

## Gourmet 281

### Chapter 281: So I Can't Even Strike Back?

The mansion opened up a whole new world. As it turned out, they had only just entered the gate to the entrance, within which was a large drill ground. There were numerous armored soldiers training hard and dripping with sweat inside.

"You see, that's the drill ground of the Western Mystery Army. Whoever is allowed to train there belongs to the real crack division. One must pass high-bar tests before joining it and most people have very little chance of succeeding." Chief Liu walked ahead of Bu Fang, hands behind his back. He held his head high as he announced proudly.

Bu Fang cast a blank look at the soldiers in that field. These soldiers had decent degrees of cultivation. Most of them were about the level of third grade Battle-Maniac, therefore rightfully considered as the essential part of the Western Mystery Army.

Nonetheless, Bu Fang had no interest in this whatsoever. His goal was to join the Cooks' Army Unit and become a military chef. What he cared about most right now was completing the task as soon as possible and then obtaining the last fragment of the God of Cooking set.

As someone who owned the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, Bu Fang knew perfectly well how powerful was this God of Cooking set. Therefore, he held high expectations about the second item of the cooking set. If anything, this item would definitely advance his cooking skills tremendously, enabling him to make more delicious dishes.

Immersed in his own thoughts, Bu Fang became rather absent-minded. For a moment there, he didn't hear a thing Chief Liu just said.

He trailed behind Chief Liu and found himself walking for a long time. They eventually passed by the drill ground and arrived at a remote location in the mansion. This particular site was quite a mess, with tiny pieces of crushed stones scattered all over the ground.

Chief Liu, on the other hand, came to a halt. He turned around and peered at Bu Fang with a guile smile.

Bu Fang was caught by surprise. Why did the man suddenly stop?

He knitted his brows, scanning the desolate surrounding and the pavement full of crushed rocks. This was evidently not the army's registration center.

This Chief Liu... was up to no good.

A flurry of footsteps echoed in the air as a commotion suddenly stirred up. A swarm of roguish young men suddenly appeared behind Bu Fang.

These dark-skinned young lads stared at Bu Fang with mischievous looks.

"Hey, Chief Liu, you've got another idiot who wants to join the Western Mystery Army."

"Huh, look at his fine skin. He looks like the young master of some wealthy family."

"A spoiled young master from a rich family is perfect. He must have a lot of money on him. We may earn a lot this round!"

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Noisy chatters rang in this seemingly discarded corner and reverberated through the air in a frightening sense.

Whitey, who had followed Bu Fang, raised its chubby palms and touched its bald head, with its robotic eyes flickering red.

Chief Liu curled his lips and narrowed his eyes at Bu Fang. He found a large stone, parted his legs and sat down, peering at Bu Fang calmly.

"Young man, it's not difficult to join the army. Just don't ever think you can rely on special privileges. Our Western Mystery Army is a genuine troop that does the real thing—slaughtering enemies and fighting for our lives on the battlefields. A spoiled young master like you can never bear such hardships. I am doing this for your own sake." Chief Liu threw a taunting look at Bu Fang.

"We are merely considering what is best for your personal safety. So... be a lamb and do as I say, fork over your money. We'll all have a laugh and then you can be on your way."

Chief Liu peered at Bu Fang with a trace of contempt in his eyes. He had seen his fair share of rich young men like Bu Fang, with their delicate skin and fair complexions. Obviously, this was also not their first swindle.

These rich kids were fragile and refined, and most likely had never seen real blood. To be honest, they could serve at most as cannon fodder, not only sacrificing themselves needlessly but also dragging down others in the army. Therefore, these pretty faces often failed to pass the usual selection test and resorted to paying kickbacks instead.

Once they passed through the disgraceful back door, they fell into Chief Liu's hands. When it came to easy targets as such, Chief Liu would never show any mercy. The heist must go on.

Bu Fang did not panic at all. Though he was encircled by a gang of rascal young men, he kept his cool. In fact, this incredibly calm composure erased the smirk off of Chief Liu's face.

Bu Fang scrunched his brows into a frown. He wasn't the least bit unsettled by this crowd of soldiers who merely had the cultivation of third grade Battle-Maniac. Even without Whitey's help, he could easily crush them in a heartbeat given his current cultivation level.

However, he was concerned with whether this Chief Liu could let him join the army, especially the Cooks' Army Unit. If not, he'd have to find another way. And that would be very bothersome.

"Are you pretending to be deaf? Didn't you hear what the chief just said, hurry up and take out your money!" A bald fellow suddenly glared his eyes. He dashed a few steps closer to Bu Fang and uttered maliciously through his clenched teeth.

Nonetheless, Bu Fang merely shot him a glance and continued to ignore him. He turned to Chief Liu and asked him calmly, "Can you arrange a position for me in the army?"

Chief Liu was taken aback, and so were the others. Then, they all cracked up.

The bald young soldier roared with laughter, staring at Bu Fang as if he were an idiot.

"Chief Liu, this is the dumbest one you've got so far. He's still thinking about joining the army despite the current circumstances..." The bald young man simply couldn't stop chortling.

It also took Chief Liu a while to stop laughing. Then, he goggled at Bu Fang and uttered, "Of course I can. But why would I? A useless young man from a rich family like you would only be dead weight to the army!"

"Uh... so you mean you're able to make the arrangement, right?" Bu Fang asked solemnly.

"Definitely. I'm the leader of a small division, after all. Making such arrangements... Wait a second, how does this concern you? Just turn over all your gold coins and get lost!" Chief Liu furrowed his brows and waved his hands dismissively.

That bald soldier immediately cracked his lips into a smile. He clenched his hands into fists, crackling his bones.

"You lad, be smart and listen to us. I have seen a lot of pale-faced gigolos like you... Hand over the gold coins and we might spare you the beating, otherwise..."

"Or what?" Bu Fang eyed this bald young man coldly.

"Or you take my punch!" The bald young lad didn't expect Bu Fang to have the guts to glare at him in a situation like this. He was badly outnumbered right now!

Reckless idiot! The bald young man snorted coldly and thrust his fist at Bu Fang's refined face. If there was one thing he hated, it was pale-faced gigolos more handsome than him!

Bang!

However, the bald lad's face immediately froze upon realizing that his punch was blocked.

Long fingers and a warm palm grabbed the bald young man's fist, astonishing everyone nearby and sending shivers down their spines.

"What... Old Zhang's cultivation level is at third grade Battle-Maniac. How could his fist be caught by a pretty face without a trace of true energy on him?" Chief Liu's heart sank. He was getting a bad feeling about all this.

Crack!

Bu Fang's complexion remained unflustered. Exerting only a slight force, he easily snapped broken the young man's arm. As he released his hand, the bald young man immediately crouched onto the floor, wailing miserably.

Bang!

Bu Fang showed no mercy and aimed a good kick at the young man's chest. The latter was flung back for several meters, crashing into the pavement right before Chief Liu's feet.

The bald young man howled incessantly on the floor. Blood trickled out from his lips and his face looked awfully bruised.

The others immediately became enraged. They didn't anticipate a pale-faced gigolo, who had no true energy fluctuating in his body, to fight back. This move was an utter display of disrespect to them.

"Who told you to strike him back? Damn it! You're courting death!"

Another young man yelled at Bu Fang ferociously.

Bu Fang was so dumbstruck by these ridiculous words he suddenly found the situation amusing. So he wasn't allowed to strike back in defense? What kind of nonsense was that... These folks certainly had a bizarre sense of logic.

Turning around to peer at the hollering young man, Bu Fang shifted his body and gave him a kick as well. The fellow was immediately knocked onto the ground, struggling to breathe.

Chief Liu's eyes froze. Bu Fang's two simple strikes made him realize... that this pretty face had been properly trained!

However, before he could open his mouth, his gang had already charged toward Bu Fang out of fury.

Then, a domineering force of pressure surged out of the composed young lad.

That force of pressure...

Boom!

Even Chief Liu fell down on all fours. His face paled... this force of pressure completely dissolved his courage to fight back.

This overwhelming force of true energy was incredibly daunting, one that was even stronger than that of their general.

This young man before their eyes... who on earth was he?

Why would someone like him who seeks to join the army... even need to resort to special privileges? What kind of sick joke was this?!

As Bu Fang emitted the force of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor, everyone nearby fell to their knees. Though Bu Fang did not have the most impressive combat capabilities, the pressure he emitted was authentically formidable.

"Whitey, strip them all and toss them out. Just leave behind the Chief since I still have some questions for him."

Bu Fang instructed calmly.

Whitey's mechanic eyes flashed red before dashing out like a gust of wind.

Swoosh, Rippp...

Alongside terrible screams and cries, bodies were flung from this discarded corner one after another and landed on the drill ground outside.

These fellows were all stripped clean and felt the cold breeze brushing against their lower bodies.

They picked themselves up, and with hands covering their private parts, fled hurriedly. They all glanced at Whitey as if it was some psychotic freak.

The fellow with the fractured arm was even more pathetic. He had to scurry away with only one hand covering himself as he wailed miserably.

Chief Liu was beyond petrified. He immediately knelt to the floor, his eyes filled with terror.

"Sen... Senior! I apologize wholeheartedly!" Chief Liu looked like he was about to burst into tears. The force of energy on this young man was totally different from that of the rich kids before. Someone like this seeking to pass through the back door... Wasn't he just there to toy with them?

Bu Fang approached Chief Liu and withdrew his pressure. He was extremely calm and unperturbed as he glanced down at Chief Liu, who was still on his knees.

"Since you said you can help me join the army, then make the arrangements... Consider it redemption for your earlier sins."

Bu Fang declared.

Chief Liu's heart skipped a beat, but he immediately patted his chest and made his promise. A strong warrior like the one before him was very much welcomed to the army. Heck, he might even be rewarded for referring someone as strong as Bu Fang.

Yet Bu Fang's following words caused his body to become stiff. He gaped with a mouth so wide open that an egg would fit inside.

"Alright... remember to assign me to the Cooks' Army Unit of the Western Mystery Army. As in the division with all the military chefs, understood?" Bu Fang gazed at Chief Liu and announced seriously.

## Chapter 282: To Bear the Pot or to Chop the Wood

Dahe Region, Chunhui City.

This was one of the more prosperous cities in Light Wind Empire. It was very reputable, with an extremely developed economy and a high population. Although it was not as good as the three big ancient cities, it was still one of the most distinguished cities in the Light Wind Empire.

However, the usual bustle of this thriving big city was nowhere to be seen today as a panicked atmosphere descended upon it, cast by the numerous lit beacons throughout the city. All the citizens hid anxiously in their respective houses, shivering in fear.

The towering city walls of Chunhui City had long been mottled with cracks. Throngs of solemn-looking soldiers stood above it, each more mentally worn out than the other.

Outside the city, on the mountains and plains were military flags swaying amidst the winds, peppered with violent and fierce screams. Throughout the battlefields, throng clashed against throng in a messy mix of metals, humans and blood-fuelled emotions.

As Ji Chengyu sat solemnly atop his Scaled War Unicorn, he held up his longsword to the winds and yelled at the top of his lungs.

Then, the legion of soldiers behind him charged toward the patchwork Chunhui City walls, morale high and emotions burning—like a fierce tiger who was about to rip everything apart. In that very moment, Chunhui City turned into a injured prey for the tiger that was Ji Chengyu's frenzied army.

Up ahead, the heavy city gate of Chunhui City creaked, and from within, a sea of armored cavalymen charged out. If one were to look at them now, they would instead see a sharp dagger thrown right at the heart of Ji Chengyu's army.

Both sides collided with each other with a loud rumble while high above on the city walls countless arrows rained down on the helpless soldiers below. Mere moments later, the first metallic wave



clangs echoed through the rolling battlefield before being consumed in a chaotic mix of shouts, weapons colliding and bodies crumpling to the floor, each no longer distinguishable from the other.

Their ferocious killing intent soared, as if it wanted to dissolve the clouds above the heavens.

Soldier after soldier fell in the ensuing bloodbath, but none of the red-eyed survivors bore them any heed as they continued waving their instruments of death.

This was war...

High above in the heavens, several hundreds of meters up....

A figure donned in a black gown sat cross-legged there. The swift and fierce wind violently blew over the heavy stench of blood and killing intent from the ground. His gown fluttered. The Venerable Master of the Shura Sect opened up his eyes slightly. His true energy suffused the air as he clasped a gray pearl in his hand.

That pearl was emitting a barely discernible fluctuation—brilliant rays flickered on it and the magic array on its surface seemed to glow in response as if it had recovered.

A faint attractive force flowed out from the pearl, stealthily but continuously extracting the souls streaming out from the battlefield beneath. Along with them came the killing intent and resentment they held in life, all mixed together in a horrifying amalgamation as they were sucked into the pearl one after another.

Throughout all that, the Departed Soul Orb energy expanded unceasingly, becoming increasingly dreadful by the second.

The Venerable Master's eyes shone with fanatic glee as he gazed at ever-growing rays. He puckered his lips as he licked those withered lips of his.

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Ultimately, Chief Liu still arranged for Bu Fang to enter the army. However, unlike what was promised in his sincere pledge, the army he was dispatched to wasn't some elite division of the Western Mystery Army.

"Senior... this is the Third Corp that this lowly one belongs to. You should know that for a lowly person like this one... How could he possibly have the authority to send someone into the elite corp directly?" Said Chief Liu as he bent forward, face filled with fear.

He was truly afraid. The pretty boy in front of him now was no ordinary lad but an existence that vastly outmatched him. That pressure... even thinking about it brought fear to his heart.

"Western Mystery Army's Third Corps? Didn't you say that Western Mystery City only has one army?" Bu Fang said as he looked at Chief Liu in suspicion.

"Indeed, there is only one army in Western Mystery, but the army is divided into three corps. The First Corp is the elite force of Western Mystery Army, the Second Corp is the main force... the Third Corps is where this one belongs to..." As Chief Liu reached the end of his sentence, his face turned somewhat embarrassed.

Bu Fang frowned. By now, he roughly got the gist of the situation. The Third Corps was probably the worst force in the whole Western Mystery Army.

Still, Bu Fang did not feel anything regrettable about this. His objective was simply to enter the force, and cultivate his culinary skills in order to complete the system's mission and obtain the reward.

As for which corp he was assigned to, he actually didn't care at all.

"Senior, while this lowly one might hail from the Third Corp... he still considers himself a part of the Western Mystery Army. For a powerful expert such as Senior... is there even a need to enter by the back door? Senior can just look for our general directly... wouldn't that be better?" As Chief Liu looked at the tall and thin figure of Bu Fang, he couldn't help but voice out the doubt in his heart.

A formidable existence like Bu Fang could just look for General Kongxuan directly to get an even better position, that much he could guarantee. Furthermore and more importantly... this person actually specifically requested to join the Cooks' Army Unit, but that was the place for chefs. What was an expert like him even doing there in the first place?

Bu Fang took the token from Chief Liu's hand and shot him an indifferent glance as he said,

"Don't worry, I don't have any evil intentions. I am just a chef who is here to gain some experience and to experience the feeling of being an army chef. If I truly wished to enter the army and serve the empire, wouldn't I just directly find the emperor instead? I merely do not wish to cause a stir. After I'm done experiencing the life of an army cook and have tempered my culinary skills, I will depart. I will not do anything that will jeopardize the Western Mystery Army."

Having said all that, he left without bothering about the stunned Chief Liu. There lay the recruitment point for the Third Corp that Chief Liu belonged to.

Looking at Bu Fang's departing figure, Chief Liu's face muscles couldn't help but twitch. He hesitated for quite some time before turning around and departing to find the Third Corp's commanding general.

Even though he had no idea how strong Bu Fang's cultivation truly was, such a formidable expert joining their forces... was a matter he still needed to report. After all, he was still a soldier of the Western Mystery Army.

Yet unexpectedly, the Third Corp's commanding general did not seem to care about this matter. Even though Chief Liu already did his best to describe Bu Fang as someone who was extremely powerful, the commanding general had only displayed a modicum of regret.

"According to your description, that youth might be a Battle-Spirit. For someone like him to deal with a bunch of untrained bums like you guys is as simple as lifting up a finger. However, for a Battle-Spirit to run off to be a cook in the Cooks' Army is indeed somewhat a pity. Just have someone watch over him."

"In a few days' time, our Third Corp will have to follow General Kongxuan out of the city for an expedition. Remember to have your subordinates be prepared. Also, get the cooks to prepare a feast for the men!" said the Western Mystery Army's Third Corp's General, Zhuyue. Having said all that, he chased Chief Liu away.

Chief Liu was stupefied. What Battle-Spirit... the pressure that pretty boy gave out, that fighting strength... it wasn't something that could be compared to a Battle-Spirit's!

Chief Liu's face was stifled red. He did not expect his report to be disregarded in this way.

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"You want to join our Third Corp's Cooks' Army?"

A old man took the token in Bu Fang's hand and examined it. Subsequently, he stared at Bu Fang in doubt.

Just because those in the Cooks' Army Unit were chefs, that didn't mean they had it any easier than the warriors. In fact, their hardships were incomparable to that of ordinary soldiers. During their march, they had to carry a large steel wok by hand while carrying their kitchenware and guarding the provisions of the army. At times, when they were set upon by enemies who targeted their rations, they had to take to the fields themselves.

That was why very few joined the Cooks' Army.

Especially not someone like Bu Fang, the kind of youngster... who looked so fair and delicate. With just a look, one could tell that this lad was a young master of a rich family.

Even so, Bu Fang nodded seriously and the old man had no choice but to accept the application seeing as the token was real. Although he was in doubt as to why Bu Fang would want to join the Cooks' Army Unit, he approved his application. After all... beggars couldn't be choosers. The Cooks' Army had always been starving for more cooks, especially the Cooks' Army of the Third Corp.

Bu Fang followed the old man into the army camp. This camp could not be counted as being very big. In fact, when compared to the previous army camps he saw before, this camp looked somewhat shabby and small.

Clang Clang Clang!

The moment the old man entered the barracks, he picked up a large wok and started to hit it with a ladle.

Very quickly, from the barracks, a group of soldiers wearing linen military uniforms and an apron raced out. Among this group of soldiers, there were those who were very young and those who were very old. Yet there was hardly any who could be considered young and fit.

Giving them a rough headcount, Bu Fang estimated the entire unit to be around hundreds of people. While that might have sounded like a lot, it was actually very normal. After all, they had to prepare enough food for tens of thousands of soldiers.

"Old Zhang, what's with the d\*mn hitting? Can't you just speak instead? Every day, you hit on that wok of yours. I swear it will break sooner or later!"

A loud voice resonated out from the barrack entrance. Subsequently, numerous figures strode over.

"Hey, Captain. Can't you see that a newcomer is joining us? We have to welcome him at least, right?" Old Zhang stopped hitting the pot and smiled.

That somewhat senior-looking middle-aged man narrowed his eyes as his gaze fell onto Bu Fang, who was behind Old Zhang. His eyebrow jumped and his heart was somewhat flabbergasted.

"You are the newcomer who joined our Cooks' Army Unit? Do you know the rules of our Cooks' Army Unit, then?" The middle-aged man curled his lips as he sized Bu Fang up.

The surrounding people immediately remained calm and composed while smiling rather subtly.

Bu Fang looked at the middle-aged man nonchalantly and shook his head.

"The rule is that you will have to show us some of your skills. If your culinary skills meet the standards, I will assign a wok to you, and you will be allowed to cook. But if it is not... tsk tsk, you will have to obediently chop a few months of firewood!" Said the middle-aged man as he narrowed his eyes and licked his lips.

Chapter 283: Simple Conditions, Ordinary Ingredients

The moment those words left the middle-aged man's mouth, many of the surrounding soldiers immediately started to laugh. Non-stop laughter resonated throughout the whole barracks, bringing along traces of ridicule.

Many of them looked at Bu Fang with a somewhat sympathetic expression because they had all experienced this before. They had all thought that once they entered the Cooks' Army Unit, they were only left with having to cook dishes. It turned out that over there one needed qualifications to even cook as well.

This middle-aged man was their Cooks' Army Unit Captain, Wei Dafu. His culinary skills were very exquisite, and the taste of his food was very savory. He was extremely strict with his evaluation toward dishes. Frequently, a lot of people would be scolded by him to the point of them starting to have doubts about their life. Previously, when they just joined the barracks, they had all been messed by this middle-aged man before.

Wei Dafu looked at Bu Fang mockingly. It had been a long time since a newcomer joined the Cooks' Army Unit. Never would he expect that someone new would be joining them today. This finally allowed some entertainment to their bored-to-death lifestyle.

Bu Fang widened his eyes and glanced at Wei Dafu in astonishment. It was very obvious that Bu Fang could tell the malicious intent Wei Dafu was harboring. However, he did not seem to care much about it. Wasn't it just cooking dishes? Simple.

"Showcasing some of my skills?" Bu Fang opened his mouth and said nonchalantly.

"Right. I am the captain of this Cooks' Army Unit. It's my responsibility to take good care of all the ingredients that are given to us. You have to know that in the Cooks' Army Unit, the food we provide is very important. If the taste of the dish is good, the soldiers who ate it would become extremely energetic. Only then would they have the energy and strength to fight the war. If the taste of the dish is bad... they would not be able to even eat the rice, so much that they might even have diarrhea. You tell me, how am I supposed to battle then?"

Wei Dafu waved the steel ladle in his hand as he spoke a lengthy piece of theory with convictions. In short, he wanted to test Bu Fang's culinary skills.

"Alright. Give me a spot to cook and provide me with the ingredients too." Bu Fang was too lazy to listen to Wei Dafu's neverending speech. He waved his hand straightaway and interrupted him.

Unhappiness flashed past Wei Dafu's face. This newcomer was a little arrogant; he actually dared to interrupt his speech.

However, Wei Dafu did not cause any difficulties for Bu Fang. Only his complexion turned slightly dark as he beckoned.

Behind him, an innocently looking youth who was still wearing his apron came before Bu Fang while carrying a large steel wok.

A wooden handled black kitchen knife, a few pottery bowls, a bucket of clear water and also a sack of mysterious ingredients.

"Here. The ingredients and kitchen wares are all here. Let us see how great the culinary skills of our newcomer are," Wei Dafu crossed his arms as he laughed coldly.

The surrounding people also looked over with interest. That youth who still possessed the innocence was also looking at Bu Fang curiously. In fact, he did not think highly of Bu Fang in his heart because even if a regular chef were to come over to the barracks to cook, they would not be able to cook a dish properly for their first time.

It was because the disparity between a march and kitchen environment was too big. If they wished to produce a good dish, they would need to go through a process of adaptation.

This was precisely why that innocent youth did not think of Bu Fang highly. Similarly, the surrounding people also did not think very highly of Bu Fang because they knew that even if Bu Fang was able to produce a dish, it would still be criticised by Wei Dafu to the point of making it seem worthless. When the time came, he would be shooed away to chop firewood. They had seen this sort of things numerous times and had long gotten used to it.

The majority of them was more of looking forward to Bu Fang's being ridiculed. They wanted to see the ashamed and awkward face of Bu Fang's, under the onslaught of Wei Dafu's poisonous tongue.

Bu Fang did not care about the others' attitude. He was originally someone who did not care about other people's views. He walked to the side of kitchenware and frowned. All these kitchenwares were truly somewhat simple and crude. It was simple and crude even when compared to the snake-man tribe.

However, all of these was forgivable. After all, these were the chefs of the marching troops. At any point in time, they had to be mobile and could only build some last minute cooking points on the spot.

Bu Fang relaxed his eyebrows as the corner of his mouth curled up. He squatted down and opened up the sack, taking a look at the kinds of ingredients Wei Dafu had prepared for him.

The moment he opened up the sack, the astringent fresh smell of soil assaulted his nostrils. That sack of bag was actually loaded with mushrooms. Among the mushrooms, there was also a mix of a few bundled up ordinary vegetables as well as a few potatoes.

All these were simple ingredients. This was the first time Bu Fang had came across such simple ingredients since he came over to this different world.

"Do you guys usually use these ingredients to make dishes?" Bu Fang could not help but lift his head and look at Wei Dafu in astonishment. All these were ordinary ingredients! As the soldiers of marching troops, their cultivation might not be very high but their bodies were still filled with true energy.

These ordinary ingredients were simply unable to satisfy their hunger. It did not even have the capability to make up for the loss of the true energy in their bodies.

"Why do you care so much? Do you think that the current you have the capability to touch those spirit energy ingredients? You should first use these ordinary ingredients and produce a dish that could satisfy me before speaking." The corner of Wei Dafu's mouth twitched as he glimpsed at Bu Fang and said.

"These are our Cooks' Army Unit's spare ingredients. Usually, during the wartime, once we face a problem of insufficient spirit energy ingredients, we would use these ordinary ingredients to allay their hunger," that innocent youth said.

Wei Dafu immediately glared at that youth, causing the latter to withdraw his neck as he stuck out his tongue.

Bu Fang nodded. He understood that Wei Dafu's intention was to use these ordinary ingredients to test him. Specifically speaking, it could be said as making things difficult for him. After all, it needed real skills to be able to use ordinary ingredients to produce a delicacy.



He stood up, moving his feet. He kicked the scattered wooden sticks that were on the ground. Immediately, those wooden sticks floated up one after another, Bu Fang flung casually, causing these wooden sticks to fall onto the floor in a secure manner.

He positioned the steel wok, and very quickly, it took the form of a simple small stove.

These movements were somewhat unripe but still caused the surrounding people's eyes to brighten up. This pretty boy actually possessed some skills!

That innocent youth became excited.

After positioning the wok, Bu Fang started to process those ingredients in the sack. He took out all the ingredients in it and separated them respectively.

He picked up the black kitchen knife with the wooden handle. The feeling of it was a lot worse compared to Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

He displayed some cool knife skills, then picked up a potato and tossed it up. Subsequently, the kitchen knife revolved as it sliced extremely flashily. Under everyone's astonishment, he peeled off all the potato skin. With the kitchen knife, Bu Fang slapped the falling potato, that landed into the wok.

Below the pot, he had placed a washed clean wooden frame. Fresh water was placed beneath the wooden frame as these potatoes were being steamed on top.

He ignited the fire, heating up the pot. He covered it with a wooden pot lid and placed his palm above it.

"What's this kid trying to do? Steam the potatoes? Humph... insignificant talent."

Bu Fang's movements were very flashy. Wei Dafu only narrowed his eyes and shook his head. His heart was somewhat in disdain.

However, the position Bu Fang used to steam the potatoes was somewhat weird. Why did he need to use a hand to cover the pot lid?

Bu Fang's free hand was holding the kitchen knife as he started to process the mushrooms he had already washed cleanly.

Processing the ingredients single-handedly?

The surrounding people cried out in surprise. This hand of Bu Fang's should have some training in the fundamentals.

Bu Fang was very calm. He held the kitchen knife, and his wrist was extremely nimble. With just a casual flick, a mushroom flew up. And while it was mid-air, he rapidly sliced it into pieces.

Everyone only felt dazzled by it. Before they realized, the already sliced mushroom was placed into the ceramic pot in an orderly and neat manner.

Wei Dafu bare his teeth slightly. This pretty boy's knife work was indeed... very decent! But... so what if he possessed knife work? Only by producing tasty food would it be the king's path!

Rumble!

The sweet scent of cooked potatoes wafted out. Nevertheless, Bu Fang did not uncover the pot. After he also sliced the bundled up vegetables, the pot lid under his hand started to vibrate violently. Only then did he uncover the pot.

Hazy water vapor soared up from the pot as it boiled. The potatoes' sweet scent was mixed in it.

The potatoes inside the pot were all steamed to the point of looking golden yellow. Its color and luster were extremely good-looking. The surrounding people, especially the innocent youth, cried out in surprise. These were the best-looking steamed potatoes they had ever seen. They felt as if it was gold that was emitting its golden brilliance.

Wei Dafu smacked his lips and mumbled, "No matter how good the steamed potatoes look, it is still a potato... No creativity!"

It was as if Bu Fang had heard Wei Dafu's thoughts, as he lifted up his head and shot him a glance. The corner of his mouth curled up, and then, with his palm covered in true energy, Bu Fang unexpectedly took out those potatoes one after another and placed them into a ceramic pot. Thereafter, Bu Fang put out an action that left everyone around him in shock.

With his fist, he pounded into the ceramic pot that was filled with the golden yellow potatoes.

## Chapter 284: Mesmerizing Sweet and Sour Cream Soup

"What is he trying to do?!"

"Is he crazy! That punch was so strong this ceramic pot almost shattered!"

"You call that cooking? It's more like a comedy show?"

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Bu Fang smashing the pot affected all the people who were looking at him. They were shocked and their faces turned pale. That act of smashing was so rude and reckless, how could this be called cooking?

Wei Dafu was taken aback and snorted. That blow dealt by Bu Fang was so powerful, he could imagine how badly damaged the ceramic pot became and also how the steamed golden potato ended up... It's a pity that the perfectly steamed potato had been ruined and wasted!

However, what's even more shocking was that the punch by Bu Fang that landed inside the ceramic pot did not destroy it. There wasn't even any loud noise created.

Bu Fang's punch was filled with true energy and it was as if it sunk into the pot. He controlled the use of his true energy precisely and the potato was shattered without damaging the pot. Only a rare few would be able to control their true energy with such precision.

That punch landed on the potato and it was mashed up, sticking onto the fist of Bu Fang as he lifted it up. Bu Fang hit it repeatedly as if he bore a grudge against it.

However, each punch he delivered did not damage the fragile ceramic pot. The surrounding crowd was astonished by that.

The innocent young man was astounded as he opened his mouth widely. He smelled the surrounding air that was filled with a strong potato fragrance. This was the smell of the steamed potato after it had been mashed and that aromatic fragrance covered the whole area.

Bu Fang hit it with a few more punches, but his expression remained the same throughout. He was more serious and it seemed as if he had to be precise with every single hit as the amount of true energy used had to be controlled. It was the same situation when he made the Thousand Wrapped Silk Year Cake for the first time.

As he landed each hit, the true energy dissipated into the mashed potato and added a unique texture to it.

As the true energy dissipated, the lump of mashed potato that was sticking on his fist landed back into the pot. Steam could be seen coming out from it.

Bu Fang stopped handling the mashed potato. He took down the wooden rack from the pot and poured clean water into the pot after he washed it. This was for him to make soup instead of steaming the potato.

He placed the diced mushroom into the boiling pot and stirred it with a steel ladle. The aroma of the mushroom came out from the pot and Bu Fang had a pleasant look on his face.

As the mushroom soup boiled, Bu Fang grabbed the mashed potato, took a handful from it, then dropped it into the pot. It sank into the bottom of the pot of rich and flavourful mushroom soup.

Bu Fang continued doing that at high speeds and the portions of mashed potato he rolled in were small yet round.

Bu Fang covered the lid of the pot once all the mashed potato was placed in. He concentrated and controlled the true energy, observing the condition of the dish in the pot. True energy was channeled into the pot to control every slight change to the ingredients.

True energy culinary was his specialty and now that his true energy cultivation was high, using this small amount of true energy was a piece of cake for him.

As the soup in the pot turned yellow-orange, it gave off a strong fragrance. This smell was the result of the perfect combination between the mushroom and the potato.

The soup was boiling and filled with bubbles. The originally clear liquid became thick and as Bu Fang stirred and scooped the soup with a steel ladle, the silky and creamy soup slid down it.

He tasted the soup and its pure yet rich flavor filled his mouth. There was a rich fragrance of a dish made with mushrooms. He added the vegetable he had cut previously into the soup, adding some colors to it. This made the soup look more appealing.

As the soup simmered, Bu Fang added some vinegar and chili sauce. He was supposed to add chili instead, but as it was not prepared, he replaced it with chili sauce.

Although there were little ingredients, all the condiments were available. This made the job much easier for Bu Fang.

He took a clean ceramic bowl and poured the soup into it. The rich flavor of the soup along with the sour taste of the vinegar filled the surrounding air. It was mouthwatering. The people around gulped as they stared at the bowl of soup.

The smell of the soup alone was irresistible. This dish would definitely not taste bad!

"Sweet and Sour Cream Soup, please give it a try."

Bu Fang delivered the ceramic bowl to Wei Dafu and he looked lost as he accepted the bowl from Bu Fang. He then regained his senses and gave Bu Fang a look of shock.

Bu Fang was a proficient cook with superb culinary skills. He was even more experienced than some of the old chefs. For a man of his age, this was truly amazing.

However, he quickly turned his attention to the bowl of Sweet and Sour Cream Soup in his hands.

The soup was yellow-orange in color with bits of green vegetables floating on it. The black and white color of the mushroom created a contrast in colors and it was embellished by the golden yellow colored potato.

Aesthetic wise, this sweet and sour cream soup did not look too exquisite, but the fragrance of the food was too alluring.

He scooped the soup with the porcelain ladle and the silky smooth soup strongly attracted Wei Dafu. The piping hot soup went down his throat smoothly and into his stomach. His mouth was instantly filled with the rich flavors of the mushroom and potato. There was also a slight sour taste and spiciness, and his eyes brightened up uncontrollably.

Yummy!

He finished the soup in one gulp and irresistibly took another scoop of soup. This time the ladle was filled with the mushrooms. The mushroom bits were tender and chewy. Wei Dafu gaped as it was hot.

With a slurp, sweat covered the tip of his nose due to the refreshing sour taste.

"Feels great!"

Wei Dafu was amazed and took yet another scoop. This time he wanted to try the golden yellow mashed potato—it was the part he was most curious about.

After cooking the potato, it was covered with a layer of transparent skin. That layer of skin was smooth and soft. It could be bitten through easily and once bitten, the mashed potato burst out from within, filling his mouth.

It seemed soft like tofu yet sturdy like sand.

This two conflicting ingredient, along with a sweet and sour taste surged up in Wei Dafu's brain. At the moment, his mind went blank.

After finishing one big bowl of Sweet and Sour Cream Soup, Wei Dafu's lips turned red and there was even more sweat on the tip of his nose.

"Phew... Phew..."

He panted. However, Wei Dafu felt great and relaxed. The sweet and sour taste of this cream soup complemented each other very well. He was mesmerized by it. He imagined himself wandering around the cream soup and the black and white mushroom as a fair and beautiful lady who was using her tender hands to caress his body.

The extravagant taste of the mashed potato had given him an experience out of this world.

He finished the last drop of soup in the ceramic pot and before long that look of enchantment disappeared. He instantly had a stoned face and he blushed.

Many around him looked at him in surprise. Wei Dafu's being mesmerized by the soup shocked all of them. This was the first time they saw such an expression on his face.

"I..." Wei Dafu tried to explain himself. He was supposed to criticize the food and embarrass the young man... In the end, he was convinced instead.

He then straightened his face and pointed toward the pot of boiling cream soup. The aromatic soup made him gulp uncontrollably.

"This soup... the handling of the ingredient.... errr, condiments.... errr that...."

He tried to be picky but could not utter a word out of his usually foul mouth and sharp tongues. This embarrassing moment made him blush even more.

"Big brother, Can I... try a bowl of soup?"

The innocent young man could not take it anymore. The fragrance of it was too irresistible. To that, Bu Fang did not reject and signaled them to get a bowl for themselves. At that moment, the surrounding people dropped whatever they were doing and rushed forward. They were all fighting to get a bowl of the soup for themselves.

"Wow! So good! This spiciness... this sour taste!"

"How could this mushroom be so tender yet chewy... I'm falling in love with it!"

"This is potato? What's with the smooth and tender texture mixed with an extravagant taste? How did he do it? Amazing!"

...

Words of amazement repeated continuously and soon filled the whole Cooks' Army Unit Barracks.

Those who drank Bu Fang's Sweet and Sour Cream Soup were flabbergasted, totally mesmerized by it.

The innocent young man finished his bowl of soup and sneakily tried to get another bowl.

Bu Fang smirked and wiped the water off his hands. His gaze landed on Wei Dafu, who was trying to control his craving. He murmured, "How was it? Are you satisfied with my skills?"

## Chapter 285: In Cold Storage

The innocent young man grabbed the ceramic bowl and finished yet another bowl of Sweet and Sour Cream Soup. The soup was so hot that his lips were stained red. he panted repeatedly and sweat formed on the tip of his nose.

This Sweet and Sour Cream Soup was too delicious. It was hard to imagine that it was made from such simple ingredients.

If the ingredients contained spirit energy, the innocent young man could still understand. However... these were just normal everyday ingredients; they did not contain any spirit energy.



The food made with this kind of ingredient actually tasted better than those that contained spirit energy. This was abnormal and beyond what the innocent young man could comprehend.

At that moment, Wei Dafu did not look too good. This was because Bu Fang's mocking look had made him turn red. He felt very embarrassed. It was like a slap on his face when a newbie challenged his authority in the Cooks' Army Unit.

This was unforgivable. That's like challenging a tiger in its den—it was seeking death!

Although... the dish he made was extremely tasty, he did not have any right to be so arrogant. No matter how delectable it was, this dish was still made from basic ingredients.

"I admit... your dish is delicious, but please do not think that a tasty dish would give you the right to be presumptuous. You need to realize... we are now at the Cooks' Army Unit. We face the most undesirable cooking environment but we must still provide the soldiers with a satisfying meal, a meal that allows the soldiers to stay motivated!" said Wei Dafu with a straight face.

His voice was not loud but very authoritative. This made everyone who had just tasted Bu Fang's soup to stop all of their actions and stare at both of them without daring to make any noise.

Many of them were very impressed by Bu Fang because he was the first ever newcomer to cook a dish that Wei's foul mouth could not criticize. However, they also realized that Bu Fang will not have such an easy time from today on. After all, this was the Cooks' Army Unit, not a normal kitchen.

"Hmmm... you cook very well, huh? That's great... I shall not make it hard for you. After all, every talent in the Cooks' Army Unit is a treasure. I give you permission to cook. However, since you are able to bring the best out of ordinary ingredients, you shall be in charge of cooking all ordinary ingredients," Wei Dafu squinted his eyes and exclaimed.

The surrounding people were all stunned and looked at Bu Fang. They felt sorry for him. That innocent young man also pitied Bu Fang.

"Our Cooks' Army Unit deals mainly with spirit energy ingredients. No matter how tasty your dish that was made from ordinary ingredient is... the soldiers will not eat them. This newcomer... what a pity."

Many felt sorry for him and sighed.

They knew clearly in their hearts that Bu Fang knew how to cook with spirit energy ingredients. He might even be able to create even more delicious dishes with spirit energy ingredients. After all, such ingredients had much better texture than ordinary ones.

Upon hearing what Wei Dafu said, Bu Fang frowned uncontrollably. He could only cook ordinary ingredients? As he looked at that proud and smirking Wei Dafu, Bu Fang nodded his head slightly. He actually agreed.

Wei Dafu was astonished. He folded his arms, waiting for Bu Fang to bootlick him. After all, if he only cooked ordinary ingredient in the Cooks' Army Unit, it was the same as being sidelined.

"Hmmm! Arrogant young fellow, know your limit, young man! Let's wait till your basic dish gets neglected, then you will come over to ask for my forgiveness.... At the time, I might not even forgive you!"

Wei Dafu thought in his mind.

"Long Cai, bring this kid to collect the steel pot, then bring him to the unit that he belongs to. Have Xiao Huang who's in charge of cooking of basic ingredients to cook spirit energy ingredients instead," Wei Dafu stared at Bu Fang expressionlessly. He then looked at the innocent young man, instructed him, and left for his tent with his steel ladle in hand.

Long Cai looked on as Wei Dafu walked away. He put down the ceramic bowl as he stuck out his tongue.

"Please follow me," Long Cai exclaimed as he started to walk off. "I am Long Cai, the youngest member of the Cooks' Army Unit. What's your name? The Sweet and Sour Cream Soup you made just now tasted superb... I've never tasted a basic dish that's so delicious."

Long Cai introduced himself to Bu Fang and stared at him with glittering eyes.

"I am Bu Fang," he nodded, indicating the end of his introduction.

It was normal for his dish to be tasty, so Bu Fang was not particularly shocked by Long Cai's words. Those who tasted his dish before were all left in a state of astonishment, so he was already used to it.

"Eh... Although you have been deployed in the unit that is in charge of ordinary dishes, do not be disappointed. Uncle Wei's personality is like that. Give him some time to think it through. I'm sure he will swap you back soon. After all, your culinary skills are top notch... you are definitely one of the top five chefs in the unit!" Long Cai joked, trying to lighten the mood in this awkward atmosphere.

"Okay."

Bu Fang followed Long Cai with a poker face. He was not bothered by the feelings of Wei Dafu. To him, Wei Dafu was nothing.

Be it culinary skills or capabilities... Bu Fang was way better in both aspects.

However, Bu Fang was still there to train himself. It would be better to keep a low profile. Once he completed the mission and received the reward, he would leave.

"Yes... this is the unit that you belong to. It's all ordinary ingredient in there. Every time the Cooks' Army Unit cooks, you must prepare an ordinary dish. That's the rule," Long Cai said as he pointed at an old and damaged tent that was quite a distance away from them.

Bu Fang frowned but soon relaxed. He accepted it with a nod of his head and walked toward the tent.

"Please hold on. I'll pass you the equipment." Long Cai shouted at Bu Fang, who was about to walk off.

He went into one of the tents beside him and quickly sprinted out. He came out holding a big black pot. Inside the pot was a kitchen knife with a wooden handle and a steel ladle.

"This is your future equipment in the Cooks' Army Unit. Please do not spoil it or you will have to apply for a new one, which will be very troublesome. You will also be reprimanded by Uncle Wei," Long Cai cautioned him.

However, Bu Fang held the seemingly heavy black pot and nodded, "I understand."

"Hehe, I picked a good pot for you. The quality is pretty good. Don't worry too much, I hope you will leave this basic ingredient unit soon. At that time, I must have a good taste of the spirit energy delicacies that you make!" Long Cai smiled foolishly while touching his head.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows, looked at this weird fellow, smirked, and left for the tent without saying a word.

Long Cai did not stop Bu Fang this time. He stared at Bu Fang's back, sighed, and left.

Although he said that there was a chance that Bu Fang could return to the unit where spirit energy ingredients were used, according to Uncle Wei's temperament, Bu Fang might have to spend at least a year or so before he would have a chance to leave.

Bu Fang naturally had no idea what Long Cai was thinking as he stepped into the tent. The tent was filled with many ingredients. He could smell a musty, light smell of vegetables.

There were many ingredients in the tent. There was meat and vegetable, not lacking in any way. But just as Long Cai mentioned, the ingredients here... were all ordinary ingredients.

Bu Fang calmly settled down in this tent and started his journey in the Cooks' Army Unit.

The morning of the next day, Bu Fang woke up from his simple and crude bed. He only sat on it and did not lie down to sleep. He had a bit of an obsessive disorder.... It would take time for him to get used to the bed.

Bu Fang barely opened his eyes. The sound of a steel ladle and pot colliding repeatedly could be heard from outside the tent.

Dang Dang Dang!!

Then, he heard a rough voice.

"All of you get up and start preparing to move off!"

## Chapter 286: A Big Pot of Dishes

The intense collision between an iron ladle and a pan caused a racket that reverberated throughout the cook's camps, and in a short while, the peaceful camp became rowdy.

In a rustle, people rubbed their sleepy eyes and came out from their tents.

Bu Fang came out of his tent as well and slowly headed in the direction the crowd was gathered. The army's soldiers gathered together regularly. Although it was Bu Fang's first time in the army, he still had some knowledge about it. Only the army cooks struck a pan to call for a gathering.

The hat worn by the tender youngster, Long Cai, was tilted to the side; he was still really drowsy. The lit firewood situated in the middle of the camp emitted faint crackling sounds that reverberated throughout the surroundings.

A huge iron pot, propped on a wooden frame, roasted on a fire and emitted rumbling sounds, spouting streams of steam which contained spirit energy and possessed a faint fragrant scent.

At this moment, Wei Dafu who carried an iron pan with him, struck it loudly and incessantly. His face carried a faint trace of anger as he regarded the sluggish mass in front of him, so he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Quickly! Quickly! Don't presume that the army cooks aren't true soldiers, pull yourself together and gather around, quickly."

Immediately they heard his words, the cooks sobered up and stood in formation.

Bu Fang calmly followed behind the others and stood amongst them.

This left Wei Dafu—who had narrowed his eyes—quite disappointed; after all, he sought an excuse to scold the arrogant kid and didn't expect Bu Fang to get up this quickly and line up. Usually, common newcomers slept in until noon.

However, this didn't concern him too much, so he snorted coldly and focused his attention on the other cooks who stood before him.

"Puff your chest out. We just received the general's order yesterday. Our Third Corp will set up tomorrow to confront the enemy, so the general ordered us to make sumptuous dishes and satisfy the soldiers in order to raise their spirits, so they can come back triumphant." Wei Dafu hollered with hands placed behind his back.

As soon as they heard that, the cooks began to chatter noisily. A lot of them were excited because an opportunity to display their skills had finally presented itself.

"Therefore... you all should know what I am about to say: properly prepare today's dishes, don't disgrace our Cooks' Army Unit, and don't cause the soldiers to resentfully say something like 'what the hell is this trash' when they taste our dishes. If that happens, you won't only have disgraced yourself, but you will also have disgraced me, so you all should cook properly." Wei Dafu reiterated in a loud voice.

All the cooks puffed out their chests, and their eyes gleamed with confidence.

Even the kid, Long Cai, puffed out his chest in excitement.

"Good, Long Cai... follow them and distribute the congee to each camp. After you come back, you can start cooking like the others. The rest of you should immediately return back to your camps and start cooking. If I'm not satisfied with today's dishes, all of you will have to chop wood for an entire month."

Immediately, Long Cai's complexion sank. Although he was unwilling, he still obediently carried the iron pot emitting streams of steam and left the camp—along with the robust cooks.

Bu Fang placed his hands behind his back and turned around slowly; he planned to return to his camp.

However, Wei Dafu's shout stopped him in his tracks.

"Kid, I am watching you closely. If your dish isn't chosen by any of the soldiers, then hehe... You should know what you will face! At that time, you will know the consequences of being arrogant before me, Wei Dafu," he snorted coldly at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gazed at him for a while and curled the corners of his lips upwards. He regarded Wei Dafu the same way he would regard a fool, and Bu Fang was too lazy to argue with him, so he simply turned back and returned to his camp.

He found an assortment of ingredients spread on the ground. Although they were all common ingredients, there were complete sets of different vegetables and meat.

He chose some ingredients, from the pile, which seemed to be of a better quality than the others and weighed them with his hands. Shortly afterward, he set a wooden frame down, placed a pot on it and began his preparations to cook.

For Bu Fang, it didn't matter if his ingredients had been meticulously prepared or not, he was confident about his skill. Every dish he prepared could satisfy his customers, and leave them full of praise.

Calmly, he held onto the wooden frame, waved the knife in his hand and focused his gaze on the ingredients he had chosen. It was easy for him to cook with the common ingredients. Swiftly, his knife swished around and sparkled under the glow of the flames.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

He completely processed the ingredients in several breaths. He was already quite proficient in the use of the Meteor Cutting Technique, so it was really easy for him to process such ordinary ingredients. Once he had completely processed them, Bu Fang began his preparations to cook them.

First, he heated the pot and then poured oil into it. The oil he used was normal and didn't contain any trace of true energy. This time, the ingredients he used were truly ordinary.

Although the Cooks' Army Unit used spiritual ingredients to cook, they were unable to perfectly preserve the spiritual energy within them—the way Bu Fang could. Instead, they caused the spiritual energy within to flow out. However, this was quite understandable. After all, it was a feat that a lot of master chefs from big restaurants couldn't achieve—let alone the army cooks.

Bu Fang was used to cooking with his True Energy. Although this skill was more useful when spiritual ingredients are used, there wasn't much of a difference for Bu Fang, and this was due to the strength of his spiritual energy. No changes in the ingredients could escape his senses.

The sounds of frying echoed all around, thick smoke permeated the sky, and the fragrance of various dishes wafted throughout the camps of the Cooks' Army Unit.

The dishes that had been prepared by the cooks didn't vary too much. This was because they needed to cook a lot of food, so it would be difficult for them if they chose to prepare complex dishes.

A lot of them only had to make one dish. Therefore, in the end, only several dishes would be available to choose from.

The shrieks of spiritual beasts reverberated throughout the camp. There were some low-grade spiritual beasts being slaughtered, to serve as dishes which would nourish the soldiers' bodies. It could be said that the army cooks had pulled out all the stops—for today's dishes.

This time, Bu Fang only made one dish, so it was prepared quickly. A short while later, he covered the sumptuous dish on a tray with a lid that sealed the fragrance and prevented it from permeating the surroundings—like the others did.

As soon as he was done, Bu Fang sat cross-legged on his bed, closed his eyes and meditated on his culinary studies while he waited for the others to finish.

A short while later, the sound of an iron ladle striking an iron pot could be heard. Bu Fang opened his eyes, and they contained a trace of excitement.

The first dish he prepared as a member of the Cooks' Army Unit would finally be judged.

However, Bu Fang wasn't worried at all because he had confidence in his skill. He came down from his bed, lifted the huge pot and went out of his tent. As for Whitey, Bu Fang left it in the tent, so it waited there obediently.

When he reached the place where the cooks had gathered, Bu Fang saw some huge pots being hoisted by some cooks while others had placed theirs on the ground. All the pots emitted a strong fragrance which permeated the entire camp.

The cooks were flushed and their foreheads dripped with sweat. It was obvious they were all excited—having finished making their dishes.



"Kid, you should walk a bit faster. Everyone here is waiting for you," Wei Dafu glanced at Bu Fang and said resentfully.

Bu Fang's pot—compared to the others—wasn't considered big, so the other cooks didn't pay much attention to it. After all, the soldiers didn't care for ordinary dishes and might let them go to waste, so they had only allocated a small pot for Bu Fang.

Despite Wei Dafu's snide remarks, Bu Fang calmly walked toward them while carrying his pot.

This made Wei Dafu quite aggrieved, but he snorted coldly and switched his attention to the others.

"Good! You all can now prepare to serve your dishes."

"Hah!"

The cooks roared as they lifted their heavy pots and walked outside.

Chapter 287: Chapter 287: Mapo Tofu

The Third Corps of the Western Mystery Army was the weakest of the lot. They couldn't be compared to The Fist Corps who were the elites of the army. The Third Corps fell short of others, especially in terms of the cultivation, tenacity, and stability of their soldiers. However, The Third Corps remained an official army unit whose troops were trained orderly.

The army cooks raised their pots high up. The pots emitted surges of steam that were filled with rich fragrances that wafted through the air. The blend of delicious aromas made evident the delicious dishes in the pots, and the efforts their cooks put into making them. Some of the dishes were prepared from the meat of precious spirit beasts. This was to ensure that the soldiers of the Third Corps attained top shape after eating them, so they would be at their prime when confronting the enemy.

Thump!

Inside the camp, the heavy pots were placed down, and their rich fragrance immediately permeated the entire surroundings.

Some armored soldiers from the camp shot curious glances at the pots. Although they were quite curious about the contents, they didn't seem to expect much. This made Wei Dafu, who had quietly paid attention to the soldiers' expression, quite angry.

However, he felt quite helpless about this. The soldiers of the Third Corp were already tired of eating their regular dishes, but they may feel curious and excited about dishes that had been specially prepared. This was because specially prepared dishes didn't taste bad at all and they weren't consumed by the soldiers often. Regularly prepared dishes seemed almost tasteless in the soldiers' eyes.

They wouldn't be able to satisfy the taste buds of the soldiers unless they came up with a new dish, and the cooks had no way of achieving that.

The Third Corps' Commander, Zhu Yue, placed his hands behind his back and walked leisurely toward Wei Dafu. Several armored adjutants followed beside him.

Immediately, Wei Dafu bent his body and saluted him respectfully before retreating to the side.

"This is good, well done. Divide these dishes among the soldiers, and let them eat to their heart's content." Zhu Yue instructed with a satisfied smile on his face. Although the quality of the Cooks' Army Unit's dishes was the same, it was already a luxury for these soldiers to be able to eat to their heart's content.

Wei Dafu complied and arranged for the cooks to serve the sumptuous dishes. The soldiers noisily flocked toward the cooks, surrounded the pots hungrily and began to order food in excitement.

Wei Dafu and the others worked hard. The soldiers were quite fond of their spirit energy dishes. Not only did they taste great, but they also helped preserve their True Energy in its peak state, so how could the soldiers not love it?

Bu Fang calmly looked at the soldiers—ravaging dishes like a pack of hungry wolves—before putting his small pot down. His pot was still sealed with a lid, so the aroma didn't leak out at all.

Just as Wei Dafu had predicted, the soldiers only focused on the spirit energy dishes. No one paid attention to Bu Fang's pot, that contained an ordinary dish.

The soldiers didn't even glance in Bu Fang's direction for one second. The disparity between their regard for the other dishes and his dish was huge.

Wei Dafu had a huge smile on his face the entire time. He either ladened bowls with food and handed them to the soldiers, or patrolled with hands behind his back. While patrolling, he couldn't help but smile as he looked at the cooks bustling about.

His gaze fell on Bu Fang, who stood quietly in a corner. His pot was covered by a lid which sealed its aroma completely. He seemed quite pitiful standing there—all alone.

"Do you see this... it's obvious that no one would pay attention to it. If your dish isn't eaten by anyone, then, I will properly take care of you when we return to our camp." Wei Dafu walked toward Bu Fang, his hands behind his back. He took a look at Bu Fang's pitiful appearance and burst out in laughter.

There was a huge difference between ordinary dishes and spirit energy dishes; it was an irrefutable fact. This was evident from the disparity in the amount of activity that both Wei Dafu and Bu Fang had attracted.

Bu Fang shot a glance at the smug Wei Dafu and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. His expression hadn't changed a bit while the soldiers fought over the dishes made by the other cooks.

Although those soldiers seemed excited, Bu Fang could clearly tell they weren't truly pleased with it. It was obvious that the soldiers had already tasted these dishes many times in the past.

"I'll let the soldiers entertain themselves with the other dishes, for now; otherwise, my dish will be completely devoured in no time," Bu Fang said calmly, a confident smile on his face, as he shot a glance at Wei Dafu.

As if he felt the glance, Wei Dafu's body stiffened for a second, then he sneered with disdain: "Kid, you're really overconfident... There is a huge disparity between ordinary dishes and spirit dishes. Your confidence only showcases your ignorance."

"Ah... Ignorance?" The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upwards.

After that, he paid Wei Dafu no mind, grasped the lid of his pot and lifted it.

Immediately, a pillar of steam burst forth from the pot and shot into the sky—like a mushroom cloud. An overwhelmingly rich fragrance gushed out from the pot, like an erupting volcano, and threw the entire camp into chaos.

The fragrance swept through the entire camp, like a whirlwind, and caused its inhabitants to come to a standstill. The camp was quiet and the soldiers stood still as if they hadn't been fighting over food just moments ago.

They all perceived the strange but rich fragrance and licked their lips; the excessively rich fragrance had greatly stimulated their taste buds.

Bu Fang took a deep breath and, immediately, his face became flushed. Excited, he peered into his pot.

A smell that was rich, spicy, and well, albeit a little rough, escaped out of the pot and into his face. It was the smell of countless pieces of tofu that trembled in the soup — like they were perfectly cut pieces of gelatin.

It was Mapo Tofu... spicy, rough and sweet Mapo Tofu!

It looked really tasty and caused everyone who perceived its pleasant aroma to swallow their saliva. As soon as the fragrance from Bu Fang's dish permeated every nook and cranny of the camp, Wei Dafu's body stiffened. "This fragrance enveloping the camp... what the hell is it?"

Nursing a bad premonition, Wei Dafu turned around and found all the soldiers, who had just fought over other dishes, surrounding Bu Fang and completely sealing him in a tight circle. The soldiers all had longing expressions and smacked their lips fervently.

"This aroma is really fragrant! Ah! I never perceived an aroma this rich before..."

"What kind of dish is this? It isn't something I have eaten before. Is it a new recipe researched by the army cooks?"

"This sweet and spicy... My God, it has completely aroused my appetite; I can't bear it anymore!"

...

The soldiers chatted nonstop as they stared at the Mapo Tofu with glittering eyes and longing expressions.

"Well? This pot is quite small... Could it be that this dish was made with ordinary ingredients?" The soldiers easily deduced, after all, they were familiar with the army cooks' routine, so they could tell what kind of ingredients were used from the size of the pot.

Once they heard this, disappointment sprouted on the soldiers' faces and their longing waned. After all, the dish had been made using ordinary ingredients.

Despite all that, Bu Fang maintained a composed demeanor. A dish's aroma played an important role in bringing attention to the dish. After all, the customers perceive the aroma first, and it has the ability to stimulate their appetites.

The Mapo Tofu's fragrance was sufficiently rich. There were many types of fragrant dishes, however, the soldiers needed a dish that would improve their mental states; a sweet and spicy dish was the best choice, so Bu Fang chose the Mapo Tofu.

Although the ingredients he used were normal, they still achieved the desired effect.

Bu Fang looked at the soldiers, who were initially excited but now shook their heads in regret, and smiled. He used an iron ladle to scoop the Mapo Tofu into a bowl. The piping hot bowl exuded a thick steam coupled with a rich fragrance.

Bu Fang handed the bowl to the soldier closer to him and smiled calmly. "Here, have a taste."

The soldier received the dish without much thought, making evident the fact that he was still curious.

Wei Dafu watched all this play out with round eyes and raged inwardly, "Why did you take it? Where are your morals and principles? You should eat dishes made with spiritual energy ingredients to maintain optimum condition!"

The soldier anxiously stared at the bowl in his hand. The rosy and tender Mapo Tofu emanated a spicy and numbing fragrance that stimulated his taste buds and attracted his gaze.

Trembling visibly, he used a spoon and scooped up a piece of tofu. He blew at the steam emanating from the tofu and swallowed the piece—under the gazes of everyone.

## Chapter 288: Newcomer, Did You Think That You Could Ascend to the Sky?

The Mapo Tofu was spicy, numbing, crisp and sweet. The moment it entered the soldier's mouth, his eyes widened. His head started to feel numb and the hairs on his body stood erect. At the same time, every single pore on his body widened.

"Oh! My! God!"

The feeling after putting the Mapo Tofu in his mouth was quite strange. It was as though there were thousands of small hands caressing and teasing his whole body. He felt as if his mouth was holding onto a fragrance bomb. His lips nearly lost all feeling, and at the same time, he felt as though the piece of Mapo Tofu was a slab of hot iron on his tongue. Such a feeling was truly indescribable.

He didn't even have the time to chew onto the piece of Mapo Tofu before it slid down his throat. Moving down into his stomach, it gave him a burning sensation.

"It's too spicy! However, there is a kind of sweetness hidden behind the spice." The eyes of this soldier became moist, as he gasped for breath with this ruddy lips. The tip of his nose became red and he felt as though his whole body was burning up and about to erupt. It was as if he was experiencing the head in the middle of the volcano.

All of the surrounding soldiers anxiously looked their fellow comrade who was the first to eat the Mapo Tofu. They were all curious about the taste of this Mapo Tofu which had an extremely tempting smell. They were ready to devour bowls after bowls of this Mapo Tofu after smelling the aroma coming from it.

The dishes served in the Western Mystery City were mostly spicy and sweet. It was difficult for them to resist the temptation of a spicy dish when it was placed in front of them. However, the only point which made them hesitate to put the food in their mouth was the fact that the Mapo Tofu was prepared with ordinary ingredients.

If this Mapo Tofu was made from spiritual ingredients, they would have already started fighting over it. Moreover, they would fight over it crazily, even if they had to put their lives on the line.

"This taste... Humhum... It's really too sweet!" The soldier who was the first to try the Mapo Tofu already had a numb mouth. The numbness had already made its way to his tongue, and the soldier stuttered in his speech. The intense spiciness of the Mapo Tofu was no joke.

The eyes of the surrounding soldiers immediately brightened. They swallowed their saliva simultaneously as they stared at the Mapo Tofu in front of them. They were like a pack of hungry wolves staring at their prey.

Who cares if it was a spiritual energy dish or not! They only cared whether the dish tastes good. Only fools would miss a good meal.

"Serve me one piece!"

"I'll have a piece too! I was always fond of spicy food."

"Hurry up and serve me a piece of Mapo Tofu! I can't bear the hunger anymore!."

Shouts and angry arguments broke out and it echoed continuously. All of the soldiers crowded before Bu Fang as they ordered their Mapo Tofu. They were all excited and couldn't help but shout out their orders. They were unable to resist the temptation any longer after one of their fellow comrades tried the delicious Mapo Tofu in front of them.

They were already at the edge of the endurance when they smelt the fragrance coming from the Mapo Tofu.

Wei Dafu's complexion immediately changed. A disgusted expression appeared on his face. How could this group of people behave like this? Weren't they all soldiers? It didn't matter how good the dish tasted, it was only an ordinary dish made from ordinary ingredients. As long as a dish wasn't made from spirit energy ingredients, it wouldn't be able to improve anyone's condition to their best

state. If they were to go into the battlefield in suboptimal conditions, then... It was an important matter which concerned their life and death!

"All of you shouldn't fight over it... It's just a dish made from ordinary ingredients." Wei Dafu looked at the group of bustling soldiers and he couldn't help but open his mouth to advise them.

"Slurp! What the f\*ck? It's so sweet!"

Just when Wei Dafu finished speaking, a soldier beside him swallowed a piece of Mapo Tofu with a slurping sound. The moment he tasted it, he gave a loud shout which caused some of the food residue in his mouth to spray out. Coincidentally, the food residue landed on Wei Dafu's face.

The spicy and numbing feeling instantly affected Wei Dafu. What the f\*ck! Wei Dafu's tears nearly flowed out as the spicy food irritated his skin and made it feel as though his skin was on fire.

Running to a corner, Wei Dafu tried to use his hands in order to rub off the food residue on his face. He wanted to get rid of the scalding pain on his face as soon as possible.

Raising his head, he saw the scene before him. His mouth opened wide and his eyes became filled with incredulity.

This...

All of the soldiers' faces were filled with happiness as they narrowed their eyes and gasped for breath. They licked their rosy lips as beads of sweat formed at the tip of their noses.

Wei Dafu had almost never seen such happy expressions on the soldiers' face. Even if they ate the dishes he personally cooked, they were never this happy. Although the soldiers loved to eat the dishes he prepared, they never revealed such a satisfied expression when eating his dishes.

Could it be that... This something tofu was extremely delicious?

At this moment, even Wei Dafu couldn't help but swallow his saliva.



Bu Fang's pottery was quite small, and in a short while, all of his Mapo Tofu was gone. It was served to the hungry soldiers, who had even licked the bottom of their bowls after eating their food.

At this moment, the soldiers which were far away noticed a crowd of soldiers surrounding Bu Fang. They rushed over curiously in order to find out what had happened, and were surprised when they saw the appearance of the soldiers surrounding him.

"There was delicious food here? What the f\*ck! You bastard! Why didn't any of you call us over?"

"F\*ck! What do you mean? Everything is gone?"

"What the f\*ck? Did all of you go crazy? Why did you guys eat a dish made up of ordinary ingredients with such relish? Are all of you planning to die on the battlefield?"

....

The soldiers in the camp started arguing and chatting with each other. The soldiers who ate Bu Fang's dish were unwilling to be outdone as they discovered an astonishing fact. After consuming Bu Fang's Mapo Tofu, their breaths became stable and steady. Their body seemed to possess boundless strength, and even the speed of the True Energy revolving within their bodies became faster.

As for the condition of their bodies... It had unexpectedly reached their best state! It was as if they ate spirit energy dishes rather than ordinary food.

It was truly unfathomable!

The soldiers who had just finished licking the bottom of their bowls looked at Bu Fang with a glistering and passionate gaze.

"He's able to use ordinary ingredients to make such a delicacy. It was even able to improve the condition of our bodies..."

When did such an impressive chef appear in the army's kitchen?

As Wei Dafu clenched his teeth, the surrounding cooks also furrowed their brows as they stared at Bu Fang. The newcomer's dish attracted all of the soldiers' attention and no one was interested in the dishes the other chefs made. Even for those who were already eating, they were not thinking about the food at all. It seemed as though their mind was preoccupied with other thoughts.

The appearance of the soldiers who were eating dishes from other chefs showed a great deal of disrespect. After all, all of the dishes were prepared meticulously by other chefs. This caused much unhappiness among all the other chefs.

"What are all of you doing? Are you guys eating or fighting on the battlefield? Am I too lenient and tolerant toward everyone?"

The commander Zhu Yue wore a serious face as he placed his hands behind his back. He slowly made his way toward the crowd. He furrowed his brows and looked at the soldiers who were arguing as though they were in a market. He was dissatisfied with their performance and scolded all of them.

After they were scolded by the commander, all of the soldiers who were causing a ruckus immediately became obedient and quiet. They went over to choose other spirit energy dishes to eat.

It was the same for the soldiers who ate the Mapo Tofu. As there were only a few pieces of Mapo Tofu, they only had the opportunity to grab a taste of it. It was impossible for them to eat to their heart's content.

When those soldiers ate other spirit energy dishes, their complexion became ugly. They felt as though they were eating tasteless dried food.

"Pah! What the hell is this thing? It's horrible!"

"Is this food made to feed pigs? It's too gross... Not to mention the fact that the spice in this dish makes it no different from plain water!"

"Why are the skills of the current cooks so bad? The dishes they make are becoming more and more horrible!"

After eating a mouthful of the other spiritual dishes, the soldiers who ate the Mapo Tofu couldn't help but complain. Although their voices weren't loud, their words were heard clearly by the other army cooks.

Wei Dafu was angered to the point that his face became distorted.

Their repayment for the dishes which they meticulously prepared was "what the hell is this thing"? What happened to their taste buds? Was it because they ate a bowl of that Mapo Tofu?

It wasn't only Wei Dafu who had a disgusted expression on his face. The other cooks also had the same reaction. After thinking about the possible reasons, they simultaneously looked toward Bu Fang with a hostile gaze.

Facing their gazes, Bu Fang wasn't flurried at all, neither did he care about their vicious gazes.

"Is it my fault that the dishes I made turned out to be delicious? Why are all of you blaming me?"

"Why you don't want to eat it? If all of you are not interested in eating, hurry up and pack up! Get ready to move out!" Zhu Yue took a bowl of food, swept his gaze over the soldiers whose face was full of resentment and said in a cold voice.

After the commander expressed his dissatisfaction, no matter how unwilling the soldiers were, they obediently ate their food. After all, people were like iron on the battlefield. The food they ate was like the steel they were made from. If they didn't eat their fill, they would definitely end up dead on the battlefield.

Wei Dafu's chest was heaving up and down, and the surrounding cooks seemed as though their skins were trembling. All of them made their way toward Bu Fang.

Those who approached Bu Fang were old and experienced army cooks. They were all resentful of Bu Fang due to the humiliation they had just suffered.

They completely surrounded him to form an invisible pressure around him. They wanted to force him to lower his head so that he could show his respects toward his seniors.

He was just a trivial newcomer. Was he thinking of ascending to the sky?

## Chapter 289: Why Should I Care if You are Uncomfortable?

Bu Fang calmly covered his pot with a lid made of wood. After sealing it, he carried it out without caring about the cold gazes the other cooks gave him.

The other cooks were extremely angry as the dishes they prepared with utmost care were suppressed by Bu Fang's dish. Not to mention the fact that Bu Fang's dish was made from ordinary ingredients. This was an outright humiliation to the other cooks.

However, no matter how angry they were, they didn't attack Bu Fang. After all, they were in another group's camp and the commander, Zhu, was standing not too far away. Even if they wanted to teach Bu Fang a lesson, they had to wait till they returned to their own camp.

Therefore the only thing the other cooks could do was to snort at him coldly. They also glared at Bu Fang with eyes that didn't harbor good intentions.

Wei Dafu was extremely shocked by Bu Fang's skill. However, his shock was quickly suppressed by him as he knew that the tallest tree in a forest would always be ravaged by the wind. Such a statement was applicable everywhere, and Bu Fang's splendid performance had already attracted many jealous and wary gazes.

Bu Fang's life among the army cooks would just get more and more difficult from now on. It might even reach the stage where it would be difficult for Bu Fang to take a single step out.

However, Bu Fang wasn't concerned about any of this at all.

The only change in his expression was when he furrowed his brows. Ignoring the sharp gazes from the other cooks, he lifted his pot and left the camp. The pot was empty and it was justifiable for him to return to his own tent.

After witnessing Bu Fang's empty pot, Wei Dafu could feel his face heating up. He was starting to feel embarrassed as he was the one who was skeptical about Bu Fang's dish in the first place. He had ferociously said that if Bu Fang's dish wasn't eaten by anyone, he would ruthlessly punish him.

However, the results made Wei Dafu choke on his words. It seemed as though his words gave him a sharp slap on his own face.

Not only was Bu Fang's dish eaten, but it was also the first to be eaten completely.

Comparing yourself to another person would truly... make you choke yourself in anger.

"Are the dishes made by this kid.... really that good?" Wei Dafu's head was already starting to spin.

Bu Fang carried his pot as he walked back to his camp. After stretching lazily, he sat down cross-legged on his bed. He thought about the ingredients which didn't have the slightest trace of spirit energy in them and he couldn't help but furrow his brows. He thought about the different ways he could have cooked the ingredients.

While Bu Fang was deep in his thoughts, mealtime ended and the other cooks started returning to the camp.

The atmosphere in the camp instantly became awkward.

Long Cai was the first one who came over to Bu Fang. He was also the first one to give Bu Fang a kind warning. Bu Fang's dish stole the limelight of all the other cooks and thus the dishes prepared by them were not well received by the soldiers.

Currently, the old cooks wanted to give Bu Fang a hard time.

Bu Fang's response gave Long Cai a shock. He stared at Bu Fang dumbfounded when he realized that Bu Fang wasn't the least bit worried about the other cooks. With a calm expression, Bu Fang remained on his bed.

Wei Dafu placed his hands behind his back as he followed the other cooks who were making their way toward Bu Fang's tent. They eventually squeezed their way into Bu Fang's tent.

"What kind of smell is this? It's obviously the smell of some kind of poison! What kind of good dish could be made inside such a run-down place?"

"Tsk Tsk Tsk... All of you, come over and look at this. The vegetable seems to be rotten and the stench of the rotten vegetables is stinking up the room. Someone actually dares to use such ingredients to prepare food. This is truly shameless."

"Where are his moral and principles? If the soldiers develop a stomachache after eating food made from this place, it would be a huge problem! What would we do then? "

...

The moment the group of cooks came into Bu Fang's tent, they started criticizing and picking fault with him. It was evident that everyone was extremely annoyed with Bu Fang for stealing their limelight.

Bu Fang was a newcomer and a youngster. Yet all of them were experienced cooks and they were suppressed by such a youngster. This made all of them quite unhappy.

Long Cai was angry with the other cooks for picking on Bu Fang, but he had no way to stop them. Although he was young, he had been in the army for quite some time. He heard the stories about how the older cooks would take advantage of their own seniority to suppress the newer cooks. However, this was the first time he actually saw it happening.

He felt a bit disgusted by them. Their current appearance caused goosebumps on his entire body.

Bu Fang was living in the camp where the ordinary ingredients were stored. As they were ordinary ingredients, they had a much shorter shelf life compared to spirit ingredients. Of course, it was normal for some of them to rot. Bu Fang had no idea why they were putting up such a pretentious act in front of him.

Could it be because his dish was accepted by most of the soldiers?

It was easy for a human's mind to lose its harmony. The moment their sanity was lost, they would exhibit disgusting behavior.

Bu Fang calmly swept this group of people with his calm gaze. There wasn't a shred of emotion behind his gaze.

The only thing Bu Fang did was to stare at the rest of the cooks with his cold gaze. He stared at them till all the buzz stopped. The rest of the cooks couldn't help but close their mouth after looking at Bu Fang's cold eyes.

Bu Fang possessed an unfathomable imposing aura which made them slightly cower in fear.

Wei Dafu walked out from the crowd of cooks as he stood before Bu Fang. Facing Bu Fang, a disgruntled expression appeared on his face.

"Kid... I admit that your cooking is truly impressive. However, you shouldn't run around rampantly here. Your attitude would make many people uncomfortable, do you understand? If people are uncomfortable with you here, they would make your life difficult. Your days here wouldn't be good at all," Wei Dafu said.

"Why should I care if all of you are comfortable or not? The mission of a chef is to make dishes to please his customers. It is not to cook dishes to please people like you. Moreover, who do you think you are? All of you think that you are so great... Why must I care about what you guys want?"

With a calm expression on his face, he easily rebuked Wei Dafu. It was his first time meeting such unreasonable people. The reason they were picking on him was due to the fact that he cooked delicious food and caught the soldiers' attention. Did they think of suppressing him just because his dish was the most popular?

Was the imperial capital's black-hearted Owner Bu... this easy to suppress and bully?

"Now... except Long Cai, the rest of you should all get out of my tent. Otherwise..." Bu Fang lightly shouted.

The mechanical eyes of Whitey, which stood in the corner of the tent, immediately glittered with a red light. Whitey's eyes swept through the faces of all the cooks with a vicious look.

"What the f\*ck! This kid is truly too arrogant. I'm not going to take this lying down, I'll beat him to death."

A big man which was wearing a military uniform made from linen under his apron walked out from the crowd. He was the most robust among the cooks, and although his cooking wasn't the best, he had the strongest body and cultivation among them.

Arriving in front of Bu Fang, this person gave the table beside him a slap. With a single slap, the table split into several pieces.

As there was already someone taking the initiative to cause trouble, the others followed him and started to cry out angrily and indignantly.

All of them stared at Bu Fang with an angry expression. They were all unhappy with Bu Fang as the dishes they prepared with sweat and effort were suppressed by a dish made from ordinary ingredients. Not to mention the fact that the dish was made by a kid much younger than them.

That kind... that kind of trash dish, what qualifications and right did it have to suppress their dishes?

Long Cai's tender face quickly became pale. He looked at the group of people who were behaving aggressively and overbearing toward Bu Fang. He cowered in fear toward where Bu Fang was positioned.

At this moment, Bu Fang and Long Cai seemed like the passengers of a small boat floating before giant waves. They seemed to be enduring the huge waves crashing toward them and overbearing winds battering against them at the same time. It seemed as though the anger of the other cooks were vast giant waves which were about to overturn their little boat. Bu Fang seemed to be completely suppressed at the moment.

"I said... stop causing trouble in my tent. Otherwise, you shouldn't blame me for being merciless."

Bu Fang stood up from the bed and snapped at all of them.

The robust-looking cook stared at Bu Fang as he took another step toward him. He reached his hand out to grab Bu Fang's collar, wanting to teach Bu Fang a lesson. This kind of insolent and rude newcomer should be properly taught a lesson. He actually dared to steal his seniors' limelight!

Bu Fang stared at him and lifted his slender hand. With a light slap, he slapped away the hand of the robust cook.



A resounding and crisp sound immediately resounded in the room. That robust cook instantly felt as though his hands had swelled up and the intense pain caused beads of sweat to form on his forehead.

"Whitey... strip this group of people who are causing trouble. After you are done, throw them out," Bu Fang calmly said.

Two red eyes behind Bu Fang immediately shone brightly and Whitey's clone appeared. Its glittering red eyes looked toward the cooks surrounding Bu Fang.

"Snort! Stop with your tricks. What are you trying to achieve with this trivial and worn out puppet?" Wei Dafu snorted coldly with disdain as he looked at Whitey.

Whitey seemed quite ordinary and Wei Dafu had seen many puppets like this. In his years as an army cook, he came in touch with many strange and odd sects during the army's campaigns. One of the sects was specialized in making puppets such as the one beside Bu Fang.

Wei Dafu wasn't worried at all as he thought that puppets like this didn't have any kind of fighting prowess. However, he was astonished as the sound of clothes tearing resounded the moment he finished his sentence.

Rip!

A crisp sound rang out. It was accompanied by a white shadow flying away. The sound caused by a heavy object falling on the floor resounded not too long after, outside the tent.

Everyone blanked out as they simultaneously turned their heads. As they looked outside the tent, they saw a robust and huge naked man covering his crotch as his entire body trembled. He was struggling to stand up, and he looked extremely pitiful.

As the corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upwards, he patted Whitey's round belly. Crawling back to his bed, he sat cross-legged on it as he ignored the rest of the cooks.

His gaze was still calm and composed like a flowing cloud.

"You... how dare you?!"

Wei Dafu looked at the robust man who got thrown out of the tent after being stripped bare. Immediately, his heart shuddered while the finger that was pointing out trembled, and his face was showing an implausible expression.

How could he dare to throw him out? For what reason did he dare to throw him out?

This was the first time he had met such an unreasonable newcomer, the first time he met such a savage newcomer!

Wei Dafu was furious, he felt as though he was slapped in the face; utterly embarrassed. That lump of steel that Bu Fang brought did not spare any consideration to his feelings.

The robust man thrown outside of the tent stood up tottering. There was a mingling of green and red color on his face. He was depressed to the point of almost vomiting blood. This f\*cker... he would go so far as to tear off someone else's clothes? Is there a need to be so berserk?

"Kid... Just wait!" The robust man looked at Bu Fang who was sitting cross-legged on the bed. He wanted to leave behind some ruthless words but he sensed a red ray sweeping past him. Immediately, even his buttock had also started trembling as he looked at Whitey in terror.

Even though he was a chef in Cooks' Army Unit, he still had a certain level of cultivation. Once he picked up a weapon, he could also become a soldier who was able to go into battle. However, when facing Whitey, he could not even figure out what had exactly happened and was already stripped bare and thrown out.

Being stripped bare was not something terrifying. The crucial point was that he did not even know how did he get stripped!

Inside the tent, dead silence took over for a while. Then, questioning voices resounded one after another. The Cooks' Army Unit members all displayed an angry look. This newcomer unexpectedly

really dare to retaliate? Did he really think that just because he could cook a few dishes of delicacies he could become complacent? He had actually made a move on the old man!

"Kid, you are looking for death? You actually dare to make a move on us, your seniors?"

"Humph! A newcomer is always newcomer. You actually dare to make a move on us. Do you want to chop firewood for your whole life?"

"This savage newcomer, we have to teach him a lesson! Otherwise, he would never know how to be respectful to his seniors!"

...

Chattering sounds circled within the tent unceasingly. It forced Bu Fang to open up his eyes. He frowned and displayed traces of annoyance.

"Those who were being clamorous... strip them bare and throw them out."

Bu Fang said unsympathetically and his tone was extremely cold. Facing these people, he did not have any slightest intention of being modest.

Some people had been truly angered by Bu Fang. "The way this kid spoke... is too savage, isn't it? Could it be that he really think that we don't have anyone here who would be able to discipline him?"

A few of their expressions turned fierce as they shouted while dashing toward the direction Bu Fang was at.

However, very quickly... they realized something was amiss. After they had dashed out, they felt that they were as if treading on clouds and had unexpectedly been flung up. Their body streaked across the skies in an elegant arc and their view, which was supposed to be them advancing, had unexpectedly turned to them retreating.

"I..."

Bang Bang!

Sounds of heavy objects landing onto the ground resounded consecutively. Those two who had planned to deal with Bu Fang were similarly stripped bare and thrown out of the tent. They looked like other two scarlet red figures crawling up from the floor awkwardly.

Wei Dafu expression congealed slightly. "How audacious!!"

Just as he had opened his mouth and was planning to interrogate Bu Fang, he realized that the red-eyed Whitey had already appeared in front of him before him knowing it. It lifted up his collar and threw him out. His body rotated in the air and his shirt was also in the midst of rotating as he got stripped bare.

Got stripped bare... damn it!

Bang... Wei Dafu was stupefied. From the start to the end, he was stupefied. Only when he landed on the ground and felt a severe pain did he understand that he had been stripped bare and was thrown out.

Inside the tent, the grumbling of questions and curses at that very instant was put to a stop. They seemed like male ducks whose throats had been grabbed, with their eyes open wide and their faces filled with terror.

Wei Dafu, Captain Wei, who had the most experience in the Cooks' Army Unit and was also the most proficient in culinary skills, had also unexpectedly been thrown out by Bu Fang's steel puppet. Furthermore, he was also stripped bare as well...

Everyone's body trembled while there was endless excitement in Long Cai eyes.

Wei Dafu crawled up from the floor and covered his crotch. He was utterly discomfited while his eyes were filled with hatred.

"Brat! Just you wait!! From today onwards, you just have to stay here, in this ordinary ingredients camp obediently. Don't even think of touching the hair of spirit energy ingredients!"

"Long Cai, what are you laughing at?! Do you also feel like staying in this ordinary ingredients camp?!"

Wei Dafu was angered to the point of stomping around but he did not dare to make any of his actions wide. Therefore, it appeared rather comical, causing Long Cai to want to laugh, but he didn't dare to.

"Scram!" Bu Fang opened up his eyes and there were traces of impatience in it. Ever since he had joined the Cook's Army Unit, this Wei Dafu had been opposing him unceasingly... Bu Fang was already somewhat stupefied. What was he up to?

However, at that moment, it was no longer important as to what he was up to. Bu Fang was already impatient and did not give him any face.

The people inside the tent were like water as they retreated. They knew that it was impossible for them to use force to deal with Bu Fang because that lump of steel was way too strong. But since using force was out of the question, then they would isolate him, leaving him alone!

Everyone was given an order to not have a single bit of interaction with Bu Fang...

To have been isolated in the army, this was practically something too awful for a lot of people.

However, Bu Fang was indifferent toward it.

Ultimately, Long Cai also glimpsed at Bu Fang worriedly and left. Very quickly, the insides of the tent became very quiet and cold.

...

Dang Dang Dang!!

Sounds of striking the pot resonated. Subsequently, Wei Dafu's ice-cold voice spread throughout the entire camp.

"Get ready to march off. Quickly fall-in for me. Carry your equipment well and bring along your tools. We are moving off!"

Rustling!

In the midst of chaos, there were orderly sounds being resonated. Subsequently, figure after figure exited out from the tents.

On the back of these people, they were carrying black steel woks as they lined up according to their team within the camp.

At the very start, they got Bu Fang to carry the wok... and Bu Fang had rejected it. He could have completely kept this black wok into the system's storage space. However, because this time he was undergoing the mission, the system's storage space had been sealed off, not allowing him to use the ingredients inside the system's storage space. As far as this problem was concerned, it had become a headache for Bu Fang.

Therefore, he had no choice but to follow the Cooks' Army Unit members as he carried the wok and walked out of the tent. They converged within the camp as they lined-up accordingly to their formations.

The Cooks' Army Unit were marching off because they had to be responsible for cooking. Therefore, they had to carry the black wok with them. After they had set up the camps, they would put up their stove on the spot straightaway and start cooking.

Wei Dafu was also carrying a wok as he swept past the entire formation gloomily. When he saw Bu Fang was also carrying a wok, his complexion became vaguely heavy as he harrumphed to himself once.

Under the bugle horn echo, the Cook's Army Unit members also carried their black woks one after another as they pushed the heavy wagon and departed from the camp. They regrouped with the Western Mystery Army third corps and moved toward the outside of Western Mystery City together.

The march this time not only had the Western Mystery Army Third Corps, there were also the main force of Western Mystery Army, the Second Corps. The two big corps departed from Western Mystery City as they headed toward the nearest city to provide assistance because Western Mystery City had received letters requesting for help from the neighboring cities.

In the letter, they had described the enemy as someone extremely formidable. Hence, they had sent out two corps of their Western Mystery Army.

After all, Western Mystery City was the largest city in the northwest. Besides, it was one of the three big ancient cities. They had to support the order of the northwest of the Light Wind Empire, and wiping out the enemies was their responsibility.

On the vast field, a long and narrow army was traveling unhurriedly. The distribution of the unit formed a very long line. Every location had different types of soldiers and Cooks' Army Unit was the last unit. Each of them carried a black wok behind them, making it difficult for them to advance forward.

The hot sun blossomed in the sky as it shone down its scorching sun rays, causing the whole field to seem as if it was being roasted to the point of being evaporated.

Many of them were suffering due to the scorching heat and almost couldn't endure it any longer.

Bu Fang carried the wok while Whitey followed behind him blindly. The distance between him and his unit was quite big because, after experiencing the incident on the previous day, the Cooks' Army Unit members did not get along with Bu Fang. Other than Long Cai, all of them had completely isolated him.

They wanted to take revenge on Bu Fang using this method, making him turn mad while he was in the Cooks' Army Unit.

Every time Long Cai chatted with Bu Fang, he would be stared at by Wei Dafu. Thereafter, Long Cai would run away dejectedly, leaving behind a Wei Dafu who used a sneering expression to look at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang felt that this Wei Dafu was a crazy man...

Creak, Creak.

While pushing the heavy wagon cart, the wheels produced heavy sounds on the road but the march still continued nevertheless.

When the pitch-black nightfall hanged itself high up on the sky, two curved moons stretched out its head mischievously.

Under the command of a voice, the soldiers stopped their onward march and started setting up their encampments.

The Cooks' Army Unit members started to get really busy as they quickly built up their tent and set up their wok holders to begin cooking the dishes.

Bu Fang stopped at the back as he looked at the quick and orderly Cooks' Army Unit built up the tents and set up the wok holders while faint traces of amazement showed up on his face.

No doubt, these people were indeed part of the Cook's Army Unit who often marched and had lots of experience doing it. When they did these things, they did it so skillfully and easily.

Bu Fang had also built up his tent himself and set up the wok holder as he prepared to begin cooking.

However, when the Cooks' Army Unit had started cooking with the smoke rising in spirals while the other soldiers were all resting to preserve and nurture their spirits, following the rustling noise in the surrounding, the shrubs that were covering the encampments seem to have noises of fragmentation resounding.

This caused the surrounding soldiers' hearts to become panicky. A soldier went forward to examine and had just pushed aside the shrub... when a ferocious wolf howl resonated. Subsequently, a huge figure pounced out as it bit onto the soldier who had gone forward to examine.