

Gourmet 291

Chapter 291: Spirit Beasts Attack

Above the wide northwest plain, a ray of light that resembled a sword flashed past. Its alarming movement speed was even faster than lightning.

The rushing wind parted and the ray of light disappeared to reveal a silhouette standing atop a sword. This person had pointy eyebrows and eyes as bright as stars.

He had traveled all the way here by flight—atop his sword. He observed the vast land area of the northwest plain and squinted his eyes.

"We are almost at Western Mystery City... Great Elder arranged for us to go there to assist. Did such a terrible thing really happen at Western Mystery City? The Shura Sect's re-emergence... No one would ever expect that." Tang Yin's white robe fluttered in the wind as he looked over at the distant horizon. With a ray of light, he continued moving forward.

The Light Wind empire was in chaos and its many cities were involved in wars. Bloody wars and bloodshed had resulted in the deaths of countless soldiers. The empire had been submerged into a deep sense of grievance.

As one of the Southern Region's biggest sects, the Celestial Arcanum Sect situated on Wuliang Mountain couldn't turn a blind eye to the issue. Besides, an elder from the Godly Temple of Wildlands' Ferocious Divine Hall was defeated in the Light Wind Empire, and the Godly Temple of Wildlands found it rather astonishing.

That elder had the body of a Supreme-Being and a high cultivation level; just one step away from reaching the Supreme-Being echelon. An expert like him was actually defeated in Light Wind Empire, so how could they not be concerned about it. The Godly Temple of Wildlands then sent people out to investigate and discovered that the Light Wind empire had been ravaged by a civil war and it seemed... as though someone was behind it.

As soon as the experts from the Godly Temple of Wildlands obtained this information, a slaughter began and they were the targets. Some of their Battle-Saints were defeated and only a handful managed to get away. Those who managed to get away began to spread the news.

The Shura Sect, which was destroyed thousands of years ago... had resurfaced. They even instigated the civil war in the Light Wind Empire. Although their motives were unknown, the Shura Sect was wicked, evil, and definitely up to no good.

Upon receiving the news from the Godly Temple of Wildlands, the Southern Border's strongholds sent out their strongest disciples to assist.

King Yu had the Shura Sect as his backing while the emperor of the Light Wind Empire was supported by super experts from the other strongholds.

A short time later, both parties became evenly matched.

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"Ground Wolves!"

With a loud cry, the Third Corps of the Western Mystery Army rushed out. They surrounded the giant wolves that had emerged from the ground.

The Ground Wolves were very agile and lived underground. For them, moving about in the ground was akin to swimming in water. They were a rare breed of northwest spirit beast. As fourth grade spirit beasts, their attacks weren't strong, but they were capable of dealing damage when it was least expected.

Moreover, they were very aggressive when they bit their targets, making sure to draw a lot of blood. A Ground Wolf could rip a soldier's clean off with a single bite, resulting in intense bleeding.

The experienced soldiers lifted up their weapons and charged toward the Ground Wolves with different battle cries.

As the commander of the Third Corps, Zhu Yue's expression turned pale. The army only just started marching and had already encountered such a strong spirit beast. This was a really bad start for them...

Soon, the Ground Wolves were defeated by the troops and escaped underground. However, the soldiers were tensed up and dared not let their guards down.

Ground Wolves... Bu Fang's eyes lit up as he looked at a Ground Wolf which had been stabbed to death by the soldiers. His interest intensified as he began to examine it.

The other members of the Cooks' Army Unit were busy defending the army rations and didn't notice his actions.

Bu Fang flipped over the wolf's body and squinted his eyes; the quality of the Ground Wolf's meat was pretty good.

These wolves had lived underground for so long, their meat had been purified by the spirit energy underground and developed a unique feel.

Bu Fang patted the body of the wolf before standing up. He sighed regretfully; he couldn't use the system's storage space. Otherwise, it could have been used to store the body of this wolf.

Its price may be low but the quality of the meat was good, and it would probably taste delicious after getting cooked.

Although the Ground Wolves had retreated, the Third Corps felt deeply troubled. They were victorious, but many soldiers sustained injuries, and the camp was filled with soldiers wailing in pain.

Such agile and sneaky spirit beasts were the hardest to control.

However, regardless of the situation, they had to continue their march. On the second day, the Western Mystery Army continued to move on.

It wasn't long before trouble found them, again. As they passed by a pile of jagged rocks, fourth grade Wind Snakes, which were originally lazy in nature, went on a rampage and began attacking the soldiers. Many soldiers were gravely injured as a result.

Although these Wind Snakes were not very poisonous, they could still weaken a person for some days. These spirit beasts were hard to deal with.

The snakes' attack demoralized the Western Mystery Army even further...

The commander of the Third Corps, Zhu Yue, had a bad feeling. Although they hadn't been provoked, these spirit beast still attacked the army—there must be a problem. He had led marches many times, and this was not the first time he encountered spirit beasts, but he had never seen a spirit beast initiating an attack on the army.

Although he had yet to identify the cause, his army had to continue on their journey. As they marched on, the Third Corps met with several spirit beasts attacks. These spirit beast weren't high grade, but they attacked in large groups, making it very difficult to deal with them.

The Western Mystery Army's morale was at an all-time low; the soldiers seemed lifeless but were full of complaints.

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An army flag was situated atop a mountain—filled with yellow sand. Behind the flag were soldiers with spirit horse mounts. At this moment, the soldiers stood up. Among them, there was a person enshrouded in black robes who gave off an evil aura. The surrounding soldiers all gazed at the figure reverently.

"Senior Ah Mu Ni... if everything goes as planned, the Western Mystery Army should arrive at Mo Luo City soon. When that happens, Mo Luo City would be backed by the Western Mystery Army which would put us in a disadvantageous position." A prominent soldier noted with a frown.

"General Mo Lin, as one of King Yu's prized officials, you must have some foresight. Western Mystery Army's journey to this place, from Western Mystery City, will be filled with many surprises. I have prepared many gifts for them. Once they reach the foot of the mountain, they will be doomed." The black robe elderly grinned.

Mo Lin was stunned but dared not ignore what he had been told. After all, the black robe elderly was a seventh grade Battle-Saint. They could have easily conquered Mo Luo City with him around. However, another seventh grade Battle-Saint suddenly appeared in Mo Luo City, and this caused them to slow down their attacks.

By conquering Mo Luo City, they would be able to exert more pressure on the biggest city in the northwest, Western Mystery City.

Apparently, Western Mystery City understood how tense the situation was, so they called for backup.

"Report! The spies ahead reported that the Western Mystery Army had entered the region near the foot of the mountain."

The scout had rushed over and made his report as Mo Lin and the black-robed elder discussed. Their eyes lit up, and they immediately got on their horses. Quickly, they led their soldiers and rushed off.

Currently, the Western Mystery Army's Third Corps were very low on morale. Encountering so many spirit beast attacks along the way left them baffled. The soldiers were drained, both physically and mentally, and their condition was terrible.

Zhu Yue realized how troublesome the situation was, so he ordered them to set up a camp here to rest.

The Third Corps were in a state of panic, so they sent many scouts to go on ahead. That way, if any more spirit beasts planned to attack them, they would be prepared.

"We will reach Mo Luo City soon. Pass down my orders to the Cooks' Army Unit. Ask them to make a sumptuous meal to bring up the morale of everyone!" Zhu Yue hollered.

The Cooks' Army Unit received the military order. Although Wei Dafu and the rest were lethargic, they had to move quickly, as the meal would affect their performance in the next battle.

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Xiu Xiu!

An arrow soared over quickly and with great force. It sliced through the wind with an echo as loud as thunder. A scout currently exploring the path ahead was instantly shot down, with blood spilling out from his brain!

A rain of arrows suddenly enveloped the skies, killing the scouts.

However, despite the heavy attack, a scout—albeit covered in blood—managed to escape and rode quickly toward the Western Mystery Army. An ambush was impending! The scout was panicked.

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Having received orders, it was time to start cooking. Bu Fang calmly set up his wok holder, placed the large wok on it and started a fire. Soon, smoke rose up. He was only in charge of cooking the basic ingredients, so he did not need to put too much thought into it. This made his job easier.

Zhu Yue stood in front of the camp, frowning.

Suddenly, he squinted his eyes and saw a scout from afar, riding a horse. The scout was covered in blood but still frantically rushed back to the camp.

Chapter 292: Tang Yin Rushed in as the Battle Started

Gurgling! Gurgling!

The wok was emitting clouds of steam which rose into the dark night. Floating high up into the sky, the clouds slowly dispersed.

Bu Fang removed the lid from the pot, which allowed the fragrance of the soup to permeate the air. The dish he was preparing was still the Sour Spicy Soup. What choice did he have? However, Bu Fang didn't care about preparing the same dish again, after all, he was assigned to a position where all he had were ordinary ingredients. The types of ingredients he had were extremely limited.

There were countless pieces of potatoes boiling in the Sour Spicy Soup, along with pieces of mushroom that danced around the broth as the liquid bubbled.

Although the soup was already thoroughly boiled, Bu Fang allowed the fire under the pot to continue burning. It appeared as though Bu Fang didn't have the slightest intention of extinguishing

the fire. With a bowl in his hand, he leisurely scooped himself a serving of the soup as he walked over to a corner. Taking a deep breath, he scooped a mouthful of soup into his mouth.

In a distant place, the other army cooks were diligently making their dishes. Their mental state wasn't at their peak as they had been on the move for quite some time. On the road, all they experienced were fear and trepidation. Their nerves were taut the entire journey, and they were finally able to loosen themselves up. They were finally completely and thoroughly relaxed.

As Bu Fang drank this bowl of delicious Sour Spicy Soup, he felt a warm current flow through his entire body. As the nights in the northwest plains were extremely cold, the sensation of the warm soup flowing into his belly felt extremely comfortable.

Long Cai dragged his exhausted body as he walked toward Bu Fang. His nose slightly twitched as he smelled the scent of the Sour Spicy Soup boiling in the pot and his eyes immediately brightened.

Scooping himself a bowl, he sat beside Bu Fang with the steaming hot soup in his hand. As he took a deep breath, he started drinking the bowl of Sour Spicy Soup.

After the cooks in the Cooks' Army Unit prepared their dishes, they distributed them to the soldiers who were setting up their camps. Since the ingredients they used were spiritual ingredients, the soldiers felt full of energy after consuming the dishes.

This was the reason behind the existence of the Cooks' Army Unit.

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Zhu Yue's eyes widened as he stared at the scout whose whole body was soaked in blood. Before the scout was able to reach him, he collapsed onto the ground. Zhu Yue's heart clenched for a second before he raised his head. Looking into the pitch black area before him, it seemed like the mouth of a terrifying devil.

"Damn! There is an ambush!"

Zhu Yue angrily roared. He used his True Energy as he shouted, and his voice was heard by all the soldiers who were eating the dishes the Cooks' Army Unit prepared. Their nerves immediately tightened and they leaped from their seats. They quickly gathered together and got ready to fight.

A single flash... Two flashes...

There were countless spirit beasts whose eyes were blood-red as they emerged from the pitch-black region in front of the campsite. They rushed toward the Western Mystery Army crazily and tyrannically as they pounced on the soldiers.

Zhu Yue took the lead and brought a group of soldiers with him. They started killing the spirit beasts one by one.

"It's another flock of crazy spirit beasts! Damn! What on earth is going on?" Zhu Yue was enraged and became even more ferocious. With each swing of his sword, he would behead one of those spirit beasts. It was easy for him to kill them as the beasts didn't have a high cultivation level.

The only thing the beasts had were numbers.

Suddenly, Zhu Yue seemed as though he heard the sound of a bow being drawn. An arrow shot out from the darkness with a vast and powerful momentum. It cut through the wind and it traveled as though it wanted to rip the sky apart. It shot in a straight line toward Zhu Yue's head.

In such a critical moment, Zhu Yue roared and blocked this arrow.

An arrow... This meant that there were enemy troops up ahead.

Zhu Yue's heart tightened for a second. In the next moment, he could hear the shouts of countless people coming from the patch of darkness. The enemy had unexpectedly arrived to attack them at such a crucial moment.

The Western Mystery Army's Third Corp immediately started engaging the hostile force which attacked them.

Zhu Yue's killing intent raged on. He easily reached the conclusion that the people who attacked them were the ones who controlled the flock of spirit beasts. He had been holding back the entire time, and he finally had an opportunity to release his pent-up anger and frustration. Although he was already tired from the journey, the hands which he used to extinguish the lives of his enemies didn't slow down at all.

The battle immediately reached its crescendo. In just a short while, blood splattered everywhere, its amount so great that it could be used to form a river. A dense smell of blood permeated and filled the entire valley.

When the fight broke out, Bu Fang and Long Cai were still drinking the Sour Spicy Soup. The only thing they felt was the shaking of earth beneath them. The fight had erupted without any prior warnings. The sound of blades colliding against blades unceasingly rang out.

"They started fighting?" Long Cai was startled. He was frightened in his heart.

"That should be the case." Bu Fang drank a mouthful of the Sour Spicy Soup as his eyes flickered with a strange radiance.

They were vigorous in the first fight, weaker in the second and completely exhausted by the third. The Western Mystery Army experienced unceasing spiritual beasts raids, and its vigor and momentum were already at its weakest. The soldiers were currently in low spirits. How could they fight against the enemy who was attacking them in their current condition? It seemed as though the Western Mystery Army was in quite a precarious situation right now.

Mo Lin was holding his long spear and his face was full of excitement. Although this was the weakest corp among the Western Mystery Army, if he managed to annihilate them, he would still be able to rake up great merits.

He swept his spear around and cleaved a soldier completely in half. As the hot blood of the dead soldier splattered around, Mo Lin became extremely excited.

Among the broken and ragged rocks on top of the cliff, stood the black-robed old man. His eyes were twinkling as he muttered unceasingly. All of a sudden, he started drawing an array. The array was extremely profound, abstruse, and queer. Although it was complicated, the old man didn't take long to complete the entire array.

As the array took shape, five scarlet talismans floated in the air and gave form to the array. In an instant, a suction force burst out from the array. Along with the unceasing roaring in the valley, bursts of ash-gray smoke billowed out. The smoke was made up of countless fuzzy figures. Some of them were raging as they struggled around, while others were wantonly roaring.

Those were the soul essences of the soldiers who died. It was coupled with their spirit which didn't disperse as it contained their anger and unwillingness from when they were still alive. Looking at the fuzzy figures, it could be said that their feeling of resentment was extremely dense.

"Haha! Continue to kill each other! The more deaths, the better!" This black-robed Shura Sect expert was extremely excited. He couldn't help laughing out loud.

Suddenly, his laughter abruptly stopped. When his gaze wandered into the distance, he saw that there was a glowing sharp sword rushing towards him. It was flying toward him from the sky at an extremely fast speed.

"Shura Sect's devil! Get out here and go to hell!"

The light around the sword dispersed and it turned into a rain of swords. The numerous swords covered the entire sky and shot towards the black-robed old man. The swords beheaded anything which stood in its way.

With swords-like brows above his eyes which shone like stars, Tang Yin appeared in mid-air. Walking on air, Tang Yin approached the black-robed old man as he held a sword which was spinning in front of him.

It was obvious that he had already reached the seventh grade Battle-Saint realm. It could be seen from his ability to fly in the air. He was truly advancing quickly in his cultivation.

The moment Tang Yin joined the battle, the Western Mystery Army's morale rose. In an imposing manner, they started to ferociously retaliate against their enemies. Turning the tables, they started killing their enemies.

Mo Lin looked at Tang Yin who was floating in the air with a grave expression. In the past, it was quite difficult to see a single Battle-Saint expert. However, Battle-Saint experts were appearing continuously as the war raged on.

"Damn... Is he another person from the Celestial Arcanum Sect? Or is he someone from the southern region factions? Why does everyone want to prevent the rise of our Shura Sect? That would only happen in your dreams! All of you are going to die!"

A blood-red light burst out from the black-robed old man's eyes. He shot out and flew toward Tang Ying. As his claw-like hand rushed toward Tang Yin who was floating in the air, it turned into a blood-red light. This light was extremely imposing as it shot towards Tang Yin.

Tang Yin didn't fear him in the slightest as he raised his sword. In an instant, he engaged in a battle with this black-robed old man.

This battle was extremely tragic as the whole valley seemed dyed red with blood. Anyone would tremble at the sight of the valley.

Bu Fang looked at Tang Yin with a confused expression on his face. When he saw that Tang Yin was grasping his swords and fighting the black-robed old man in the air, his eyebrows slightly rose up. He didn't expect to meet an old friend in such a place.

From what he could see, Tang Yin wasn't a match for the black-robed old man. After all, Tang Yin had just broken through and wasn't strong enough yet.

This battle was fought from night till dawn. Tang Yin's condition worsened as he fought against the black-robed old man. Eventually, he flew back with a pale complexion. Zhu Yue also loudly shouted an order to retreat to his men as he saw that they were unable to defeat the enemy. The Western Mystery Army, in the end, chose to leave the valley.

As the army retreated, the cooks from the Cooks' Army Unit also retreated. They protected the provisions as they retreated, keeping the ingredients safe.

In the sky, the black-robed old man's eyes flashed with a cruel glint as he roared, "Pursue them! Kill them all!"

Running away? How could I let the piece of fat meat which reached my mouth run away? If I eliminated this division of the Western Mystery Army, then I would have completed half of the mission the High Priest assigned me. At this rate, I would be able to finish collecting the soul essence and spirits after attacking Mo Luo City. This would be a huge step towards the rise of the Shura Sect.

As such, this black-robed man didn't want to let this division of the Western Mystery Army withdraw. As for the Celestial Arcanum Sect's expert, the black-robed old man had already fought against him for so long that he wasn't afraid of him at all. He knew that there was no way for the Celestial Arcanum Sect's expert to defeat him.

Mo Lin's eyes were glimmering with excitement as he waved his weapon. With a loud roar, he pursued the retreating army. He didn't want to let this opportunity slip through his grasp.

Tang Yin was quite angered by this. Was this Shura Sect's devil still not satisfied?

The Western Mystery Army which was pushed into desperate straits started another round of battle against the enemy. Another grand battle occurred in this valley. However, the Western Mystery Army's Third Corp was only able to retreat at the cost of Tang Yin's heavy injuries.

The Western Mystery Army's Third Corp who had just set camp in another place was in quite a sorry state. Around half of their provisions were lost in their retreat.

As they were currently lacking ingredients, Wei Dafu's face darkened as he could only look for Bu Fang. Since there were only a little bit of spirit energy ingredients left, their only option was to use ordinary ingredients.

Wei Dafu felt his face glow in shame. However, Bu Fang didn't make things difficult for him. He immediately agreed to start cooking using whatever ingredients he had.

Long Cai was left at Bu Fang's side as his assistant.

After Wei Dafu left, the two of them started preparing the ingredients. They needed to cook a large amount of food as they had to feed a large number of people.

This was Bu Fang's first time cooking in such a big wok.

Chapter 293: The Youth Who was Cooking with Four Woks

The camp was set among rubbles, and the tents' shade overlapped with each other as smoke rose to the skies. As the rising sun's light shone upon this place, it made the scene look quite desolate.

In the tent, Tang Yin's face was pale-white as he sat cross-legged. The True Energy around him was fluctuating as he made it revolve around his body in order to heal his internal injuries. He wasn't a match for that Shura Sect's expert with his cultivation, as he had just broken into the Battle-Saint echelon.

After a long time, the unstable True Energy around him returned back into his body. Tang Yin spurted a mouthful of blood and his face instantly became paler.

"I didn't expect that Shura Sect devil's cultivation to be this powerful..." Tang Yin's face was as pale as paper and a slight trace of worry appeared in his eyes. If he was unable to stop this Shura Sect's expert, Mo Luo City and even Western Mystery City might fall into the hands of those devils. If that were to happen, it would truly be a tragic scene. Blood would flow until it formed rivers in the hands of the devil sect.

His understanding of the Shura Sect was quite limited. However, he had some knowledge about it because of what Ni Yan told him. For example, he knew that the Shura Sect arrived a thousand years ago at the land of the Southern Region coming from other regions. He knew that its arrival was a true disaster which concerned this land. If one wanted to cultivate the Shura Sect's cultivation method into its peak, he would need a large quantity of spiritual essence and spirits. The only way they could obtain spiritual essence and spirits was by slaughtering.

In the past, the Shura Sect's Master had a terrifying strength. He was able to sweep through the entire Southern Region. The Wuliang Mountain's Celestial Arcanum Sect, the Hundred Thousand Mountains' Clear Sky Pagoda, Godly Temple of the Wildlands, the Illusory Spirit Swamp's White Cloud Villa, and some other factions only managed to annihilate the Shura Sect which was tormenting the Southern Region after they joined hands. Who would have expected that such a powerful faction would appear in this world again?

Moreover, from the way they were behaving, it was obvious that they were the ones who caused such a war. They caused the war in order to further their cultivation as they could gather a large amount of spiritual essence and spirits. Just to further their cultivation, they caused innumerable deaths. It was truly too cruel.

"The Shura Sect is lying low at the moment, and they had only caused a war between empires. It's too easy for people to die in such wars. For the members of the Shura Sect, the amount of Spiritual Essence and spirits they could gather would be quite significant."

"They might have wanted to stay low-key and quietly recover their strength, but they had the guts to kill someone who was almost a Supreme Being from the Wildlands. As such, they would

definitely have to pay the price for doing so. Once the Shura Sect was discovered, another fight might break out. Both sides would suffer. I only hope that they would still retain their conscience and not massacre a whole city." Tang Yin opened his eyes and sighed.

Eventually, Tang Yin stopped his cultivation. Zhu Yue, who was standing outside the tent, entered. The expression on his face was quite respectful. After all, Tang Yin was a seventh grade Battle-Saint.

"Thank you, senior, for helping us," Zhu Yue said.

Tang Yin waved his hands to dismiss Zhu Yue's gratitude. He was only following the orders of the Great Elder. Currently, there were many experts sent out. They all belonged to major factions and he just happened to be the one sent here to support Mo Luo City.

As for Ni Yan, she was sent to support the Western Mystery City. However, the Western Mystery City was one of the Light Wind Empire's ancient cities. It was the capital of many ancient empires, and the Shura Sect's devils wouldn't dare to excessively affront it. After all, Western Mystery City possessed a considerable amount of prestige.

"Commander Zhu, what's the current situation in Mo Luo City?" Tang Yin asked. He was extremely concerned about the situation of Mo Luo City. If Mo Luo City was seized, the Western Mystery City would be isolated. That would place it in a dangerous situation.

"I still didn't receive any report from the scout in Mo Luo City... However, Mo Luo City is beside the territory of the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou. Although they are a group of thieves, if Mo Luo City was seized by King Yu, they would lose quite a bit of their territory. They won't be having any easy days anymore. So... if they are willing to help Mo Luo City, Mo Luo City would be able to persevere for some time."

Zhu Yue gave him the analysis of the situation. However, he was only making wild guesses and he didn't know if the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou would actually support Mo Luo City or not.

"The Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou?" Tang Yin's complexion became slightly strange.

He met the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou for the first time in Owner Bu's store. At that time, the cultivation level of each of them had only reached the level of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor. However, he heard that after they returned from Owner Bu's store, several of them broke through.

That led to the current Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou who became one of the greatest faction in the Light Wind Empire.

"Senior, I've already sent people to request reinforcement from the Western Mystery City. When my Western Mystery Army First Corp's elite come over, those enemies won't be worth mentioning!"

Tang Yin nodded absentmindedly and he seemed to be uninterested in whatever Zhu Yue was saying.

Suddenly, a sweet fragrance found its way into Tang Yin's nose. His complexion instantly changed.

His nose slightly wriggled as he cried out in surprise, "That smells really good!"

Zhu Yue was also quite surprised at the sudden arrival of the dish's fragrance. Walking out of the tent, Tang Yin stood at the entrance as he tried to find the source of the aroma. He narrowed his eyes and tilted his head. It was as if Tang Yin wanted to immerse himself in the fragrance of the dish.

"Commander Zhu, I didn't expect that the skills from the Cooks' Army Unit on the Third Corp to be this impressive. The only time I smelt something this fragrant was in the capital!" Tang Yin smiled and said to Zhu Yue. Owner Bu's dishes had the sweetest fragrance, and he had never expected to smell anything as fragrant as Owner Bu's dishes in the army.

Tang Yin actually became hungry as he smelled the aroma of the food.

Zhu Yue immediately laughed loudly and invited Tang Yin for a meal.

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Long Cai stood at the side, stupefied, and his face was filled with an intoxicated look. The sweet scent which filled the surrounding seemed as if it would grab him and wrap him up.

He had never once smelled such a sweet smelling scent before. It practically... practically opened up all the pores in his body.

In a distant place, Bu Fang was holding a big ladle as he stood in the middle of four big woks. Under each wok, there was a blazing fire which heated up the contents inside. The fire was surging and anyone could tell that the temperature was extremely high.

Bu Fang took his big ladle and mixed the woks' content. His True Energy covered the ladle, and it was as though his spiritual force was sticking onto the ladle. Every time he mixed the pots' content, he was able to exert precise control over the flavor of the ingredients. Since those were only ordinary ingredients, he could only depend upon fine regulation as he controlled the ingredients' flavor in order to improve their taste.

There were four pots around him which contained completely different dishes. All four pots were made up of the various different ingredients he possessed.

He mixed many different ingredients together and their flavor didn't affect each other at all. Instead, they caused the sweet smell of the dish to become extremely rich.

This was due to Bu Fang's special way of cooking, as using True Energy to cook allowed one to regulate the True Energy in the ingredient. As for ingredients which didn't possess True Energy, their flavor and smell would be regulated. Under his True Energy's fine control, the flavor of each ingredient became independent and burst out with a special fragrance. Those different fragrances fused in the air and formed a richer one, which would enchant anyone.

The words "a fragrance that permeated ten miles" wouldn't be wrong if they were used to describe it. The aroma dispersed by the four woks was unceasing and it diffused with the wind. As the wind blew through the whole camp, the fragrance drifted into everyone's noses.

It wasn't only Tang Yin who smelled it. Almost all of the soldiers in the camp caught the smell, and they were all stunned.

Wei Dafu became lifeless as his hand grasping the ladle stiffened. The smell was indeed incredible and unbelievable.

"Captain Wei, what are you cooking? It smells really nice!"

Just when Wei Dafu was lost in his thoughts, Zhu Yue with a face full of smiles brought Tang Yin over. Zhu Yue was pretty satisfied with Wei Dafu's performance. It seemed Wei Dafu took out his specialty this time. He must have known that all the soldiers were in low-spirits! He's using delicious food to improve their vigor and morale... That is such a good idea, he's truly promising!

Why did Commander Zhu come over? Wei Dafu was startled when he saw that Zhu Yue was walking toward him. He had an awkward expression on his face as he hurriedly put out the thing in his hands. He quickly walked toward Commander Zhu.

"This isn't the source of the fragrance." Tang Yin shot a single look at Wei Dafu before completely ignoring him. Sniffing around, he continued to walk in the direction of the fragrance.

An awkward look flashed in Zhu Yue's eyes for a second. Following behind Tang Yin, he thought, "Isn't it Wei Dafu? Was there someone in the Cooks' Army Unit whose skill was superior to his?"

A resentful look appeared in Wei Dafu's face for a moment. It was definitely that kid again.

Tang Yin placed his hands behind his back and led the way. Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu were following behind him as they looked for the source of the amazing aroma.

After passing by several tents, their eyes brightened. It seemed as though they had finally found the source of that fragrant smell which filled the entire camp.

Their eyes were attracted by four big woks which were boiling above the flames. Their noses concentrated on the smell emitted by the pots and they realized that they had finally found the source of the smell.

"He's using four woks at the same time for cooking. Captain Wei, when did such an impressive cook appear here?" Zhu Yue exclaimed in admiration. He was cooking with four pots, and each pot's fragrance was this rich... Such skill was... truly indescribable.

"Senior, why don't we try some? This smell is truly mouth-watering."

Zhu Yue raised his head and said as he looked at Tang Yin. However... Zhu Yue's pupils immediately contracted when he realized that Tang Yin had a strange expression on his face.

Tang Yin wasn't looking at any of the four woks. He also seemed to be unattracted by the fragrance emitted by the dishes inside the pots. Instead, he was staring at the frail youth who was holding a ladle, while wandering between the four woks leisurely.

Chapter 294: Owner Bu, What a Coincidence

In Mo Luo City, there were several figures proudly standing above the tall city walls.

Hu Yifeng was wearing a scholarly white robe with his hair hanging loosely behind him. The remaining brothers of the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou were standing beside him.

"We, the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou, never once suffered a loss like this. If we ran away like cowards, we would be letting out dead brothers down." Hu Yifeng's eyes were bloodshot and his whole body emanated a vicious air. It was in complete contrast with the way he dressed up.

Only seven brothers remained from the past Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou. Five of them died on the battlefield, in the hands of King Yu's army.

"That black-robed expert in King Yu's army... Even if I have to exchange my life for his, I'll definitely drag him into the underworld together with me."

By his side, the other six of his brothers had aggrieved looks and they were extremely sad. The seventh master who had lost an arm stared at the imposing army rushing toward Mo Luo City. A trace of madness flashed in his eyes.

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Bu Fang didn't notice Tang Yin's arrival as he placed all of his attention on the four big woks. He appeared stable and steady while he held his ladle. Mixing the contents of the four woks, a sweet smell was continuously emitted from them.

"Owner Bu? Senior Bu?" Tang Yin's gaze was slightly dull and puzzled. He thought that he was hallucinating. How could Owner Bu appear in the lands to the northwest?

As he observed the calm appearance of Bu Fang, Tang Yin saw that the way he cooked seemed familiar. Tang Yin was able to verify that it was truly Bu Fang who was cooking. Owner Bu's actions were too prominent.

Commander Zhu Yue felt that Tang Yin's gaze was quite strange. Following his gaze, the former looked at the youth who was managing the four woks. Isn't he just a simple youth?

"Sir... He's called Bu Fang. He is a new cook here in the Cooks' Army." Wei Dafu slightly bowed down and hurriedly added, "This newcomer is arrogant and unyielding. Therefore, I made him process and cook with ordinary ingredients in order to polish his temper."

"Newcomer? It's normal for a newcomer to be slightly arrogant. However, it seems like this kid has the qualifications to be arrogant. His skill is... indisputable..." Zhu Yue nodded and sniffed the fragrance in the air. A look of appreciation appeared on his face.

When Tang Yin heard Wei Dafu's words, his expression changed. It became even stranger. Turning his head, he looked at Wei Dafu as he calmly said, "Arrogant and stubborn? Polish his temper?"

"Indeed... that is indeed the case." Wei Dafu was scared by Tang Yin's stare. In his fright, he stuttered as he replied.

Turning his head, Tang Yin's lips curled upwards into a cold smile. He straightened his clothes before walking solemnly toward Bu Fang.

Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu blankly looked at each other as a bad premonition emerged in Wei Dafu's mind. Could it be that this senior was acquainted with that kid? Was he a junior that the senior was acquainted with?

Wei Dafu's heart started thumping and a bitter expression appeared on his face.

The four woks were still boiling and the ingredients within them were churning. Streams of steam were emitted from the woks while they boiled.

Suddenly, Bu Fang lifted the ladle in his hand, pulling it out of the woks. Swinging the ladle in his hand, he covered all the pots with a lid. The lid sealed the pots and the fragrance together with it.

Only after he sealed the pots, Bu Fang raised his head to look at the three people who were walking toward him.

He recognized Wei Dafu and Zhu Yue. As for the person walking in front... He was one of Bu Fang's old acquaintances.

"Senior... What a coincidence."

Tang Yin walked toward Bu Fang and respectfully cupped his hands. He gave Bu Fang a respectful greeting. Tang Yin was always respectful toward Bu Fang. He knew that Bu Fang was too mysterious and there was no one able to truly understand him.

Sen..... Senior?

The moment Wei Dafu heard how Tang Yin addressed Bu Fang, his legs softened. He almost dropped straight to the ground as he thought, "What the hell? Why is a seventh grade Battle-Saint like you addressing a youth as 'senior'? Don't you know how to speak properly?"

Zhu Yue's mouth slightly widened and he was evidently shocked. Could it be that Tang Yin mistook this youth for another person? After all, this youth's cultivation didn't seem strong at all.

"Indeed, it is truly quite a coincidence. Why are you here? This is an army camp." Bu Fang looked at Tang Yin and calmly asked.

When Tang Yin heard him, the corners of his mouth slightly twitched. "I should be the one asking you this question. Why aren't you, a cook, staying peacefully in your own store? Just focus on cooking. What are you even doing in the army?"

"It's because of some compelling reasons that I had to come to the army. However, why are you, Owner Bu, in the army? Not to mention the fact that you specifically chose the Western Mystery City's army. They are located quite far from the Imperial Capital."

"I come to experience what it is like to be part of an army. It's also for me to gain more experience in cooking so that I can put more emotions into cooking my dishes," Bu Fang thoughtlessly replied.

The reason he gave was complete nonsense. In fact, Bu Fang was only doing this so that he could complete the mission and obtain the rewards.

However, Tang Yin didn't know this. When he heard Bu Fang's words, he felt a sudden increase in respect for Bu Fang. It emerged from the bottom of his heart. It wasn't surprising that Owner Bu's cooking skill reached such a realm. It seemed as though he was always challenging himself, and he was practicing. It was all to increase his cooking skill.

Working as a cook in a marching army was an extremely arduous task. Just to practice his cooking, Owner Bu didn't care about the hardships when he decided to join the Cooks' Army Unit in the Western Mystery Army. A person with such firmness and willpower was truly someone people from this generation should learn from.

As expected, no matter which profession, in order to have high achievements, an enormous effort was a must.

While the two of them were chatting amicably, Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu's expression became strange.

Zhu Yue was still fine as he only had slight doubts about the situation. However, Wei Dafu's complexion was deathly pale. There wasn't the slightest trace of blood on his face. Why would a cook... be this close to an aloof seventh grade Battle-Saint? Since you were already acquainted with such an expert, why would you join the Western Mystery Army? Was it to make fun of us?

"Owner Bu, What dish are you cooking? It smells really nice!" After chatting for a bit, Tang Yin's gaze fell on the four woks. A trace of excitement appeared in his eyes.

"It's nothing special, I only used ordinary ingredients to cook it," Bu Fang calmly said. "They were prepared for the soldiers."

After speaking about the dishes, Bu Fang lifted the lid on the woks. The aroma of the dishes immediately burst forth.

"Ordinary ingredients?" Tang Yin was stunned for a second. He immediately rushed to the side of the wok in order to take a look at its contents.

Although all of the many different types of ingredients in the wok possessed a bright luster, with a single look, anyone could tell that every single one of those ingredients was ordinary.

Although the Cooks' Army Unit used ordinary ingredients when they were cooking, they only used it on rare occasions. This was because ordinary ingredients were unable to maintain the soldiers'

peak condition. That was why most of the cooks used spirit energy ingredients when they were cooking.

Zhu Yue was standing behind Tang Yin. When he heard that the ingredients were truly ordinary ones, he narrowed his eyes as he glared at Wei Dafu. When his gaze reached Wei Dafu, he could see that Wei Dafu's expression was extremely ugly. Just from his expression Zhu Yue had a pretty good idea of what was going on.

"This dish is called the Four Treasures Broth and is made from all of the ingredients which I possess. As it was cooked using four woks and all of the essence of the ingredients were extracted, I named it the Four Treasures Broth." Bu Fang introduced the dish to him.

He took a bowl and scooped out soup from each of the four woks. When the different soup in each wok was poured into the bowl, they took a place in the bowl without fusing with each other.

"Have a taste." Bu Fang handed the bowl to Tang Yin as streams of churning steam emerged from the top of the bowl. The sweet smell was too tempting and Tang Yin received it unconsciously.

Tang Yin used a spoon and scooped up a mouthful of the soup.

After tasting it, Tang Yin stared at the bowl until his eyes became round. When the mouthful of soup touched his tongue, different flavors flooded his brain. The soup seemed as though it fused the flavor of countless ingredients. The flavor was constantly changing within his mouth, and the sensation was incomparably crisp.

"This is..... this is inconceivable! Ah! Is the soup really made from ordinary ingredients?" Tang Yin was unable to return to his senses for quite some time. The higher his cultivation, the more he understood the uniqueness of spiritual ingredients. The more precious the spiritual ingredients were, the richer the spiritual energy contained in them. When they were cooked, the flavor and smell of the dish would be extremely sweet and rich.

Bu Fang was actually able to use ordinary ingredients to cook a dish which was on par with those made from spiritual ingredients. Just as expected of the Imperial Capital's black-hearted store owner.

The system's solemn voice resounded in Bu Fang's mind. This Four Treasures Broth unexpectedly obtained the system's approval and became the first dish approved in the Cooks' Army.

Currently, he only had to make two other dishes which met the standards of the system in order to complete the mission. He was two dishes away from obtaining the fragment of the God of Cooking set.

Bu Fang immediately became happy and pleased.

Zhu Yue and Wei Dafu also scooped a part of the soup. After they drank it, they were unable to utter a word for quite some time. Zhu Yue was shocked speechless. As for Wei Dafu, he chose to stay taciturn.

Wei Dafu knew that he was mistaken, gravely mistaken. This Bu Fang's cooking skill already vastly surpassed his imagination. He was an existence which Wei Dafu could only look at from the back. This single dish in front of him, the Four Treasures Broth, was something he couldn't cook at all.

Although this Four Treasures Broth was made with only ordinary ingredients, he felt his condition quickly improving after drinking some of it. It was the same feeling he got when he ate spirit energy dishes.

Wei Dafu felt quite bitter.

"Good, good, good! Wei Dafu, ah Wei Dafu. Despite this young master's excellent skill, you tried to bury and waste his talent. It seems as though your eyesight has deteriorated. Since you like burying people so much, you shall swap position with this young master from now on. He shall be the captain of the Cook's Army."

Zhu Yue's complexion became stern as he laughed coldly.

Wei Dafu's body trembled and his face was filled with bitterness.

Tang Yin narrowed his eyes as he drank the soup which warmed his heart. When he drank it, he felt as though his injuries were slowly healing. He put all of his attention into the bowl of soup he was drinking and didn't even take a single look at Zhu Yue who was punishing Wei Dafu.

"There's no need, I don't have any interest in becoming the captain. I only need you to prepare spirit energy ingredients for me." Bu Fang interrupted Zhu Yue's words as he didn't have any interest in

becoming the captain of the Cooks' Army. The only thing he wanted to do was to continue preparing dishes so that he could quickly make dishes which were approved by the system.

Regardless of what Bu Fang said, Zhu Yue persisted in his decision. Wei Dafu was left in the ordinary ingredients cooking area.

Several cooks from the Cooks' Army lifted the four woks and left the place. They brought the soup to the soldiers' tent and quickly distributed the Four Treasures Broth.

.....

Mo Lin pulled the reins as he sat on the back of a spirit beast. There was a densely packed army behind him as he gazed in the direction of the Western Mystery Army's camp. A cold smile slowly appeared on his face.

A figure which was holding a talisman floated in mid-air and an array formed with talismans was revolving around its hand.

"The Western Mystery Army is there. Go on... Go and annihilate them. The seventh grade Battle-Saint who was assisting them is currently injured. He suffered grave injuries and this is a good opportunity to attack the Western Mystery Army. This is the best time to completely wipe them out. After this, we can focus on the fight at Mo Luo City. After we completely seize the city, we can start our assault on Western Mystery City."

The sleeves of the black-robed old man who was floating in the air fluttered along with the wind. He gave an imposing statement as he suggested for Mo Lin to attack the Western Mystery Army.

Mo Lin's eyes immediately brightened and he waved his long spear. With a loud roar, he commanded the army behind him as he rushed toward the Western Mystery Army's camp.

Chapter 295: As the Wind Rose, the Scent of Blood Permeated the Air

"How sweet! It's truly a delicacy!"

"It's pretty good, this dish is pretty good!"

"It's extremely delicious, I feel that my whole body is overflowing with strength after drinking it!"

...

After those soldiers drank the Four Treasures Broth which Bu Fang distributed, they were full of praise, for this dish made them experience what was a true delicacy.

Although Bu Fang only used ordinary ingredients which didn't contain the slightest trace of spiritual energy, since he used his special True Energy cooking technique, there was always a trace of his True Energy that would seep into and fuse with the dish.

This was the main reason his dishes were so delicious.

"Owner Bu is indeed Owner Bu. Your dishes are always popular," Tang Yin said with a smile. The appearance of Bu Fang in the army was quite an inconceivable matter, and he was hesitating about whether he should inform his master Ni Yan of this or not.

However after he carefully thought about it, he decided to wait until Bu Fang returned to the Western Mystery City before considering it.

This was a rare opportunity to drink a soup made by Bu Fang without having to pay a single crystal, so Tang Yin also joined the group of soldiers and drank several bowls of the soup.

However, just when they were enjoying the soup, sounds of war cries resounded from outside the camp and the sound of war bugles echoed through the whole camp.

Zhu Yue's complexion immediately changed, and he quickly drank the soup in one mouthful. He turned around and walked out toward the outside of the camp. The transmission of the war bugles meant the enemy had come to assault them.

The current Western Mystery Army was already compelled to leave Mo Luo City's range, but the enemy was still as aggressive as before. Zhu Yue's complexion became somewhat ugly as his face was full of anger.

Tang Yin urged Bu Fang to pay attention to his safety before he also turned around and left. Since the enemy came to assault them, the devil of the Shura Sect would definitely appear. That devil wanted to kill them all to turn them into spiritual essence and spirits of the formation by his hand.

Although there wasn't a large amount of Bu Fang's soup, at least several hundreds of soldiers had already drunk it. All of these people felt enlivened and full of energy. They waved their weapons as they rushed out of the camp, and their terrifyingly imposing manner caused the enemies which were rushing toward them to become stunned for a second.

The battle immediately erupted once more.

As the two armies collided, deafening war cries began resounding.

....

Inside the camp, Bu Fang already collected the empty four woks and was planning to return to his tent.

Wei Dafu and many cooks from the army were standing at a distant place as they stared at Bu Fang, all having a somewhat ugly complexion.

They didn't know how they should face Bu Fang. At first, they thought that he was only a newcomer who could be freely bullied. They didn't expect that this newcomer had such strong backing.

Wei Dafu didn't want to believe any of that, but the scene he'd witnessed earlier was already enough proof.

Moreover, Wei Dafu's fate had shifted from being the captain of the Cooks' Army Unit to the cook of the ordinary ingredients... This was truly more unbearable than directly killing him.

Woosh! Woosh!

The sound of pulling at two bowstrings resounded, and immediately after, two arrows as fast as lightning shot out from far away, piercing the heads of two guards of the Cooks' Army Unit.

Wei Dafu and the others stared at this until their eyes widened. They all raised their heads and looked at a distant place. The figures of dozens of spirit beasts were rushing toward them.

"They are the enemy troops!"

Wei Dafu and the others immediately started roaring. The position of the military's provisions was unexpectedly discovered by the enemies. They were already rushing toward them, a fact that showed how brutal this battle was!

Once their provisions were destroyed, the soldiers would lose their food supplies, an utter disaster for the Third Corps.

At this moment, the Cooks' Army Unit members were obliged to join the fight. The protection of the provisions was their responsibility, and as their hands could use knives to cut dishes, they could also be used to cut an enemy.

Although the enemy's forces weren't large, the personal strength of each soldier was formidable. They also rode spirit beasts, making the speed at which they were rushing at them extremely fast.

Woosh! Woosh!

Several arrows were shot from the enemies' longbows, and they quickly reached them, piercing several of the cooks and tightly nailing them on the ground.

Bu Fang's pupils contracted as he, for the first time, felt a cold killing intent enveloping him. This was a battlefield, a true battlefield where there was only "kill or be killed".

"Let's destroy the provisions! The general already gave the command. We won't let anyone from this Western Mystery Army return home alive!"

The enemy troops gave out deafening roars as their imposing manner almost made the cooks' knees shiver in despair. Although their number was equal to the enemy's, their prowess lacked much when compared to theirs.

The figure of Bu Fang who was carrying the four woks on his back shifted slightly as he dodged an arrow. His gaze became dignified as he stared at this group of enemies rushing toward them.

Whitey suddenly appeared at his side, and its mechanical eyes twinkled with a terrifying red glow.

Ding ding ding!

Several arrows pounded its body and produced a crisp sound before Whitey waved its hand and broke the arrows, sweeping them aside.

Facing such a scene, the enemies which were riding spirit beasts were stunned for a short while. They didn't expect that a metallic lump which appeared out of nowhere could block their arrows. However, they didn't care much about this.

As the sound of their horses' hooves resounded beneath them, two enemies rushed forward toward Whitey and Bu Fang, each wielding a lance. Since arrows weren't able to pierce it, then they would use lances. No matter what, all who prevented them from destroying the provisions would die.

Their objective was destroying the Western Mystery Army's provisions, ensuring their enemy's soldiers would starve there.

Their squadron was formed from the most capable of Mo Lin's subordinates. Each of them had quite a strong cultivation level. Mo Lin sent them there to prevent any mishap from happening.

"Sensing a killing intent... Initiating Extermination Mode."

Whitey muttered as its red eyes changed into a deep purple color. Such a profound purple seemed like it was able to wrestle one's very soul.

Both fourth-grade Battle-Spirit riding the swift spiritual beasts were relentlessly wielding their lances as they rushed toward Whitey and Bu Fang.

In the instant that the Purple-Eye Mode was activated, Whitey's entire aura changed, and its figure instantly rushed out, blocking Bu Fang's front while raising its hand. It unexpectedly tried to grab the lances which had been rushing at them.

"You are seeking death!!"

The enemies stared at it as they thrust their lances toward Whitey.

However, Whitey's palm stubbornly grabbed the lances, and as sparks flew around, the two people atop the spiritual beasts were pushed out off their mount's backs.

A purple light flickered in Whitey's eyes as its hand which held the lances' tips slightly shook. Swinging them, it firmly swatted the two spirit horses into the ground, stopping their charge.

Those spiritual horses were only second-grade spiritual beasts, so how could they bear such a strike. They immediately fell to the ground and spurted blood, gasping for breath.

The two enemies were also swept by the lance, and after this, Whitey leisurely threw the lances at them, directedly piercing both of them and nailing them on the ground as their blood started flowing out.

This scene was extremely shocking, and no matter if it was the enemies or the cooks, they all became dumbfounded while witnessing such a scene.

Wei Dafu was even more so as he directly fell to the ground with his mouth trembling...

This scene was truly too terrifying. Those two enemies who were nailed to the ground with eyes opened wide were full of resentment.

The clothes-stripping crazy demon was... unexpectedly that powerful.

Its foes were a rushing cavalry duo, yet it was unexpectedly able to drag them down. Their spiritual horses were thrashed to death, and their riders killed by nailing them into the ground.

There was such an unexpectedly fearful existence beside Bu Fang, yet they all still foolishly went to him looking for trouble.

When they recalled how Whitey stripped their clothes, they couldn't help rejoicing. In light of that metallic lump's strength, it would be easy for it to kill them all if it had wanted.

Bu Fang, who was carrying the four woks on his back, calmly took a look at the enemies nailed to the ground. Seeing Wei Dafu and the others who weren't far away and holding onto lances while preparing to risk their lives fighting the enemy, he indifferently turned back and continued walking.

That small squad of the enemy was angered, and the enemy roared as they rushed at Whitey. They were one of the strongest squads of Mo Lin and they unexpectedly ended up losing some of their soldiers with this mission.

A purple light flickered in Whitey's eyes as its arm quickly changed into a machete.

As this group of dozens of peoples rushed at it and tried to surround Whitey, it also ferociously rushed toward them.

Following that... the cooks from the Cooks' Army Unit witnessed a scene which would be impossible for them to forget in their entire lives.

Those enemies which pressured them to the point where it was difficult for them to even gasp for breath were easily killed by the metallic lump. Their blood splattered everywhere as the puppet took out one of them with each swing of its arm, and in just a short while, this group of enemies was completely annihilated by the metallic lump. During the whole process, they hadn't been capable of any retaliation.

Whitey's pure shiny body stood up among this group of corpses. All of the blood which had splattered onto its body was automatically processed, keeping the metal completely and spotlessly clean.

The purple glow in its eyes slightly flickered before it transformed back into a red glow. Whitey's mechanical head turned around as it swept the terrified Cooks' Army Unit members before it followed after Bu Fang, who continued to carry the four woks.

As the wind rose, it swept away the bloody smell reeking from the ground. Wei Dafu felt that the fact that he was able to live until now was... simply a miracle.

Chapter 296: Are You The Principal Conspirator?

Angry roars filled the campsite as flames shot to the sky. The sound of arrows being plucked was comparable to hearts being ripped apart, sending goosebumps down one's body.

Mo Lin led his storm of troops into the enemy's campsite. The way he flicked his long spear, sending blood everywhere, made him look invincible.

Zhu Yue charged in, seeking to resist Mo Lin. Finally, the great generals of the two armies have clashed in a battle to the death. Both were courageous and spirited as they swooped in with bloodshot eyes.

In the sky, a black-gowned warrior from the Shura Sect levitated in the air. In his hand were five spinning talismans. These jade runes emitted an eerie beam as if releasing its extraordinary power of suction to absorb the phantom spirits and spiritual essences of the dead corpses from down below.

The bodies of piles of dead soldiers had yet to turn cold before their wailing spiritual essence was forcibly dragged out and sucked in by the magic arrays of the talismans.

The black-gowned man had elation written in his eyes, and even the muscles on his face ticked excitedly.

With the flash of a sword, Tang Yin charged out of the campsite. His target was the Shura Sect warrior controlling the magic array.

That warrior suddenly bellowed, prompting a pitch black wave of true energy to fluctuate and smack back at Tang Yin's sword. This palm made of force was formidable, bringing with it a terrifying pressure as it came crashing down.

Tang Yin's complexion became all the more somber. In the present moment, his body was still recovering from heavy injuries. In the face of this strike, he had to bear a tremendous amount of pressure.

The battle up in the sky did not alleviate the situation on the battleground below. The two armies continued the bitter battle, staining the soil with blood.

...

After catching a breath, Wei Dafu felt his body turn ice cold. He wasn't alone in this since everyone else in the Cooks' Army Unit sat there with trembling bodies, nobody daring to make a noise.

The ground, covered with dead bodies, reflected in their eyes like a horrible nightmare. Though these were all the corpses of their enemies, they simply couldn't erase the earlier scene from their minds.

That metallic lump... turned out to be so powerful. In fact, so powerful they found it hard to breathe.

However, even though they were shocked and pale with fear, they secretly sighed in relief. That they had managed to save their provisions gave them great hope.

Wei Dafu and the others stood up, ready to handle the shipment of their remaining supplies.

However, just as they pushed away a cart of provisions, the earth began to shake violently. The sound of hooves hitting the ground traveled into their ears. Another group of men charging forth came into view.

"Enemies!!"

Those from the Cooks' Army Unit bawled as they began to fish out their weapons. Some couldn't locate their usual blades and instead clutched kitchen knives in their hands, but still managing to instill an imposing manner.

This time there were only three adversaries. All three were dressed in black and emanated sinister levels of energy. Their brows were furrowed into frowns when they observed the heaps of dead bodies on the ground.

"There appears to be a warrior safeguarding the army provisions... I was wondering why the special task force took such a long time. I guess they met a match!"

A black-gowned warrior sneered coldly and shot a glance at the corpses on the ground before studying the Cooks' Army Unit. His face instantly darkened.

"But you are all going to die!"

This black-gowned man widened his eyes. As the tip of his feet touched the floor, he leaped off his horse and extended a claw of dark-toned true energy. This surge of true energy directly pierced through the bodies of numerous soldiers, killing them instantly.

The three were all warriors of the Shura Sect with the cultivation of fifth grade Battle-Kings. The slaughtering of the Cooks' Army Unit was as easy for them as a wolf storming through a pack of sheep.

Long Cai turned around in terror. In the face of such three demons, he simply couldn't muster up the courage and instead got ready to escape.

Wei Dafu had the same thing on his mind as he struggled to flee for his life... His main concern was protecting the army provisions, yet these three presented too much of a challenge. This was a clear case of a willing spirit paired with a weak, helpless body.

"Thinking of taking off?"

A black-gowned man smiled cruelly before charging straight for Long Cai. His bloody hands clawed at Long Cai's heart.

Long Cai's young face was filled with horror, his entire body stiffening at the adversary's strong killing intent.

Right before the blood-dripping hands were about to pierce through Long Cai's body, a cool voice rang amidst the howling winds.

"You can't kill him."

The voice was so calm that it contained no trace of emotion. A black frying pan spun in the air, hurled straight at the black-gowned man.

"What the hell?!" The black-gowned man squinted his eyes only to see a flying pan, which unexpectedly gave him a fright.

The man in black was furious as he clawed the pan, intending to smash it into smithereens. Yet, just as his monstrous claw collided with the pan, he was sent flying backwards by a terrifying force of energy.

The black pan also exploded the air.

Bu Fang sauntered in from afar, accompanied by Whitey.

With each and every step, Whitey's eyes flickered a deeper shade of purple...

"Looks like you are the hidden warrior... who killed our entire special task force! You've got quite the guts!" The black-gowned men sneered as all three gathered together to study Bu Fang.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's chubby belly as his lips suddenly curled. He couldn't be bothered to waste his breath on this crowd.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three surging waves of true energy spread outwards. The auras on these three men had already reached the level of fifth grade Battle-King. Within the army, a Battle-King was powerful enough to lead as a general.

No wonder the entire Cooks' Army Unit was no match to these three.

A purple beam of light glowered, flaring in a way that stumped the three figures. Afterwards, they sensed a chilled breeze as the flash of a figure suddenly charged toward them.

It was the metallic lump of a puppet beside the young lad!

How dare he send a puppet to tackle them? Was he looking down on them?

Bu Fang held his hands behind his back and watched the battle silently with an unflustered face. With Whitey stepping in, he was reassured.

The brutality of war exceeded his expectations. It was as if one's life had become so petty and meaningless in this series of battles.

Mess cooks discussing gourmet delicacies with him a second earlier were now chilled corpses. The thought of this made him sigh with sadness.

"Exterminate all." Bu Fang emitted a light breath, its eyes dimming.

Whitey's figure froze and then launched forward ferociously like a thunderstorm. Its punches rained down with a force that could break mountains, sending one of the men in black into the sky. The pummel left a deep indent in his chest. It dawned on him that he had no capacity to strike back.

Spat! A mouthful of blood sprayed out. The warrior was knocked onto the ground and simply couldn't muster the energy to stand up again.

With a palm transforming into a sharp blade, Whitey stomped its feet. Then, it dashed forward once again at the speed of lightning.

The blade was too fierce to withstand for the remaining two that have already turned pale with fright. In the blink of an eye, they were thrashed into the air. Both were severely wounded with deep gashes across their stomachs, out of which gushed a river of blood.

Before Whitey, the three Battle-King warriors did not have the strength to defend themselves.

Bang!!

After thrusting three punches, one for each adversary, Whitey restored its usual red-eyed state and returned to Bu Fang's side.

"A pleasant army chef training session completely spoiled. How infuriating." Bu Fang scratched his head and drew in a deep breath as he mumbled.

Afterwards, his eyes flashed a fierce look before he wandered away with Whitey by his side.

He was headed for a direction erupting with deafening roars.

Long Cai and Wei Dafu gaped with widened eyes as they shuddered in a remote corner, holding in their breaths.

Those three fearsome cultivators were completely powerless... against the metallic lump. The clear winner of the battle emerged within a matter of seconds. Just how forbidding was this metal puppet?

Long Cai trembled as he picked himself up from the floor. This time, he summoned up the courage to chase after Bu Fang, his figure disappearing in the direction where Bu Fang took off.

...

Tang Yin spat out a mouthful of blood. His complexion was turning somewhat sallow...

A Shura Sect warrior hovered majestically in the air, extending one hand to suppress Tang Yin. The latter did not make a worthy opponent.

After all, he had just recently reached the seventh grade Battle-Saint echelon and simply couldn't rival a veteran Battle-Saint.

The worst was the adversary's black-toned true energy, which brought with it a corroding sense of pressure. This tactic forced him to summon shields of true energy in resistance, without which his flesh would be easily corroded.

As time went on, his strength was waning by the minute.

"Who would have thought that the Celestial Arcanum Sect would send a piece of trash like you... surely the Celestial Arcanum Sect doesn't think our Shura Sect has nobody left?" With a smack, the warrior swatted away Tang Yin's sword and laughed contemptuously.

Afterward, he twirled his hands. A blood-colored longsword crystallized.

With a slash, the bloody vigor of sword leaped out and charged toward Tang Yin. This time, it went for the final kill.

This Shura Sect warrior was very much elated. Tang Yin was a seventh grade Battle-Saint. Though he had only recently reached his breakthrough, his spiritual essence must still be rather rich. This meant that his spiritual essence alone was equivalent to that of tens of soldiers.

If he could collect this spiritual essence, his trip this time would be considered a success. In fact, he would even surpass the task that the High Priest assigned him.

As the sword sliced down, blood splattered everywhere.

Tang Yin's pupils shrank. He was sent sprawling on the ground, which shook violently beneath his body.

Cough Cough...

As he spat out another mouthful of blood, Tang Yin got up to his feet with an incredibly pale face. He felt he was about to meet his maker right there, right now... He was simply no match for the Shura Sect beast!

"So, are you the principal conspirator who ruined my army training?"

A calm voice rang in the air. From a distance, the shadows of two figures sauntered in from the ghastly bloodshed.

Tang Yin was dumbfounded as he twisted his head, and his pupils shrank.

"Senior... Senior Bu!" A sense of excitement flashed across Tang Yin's face. He had forgotten all about the formidable existence known as Bu Fang.

He had heard all about the battle in the Imperial City. That incident inadvertently spread the fame of Bu Fang's store. Countless warriors perished and turned into dry bones in that battle!

Supporting five rotating jade runes with a single hand, the Shura Sect warrior tilted his heads and observed Bu Fang and Whitey. He narrowed his eyes.

"Who the hell are you? Another idiot seeking his doom? A trifling sixth grade Battle-Emperor... yet so reckless and bold."

As a veteran seventh grade Battle-Saint, this Shura Sect warrior naturally had a discerning eye. Though Bu Fang's cultivation level was not conspicuous, he still easily detected his capabilities.

As for the metallic lump of a puppet, since there was zilch true energy fluctuations on its figure, he didn't bother with it.

A seventh grade Battle-Saint in addition to a sixth grade Battle-Emperor?

The Shura Sect warrior twitched the corners of his mouth, "Another one to volunteer his spiritual essence. It looks like I'll be reaping quite a gain this time!"

Chapter 297: My Dear, Bite Him to Death!

Inside the Western Mystery City, the city lord Kong Yao walked behind a tall, slender lady in a deferential manner. By his side was his eldest son, Kong Xuan, whose face displayed not only respect but also an affection that was hard to conceal.

Kong Xuan felt a fire burning inside his heart. His entire body shivered when he peered at the lady before him. He had never seen such a beautiful woman, one who could make him fall in love at first glance.

The Third Master of the Celestial Arcanum Sect, Ni Yan, was said to be an eighth grade War-God, with an outstanding cultivation level and an incredibly beautiful face. Every part of her body exhibited an irresistible charm, utterly captivating to Kong Xuan.

Ni Yan sauntered on the city walls with hands behind her back. Her black hair hung loose, rippling like a small cascade. She lifted her head up, with a rosiness flushing beneath her fair skin, and gazed into the dark sky far away.

"You only sent the Third Corp to support Mo Luo City?" Ni Yan asked calmly, though her voice was somewhat cold.

"Elder Ni, you must not look down on the Third Corp. Though it is the weakest troop of the Western Mystery Army, it is still comparable to the most elite force of an average city's army. It is qualified enough to serve as Mo Luo City's reinforcement," Kong Xuan replied self-assuredly.

Kong Yao also stroke his own beard and smiled. He trusted his son's confidence. As the lord of the Western Mystery City in charge of the northwest region for so many years, he seldom came across anything that could endanger the Western Mystery City. Therefore, he was always rather carefree.

Ni Yan knitted her eyebrows into a frown, peering at the handsome, assertive Kong Xuan coolly before asking, "What if the Third Corp fails this task and is exterminated?"

"Impossible..." Kong Xuan muttered.

"Humph... If Mo Luo City is conquered, it means the Western Mystery City loses a vital backbone and will be completely enclosed by enemy forces. I don't know what kind of trump card you've got up your sleeves. I've come to provide my assistance in preventing those Shura Sect demons from slaughtering without restraint. As for the survival of the Western Mystery City... that is none of my business."

Ni Yan smirked coldly. She was in a rather bad mood at this moment. She shot another glance at the father and son and uttered those words before turning around to leave.

Kong Yao and Kong Xuan felt their bodies stiffen as they exchanged looks.

"Father... perhaps we should also send in the First Corp. Elder Ni's words make much sense." Kong Xuan suggested after giving it another thought.

"You can make the decision on this issue." Kong Yao brushed his beard and chuckled.

...

"A mere sixth-grade Battle-Emperor... What rights do you have to be so audacious." The Shura Sect warrior hovered in the air, holding the Five Branches Talisman in his hand. The magic array continued to spin as wailing spiritual essences continued to be sucked into it.

This magic array looked monstrous. Bu Fang studied it and furrowed his brows.

"Senior Bu, this is the demon of the Shura Sect... he has an extremely high cultivation level. They are the ones who stirred up the war in the Light Wind Empire and have forcibly taken countless spiritual essences. I'll say they are up to no good, we must stop him!" Tang Yin covered his chest with one hand, blood still trickling along the corners of his mouth, as he remarked.

"The Shura Sect?" Bu Fang narrowed his eyes. Another new sect he had never heard of, but he considered it none of his business.

"A noisy bunch! Our Shura Sect will be resurrected very soon. Whoever stands in the way of the Shura Sect's resurgence will be eliminated!" The warrior bellowed loudly as the force of energy enveloping him became even stronger. Rays of light seemed to be glistening in his eyes.

As the wind howled ferociously, the Shura Sect warrior suddenly appeared right before Bu Fang. His palm, wrapped by waves of pitch-black true energy and glowing in a blood-red tone, smacked right down at Bu Fang.

He simply could not take a sixth grade Battle-Emperor seriously. However, the spiritual essence of a sixth grade Battle-Emperor sure would be a nice addition!

He did not even for a second consider the possibility of Bu Fang surviving this strike. The force of his attack was unbearable to a mere sixth grade Battle-Emperor. Besides, the seventh grade Battle-Saint from the Celestial Arcanum Sect had already been badly injured. He, too, couldn't possibly block his claws.

Thus... from his perspective, Bu Fang was already a dead body!

Bang!!

A giant iron palm suddenly appeared before him and intercepted the punch. That bloody claw collided with the steel palm and made a loud clang.

The face of the Shura Sect warrior instantly froze, his body suddenly staggering backward.

Ferocious waves of true energy surged out, sweeping up a cloud of dust.

Bu Fang stood there with a calm composure as he observed the recoiling Shura Sect warrior.

Whitey's robotic eyes began to flash a dark purple light, which meant that it had switched to the purple-eye mode once again.

Tang Yin peered at Whitey's figure and suddenly felt hope stirring in his heart. He knew Whitey was very strong and that even an eighth grade War-God couldn't match Whitey. With Whitey's help... everything should turn out just fine!

Bang!!

Whitey said nothing and directly dashed out at a lightning speed. It leaped up high in the air and charged at the Shura Sect warrior with a formidable force of pressure.

"What?!" The Shura Sect warrior was shocked to the core. He didn't expect this lump of metal to be capable of blocking his strike.

"I see, you've got a reason to be so brazen!" After a cold sneer, the Shura Sect warrior widened his blood-shot eyes. Then, he clenched a fist, summoning tempestuous, pitch-black waves of true energy to condense into a giant ball of energy.

The energy ball was ferociously hurled at Whitey.

An ear-splitting bang echoed as the sky lit up. Explosions in the air were followed by the scattering of numerous waves of energy.

High up in the sky, a huge energy ball wrapped around Whitey's body. Traces of blood-red flashed across the dark ball. Its energy had corrosive effects, almost as if it would slowly consume Whitey's entire figure.

Tang Yin's body trembled as anxiety smeared across his face. The techniques of the Shura Sect monsters were all extremely malicious. That their true energy contained corrosive effects was truly abhorrent and repulsive.

He didn't know whether Whitey could survive that.

He twisted his head and shot Bu Fang a glance, only to find no trace of fret across Bu Fang's face. Instead, his eyes were as indifferent as usual as he peered at the Shura Sect warrior as if he were looking at a dead person.

The Shura Sect warrior watched as the giant energy ball engulfed Whitey, and instantly burst into laughter!

However, not before long his snigger came to an abrupt halt. Right before his eyes, the energy ball was suddenly ripped open as a white, chubby figure sprang out of it.

Whitey's entire body shone beautifully, not a scratch to be found. It was evident that the corrosive true energy had no effect on it whatsoever!

"What..." The Shura Sect warrior felt his heart sunk. Then, right under his gaze, Whitey charged in with a fist.

Bang!

Its tremendous force completely exceeded his expectations, as Whitey's punch directly sent him sprawling on the floor. The Talisman Array also slipped out of his hands and floated in the air by itself.

Whitey landed on the ground with a loud thud. Its purple eyes became more forbidding as they flickered, prompting the soldiers nearby to consciously back off.

Both parties of the war suddenly halted, ceasing fire. Everyone retreated and fixed their gazes on the new battle.

Both Mo Lin and Zhu Yue knew very well that this battle was the critical tie-breaker. If the Shura Sect warrior won, then the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army would definitely meet its unfortunate end. However, if the lump of metal triumphed, then there would be a ray of hope for them.

A booming crack erupted through crushed stones, from which the Shura Sect warrior emerged. The black robe on him was ripped and ragged, exposing the vein-popping muscles on his burly body.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flashed purple. Its hands turned into blades as its figure darted out once again, slashing downwards.

The Shura Sect warrior roared angrily. A long spear materialized in his hands as he struck back at Whitey.

His heart was burning with furious flames, determined to smash this metallic lump into smithereens. Yet he found out soon enough... that he was absolutely no match to this puppet!

The puppet was terribly strong, with each and every one of its smack sending him stumbling backward. After several rounds, his blistered hands were badly torn and blood splattered everywhere.

Another swoosh of the blade aimed at him. He felt a chill down his heart, as this slash almost cut him in half. The Shura Sect warrior's pupils shrank as a trace of terror flashed across his eyes.

Having barely escaped the puppet's blade for a few more times, he was forced to acknowledge the gap in power between him and Whitey. Realizing this, his heart sunk.

He flickered a glance at Bu Fang, who was watching him calmly, and then twisted the corners of his mouth. A fiendish expression crept onto his face.

"This is just a puppet! In that case, it must be operated by someone. Let's find out if the puppet can still hurt me if I slaughter its operator first!"

The Shura Sect warrior waved his hands and a black beam of light instantly surged out of his palms and rapidly expanded in size.

Boom!!

With a loud bang, a giant black iguana landed on the floor. Its eyes rolled as its body burst with a murderous killer instinct. It moved its four limbs swiftly, rapidly charging towards Bu Fang with a snarl.

It stretched open its bloody mouth, emitting an unbearably foul stench. Its sharp teeth sparkled under the glamorous sunshine.

This turned out to be a seventh grade spirit beast!

Tang Yin's face immediately darkened. Given his current injuries, how could he withstand this gigantic iguana!

Whitey wanted badly to help but was seriously preoccupied with the Shura Sect warrior, who went as far as enduring Whitey's bloody slashes just to tie his opponent down.

He howled with laughter as his eyes burned with fervor!

"My dear! Bite this guy to death! I'll give you an extra special serving of meal later! Hahaha!!!"

This was a spirit beast he had raised himself, one with a strong cultivation level. He was sure that Bu Fang, a mere sixth grade Battle-Emperor, would be instantly gulped down with one swallow...

He had been suppressing the urges to release this gigantic iguana, mainly to avoid drawing attention from the Celestial Arcanum Sect warriors. This was because once the iguana was set loose, it could easily annihilate...an entire city! Something this flashy... would be disapproved by the High Priest!

The scales covering the gigantic iguana's body were glistening. Its body twisted as its four claws swayed rapidly, scraping the floor with loud taps...

Behind Bu Fang, Zhu Yue's soldiers blanched as the blood drained from their faces. Such monstrous creatures only existed in their worst nightmares!

The pungent reek caused Bu Fang to knit his brows into a frown. He pursed his lips in disgust.

A wisp of smoke twirled around his hand and a pitch-black kitchen knife immediately emerged in his palm.

A kitchen knife?!

A trace of disdain flashed across the Shura Sect warrior's eyes. What good would a cooking tool do?!

Roar!!

After an ear-splitting howl, that gigantic iguana had already swallowed Bu Fang into its mouth.

Chapter 298: The Supreme Will of Sword

"He's... been swallowed?"

From afar, Zhu Yue felt his pupils shrink and a chill shot down his spines. The formidable force of energy emitted by the gigantic iguana made his entire body tremble.

He was the general of the Third Corp, but his cultivation was merely at sixth grade Battle-Emperor. Which meant he was the same as Bu Fang, who he had just witnessed being swallowed by that beast.

"Senior Bu!" Tang Yin's heart also quivered as he rushed forward with a shout. He swirled the sword in his hand, slashing it to send his will of sword towards the gigantic iguana.

However, the gigantic iguana rolled its eyes, swaying its tail like a steel bludgeon, and simply swept away the incoming will of sword.

The Shura Sect warrior immediately burst out into laughter as a look of delight surfaced in his eyes!

Though this puppet was currently kicking his ass and leaving bloody gashes left and right on his body... he was assured that he would easily subdue this metallic lump shortly.

This was because once a puppet lost its master, it would merely regress into scraps of iron waste.

Bang!!

The Shura Sect warrior was slashed by Whitey's blade once more. As blood spurted everywhere, he was sent crashing into the floor, causing the pavement to tremble violently.

"Damn it! Why don't you freaking come at me again!"

The Shura Sect warrior struggled to get to his feet, a sense of madness flickering in his eyes, "Damned lump of iron, just you try to finish me off!!"

Whitey's purple eyes glistened and it suddenly stopped in its tracks.

Tang Yin's pupils shrank, as did Zhu Yue's. Mo Lin, on the other hand, howled with laughter excitedly.

This puppet finally froze!

The Shura Sect warrior threw back his head and laughed sardonically, his hair loose and disheveled, his eyes full of spite. He brandished his long spear, stamped it on the ground and sprinted toward Whitey, ready to pierce through this lump of iron.

He was determined to puncture this lump of iron so many times that it would look like a hornet's nest.

He condensed the spirit energy on his spear, holding back nothing.

Unable to strike back at Whitey earlier, he felt extremely aggrieved. He was a Battle-Saint at the end of the day, and had never felt so powerless before!

He was about to throw all of the humiliation he had suffered earlier back into the face of this metallic lump!

With Bu Fang already swallowed by the gigantic iguana, he was not worried about Whitey striking back. The Shura Sect was located far beyond the southern region and possessed countless records of secret documents, many of which were on such puppets.

There was a powerful sect in the continent called the Puppet Sect. Everyone in that sect possessed several puppets, all of which had impressive combat capabilities. However, once the puppets' master was killed, they would immediately lose all their battling abilities, until they were somehow retuned.

This iron-made puppet before him was very powerful, which meant that the pale-faced young man very likely belonged to the Puppet Sect. Hence, everything should be under control once again now that he had slaughtered the master!

His howling laughter was accompanied by gusts of wind whistling in the air. He thrust his spear forward forcefully, almost digging a deep hole in the air.

Zhu Yue fell into a deep despair as Tang Yin's face paled. Was Senior Bu... truly devoured by this gigantic iguana?

Was the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army about to perish right here, right now?

Swoosh!!!

Just as the Shura Sect warrior's spear was about to hit Whitey's body, the purpleness in Whitey's eyes suddenly lit up. That beam of light burst out like the rosy evening clouds, almost blinding the Shura Sect warrior's eyes.

What the hell?!

A blade swooshed down in a whistle as the Shura Sect warrior suddenly felt a searing pain. His body had been effectively cut into half by this strike.

The long spear dropped down helplessly as his entire figure was violently smashed onto the ground.

"How is this possible?! Why can this puppet still move?!"

Both madness and bewilderment filled the Shura Sect warrior's eyes.

He lifted his head only to see Whitey waving its blades and charging straight at him.

In the distance, the tongue-thrusting gigantic iguana suddenly widened its eyes and opened its mouth wide. A dazzling golden blade glistened in the air as the iguana's jaw instantly exploded.

Blood splattered everywhere as the gigantic iguana shrieked miserably.

The shadow of a figure suddenly emerged from the rising fog of blood.

A slender figure, carrying a large kitchen knife, gradually came into view.

Waves of true energy whirled as gusts of wind brushed past, blowing away the hazy mist of blood. Alas, the face belonging to the slim figure was exposed.

Bu Fang, with a calm composure, held his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in one hand. The knife was glittering in a resplendent golden sheen of light, utterly dazzling.

He waved the knife, bringing about a giant pressure, which shocked Mo Lin and Zhu Yue, causing their hearts to shudder.

The iguana, with shattered jaws, lay flat on the ground. With shrunken pupils, it eyed Bu Fang with the utmost terror.

The pressure from such a superior being had completely dissolved its will to resist.

"What's going on? My dear! Stand up and bite him to death! Don't just lie there! Bite him!"

The Shura Sect warrior widened his eyes. He covered his wounded shoulder with a hand and bellowed in rage.

Upon hearing those words, Bu Fang was dumbstruck. He lifted up the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and twisted his head towards the Shura Sect warrior.

"You ordered this beast to bite me? A creature like this... dares to bite me?" Bu Fang uttered calmly. His voice was not loud but his words were clearly articulated so that they traveled into the Shura Sect warrior's ears.

His eyes dimmed as he saw the golden kitchen knife in Bu Fang's hand rise to the air. The giant knife swirled in the young man's hands, as if a magician's trick, and then...

Swoosh!!

Slashing down at a speed nearly invisible to the naked eye, the golden knife gave off a dazzling shine, one so lustrous that it jolted everyone's heart.

Amidst a wretched wail... Bu Fang had already dissected the gigantic iguana alive, stripping off even its skin.

Given his extremely proficient Meteor Cutting Technique, it was way too easy a task to cut through a large iguana.

"A seventh grade spirit beast, nice. It looks like the critical ingredient for the next dish is set."

Bu Fang's hands slightly trembled as the giant Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife gradually lost its golden sheen. It transformed back into a wisp of smoke and evaporated in Bu Fang's hands.

Peering at the soon-to-be ingredient that was the gigantic iguana, Bu Fang curled the corners of his mouth. He was just fretting over what to cook for the next dish, and here was a god-sent ingredient—a seventh grade spirit beast. The second dish to be deemed satisfactory by the system was due soon.

The Shura Sect warrior felt his entire body stiffen, his eyeballs almost popping out of his eye sockets. That was his precious baby... now merely a plate of ingredients to Bu Fang. His rage swelled up in his heart as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

He had personally raised up that gigantic iguana and saw it as his best buddy, his precious baby... but now it has been slaughtered and would soon appear on someone's dinner table.

"Unforgivable! You are a dead man!" The Shura Sect warrior, with his bloodshot eyes, picked himself up from the floor and glowered at Bu Fang ferociously.

Yet just as he was back on his feet, a cold blade flashed by and directly sliced him in half. Both halves of his body were tossed into the sky and then plummeted onto the ground.

Blood gushed out like a fountain. A loathsome look lingered in his eyes even to the very last moment.

Buzz...

The magic array formed by the five talismans suddenly began to shake in the sky. Afterward, white threads of spiritual essence were forcibly pulled out of the Shura Sect warrior's dead body. His phantom spirit fought to escape with a terrified look across its face, but such a struggle was purely in vain.

Alas, the shrieking spiritual essence of the Shura Sect warrior was also absorbed by the talisman magic array.

The pieces of talisman glistened, still glossy as ever. They suddenly trembled in the air, as if being dragged toward something, and quickly glided away.

Tang Yin's face changed as he pulled out his sword, muttering incantations. Then, he leaped onto his sword and sped toward the talisman.

That magic array contained at least tens of thousands of spiritual essences. Once retrieved by the Shura Sect, the consequences would be beyond imagination.

Tang Yin was determined to destroy this magic array and sent a chilled sword beam toward it.

Nonetheless... another sword beam suddenly burst forth from the magic array, one bloodthirsty and deadly.

Tang Yin's body came to a sudden halt. Without warning, his sword beam was smashed into pieces under the powerful will imbued in the enemy beam.

That sword beam continued to advance. It spanned a long stripe in the sky as if setting out to eliminate Tang Yin as well.

Whitey abruptly leaped high into the air. It hauled Tang Yin back onto the ground with one palm and effectively blocked the sword beam with the other fist.

With a loud bang, numerous beams and its mighty will shattered and spread in multiple directions.

Whitey's body fell down from the sky, crashing and leaving a huge deep hole in the ground...

Tang Yin struggled to his feet. He peered at the fading Talisman Magic Array with a lingering trace of fear in his heart. Blood continued to trickle down from the corners of his mouth.

"That... that was the Supreme Will of Sword! This magic array is actually guarded by the Supreme Will of Sword! As I suspected... the Shura Sect certainly cherishes this magic array! What on earth is this magic array for?!" Tang Yin's lips quivered. His four limbs, down to every piece of bone in his body, shivered.

Barely escaping death from the Supreme Will of Sword, he was still in a state of shock.

Bu Fang's expression was also somewhat solemn. Yet he was neither concerned with the Supreme Will of Sword nor the disappearing magic array.

Instead, he came to the deep hole where Whitey fell. Whitey was just crawling out of the pit.

The corners of Bu Fang's eyes twitched as he discovered a frightening scar on Whitey's body.

After all, this was just a duplication of Whitey. If the real Whitey were there, this Supreme Will of Sword would be nothing compared to it.

Patting Whitey's chubby belly, Bu Fang sighed in relief.

The purple sheen in Whitey's eyes had already dispersed, returning to its usual rosy red shade. It raised up a hand and rubbed its head. The scar on its belly had already recovered at a speed noticeable to the naked eye.

Everyone nearby was simply dumbfounded by the sight. Mo Lin was the first one who snapped back.

The Shura Sect warrior had been defeated!

The gaze Mo Lin cast at Bu Fang was filled with terror. This fellow...

"Everyone listen up! Retreat immediately!!"

Mo Lin shouted out before riding away on his spirit horse. Without a second of hesitation, he sprinted off. His troops followed along.

The morale of Zhu Yue's troop instantly boosted. The soldiers chased after the enemies with ear-splitting bellows.

In that very moment, the battle had become rather lopsided. Yet Zhu Yue's army could only chase after them to intimidate Mo Lin. It was impossible to truly exterminate the opposing force.

...

Outside Mo Luo City.

A sudden light flashed by and slipped into a tall tent.

Inside the tent, another warrior wrapped in a black gown immediately fluttered open his eyes. He raised up a hand and tugged at the Talisman Magic Array floating before him. Seeing how cracks were spread over the five pieces of jade talisman, the black-robed man narrowed his eyes.

"This magic array is supposed to be controlled by Nu'Er. Why has it come to me? Besides... it looks like the Supreme Will of Sword bestowed upon it by the High Priest is shattered. From the looks of it, Nu'Er is most likely doomed." This man in black drew in a deep breath. An obscure look clouded his eyes.

"Did anyone from the Celestial Arcanum Sect or the Hundred Thousand Mountains step in?"

Chapter 299: Bu Fang's Special Dish... Flower Iguana

From an aged black tower in the vast Border City spread an angry roar, one that was not loud but enough to flutter open the eyelids of the three figures sitting cross-legged nearby.

"Why is the High Priest so enraged? Who has offended him?"

A figure wrapped in a black gown opened his mouth with confused eyes. Beside him were two other men dressed in black.

"Who cares. Those who provoke the High Priest will come to no good end. Us three major Blood Guards need only tend to our assigned tasks."

"As of now, the Venerable Master has begun to collect spiritual essences all over the empire. The day the Departed Soul Orb is awakened will be the day our Shura Sect will rejuvenate... By then, we'll show the barbarians of the southern region who's the boss!"

Light laughter was mixed with cold sneers. After the noise died down, all three figures resumed their closed-eye posture.

...

"Senior Bu... why are you digging out two shallow pits?"

Tang Yin's face was pale as a ghost. The earlier battle injured him badly, leaving him deficient of adequate vital energy.

"I am obviously digging pits to cook. Why else would I do this? To give a proper burial for these savage beasts? Sorry, but I am not kind-hearted enough to bury the creatures who just tried to devour me," Bu Fang retorted coolly.

Before him were two large but shallow pits in the ground. The dirt and soils shoveled up to create the pits were tossed aside, piling into a tiny hill.

"Cook? You can cook using these pits in the ground?"

Not only was Tang Yin puzzled, everyone else also widened their eyes in bewilderment.

Bu Fang couldn't be bothered by their perplexities. He was rather enlivened at the moment. See, he had been deprived of good quality ingredients ever since joining the army and so has had no chance to prove himself. With this Gigantic Iguana, he could perhaps finally make another dish deemed satisfactory by the system.

"Se... Senior, here are the spirit leaves you asked for."

From afar, Wei Dafu and Long Cai jogged in carrying a heap of spirit leaves. These green leaves were covered with lines of patterns, through which emanated faint waves of spirit energy. Needless to say, these were not ordinary leaves.

Bu Fang nodded lightly and instructed Wei Dafu and Long Cai to lay these leaves down in the pits.

As Long Cai and Wei Dafu busied themselves with this task, Bu Fang approached the iguana's dead body. He had already cut open this Gigantic Iguana, leaving its flesh scattered on the floor.

However, Bu Fang had only performed a very simple dissection, one without great attention or precision. Now was the time to carefully process the flesh of this iguana.

The Gigantic Iguana was intricately tied with the dragon species, which meant that the blood of the latter also ran through the veins of the former.

Its black scales were very hard, but with the help of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, they were easily stripped.

Having thoroughly cleaned the iguana's flesh, Bu Fang extracted a rock-sized piece of flesh, on which were bright red lines of patterns. This piece was akin to top quality, juicy fish meat.

He twirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hands and made a couple of slashes on the iguana flesh.

Bu Fang found some spirit herbs from the army provisions. Though these weren't top quality spirit herbs, they sufficed as condiments to tweak the flavor. Bu Fang chopped up these spirit herbs and placed them on the piece of iguana flesh.

Then, he diced up the piece of flesh in an orderly fashion. Each small chunk was distinctive yet still thinly connected with the other.

"Senior Bu, all ready for you." Wei Dafu stood up and informed Bu Fang with deference. He didn't dare to show any disrespect, as the young man before his eyes was no longer the lad who had just joined the Cooks' Army Unit.

He was now incredibly afraid of Bu Fang suddenly seeking to settle accounts with him. In this military campsite, he had nowhere to hide.

"Give me the leftover leaves." Bu Fang stored the kitchen knife and directed his glance at Wei Dafu.

Wei Dafu's heart trembled. He immediately stuffed the remaining spirit leaves into Bu Fang's hands.

Bu Fang took them and, after some light processing, wrapped the huge slab of iguana flesh with the spirit leaves. Then, he placed it in the shallow pit and buried it with dirt.

"Um..." A trace of bafflement flashed across Wei Dafu's eyes. He had been cooking all these years but have never witnessed a cooking method as bizarre as this. Digging out a pit? How could the iguana meat ever be thoroughly cooked?

But Bu Fang's next instruction clarified everything, as he had ordered a huge mound of firewood to be placed in the half-filled pit. Then, he summoned waves of true energy to start a blazing fire.

Scorching flames shot to the sky as circles of smoke twirled around.

Bu Fang observed the glowing flames in satisfaction with hands behind his back.

Behind him was a crowd of folks staring at each other, completely speechless. Tang Yin, Zhu Yue, and Wei Dafu were at loss and unable to understand the dish. This cooking method was hitherto unknown to them.

"Without close scrutiny of the dish's conditions... how could one make gourmet delicacies using this cooking method?" Wei Dafu muttered with twitched lips. Though Bu Fang had proved him wrong time after time, he was still very much skeptical that such a method could generate any delicious food.

After all, this kind of cooking method was simply unheard of.

There was a total of two pits. Bu Fang repeated his earlier actions—wrapping the iguana flesh with spirit leaves, placing it into a pit, filling it halfway with dirt, and then lighting a fire on top with firewood.

This was the cooking method of a dish known to Bu Fang in his previous lifetime. He borrowed it and added a few amendments to better suit the cooking of this iguana meat.

Bu Fang stood by the burning flames and rubbed his chin. Then, the corners of his mouth curled.

"How about naming it Flower Iguana Meat? But that sounds kind of weird..."

Bu Fang mumbled to himself, his face displaying an odd expression. He circled the two burning pits slowly.

Once in a while, he would shoot a wave of true energy into the shallow pits. Once his true energy hit the fire, the flames would blaze even more violently.

"Senior Bu's cooking method is indeed delightfully unusual..." Tang Yin didn't know whether to laugh or cry. At first, they really thought Bu Fang was only joking around.

After a while, everyone left and went about their own affairs.

This fire burned for at least three hours. Dazzling flames filled the air and lit up the entire campsite.

The scorching sun had already dipped under the horizon, leaving behind a dark night filled with two intersecting crescent moons.

Bu Fang stood before the two crackling bonfires. He squinted his eyes and took in a deep breath. Then, he raised his hands and smacked downwards.

Rich waves of true energy burst out of his body and landed on the fire. In that instant, the flames went out.

Rings of thick smoke rose up, as if two intertwining black dragons shooting for the sky.

Tang Yin and the others became intrigued and gathered together by the tent. The scene drew quite a crowd, as many soldiers also converged near Bu Fang.

They all shot curious looks at Bu Fang.

"So is it done?" Tang Yin's eyes instantly sparkled. Groups of people appeared next to Bu Fang. They all wore inquisitive expressions on their faces. They were dying to know whether such a peculiar cooking method would produce uniquely flavored dishes?.

A couple of soldiers came up and swept away the ashes, revealing beneath it burnt soil.

"You can dig up the dirt now." Bu Fang gazed at the soldiers as he instructed, "Be careful, don't ruin the dishes inside."

Could he really make a dish here?

Since the soil has been burnt to ashes, all the moisture inside was dried out. This made the digging process all the more difficult since the dirt had become rather hard.

After quite a while, the soldiers finally scooped up all the soil, unearthing the spirit leaves inside.

They dug out the pile of spirit leaves. These spirit leaves, once verdant and fresh green, were now shriveled and brown. It looked like all of the spirit energy had been lost.

With shrunken pupils, those in the crowd wore strange looks on their faces.

Judging by the looks of the spirit leaves, they now had a hunch how the iguana meat inside would end up...

"It seemed like Owner Bu had messed up this time? The dish has failed?" Tang Yin thought to himself secretly.

However, Bu Fang retained his calm composure. He walked to the shallow pits and peeled open the crispy brown spirit leaves. He snatched up a large piece of a meat wrapped in spirit leaves.

The spirit leaves on the exterior of the meat chunks were also burnt brown. Not a trace of spirit energy could be detected.

"Coming!"

Everyone perked up as they glued their eyes to the spirit leaves. Beneath these leaves were Bu Fang's dish, the flesh of a seventh grade Gigantic Iguana.

Even though they haven't smelled its aroma yet, even thinking about the meat of this iguana watered their mouths. At the end of the day, this was the flesh of a seventh grade spirit beast. How could they not look forward to it?

It wasn't every day that one could taste the meat of a seventh grade spirit beast.

A wisp of smoke twirled around Bu Fang's hands and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared. Afterward, Bu Fang lightly tapped the burnt spirit leaves with the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

The moment his kitchen knife tapped down, the crispy spirit leaves immediately burst open from both sides.

From the ripped crack emitted a blaring beam of light!

The Flower Iguana Meat, completed!

Chapter 300: The Downfall of Mo Luo City

One beam of light.

Two beams of light.

Then, countless dazzling rays of lights filled one's eyes. Everyone's gazes were glued to the unbelievable radiance as they squinted their eyes.

Wei Dafu, from a distance, felt a shiver down his spine. He widened his eyes, still bewildered at this sight. Extending his fingers, he gaped and pointed at the dish that was emitting a sparkling glow.

"A... a dish that radiates light?"

Wei Dafu's bafflement was more than words can describe. This was his first time seeing a dish that glowed, and this achievement reflected a whole new state of cooking. This was a superior echelon that most couldn't reach even with a lifetime of hard work and dedication to cooking.

The rays of light gradually faded, but nobody's gaze shifted elsewhere. Everyone was simply too intrigued by the dish.

As the lights scattered, a scorching hot steam surged up like a veil of mist. Then, a unique meaty aroma dissipated in the air, stirring in everyone's hearts.

This was an extremely unusual fragrance that combined the scents of cooked meat, fresh grass, and a type of fascinating flower. The three aromas, when fused, generated a truly special smell.

"The meat is just right." Bu Fang peeled open the spirit leaves with his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, revealing the iguana flesh underneath. As he pressed the knife downwards, an oily sauce trickled out of the meat.

The flesh of the Gigantic Iguana looked incredibly juicy and glossy, absolutely enchanting.

Bu Fang took out this portion of meat and placed it on the floor. Then, he cut through all of the spirit leaves, finally exposing the entire slab of iguana meat. The rich fragrance burst forth even more boldly and almost enveloped the whole campsite.

"It smells delicious!"

"I... I want a bite. I'd like to get drunk on this intoxicating meaty aroma!"

"I have never smelled anything as tasty as this meat!"

...

The soldiers were wholly captivated. With dazed eyes, they shook their heads as traces of goofy smiles smeared across their faces.

Bu Fang sniffed the aroma of the Iguana flesh. He stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, then whirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand, and chopped at this slab of meat.

The crowds only saw a flash of the blade. In the blink of an eye, Bu Fang had already finished slicing.

From afar, the Iguana meat looked intact, still in one piece. Yet a careful inspection would reveal the thin carves on the flesh.

"Long Cai, bring over a bowl," Bu Fang instructed Long Cai, who was gaping with an open mouth in a distance.

Long Cai immediately snapped out of it. His eyes sparkled as he dashed forward obediently.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife twirled again and landed directly on the meat. That piece of Gigantic Iguana flesh, shining with an appetizing oily sauce, flew into the sky and fell into the earthen bowl.

A hot mist rose up, blurring Long Cai's sight.

He widened his eyes and gulped, swallowing a mouthful of saliva.

"Bring it down, consider it everyone's dinner tonight," Bu Fang said.

Hearing this, Long Cai finally walked toward Tang Yin and the others, though he had a hard time tearing himself away from the dish of iguana meat.

Out of Zhu Yue's courtesy, this first piece of iguana meat fell into Tang Yin's hands.

Tang Yin stared at the meat with the utmost excitement. With chopsticks in hands and a rumbling stomach, he breathed in the fragrance.

Once the chopsticks pressed against the Gigantic Iguana's flesh, a delightfully aromatic oily sauce oozed out. Tang Yin picked up a piece, nervously sent it to his mouth, and took a bite.

The meat wasn't as chewy as he had imagined. Instead, it was exceptionally tender and smooth. As it slipped into his mouth, the meat was soft and supple in texture, as if it was massaging his tongue.

Once the Gigantic Iguana flesh hit his stomach, he felt like there was a tiny stove burning inside his body. The rush of energy that came with it enlivened him so.

With the billowing of the heated flames, Tang Yin felt waves of spirit energy flowing out and spreading to all fours. In fact, he felt he had mostly recovered from his injuries.

From afar, Bu Fang tapped down again, sending another piece of iguana meat into an earthen bowl.

Pieces after pieces of the Gigantic Iguana meat were distributed amongst everyone.

A generous slab of meat was diced up into a few hundred pieces and passed down. Many soldiers were able to eat to their hearts' content.

The second portion of the iguana was also taken out. It was as hot and aromatic as the first one.

Bu Fang also divided it up and distributed the pieces among every soldier, just so the maximum number of people could savor this gourmet dish.

Of course, he also saved himself a piece. As he chewed, Bu Fang felt his eyes narrow into a faint smile. The iguana flesh truly tasted wonderful. As a seventh grade spirit beast, its meat contained a rich source of spirit energy. On top of everything else, this was the flesh of a Gigantic Iguana, which already set it apart from that of other spirit beasts.

"It tastes delicious." Bu Fang was very much satisfied.

Emulating the cooking method of the Beggar's Chicken, he was able to perfectly retain the natural fragrance of the meat. This way, the cooked meat would end up smooth and tender, wonderfully textured.

There were a lot of soldiers but a limited amount of iguana meat. Thus, there were still many long-faced soldiers who didn't get to taste the dish.

Smelling the pervading aroma in the air with watered mouths, they felt like it was a living hell. But despite their longing gazes, they had to recognize that a dish of iguana meat took a lot of time to cook. And so, they could only stare as they stuffed their faces with the food cooked by other military chefs. Just thinking about this gave them an insufferable heartache.

After cleaning up, Bu Fang stretched himself. He exhaled a long breath as a relaxed expression flashed across his face.

The system's notifications were already ringing in his mind. Evidently, it deemed this dish of Flower Iguana as satisfactory.

The Flower Iguana referred to the cooking method of the Beggar's Chicken, a dish very famous from Bu Fang's past lifetime. This cooking method was so unique it was rarely heard of before. On top of the natural tastiness of the Gigantic Iguana meat, Bu Fang was pretty confident that it would pass the test.

After a hearty meal, the Third Corp continued on. They needed to speed up so they could reach Mo Luo City as soon as possible. The very objective of their expedition this time was to come to the city's rescue. However, they had been ambushed even before officially arriving at Mo Luo City. This meant that the city itself must be under a vicious attack or, worst case scenario, may have already fallen.

Even if it hadn't been besieged yet, it must still be very close to a total collapse.

...

Mo Luo City. Above the pitch-black sky hang two crescent moons emitting chilled beams of light.

The dilapidated city walls were filled with cracks. Armored guards, with torches in their hands, were patrolling the walls. They were focused and alert, not allowing themselves to relax for even one second.

Suddenly, the sound of bowstrings plucking echoed in the sky as black as ink. A shower of arrows surged down.

The arrows hit the walls with clinks and clacks, smashing off more pieces of the already wrecked city walls.

"Incoming attack!!"

The soldiers guarding the wall bellowed!

Afterward, a thunderous shriek exploded at the foot of the walls. A swarm of shadows appeared in the dark night, bursting in with spirited eagerness to fight.

A figure holding a magic array created by five pieces of talisman rose into the air. His complexion was grave and ominously gloomy.

He had planned on directing a conventional war, but Nu'Er's death unnerved him. He needed to speed up the progress of the battles.

Levitating in the air, the Shura Sect warrior lifted a hand, from which flew out numerous tiny blood-colored flying swords. These swords circled in the sky, whistling. They, they charged forward ferociously, almost splitting through the air.

Bang Bang!!

They instantly smashed through the city walls, leaving behind numerous holes. Such violent tremors caused the guards on the walls to bleed through their ears, eyes, nostrils, and mouth.

"Damned demon!!"

A roar echoed within Mo Luo City. Suddenly, a white-gowned figure bolted in, leaping into the sky with a fierce air of dominance.

Hu Yifeng's complexion was overcome by a deep intent to kill. He stared daggers at the black-robed man floating in the air. This was the very person who had murdered a handful of his brothers from the Thirteen Bandits of Mozhou. An unpardonable crime! He was resolved to destroy the enemy or die in the attempt of it.

Another round of vicious battle in the sky began. However, it was obvious that Hu Yifeng was at a disadvantage.

Blazing flames burst to the sky.

The brutal war of the Mo Luo City carried on.

The spiritual essence of countless warm-bodied corpses were forcibly torn out and thrown into the talisman magic array, adding to its wicked eeriness.

...

The first rays of sunshine sprang from the borders of the vast plains, emanating a warm red glow.

The Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army had finally caught sight of Mo Luo City.

As they approached Mo Luo City, they could sense the deadly atmosphere within. The floors were stained with blood and covered with scattered corpses.

These were the dead bodies of both the enemy force and the Mo Luo City guards.

The soldiers of the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army fell silent. They were overwhelmed by an indescribable mournful sorrow.

As they drew closer to the city gates, the guards on the walls suddenly shot at them with a rain of arrows.

Countless arrows hit the floor.

Zhu Yue stopped his troops with a perplexed look.

Peering at the waving flag on top of Mo Luo City, his lips trembled.

Mo Luo City had fallen.

"Withdraw!"

After another meaningful glance at Mo Luo City, Zhu Yue placed the command helplessly. The soldiers of the Third Corp retracted one after another. They went through countless hardships to arrive at Mo Luo City, but... it was nonetheless invaded and occupied.

Given the limited powers of his military force, it would be foolish nonsense to dream about taking back the city. Therefore, Zhu Yue ordered a withdrawal.

Once Mo Luo City was taken, the next round of attacks would target the Western Mystery City... Zhu Yue must return to the Western Mystery City and inform the city lord.

...

On the city walls of the Western Mystery City.

Ni Yan stood with hands behind her back. A grave expression clouded her unbelievably beautiful face. As she gazed at the oppressing black clouds, she felt a heavy heart churning inside.

She could sense that a terrifying crisis was about to hit the Western Mystery City. Trouble was heading their way.

At the foot of the Western Mystery City appeared the Third Corp, which was sent off earlier to support Mo Luo City. Their premature return also confirmed her suspicions.

She walked down the walls and slipped into the crowd, looking for Tang Yin among the soldiers of the Third Corp. After all, Tang Yin was her disciple.

However, the moment she found Tang Yin, she was caught off guard, as the figure standing right next to him was a slender young man. This young lad looked very familiar.

"Owner Bu? What are you doing here?" Ni Yan widened her eyes, befuddlement written across her face.