more.

The hunch-backed elder leaped down the sky and landed on his feet. He put away his black bow and walked over to Xia Yu's body with hands behind his back. A deep hole was created in the ground. Scattered rocks rolled around it.

The old man bent down and coughed, his force of energy fluctuating.

"True to the name of a warrior with the body of a Supreme-Being. If he weren't badly injured, killing him would be much more difficult." The Venerable Master chuckled softly. Then, he raised his hands and began to draw a bizarre magic array over Xia Yu's corpse.

"The corpse of a man with the body of a Supreme-Being... how delightful!" The Venerable Master looked ecstatic as a blood-red Labyrinth Array materialized.

As the magic array twisted and turned, a shrieking phantom spirit was physically pulled out of Xia Yu's dead body,

Xia Yu's phantom spirit seemed to be howling ferociously, but not a sound could be heard.

The old man licked his lips, groped for a spirit rune in his pocket, and used it to absorb Xia Yu's spiritual essence.

"Alas... We should hurry and retrieve the Departed Soul Orb. It is a semi-divine tool needed to preserve the spiritual essence. But for the semi-divine tool of our Shura Sect to be lost in this small empire... is quite unexpected." The Venerable Master sighed softly, and with the wave of his hand, stored away Xia Yu's corpse.

The corpse of a warrior with a Supreme-Being's body was certainly a rare and precious resource for the Shura Sect. It made perfectly good material for creating puppets for the sect.

The men in black nearby watched in awe as the Venerable Master returned to the wagon.

"Let's continue our journey. The destination is the Light Wind Empire. It's about time we take back what is rightfully ours."

Chapter 278: Upheaval in The Imperial City

The night has fallen, returning the bustling Imperial City to its most tranquil state. Hanging in the sky are two crescent moons emitting chilling beams of light, as if covering the earth with a gossamer veil.

Under the cold moonlight, the rubbles on the streets only made the Imperial City look more desolate. There was scarcely any people around, only a couple of workers cleaning up the debris and fixing the destroyed pavement.

Fang Fang's Little Store, in the kitchen.

With squinted eyes, Bu Fang twirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand and diced up a slab of dragon meat. He lit the fire and heated the pot. Then, he summoned a surge of true energy from within and cooked this dragon meat the same way he made his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs.

Though this was merely the flesh of an eighth grade Flood Dragon, under the nourishment of spirit energy, its meat offered an indescribable texture and a truly intoxicating taste.

Sticking out his tongue, Blacky ogled at the aromatic Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Meat Ribs that Bu Fang had just scooped out of the pot.

Dragon meat... it must be absolutely delicious!

Bu Fang tasted a piece and became helplessly intoxicated with this gourmet delicacy. The dragon meat had a wonderful texture, very springy and incredibly succulent.

He placed this plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs before Blacky, who had held back the entire night and couldn't wait to dig into the porcelain bowl. He wolfed down the contents inside with pleasure.

The flesh of large reptiles always tasted wonderful, not to mention that they became even more delicious under Bu Fang's magical touch.

Watching as Blacky devoured the ribs, Bu Fang curled his lips. At the same time, he felt it unfortunate that he didn't have the appetizing fruit vinegar to make Dragon Liver Popsicle with an eight grade Flood Dragon's liver. But that is that. This gourmet delicacy demanded an excellent fruit vinegar, without which would simply ruin the dish.

Bu Fang secretly decided that he must find time to brew his own fruit vinegar. However, that was a task for the far future.

After practicing some other dishes, Bu Fang called it a day. He returned to his room and prepared to sleep. He needed to maintain the quality of his rest to ensure he would constantly be in the best conditions. Maintaining a focused mind was certainly conducive to his cooking.

Not after long, a steady stream of snores resounded from Bu Fang's room.

...

The Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire, main halls.

Lights flickered beside the fluttering shadows inside the main halls.

Numerous ministers of the empire had convened here to discuss state affairs. The Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire had been shaken by a storm, instilling anxiety and fear in each and every minister.

As the powerholders of the Imperial City, they naturally understood the tense situation of the Light Wind Empire. All seven regions have fallen into mayhem—there were spirit beasts attacking cities and rebel forces revolting.

For these folks, it was simply something unimaginable. Nobody had anticipated the empire to break down and fall into chaos in such a short time.

Ji Chengxue, though a new emperor, was certainly no incompetent ruler. Ever since taking the throne, he had been cautious and attentive, tending to state affairs in an orderly manner. Such a degree of bedlam was uncalled for.

The father-son party from the Xiao family sat cross-legged in the halls with their eyes closed, completely impervious to the incessant quarrels nearby.

Ji Chengxue, situated in the upper tiers of the halls, rubbed his brows. He observed the confrontations and deliberations between his ministers down below, and emitted a long, helpless breath.

Suddenly.

Dong!

There was a loud crash that sounded much like a heavy stomp. Afterwards, a eunuch rushed into the halls, looking flurried.

"Your... Your Majesty, there's someone outside... with a coffin, asking for an audience with Your Majesty!" The eunuch, with terror written all over his face, reported in a panic. Carrying a coffin into the palace, now who was this audacious...

Ji Chengxue instantly propped up his body as the Xiao family members fluttered open their eyelids.

The atmosphere outside of the main halls was dreary. The sound of heavy footsteps echoed in the air as numerous figures sauntered into the halls. They came in with a pitch black coffin in their hands.

A chilled wind suddenly began howling within the halls, utterly silencing the chattering ministers, who now almost didn't dare to breathe.

Four shadows, all dressed in black and with bamboo hats covering their faces, strolled into the main halls.

Under the scrutiny of everyone inside, they slowly wandered to the center of the main halls. With a loud thud, they dropped the coffin onto the ground, causing the floor of the halls to rattle.

"Under the orders of King Yu, we have delivered the coffin."

A raspy voice rang from one among the group. Then, the four gestured to Ji Chengxue, who sat high up in the halls, with cupped hands to express their minimal courtesy. Then, they turned around, ready to leave the main halls.

"This is sheer effrontery! How outrageous!"

Xiao Meng glowered with eyes that nearly shot lasers and ferociously smacked down with his palm. With a bellow, he dashed after the four men withdrawing from the main halls. The palace guards immediately followed his steps.

Ji Chengxue paid no attention to Xiao Meng, who was chasing after the intruders. Instead, he walked down from his throne with a blank face and approached the coffin.

Xiao Yue rushed forward to shield Ji Chengxue from any potential danger hidden within the coffin. However, when he pushed open the lid, there were no planted traps. They were delivered a simple coffin.

Yet when everyone caught a glimpse of the body lying inside, they fell into a deep silence.

The figure resting quietly inside was a heavily wounded Lian Fu with bloody gashes tore through his chest. He who was once a majestic seventh grade Battle-Saint was now only an ice-cold corpse.

Xiao Yue held his tongue and sighed softly. He had no idea how to console Ji Chengxue.

As suspected, this was the doing of King Yu. The fall of Chief Eunuch Lian was a crime committed by Ji Chengyu.

It didn't take long for Xiao Meng to return. His somber face was covered with sweat. After a light round with the four men, he realized that none was easy to beat. He couldn't gain the upper hand on such short notice and besides, the other party had no interest in fighting with him. Since they were determined to get away, he had no choice but to come back.

Xiao Meng also caught sight of Lian Fu's corpse and emitted a grave sigh.

"Give Chief Eunuch Lian's body a proper burial." A voice finally broke the prolonged silence within the halls. This was Ji Chengxue ordering for Lian Fu's body to be taken away.

Boom Boom Bang!

A thunderous noise caused the main halls to shake. Everyone inside was seized with terror and charged out of the halls one after another.

Helpless guards completely overwrought bolted in.

"Your Majesty! The national treasury has been robbed!"

The lips of these guards shivered. To have a state's treasury robbed was simply an unthinkable concept. There were more than thousands of guards patrolling the national treasury. Under such circumstances, being raided was a huge blow to the reputation and dignity of the Light Wind Empire.

This news drained the blood from Ji Chengxue's face. At present, the national treasury was the last backbone of the Light Wind Empire. They could not afford to suffer such a huge loss.

The crowd scurried to the national treasury in trepidation only to see a large hole smashed through the heavily guarded, but now completely distorted gates.

They drew in sharp breaths, scared out of their wits in witnessing this sight.

Not after long, Ji Chengxue emerged from the national treasury. He breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Your Majesty, is anything missing from the national treasury?" Xiao Meng asked with scrunched brows.

"The money is all here, but one item is lost." Ji Chengxue was somewhat relieved but still looked toward Xiao Meng with a bitter smile. Then, he uttered slowly: "What has gone missing is the Departed Soul Orb."

"Huhn? The Departed Soul Orb? The one that Zhao Musheng stole but later discarded?" Xiao Meng was taken aback as he asked in confusion.

"Yes, but judging by this, the thieves must have been members of a sect. The Departed Soul Orb is a treasure of the sects anyway. Retrieving it by force... is somewhat understandable."

There was a sour expression on Ji Chengxue's face. The national treasury easily at other people's disposal. This was a complete trample over the Light Wind Empire's dignity. Yet at the same time, one could now be certain that the raiders must have intimidating cultivation levels.

"In any case, the Departed Soul Orb still counts as a semi-divine tool. What do its new bearers... have in mind?" Xiao Meng squinted his eyes and pondered with a heavy heart.

...

An inn within the Imperial City.

The wrinkle-faced Shura Sect Venerable played with a gray orb the size of a fist. The orb was smooth to the touch, and on its surface were intricate patterns of mystifying lines.

"The Departed Soul Orb... is finally mine." The muscles on the Venerable Master's face shook as he laughed uncontrollably.

Outside, the streets of the Imperial City fell into disorder, with guards treading through the crowds and keeping vigilant watch of the city.

Carefully extracting a talisman from his pocket, the Venerable Master curled his lips and crushed it into pieces. It instantly impelled a howling silhouette spirit with snarling claws to float out.

The Venerable Master flicked a disdainful glance at this spirit while lifting up the Departed Soul Orb in his hand. He focused his mind and prompted a strong force to burst out of the orb, sucking in the spirit of a brawling Xia Yu.

Terror filled the eyes of Xia Yu's spirit, but his entire silhouette disappeared after a split second.

Having absorbed Xia Yu's spirit, the lines of patterns on the Departed Soul Orb began to radiate. As it glimmered, black smoke circulated within.

"I thought I'd have to massacre an entire city as the stimulus for awakening the Departed Soul Orb. Who knew I would come across someone with the body of a Supreme-Being and capture his spirit. Though we're not working with a true Supreme-Being here, he did suffice as a catalyst for reviving the Departed Soul Orb." The Venerable Master squinted his eyes into a smirk.

"The great rejuvenation of my Shura Sect... has finally been initiated..."

...

For the next two weeks, everyone in the Imperial City remained in a state of anxiety.

However, none of this affected Bu Fang at all. He continued to open for business every day, practice his cutting and carving techniques, train Yu Fu and Xiao Xiaolong's cooking, test their grasp of the dishes, and so on.

Whenever he had a break, he would sprawl over a chair by the entrance, gaze at the sky, and take a comfortable nap.

During this half of the month, the entire Light Wind Empire had sunk into utter chaos. Battles and revolts sprang up everywhere as the armies under Ji Chengyu's command continued to roll in. In reality, they had already conquered much of the empire's territory, already occupying a huge region.

For the emperor himself, this was a painful reality. Xiao Meng was sent off to the battlefields, leading his men to resist and suppress Ji Chengyu's troops. Xiao Yue, on the other hand, stayed behind to safeguard the Imperial City.

During this troubled period of the Light Wind Empire, those from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands also retreated. They weren't in a much better mood than the emperor of the Light Wind Empire, since the Great Elder Xia Yu who had accompanied their trip to the empire... had fallen!

The death of a Great Elder in the Godly Temple of the Wildlands stirred up pandemonium amongst themselves.

Throughout this havoc, Bu Fang lay comfily before the entrance to his restaurant. Suddenly, he opened his sleepy eyes and triggered a new temporary task assigned by the system.

This time, the final reward for the assignment caused Bu Fang's heart to pound with excitement.

Chapter 279: A Unique Temporary Task

"Temporary Task: The host shall head to the Western Mystery City and join the armed forces as the army chef. During this period, please cook three dishes that the system deems satisfactory, but only with the available ingredients.

"The task reward: ten percent increase in your true energy cultivation, as well as one fragment of the God of Cooking Set (To become a chef at the highest level of the food chain, the God of Cooking in the Fantasy World, you must be able to cook gourmet delicacies even under the most difficult conditions. There are no limits when it comes to cultivating one's cooking skills. Work hard, young man)."

Bu Fang slouched in the chair before the entrance of the store, but his mind was ringing with the solemn voice of the system.

He forced open his sleepy eyes into a thin slit, and then suddenly widened them. His eyes lit up.

"Huh? Temporary task?" Bu Fang was taken aback as it had been a while since he last received a temporary assignment from the system. This sudden ambush almost made him jump up in surprise. The contents of this assignment also came as a shock to him.

"Join the armed forces and become the army chef?" Bu Fang's face was filled with perplexity as he blurted this out. His heart was filled with skepticism and puzzlement.

"Army chef, as in a cook that trails the forces? So basically a military chef. The system wants me to join the army... I mean, cook food for the army?"

Bu Fang widened his eyes as he smacked his lips. In all honesty, he was not pleased with this arrangement as being an army chef was no easy task. Not only did he need to keep up with the pace of the army and join their expedition... there was also the possibility of being forced onto the battlefield. Bu Fang felt extremely reluctant.

In his perspective... what did this even have to do with becoming the God of Cooking? Wasn't it enough to stay in the kitchen and work on one's dishes? Why was it necessary to join the army and tire himself to death?

Bu Fang's mouth twitched. Nonetheless, the system's reward this time was very enticing.

"Ten percent increase in my true energy cultivation, on top of one fragment of the God of Cooking Set... the prizes are attractive!" Bu Fang weighed as his heart thudded with excitement.

A ten percent increase in true energy cultivation could save Bu Fang a lot of time and energy. For someone eager to advance one's cultivation level as fast as possible, Bu Fang found the offer very practical.

Then there was the fragment of the God of Cooking Set, something that especially tickled Bu Fang's heart. As of that moment, he had collected two of three fragments. He thought he'd have to wait until his next advancement in cultivation to receive another piece. This sudden task was truly unexpected.

Bu Fang leaned back into his chair and stared at the sky blankly, debating with himself inside.

The sound of footsteps resounded in the small alleyway. Xiao Yanyu and her brother, Xiao Yue, made their way through.

Xiao Yanyu had returned to the Imperial City a couple of days ago since everything back in the Southern City was finally settled. Though the Xiao family in the Southern City gained nothing from the great battle, and even suffered some losses, fortunately, it was nothing too unbearable.

Xiao Xianyu stayed a couple more days in the Southern City and then departed for the Imperial City. Now that the entire Light Wind Empire had fallen into chaos, with the uprising of wars everywhere, Xiao Meng was anxious for her safety and requested for her return.

Yet once Xiao Yanyu returned to the capital, Xiao Meng was immediately off to the battlegrounds.

"Owner Bu, please give me a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine."

Xiao Yue stepped into the store and found a familiar seat. He made his order with a raspy voice, beckoning at Bu Fang, who was lying on a chair before the front door.

Xiao Yanyu also ordered a couple of dishes with Ouyang Xiaoyi.

Bu Fang stood up from his chair, stretched himself, and took a couple of steps with hands behind his back. Then, he nodded at Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Meng before stepping into the kitchen.

Inside, Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu were cooking away. Their skills had clearly improved over time. Though they still couldn't compare with Bu Fang, they had reached a level that Bu Fang deemed basically acceptable.

Pulling out his knife, Bu Fang began to prepare the ingredients. With his mind totally focused, he had become even more proficient with his knife skills, allowing him to process the ingredients more efficiently and swiftly.

Bu Fang did feel like his knife techniques reached a bottleneck since he had already fulfilled the Meteor Knife Technique Proficiency.

He lit up the fire and heated the pot, with movements flowing like streams of water. The dishes were quickly cooked under his hands. An intoxicating aroma drifted out of the kitchen and pervaded the air within the store.

Not after long, Bu Fang finished up and placed the dishes on the kitchen window, to be carried off by Ouyang Xiaoyi.

Bu Fang wiped his hands and carried a jar of Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine out of the kitchen. He approached Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Yue's table and handed the wine jar to the latter.

Xiao Yue popped open the lid on the wine jar and poured himself a cup, happily taking a sip.

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and sat across from them as he calmly studied the two.

Xiao Meng's expedition did bring the Imperial City much good news. After leaving the capital, he had traveled through many counties and suppressed countless rebels. This was certainly a positive break from all the bad news received by the Imperial City.

Ji Chengxue was somewhat reassured but also knew that it was not the time to relax. Xiao Meng had yet to encounter Ji Chengyu's forces. Given the solid backbone supporting Ji Chengyu, one

couldn't easily tell how powerful his armies were. If Xiao Meng lost to him, then the whole empire would face a truly bitter struggle.

Bu Fang chatted with Xiao Yue extensively. Since he had decided to join the forces as an army chef, he needed to gain some basic understanding of military operations. Though Xiao Yue did not frequently stay in the army himself, he was still more knowledgeable in this area than Bu Fang.

The two talked about many things. Bu Fang asked the questions and Xiao Yue provided the answers. Xiao Yue, however, was also somewhat puzzled at Bu Fang's many inquiries about the army today.

As the conversation wrapped up, the wine drunk, and dishes eaten, the two bid farewell to Bu Fang and left the store.

Customers came and went throughout the day. As the store's fame grew, its business also flourished. With business thriving, Bu Fang was also closer to advancing his cultivation.

A day's business had finally ended. The exhausted Ouyang Xiaoyi and Xiao Xiaolong bid farewell to Bu Fang. Yu Fu also retired to her room for some rest.

By nightfall, the lights within the store's kitchen still flickered brightly. Bu Fang was practicing a very familiar dish. As an ambitious chef, he had the habit of practicing his dishes every day to ensure they were maintained at the highest quality.

"System, when can I set off for the Western Mystery City? How do I join the army?" Bu Fang had already returned to his room and took a shower. He wiped his damp hair as he asked the system.

"In two days, the system will activate the teleportation array. As for how to join the army, that is the host's responsibility," the system replied solemnly.

Bu Fang curled the corners of his mouth. So basically he had to find a way to sneak into the army himself? This was the first time he realized how... unreliable was this system.

Just thinking about this gave Bu Fang a headache. Join the army... how? Would the army just take him in? Why would they even do that?

Blinking his eyes, Bu Fang suddenly felt like this trip to the Western Mystery City was one hazy conundrum.

Unable to come up with a good solution, Bu Fang flopped onto his bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Compared to beating his head against the wall, sleep was much more important.

Two days passed by in a flash.

During this time the store operated as usual. He also completed his daily cooking practices.

"Um... I'm leaving the store again in a bit. This is for my own cooking training. As to when I'm coming back, I cannot be certain. The store's business will fall on your shoulders." Bu Fang instructed Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu, who were in the kitchen, in a serious tone.

"Once I get back, I'll teach you new dishes."

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu's eyes instantly sparkled. The former patted his chest and confidently promised to look after the store.

Yu Fu also nodded gently to Bu Fang's instructions.

Bu Fang patted Xiao Xiaolong's shoulders and nodded his head, throwing him a reassuring glance: "Work hard, young man. I'll test your knife skills, carving techniques, and cooking abilities once I get back. A punishment is in place for whoever loses."

Again... Xiao Xiaolong's face froze, looking like he was banished to hell. He was knowledgeable of the punishment. Even as he recalled it now, his heart trembled and his wrists even throbbed with pain.

Yu Fu, in seeing Xiao Xiaolong's long face, couldn't help but burst into a laugh.

Bu Fang bid them farewell and returned to his own room.

"The second stop of the Delicacy Map, the Western Mystery City, activated."

The system's stern voice rang. Then, with his sharp eyes, Bu Fang noticed that a white dot appeared in the air. The dot began to circulate, drawing out a mystifying array.

Bu Fang was no longer awed by it since he had traveled through this array multiple times already.

"The second stop of the Delicacy Map? There's also a temporary assignment in the mix." Bu Fang muttered quietly. Then, the array swirling in the air finally materialized.

A wild wind whistled, obscuring Bu Fang's figure.

In the very next moment, the stormy wind became motionless. Peace and tranquility were restored to the room, but Bu Fang's body was nowhere to be seen.

Chapter 280: Owner Bu Joins the Army

The Western Mystery City, located in the northwestern region of the Light Wind Empire, was an ancient city with a long history. This was a city that survived through the numerous devastations of each dynasty turnover.

This old city, akin to an aged man, was situated on the boundless plains of the northeastern grassland. It was the largest city in the northern region of the Light Wind Empire and acted as a significant military stronghold connecting the Northwest Plain to the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

Outside the Western Mystery City, above the ancient roads where storms of dust swirled and danced, a gust of wind blew and stirred the flying specks of dirt.

When the fierce wind ceased whistling, two figures slowly emerged from the yellow dust. One of them had a pair of eyes flickering red beams, in a way that was extremely forbidding.

"Cough Cough..."

Bu Fang covered his mouth and nose with one hand while the other hand waved incessantly to disperse the circling smoke that made him choke.

"The environment here left much to be desired," Bu Fang thought to himself with a frown.

After quite a walk, the swarms of dust floating around finally rested. Whitey's duplication followed Bu Fang's steps with eyes flickering red.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's belly, then lifted his head, and peered toward the lofty large city emitting a majestic sense of the older times. That was a city that made him breathe heavily due to the awe-inspiring pressure of a majestic city with such a long history.

That was the Western Mystery City. Bu Fang's eyes sparkled faintly. This was the destination of his journey, since he was set to join the army of the Western Mystery City and become a mess cook, which was essentially a military chef.

The man and robot trekked through the vast plain and finally reached the city gates after quite a while. The city gates were towering, almost equally grand as those of the Imperial City. Countless soldiers were on duty, guarding the entrance.

The soldiers were different from those of the Imperial City, at least absolutely dissimilar in their sense of determination. In their eyes were a kind of sharpness that didn't exist in the guards of the Imperial City. There was a sense of fierceness that Bu Fang couldn't quite describe.

Perhaps people were relatively bolder in the northwestern region, and therefore naturally cultivated soldiers with a greater sense of valiancy.

Worn out by the long walk, Bu Fang was covered with dust. Alongside Whitey, he entered the Western Mystery City with other travel-worn folks.

Once he arrived, Bu Fang decided to familiarize himself with the local customs and cultures of the Western Mystery City. He found an inn first since it was impractical to expect being immediately accepted into the army as a cook. He was a stranger here after all.

Bu Fang spent around a day and a half wandering in the city and even tried quite a few gourmet delicacies. The specialty dishes here were simple and plain, not as fancy as those in the Southern City.

There was an abundance of wheaten food, as well as the simple, unembellished kind of barbecue. Bu Fang tried them all and found them distinctive in taste.

However, he didn't encounter any gourmet delicacies worthy of being recorded in his recipe journal, which was quite a pity. He nonetheless recognized that he had yet to try all the delicious foods around here.

However, he had no time to seek them all out. He needed to find an army to join as soon as possible.

Bu Fang sat by the window of a bustling restaurant, savoring northwestern gourmet delicacies whilst enjoying the gorgeous scenery of the city. The security around here was excellent as patrolling soldiers with long spears could be seen in the city at all times.

Bu Fang called for the waiter, took out a golden coin, and handed it to this rugged man with a crippled leg.

"Sir... this is too much." The husky man immediately peered at Bu Fang with some perplexity. A golden coin for a meal... Now, this refined young man was well off.

"Not really. Other than the cost of the meal, consider the spare change a payment for answering my following questions," Bu Fang said calmly.

The waiter's eyes instantly lit up. He looked toward Bu Fang and patted his own chest, "You are generous, dear sir. Just ask me. I won't miss any details as long as I know the answer."

Bu Fang pondered for a short while, gazed at the waiter and opened his mouth: "How many armies are there in the Western Mystery City?"

The waiter was taken aback by Bu Fang's question. He eyed Bu Fang with scrunched eyebrows and replied: "Sir, there is only one army in our Western Mystery City, which is the Western Mystery Army that all men yearn for in the northwest."

"Huh? All men in the northwest yearn to join it? Is this Western Mystery Army really as good as you say?"

"To be honest, I was once a soldier in the Western Mystery Army. But one of my legs was paralyzed in a battle. Afterwards, I had to quit the army and become a restaurant waiter," he explained and patted his disabled leg.

"If it weren't for this lame leg, I would have definitely stayed in the army until the last drop of my blood dried! I heard that the empire has sunk into chaos lately and that war might erupt again... Nobody knows how many of my fellow comrades will die on the battlefields."

Regret and dismay were stamped across the waiter's face.

Bu Fang kept his silence. He wasn't familiar with such matters. Since this waiter had served in the army before, it must be only natural that he was overcome with emotions.

The Western Mystery Army... it sounded pretty distinguished.

"Can you tell me more about this Western Mystery Army?" Bu Fang asked.

"Yeah, of course. The Western Mystery Army is the most well-known troop in our Western Mystery City because it is the major force that protects the city," the waiter continued. "Because of the city's unique geographic location, we suffer all kinds of hazards every year. Sometimes spirit beasts that roam out of the Hundred Thousand Mountains would threaten the Western Mystery City. Issues like these need to be settled by the Western Mystery Army. Each time, the savage beasts would be slaughtered by the Western Mystery Army so that they don't jeopardize the safety of the city's residents.

"Besides, the Great General of the Western Mystery City, also the eldest son of the Western Mystery City Lord, general Kong Xuan, has a formidable cultivation level. It is said that he has recently reached a breakthrough to the echelon of Battle-Saint and has become the strongest warrior in the Western Mystery City. With him here, our city is definitely more invincible!"

"This is not an exaggeration. The Western Mystery Army will not be at a disadvantage even in the face of the Imperial Army!"

The waiter went on and on. He was obviously very familiar with the Western Mystery Army and took great pride in it. He unknowingly patted his chest proudly from time to time as he recounted these tales.

Bu Fang listened to him carefully and nodded along sometimes.

"Here is the last question..." Bu Fang paused and peered at the waiter before continuing: "If I want to join the Western Mystery Army... how should I go about it?"

"What? Sir, you want to join the Western Mystery Army?"

The burly man before him instantly widened his eyes, staring at Bu Fang with utter astonishment. This pale-faced, gigolo-like of a man... with such smooth and refined skin, evidently came from a rich household. Why was he even interested in joining the Western Mystery Army?

Bu Fang smacked his lips and handed another gold coin to the man: "My objective in joining the army is certainly to train myself and make myself stronger."

The muscular waiter's eyes sparkled when he saw another gold coin. He stored it away without batting an eyelid and puffed his chest as he guaranteed Bu Fang this: "Sir, since you trust me so much, I'll cut straight to the chase. It is not difficult to join the forces. With the war going on, army recruitment won't stop. However, to genuinely be part of the Western Mystery Army is not a piece of cake. Here, I personally know some fellows in the troop. I can take you there tomorrow and put in a good word, just so they can cut you some slack, haha."

Bu Fang was taken aback, but then he nodded as the corners of his mouth curled.

The waiter rubbed his head in a good-natured way and then staggered away, dragging behind his crippled leg.

Bu Fang returned to the restaurant the very next day and found the waiter waiting for him by the entrance.

"Sir, let's go. I've already asked for a half-day-long break. I'll accompany you there. By the way, you can call me Er Niu." The burly man smiled.

Bu Fang nodded and followed behind Er Niu. The two then headed toward a certain direction in the Western Mystery City.

The city was vast in size, but the recruitment center was not far from them. Therefore, they decided to go on foot. After around one hour, they finally arrived at the place that Er Niu mentioned.

The recruitment center was in a large building. It rested in front of a mansion and at the gate stood a long queue.

"Sir, do you see this? Everyone here wants to join the army but more than ninety percent of them will be allocated to some small campsite. It's pretty difficult to join the genuine Western Mystery Army. Let me go and ask around for you, but I cannot guarantee anything." Er Niu stated seriously.

Then, Er Niu lugged his crippled leg and walked toward the group of soldiers. Bu Fang watched Er Niu's movements, realizing that he was indeed acquainted with this place. At the moment, he was conversing with an armored soldier.

Not after long, Er Niu brought over that soldier.

This soldier carried a somewhat domineering manner. He held his head high and squeezed his hands behind his back. Er Niu stood by him, smiling from ear to ear.

"Chief Liu, this is the young man I told you about. He wants to join the Western Mystery Army, so..."

"Want to enlist in the Western Mystery Army? Heck, who doesn't want to join us... Why should I let him through the back door?" Chief Liu glimpsed at Bu Fang's gentle, refined appearance and the strange puppet behind him. Then, he shot a glance at Er Niu and questioned him.

Bu Fang knitted his eyebrows. What was going on here?

"You lad... want to join the Western Mystery Army? Of course, there is a way... but, don't you need to show me some sincerity?" Boss Liu sneered coldly.

Er Niu instantly glowered. He already gave Liu a golden coin for this!

Bu Fang cast a look at Er Niu's expression and realized instantly that the fellow before his eyes considered him gullible and wanted to rip him off. Once he got his money, whether he'd live up to his promises was another story.

However, Bu Fang couldn't really be bothered and simply responded calmly: "Just make sure of the arrangements first, money is not a problem."

Bu Fang fished out a couple more golden coins from his pocket and played with them in his hands. The shining coins clicked and attracted Chief Liu and Er Niu's gazes.

Chief Liu's eyes instantly glistened as the beaming smile on his face grew wider and wider.

He stretched out a hand in hope of grabbing the golden coins, but of course, snatching things from Bu Fang was never an easy feat.

"Not a problem, not a problem. I'm the right person to consult if you want to join the Western Mystery Army! Er Niu, you may head back now. This young master, please follow me." Chief Liu coughed softly and drew his hands behind his back. He instructed Er Niu and then led Bu Fang into the mansion.

Er Niu wasn't suspicious of anything. He and Chief Liu were old comrades on the battlefield. Though Chief Liu was indeed a greedy man, their military bonds remained. Er Niu was sure that Liu would make the right arrangements for Young Master Bu.

Therefore, he bid goodbye to Bu Fang and stumbled away with his lame leg.

Little did he notice Chief Liu's narrowed eyes as he twisted away his head. A cold sneer smeared across Liu's face.