

Gourmet 301

Chapter 301: The Way He Eyes Ingredients

Ni Yan opened her breathtakingly beautiful eyes wide and slightly parted her moist red lips. Her face was filled with puzzlement.

Bu Fang had just walked out and lifted up his head upon hearing the astonished exclamation. He blinked his eyes as he saw the familiar face of a beauty.

"Oh it's you. What a coincidence," Bu Fang uttered.

Tang Yin was a bit hurt considering how his Master Ni completely blew him off once bumping into Owner Bu. Did she really need to treat him so differently?

Behind Ni Yan stood the city lord of the Western Mystery City, Kong Yao, and a whole group of people. Kong Xuan, the top warrior of the city, was also amongst the crowd.

But Kong Xuan's face was rather glum at that moment since he had never seen such a look on Ni Yan's face. He never expected the aloof Ni Yan to be so warm to another man. Were they that close?

And so, Kong Xuan's gaze currently landed on Bu Fang as he tried to discern just who he was!

As Bu Fang chatted with Ni Yan some more, he suddenly felt a chilling sensation rush down his body. He lifted up his head in confusion and looked around only to see Kong Xuan sending him the death glare from a distance.

Bu Fang twitched the corners of his mouth, feeling quite speechless. Why was this cross-eyed fellow glaring at him?

The Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army also suffered a great loss this time, which put a sober frown on Kong Yao's face.

Zhu Yue recounted to him the series of unfortunate events they had encountered on their way. The stories only deepened the city lord's distressed expression.

The downfall of Mo Luo City was no good news, as it meant that a crisis would hit the Western Mystery City very soon.

Besides, the number of spirit beasts roaming around the Western Mystery City has also increased. The spirit beast fever that happens once every three years was about to hit the Western Mystery City, which serves as another great obstacle the city must face.

With the enemy troops on top of the potential spirit beast attack, the Western Mystery City was really caught between two fires.

The so-called "spirit beast fever" happened once every three years, during which hoards of spirits beasts from the Hundred Thousand Mountains would ferociously attack humans. Every time it happened, the smaller towns and villages near the Western Mystery City would be trampled by the spirit beasts.

It became a custom for the Western Mystery City to open its gates to the residents of these unfortunate communities.

With the Western Mystery City resisting the spirit beast fever, residents of the nearby towns and villages can then return home safely once the attacks ended.

However, the spirit beast fever was due to come at a really bad time this year round!

Bu Fang returned to the tents of the Cooks' Army Unit.

Ni Yan actually trailed behind him and followed him back to the tents. Ever since she learned that Bu Fang was cultivating his cooking in the Cooks' Army Unit, she became highly intrigued and insisted on stringing along.

Ni Yan was a spectacular cook herself but was always eager for more gourmet delicacies. Getting to taste Owner Bu's dishes was, of course, a rare opportunity.

However, for the next few days, Bu Fang did not cook as much as before. Due to the fact that Ni Yan and Tang Yin now recognized his identity, he had officially returned to his usual stony demeanor. The number of dishes he made then became limited.

Wei Dafu had already witnessed what Bu Fang was capable of and was now scared to bother him. In fact, he allowed Bu Fang to have first pick on all of the ingredients that contained spirit energy so he could cook to his heart's content.

With the right ingredients, Bu Fang planned on cooking up dishes deemed satisfactory by the system. Yet none of his most recent attempts succeeded. It felt like he was losing his edge.

This gave Bu Fang a headache.

As time passed, the atmosphere in the Western Mystery City became tenser. One could often hear beasts howling outside the city walls.

As of now, people are no longer allowed to leave the Western Mystery City without permission. In order to protect the safety of the residents and prevent anyone from being assaulted outside the walls, the authorities have decided to lock down the city.

Sizzle Sizzle Sizzle!!

A rich aroma surged out of the tent in the form of hot mists, almost like a wriggling serpent.

Bu Fang tilted the pot, pouring the content inside into his spoon and then onto the porcelain plate on the table.

The spirit energy dish was colorful and luster. Just its appearance was enough to tease one's appetite.

Ni Yan plopped herself down, not concerned with her image at all. She peered down at Bu Fang's dish, grabbed a pair of chopsticks, and stuffed a piece into her mouth.

Ni Yan was thoroughly impressed with Bu Fang's food. His ability to retain the spirit energy in ingredients has reached unimaginable heights. It was truly challenging to perfectly preserve the spirit energy of ingredients whilst cooking.

Even Ni Yan yearned for this special technique.

"Delicious!" Ni Yan stuck out her delicate tongue and licked her ruby red lips as she smiled.

However, Bu Fang wore no cheerful look on his face and instead sat there with scrunched brows. Though this dish tasted just fine, it was no comparison to the Flower Iguana.

With none of his recent dishes passing the system's test, Bu Fang began to feel agitated.

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A few hundred miles outside the Western Mystery City was the intersection to the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

The Hundred Thousand Mountains was known for its steep cliffs. Its conditions were so dangerous that even seventh grade Battle-Saints dare not thoughtlessly tread through it.

The Western Mystery City has been tightly garrisoned in the past few days, with guards patrolling the walls at all times.

Someone standing on the walls peered towards the direction of the Hundred Thousand Mountains. Yet what he saw was smoke rising up and covering the sky, almost like towering waves of the sea.

The sight drained all the color from the soldier on patrol, who immediately reported this finding to the city lord.

Kong Yao stepped up to the city walls and gazed at the smoke storm from afar. His face trembled and paled.

"The spirit beast fever from the Hundred Thousand Mountains... is coming!"

"Send down my orders, shut all city gates!"

After merely half a day, everyone inside the Western Mystery City could begin to detect the ground underneath their feet violently shaking. Such quakes sent shivers down their spines.

Bang Bang Bang!!

Alongside the thunderous beastly roars were earth-shattering tremors.

The city walls were packed with soldiers staring at the hoard of beasts down below. Their faces were as pale as ghosts. Not a trace of confidence or courage could be seen on their complexions.

The swarm of beasts filled the space like waves in a boundless ocean. Though the hoards were made up mostly of less impressive third and fourth grade spirit beasts, there was still a handful of fifth to sixth grade spirit beasts in the mix.

"The spirit beast fever originates in the Hundred Thousand Mountains. Every time it occurs, even the Clear Sky Pagoda within the Hundred Thousand Mountains must call for a lockdown and seal all towers. This means the almighty and powerful Clear Sky Pagoda also seeks to avoid confrontation with these beasts." Ni Yan explained as she stood on the city walls.

Bu Fang and Tang Yin also eyed the flock of beasts down below. Bu Fang had never seen so many different spirit beasts all at once—it was an indescribable experience.

Bu Fang knitted his brows and fell into a deep contemplation as he stared at the spirit beasts.

Beside him, Tang Yin exhaled a long breath to release the depressed sensation he bottled up inside.

In the face of this sea of spirit beasts, he felt so powerless and insignificant.

Nobody knew exactly how these spirit beasts stormed out of the Hundred Thousand Mountains all at once. Yet the Hundred Thousand Mountains was a boundless plain of continuous large alps. That it was home to so many spirit beasts was not that surprising.

After all, the Hundred Thousand Mountains was a buffer for the southern region. It was rumored that the Hundred Thousand Mountains was a vast expanse of exceptional beauty and charm. Yet few to none had ever visited the place, so most people had no idea if that was true.

Roar!!

That was the howl of a mammoth crocodile. Its body was covered with pointy shells. Clenching its sharp and ferocious teeth, it crawled on the floor at an incredible speed.

A wolf with a body of snowy-white fur sprinted on the plains swift as the wind, kicking up a smoke as it bolted. There was also a fiery red, gigantic lion, an elephant covered with needles, a mountain tortoise, and so many more powerful, exotic spirit beasts.

As they charged in, they weren't surrounded by other galloping spirit beasts, Instead, each marked their own territories. These spirit beasts all stormed toward the Western Mystery City.

Everyone on the city walls wore terrible expressions on their faces as their hearts thudded with fear.

However, Bu Fang paced around on the wall, wearing a very different look from that of the other folks.

He studied the numerous spirit beasts down below, a sparkle flickering in his eyes.

He has been quite vexed given his failure to create a third dish deemed acceptable by the system. Unable to cook the dish and complete the task, he couldn't receive his reward.

He had arrived at the conclusion that the ingredients available in the Cooks' Army Unit were of poor quality.

With better ingredients, Bu Fang felt like he could easily cook a dish deemed satisfactory by the system.

As for how to obtain finer ingredients, Bu Fang's gaze landed on the sea of spirit beasts down below... so many spirit beasts. What the others perceived as a disaster Bu Fang saw as an ingredient storehouse.

Once this idea flashed across his heart, Bu Fang's mind began to explode. Even the pace of his breathing quickened.

Ni Yan and Tang Yin glimpsed at Bu Fang in perplexity as they both detected the fervor burning in Bu Fang's eyes.

They were dumbstruck as they glanced at the spirit beasts down below and then looked back at Bu Fang's peculiar expression...

"Master, do you think Owner Bu will rush down?"

Tang Yin asked Ni Yan quietly.

Ni Yan's face also froze, "Don't talk nonsense. As for Owner Bu's gaze... that's just how he normally eyes ingredients."

How he eyes ingredients...

Tang Yin's face scrunched up as he prayed to the gods inside his heart.

Owner Bu... let's not be reckless. It is way too early to tell who will end up as the ingredient...

Chapter 302: Everything This Knife Points to Shall Become Ingredients

An ear-splitting growl resounded across the heavens, reverberating through the Western Mystery City. It prompted the hearts of every resident to tremble.

The crowds on the city walls gazed down at the sea of spirit beasts, each with a hard look on their face.

The beautiful Ni Yan, for one, had on a grave expression. The city lord Kong Yao's complexion, for another, was as pale as a ghost. As for the soldiers, terror was stamped all across their faces.

However, there was a glaring outlier—a face that displayed an unexpected degree of delight...

Delight... How is there thrill on your face when there are swarms of spirit beasts below?

Tang Yin, observing Bu Fang's ecstatic face, suddenly felt his heart jerk. He felt like he could never genuinely understand Owner Bu's mind.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was indeed extremely excited. He had spent the last few days mulling over how to make a dish that could pass the system's evaluation. Alas, all the ingredients provided by the Cook's Army Unit were of mediocre quality. He had cooked the Four Precious Soup with rather unremarkable ingredients before. Though the system had approved it then, Bu Fang couldn't use the same approach again, and this was precisely what gave him a headache.

He was just fretting over the lack of superior ingredients when he came across the spirit beast fever that occurred once every three years. This was akin to... a timely dose of rain after a long period of drought.

"Father, don't worry. Although these flocks of spirit beasts appear unnerving, it isn't anything we haven't already dealt with in the past. We should stay put and not ruffle their feathers. Once today passes, the spirit beast fever will naturally recede." Though Kong Xuan wore a long face, he managed to pull himself together in consoling Kong Yao.

City lord Kong Yao nodded his head. Every single encounter with such spirit beast fever was a blow to his peace of mind.

Nonetheless, just as what Kong Xuan had proposed—the best they could do now was to stay in the city and wait it out. The swarms of spirit beasts were due to retreat after a full day.

Roar!!

The growls of seventh grade spirit beasts reverberated in all directions, ear-splitting and deafening.

Those standing on the city wall felt like the wall was even quivering amidst the beastly howls.

"Want to taste more gourmet delicacies?"

After more waves of roars, Bu Fang suddenly turned his head to Ni Yan, who was on his side. He curled the corners of his mouth before asking her this question.

Ni Yan was taken aback.

Tang Yin, after hearing these words, was also shocked. Owner Bu... what do you mean? Do you really see the fearsome spirit beasts below as ingredients for your dishes? Tang Yin felt his entire world go dark. Knowing the nature of his Master Ni, he had an extremely bad feeling about this...

"Gourmet delicacies? More tasty gourmet delicacies?" Ni Yan's beautiful eyes instantly lit up, as resplendent as a pair of glittering gemstones.

"Yes! I promise they will be extremely delicious!" Bu Fang nodded seriously.

"Speak up, what do you need me to do?" Ni Yan stuck out her delicate, rosy tongue to lick her red lips, asking enthusiastically.

Tang Yin immediately rubbed his forehead helplessly. He knew it... His Master Ni could not contain herself when it came to food. This was definitely a sickness that needed to be treated.

Yet what Bu Fang said next really made Tang Yin lose the will to live.

"Do you see that fiery red lion? Imagine its flesh roasted by flames—it'll be oh so juicy and succulent."

"Also, observe the elephant covered with thorns, which help protect its high-quality flesh. We need to see through the appearances to observe the essence within. I can promise that this elephant flesh will be a fine treat."

"And there's that giant tortoise, with its shell brimming with energy. Given that it is cooked properly, it could be a highly nutritious dish!"

...

Bu Fang critiqued the seventh grade spirit beasts one after another. As he went on, Ni Yan's eyes sparkled even more brightly.

"So you're saying that the seventh grade spirit beasts down below are all extraordinary ingredients? Then which one do you need captured?"

Bu Fang paused for a moment. Then, he stood up straight, curling the corners of his mouth.

He scrutinized the ferocious waves of beasts below. A wisp of smoke twirled around his hand and the pitch-black Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his palm.

He gripped the knife firmly, using it to point at the beasts below.

"Everything this knife points to shall become ingredients."

Bu Fang announced majestically.

Ni Yan was dumbfounded, and so was Tang Yin. Kong Yao, Kong Xuan and the other generals of the Western Mystery City all shoot him a crazy look. Was this fellow loony?

"With the spirit beast fever erupting down there, forget about cooking ingredients already... plus, it is hard to determine who will be whose dinner once you charge down there. Maybe tomorrow... you'll be effectively digested and passed out of the spirit beasts' system."

"Senior... Senior Bu. Don't mess around. This is the spirit beast fever. Once it recedes, we can come up with a better plan to hunt for preys," Tang Yin said in a feeble voice.

With his goofy, gluttonous master on top of a maverick like Owner Bu, he sensed that something was about to go down.

"Will it really be that delicious?"

Be that as it may, just as Tang Yin had predicted, Ni Yan stared at Bu Fang and inquired him with glistening eyes.

"If not, you can kick my ass."

Bu Fang waved his hand skillfully and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife instantly twirled in his hand like a magician's tricks.

"All right! This lady shall take your word for it this time. All for the sake of gourmet delicacies!" A breathtakingly beautiful smile beamed on Ni Yan's incredibly charming face, her eyes narrowing into slits.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's belly, and instructed, "Whitey, let's go!"

Go where?

Everyone on the city wall except for Tang Yin and Ni Yan ogled at Bu Fang in utter disbelief.

After a split second, they gawked at Bu Fang with mouths agape, as if they were looking at a lunatic.

Right under their eyes, Bu Fang jumped up and leaped over the city walls.

"Oh my god! Is this guy committing suicide?"

"There's a sea of spirit beasts down there! Could you not behave like you're jumping into a bathtub? That is so unfitting."

"Is this pale-faced fellow scared out of his wits? Feeding the beasts with his own body?"

...

The crowds failed to comprehend Bu Fang's actions. They all leaned against the wall, craning their necks to peer down.

Swoosh!

A refreshing breeze swept by, bringing with it a wonderful scent.

An exquisite figure also soared high into the sky. Her white satin robe danced in the wind, her head of silken hair fluttering in a dreamy fashion.

Without any warnings, Ni Yan also followed after Bu Fang and jumped.

"Elder Ni!!"

Kong Xuan's pupils shrank as he burst out shouting. He leaned against the wall, feeling like all meaning has been sucked out of his life. You are too beautiful to be sacrificed, why cast away your life!

Bu Fang's legs parted, still clutching the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife firmly in one hand. His knife shone radiately under the sunshine. His entire body swooped down like a gust of wind.

Boom!!

Whitey was the first to land, causing the ground to tremble as its figure left behind a deep indent. Several spirit beasts were directly crushed to death under Whitey's weight.

Afterward, Bu Fang's feet also hit the ground. He trampled on the back of a spirit beast, squashing it onto the pavement.

Ni Yan was as swift and agile as a swallow. As her white robe rippled, she managed to tread upon the air, gracefully hovering right above the spirit beasts.

Her ruby lips curled slightly as her delicate fingers tapped the air softly. Then the spirit energy around her body began to boil, transforming into waves of fluctuations that spread to all directions.

"Owner Bu, I'll take care of this lion! Keep your promise in mind, for if the food is not good I'll punish you!"

Ni Yan's delightful voice rang before she became a flash of light and charged at the lion burning like a ball of fire.

"Trust me, there will be a hearty feast."

Bu Fang replied calmly.

He stood up straight. The spirit beasts nearby were all recovering from their initial shock. Savage ferocity filled their eyes as they bolted toward Bu Fang.

Everyone on the walls gasped out loud. From their perspective, the flock of beasts below was much like an army of ants, swarming around Bu Fang and piling together like a small mountain. The sheer amount of beasts prompted one's heart to race and one's muscles to twitch.

Kong Xuan stood up straight and gave a dry cough. He had forgotten that Elder Ni had a superior cultivation level and that she could walk among the clouds... and so her life wasn't necessarily in danger.

However, that young fellow was merely a sixth grade Battle-Emperor who couldn't even tread on air. What gave him the guts to jump off the city walls. Wasn't he aware that even the sixth grade spirit beasts down there were beyond count?

Watching as beasts after beasts charged toward Bu Fang aggressively, a trace of thrill unknowingly flashed across Kong Xuan's eyes!

Ni Yan has visited Bu Fang much too frequently over the past few days, something that irked Kong Xuan deeply. If Bu Fang was blatant enough to court death himself, it certainly saved him from doing the dirty work later on.

Tang Yin rubbed his forehead. Sure enough... the combination of Senior Bu and Master Ni always led to trouble.

From afar, tempestuous waves of true energy burst out of Ni Yan's body. She battled that wild seventh grade Fire Lion with her bare hands.

Ni Yan's cultivation level was indeed excellent, enabling her to quickly subdue the Fire Lion.

Unfortunately, she was surrounded by waves of beasts, so plenty of other spirit beasts tried to pounce on her as she fought the Fire Lion. That she did find somewhat nettlesome.

However, all was worth it for gourmet food!

She trusted Bu Fang and especially had faith that his cooking would never disappoint.

Ni Yan twisted her head toward Bu Fang and her face instantly blanched. What she saw was Bu Fang completely swallowed up by layers after layers of spirit beasts.

The corners of her mouth twisted. She suddenly recalled that Bu Fang was merely a sixth grade Battle-Emperor.

Owner Bu... hasn't already been devoured, has he?

Bang!

With a deafening boom, a golden beam of light shone through the cracks of the mountain of beasts. It shot straight to the sky, glistening brilliantly.

The roar of a dragon reverberated in the heavens. An invisible fluctuation began to spread through the heap of spirit beasts, much like waves rippling when a stone was tossed into a lake.

Right under everyone's astonished gazes—

The swarm of spirit beasts suddenly exploded.

A figure carrying a giant golden kitchen knife stood proudly amidst the shambles. Beside him was a puppet flashing its deep purple eyes.

This spectacular duo slowly sauntered out of the circle of spirit beast carcasses.

With a wave of the kitchen knife, countless spirit beasts all... recoiled fearfully.

Chapter 303: Nine Ingredients, Nine Big Woks

A golden ray of light flashed with an overwhelming glare.

An invincible roar erupted from the kitchen knife in Bu Fang's hand, and the true energy within his energy core revolved at high speed. True energy gushed out from within into his limbs and infused into the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in this grip.

The draconic might of the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife naturally suppressed spirit beasts. This suppression allowed Bu Fang to manoeuvre through hordes with ease.

With the huge Kitchen Knife in hand, Bu Fang steadily approached the elephant that was covered in thorns.

This was a seventh grade spirit beast, Thorn Elephant. Its attack power was fierce. Its weapon was its frightening long trunk, completely covered with huge thorns. It could tear its prey apart in seconds, and crush them underfoot, right after!

The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife could suppress spirit beasts that possessed the dragon clan bloodline. However, the Thorn Elephant possessed an extremely rare dragon clan bloodline, so it couldn't be suppressed as much as the others.

"Boom!!"

Whitey's robotic eyes glowed purple and it flew off in a gust of wind, charging toward the Thorn Elephant.

The Thorn Elephant rolled up its trunk and issued an ear-splitting roar. It stomped its enormous hooves hard, causing the walls to shake uncontrollably.

Large chunks of rock crashed down and the experts atop the walls began to panic.

This was a very powerful spirit beast.

However, Whitey showed no fear as it rushed over, and its arms transfigured into a huge machete in mid-air.

The Thorn Elephant smashed its spiked trunk into the ground, resulting in a quake that shook the firmament. Then, it took aim at Whitey.

If Whitey took a direct hit, it would definitely be torn apart by the thorns.

Everyone shared the same thought. The pressure exuded by the Thorn Elephant was overwhelming, and it was considered top tier among seventh grade spirit beasts.

Pu Chi!!

However, when everyone thought that Whitey would get smashed to pieces by the beast, a ray of light flashed by so fast that no one could get a good look at it.

Thereafter, in a stunned silence, the crowd witnessed the trunk of the Thorn Elephant get severed, followed by a rain of blood.

The Thorn Elephant wailed miserably and thrashed about violently, its thorns and hooves reaping the lives of several spirit beast bystanders.

Whitey landed atop the Thorn Elephant, which kept flapping its large ears, gazed at it ruthlessly and slashed the top of its head, before giving it a final punch.

The Thorn Elephant felt agonizing pain.

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Bu Fang's kitchen knife, which he held in one hand, exuded a golden radiance. He focused his attention on the Old Mountain Turtle carrying an enormous shell in the distance. It was also a powerful spirit beast.

The pressure exerted by the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife frightened the surrounding spirit beasts and made them retreat backward. They didn't dare approach Bu Fang.

Bu Fang cared little for the low-level spirit beasts.

He couldn't contain his excitement as he stood in front of the gigantic Mountain Turtle. The Old Mountain Turtle was a rich ingredient, after all.

The turtle's brain lay within its shell. The beast had retreated back into its shell, probably because it had sensed the dragon might.

The turtle's shell was tough and difficult to pierce through—a natural shield.

Bu Fang examined the complex patterns on the turtle shell and felt amazed.

Suddenly, two spots of red light flashed with the shell and with a resounding bang, a huge brain burst out from within the turtle's shell and streaked toward Bu Fang, in an attempt to hit him.

This was the brain of the Mountain Turtle; it was old and wrinkled.

With bloodshot eyes, the Mountain Turtle howled and charged at Bu Fang with its mouth wide open in a bid to bite him.

Bu Fang squinted his eyes. He hadn't expected the beast to withstand the dragon might's suppression and even attack him. Indeed, the older it was, the more cunning it got!

Dang!!

Bu Fang blocked the attack with the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. The turtle saw its attack fail and tried smashing into Bu Fang with its enormous body. It rammed its brain into the Golden Dragon Kitchen Knife with an impact so strong that Bu Fang was blown away, along with the kitchen knife.

Bu Fang twirled in the air and crashed further away, but he stood up immediately.

He donned a serious expression.

His True Energy vortex circulated even faster and the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife glowed brighter.

Boom!!

The rock underneath Bu Fang's feet shattered as he rushed out.

Bu Fang gripped his knife in one hand and streaked towards the Old Mountain Turtle. The draconic might aura intensified, causing the surrounding beasts to retreat.

The turtle's shell was extremely tough, so Bu Fang couldn't be bothered trying to attack it with the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. Destroying the shell would be almost impossible for him, and even if he could, he would exhaust his true energy in the process. By then, the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife's form would be lost, and that would put him in dire straits.

The Old Mountain Turtle roared, bared its sharp teeth and tried to bite Bu Fang again.

Bu Fang dodged the attack, slid under the Mountain Turtle and seized the opportunity to slash upwards, successfully cutting off one of its legs.

Maneuvering between the turtle's legs, Bu Fang gripped the heavy Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and slashed at the beast's abdomen.

The shell around the turtle's abdomen was tough, but slightly more brittle compared to the other body parts, making it easier for Bu Fang to attack. This was a technique to deal with the Old Mountain Turtle.

On the other side, Ni Yan had wrapped up her battle. As an eighth grade War-God, dealing with seventh grade spirit beasts was a piece of cake for her.

The Fire Lion crashed to the ground, raising a cloud of dust. Ni Yan landed on it with an indifferent expression.

Whitey punched the elephant repeatedly and completely shattered all of its thorns.

The gigantic Thorn Elephant was then knocked to the ground, unable to retaliate.

Si La!!

This was the sound of the enormous turtle being torn apart. To everyone's amazement, torrents of blood gushed out from underneath its belly. The violent turtle collapsed and stopped breathing.

The three of them had actually defeated the three seventh grade spirit beasts.

The people atop the city wall all heaved a sigh of relief.

Tang Yin's face seized up slightly at the sight. These three were ruthless indeed.

Kong Xuan couldn't accept that Bu Fang at sixth grade Battle-Emperor defeated a seventh grade spirit beast. How come he wasn't killed by the seventh grade spirit beast instead? It was too illogical!

The stampeding spirit beast horde all went on a rampage. However, they still retained their spirit beast nature and feared the aura of experts.

The spirit beasts stayed clear of the three seventh grade spirit beast corpses and went through a different part instead.

Bu Fang took a deep breath, patted the Old Mountain Turtle's shell and glared at the remaining spirit beasts.

The people at the top of the city wall were shocked. What sort of person was this guy? He still wasn't satisfied with a seventh grade spirit beast?

Suddenly, Bu Fang charged out with his knife.

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The stampeding spirit beasts retreated hastily. Although it wasn't time for them to retreat yet, the ground was already littered with the corpses of several seventh grade spirit beasts. The combined energy emitted by the corpses deterred the spirit beasts from approaching them. Thus, they changed their destination and fled back toward the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

Beads of sweat dripped down Bu Fang's forehead as he gazed at the retreating spirit beasts. He was slightly reluctant to see them leave.

There were quite a number of good ingredients among them... but, they had fled.

The others would surely be speechless if they read his thoughts.

Whitey returned to Bu Fang's side, followed by an out of breath Ni Yan. Fighting three seventh grade spirit beasts alone had worn her out.

She defeated three of the eight seventh grade spirit beasts. She had held unto Bu Fang's promise to cook some delicacies for her and gave all she had in the battle.

"Owner Bu... if the delicacies you cook this time cannot satisfy me, phew... I'll definitely beat you to a pulp!" Ni Yan exclaimed as she panted.

Bu Fang smirked at Ni Yan and ordered people to open the city gate.

Now that the spirit beasts had retreated, it was safe to open city gate again.

With the help of the soldiers, the corpses of the eight seventh grade spirit beasts were hauled into Western Mystery City.

The sight stunned the people of Western Mystery city. They had never seen a single seventh grade spirit beast before, let alone eight. Moreover, these eight had all been slaughtered.

The giant elephant covered in thorns looked really frightening.

"Owner Bu, what delicacies will you be cooking? Are eight seventh grade spirit beasts enough?" Ni Yan asked.

Wei Dafu and Long Cai rushed over as well. Although the seventh grade spirit beasts were dead, the corpses still emitted an aura that frightened them.

"Bring me the biggest woks in Western Mystery City, as many as you can find. This time around, I'm going to prepare a feast for the entire army," Bu Fang said to Wei Dafu.

Biggest woks...

Wei Dafu was flabbergasted. Then, he looked over at the eight spirit beast and gulped.

Adding the Gigantic Iguana that Bu Fang killed previously, the total number of seventh grade spirit beasts would go up to nine... There were so many seventh grade ingredients, what dish would he cook?!

A crowd gathered. The soldiers spent a lot of effort to haul the corpses back to the camp.

That night, a bright campfire was started.

The biggest woks in Western Mystery City were delivered to the vacant area of the camp, and several Cooks' Army Unit soldiers tried to light fires beneath the woks.

Many people, including Ni Yan, were curious about the delicacies Bu Fang planned to prepare using the nine seventh grade spirit beasts.

Nine seventh grade spirit beast ingredients... the thought alone excited the crowd!

Chapter 304: Premium Wok of Fortunes

Bu Fang sat cross-legged inside his tent, rested, and was able to recover some true energy. He was restricted from using the system's storage space, so he couldn't retrieve the Oyster Pancake he had placed in it and this made him feel a little helpless.

Although he didn't have the Oyster Pancake, Bu Fang still regained most of his true energy after his rest. He didn't use any cultivation techniques, but the vortex in his energy core revolved at break-neck speed—akin to top-level cultivation techniques.

Once he had recovered his true energy, Bu Fang left the tent. The nine seventh grade spirit beasts had been placed outside his tent.

These were the seventh grade spirit beasts they had killed. The corpses emitted a strong depressing aura that filled the camp and caused many to vacate the area surrounding Bu Fang's tent.

Bu Fang washed his hands and approached the spirit beast closest to him.

This was the Fire Lion slaughtered by Ni Yan. How Ni Yan managed to kill the fire lion was unknown as there were no visible wounds on it.

Green smoke shrouded Bu Fang's hands and the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared. He gripped the knife and walked a circle around the lion. What he needed to do now was to prepare the ingredients.

He displayed his Meteor Cutting technique and the knife in his hand, resembling a genie, twirled and revolved deftly around the Fire Lion.

Pick, scoop, cut and chop.

He displayed a dazzling top-tier knife skill and within minutes, he successfully removed the skin and bones of the Fire Lion.

His knife continued moving at lightning speed and soon, a bowl was filled to the brim with lion meat. The meat of the Fire Lion scorched the ceramic bowl and left it blazing hot. Although the Fire Lion was dead, its meat remained as hot as charcoal.

Once he had prepared the Fire Lion meat, Bu Fang clapped his hands and walked to the next spirit beast.

While Bu Fang handled the spirit beast corpses, he casually asked Long Cai to find and bring back a large amount of spirit energy vegetables.

He didn't require vegetables that were high-level, however, they had to be fresh and contain some spirit energy.

Long Cai agreed and, immediately, went around the entire city.

He waited for Bu Fang to prepare the nine spirit beasts and came over with some men from the Cooks' Army Unit. They all carried several baskets filled with spirit energy vegetables.

Bu Fang had just finished preparing the nine spirit beasts, and the men from the Cooks' Army Unit, who had just come with Long Cai, were all stunned and astonished.

They were greeted with the sight of multiple skeletons behind Bu Fang, and none of the skeletons had a single strand of meat still attached to them. The meat had been removed, completely.

"This... This...."

They were speechless. It was an extremely difficult feat for a normal person to achieve, but Bu Fang had done it. Moreover, he had separated the meat from all nine beast corpses in an incredibly short time.

Senior Bu Fang's knife technique... It was superb!

Nine big ceramic bowls had been filled with the meat of the spirit beasts, and the baskets of spirit energy vegetables had been delivered. Bu Fang instructed the Cooks' Army Unit to carry the ingredients to the field.

Nine huge woks were placed in the center of the field with fires lit underneath them.

The flames seared the woks and smoke filled the air.

Everyone sat and waited patiently, especially Ni Yan. She had put in a lot of effort this time, and if Bu Fang's dish failed to satisfy her, she would be pissed. Her anger was terrible to behold.

Tang Yin puckered his lips and calmly glanced at Bu Fang, who had walked past him, and concluded... "Senior Bu is always so calm."

The nine heavy ceramic bowls filled with fresh spirit beast meat landed heavily on the ground and caused a loud impact.

Many spectators stared at the nine ceramic bowls. Soon, a strong spirit energy covered the entire camp, leaving the crowd amazed.

These ceramic bowls contained the meat of the nine seventh grade spirit beasts! Too terrifying! A feast for the entire army meant that all soldiers would get to taste a delicacy. Moreover, the nine ceramic bowls were enough to fill the bellies of the soldiers.

Bu Fang once again washed his hands with clean water. His long hands were as fair and beautiful as a girl's. Then, with just one hand, he lifted one of the ceramic bowls and jumped.

He landed beside one of the huge lit woks.

Bu Fang's expression was serious as he took a deep breath. This was his last shot at cooking a dish that could satisfy the system. If he failed... he had no other way left.

He slammed his hand on a ceramic bowl, channeled his true energy and a piece of lion meat, that resembled charcoal, flew out of it.

"This is the meat of the seventh grade Fire Lion. The patterns on the meat are like a piece of art; it even glows occasionally... Owner Bu handled it excellently. This Fire Lion meat is flawless and high quality!"

Ni Yan was impressed and praised Bu Fang. Her knowledge of delicacies was vast, so she began explaining to the rest.

As each piece of Fire Lion meat was placed into the wok, it created a scene reminiscent of flower petals placed at the bottom of the wok, covering it entirely.

The large amount of meat was placed in the piping hot wok, and the sound of splattering oil could be heard. As the oil splattered, thick smoke accompanied by a strong and fragrant aroma of meat filled the air.

"Vegetables."

Bu Fang looked toward Long Cai and whispered to him. Long Cai nodded, picked up a basket filled with spirit energy vegetables, and threw it at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang caught the basket. He placed a foot on the side of the huge wok and leaped up high. With a flick of his hands, some vegetables floated out of the basket and into the huge wok.

These white vegetables contained spirit energy and were specially produced in Western Mystery City.

"Those are Azure Sky Vegetable, one of the special local products of Western Mystery City. I'm sure everyone here is familiar with it. Its texture is chewy and moist," Ni Yan explained.

Her eyes glowed with astonishment. She couldn't predict what type of dishes Bu Fang would prepare, having using these two ingredients already.

Was he trying to cook each spirit beast in separate woks?

If that was the case, everything would make sense.

However, Bu Fang's next action made her completely clueless. As soon as Bu Fang landed on the ground, he moved to another bowl, and this bowl contained the Giant Iguana meat.

Most of them had tasted the meat of the Flower Iguana Meat. That meat was succulent and tasted extremely delicious.

Bu Fang slowly placed pieces of juicy iguana meat into the wok, right above the Azure Sky Vegetables.

The spirit energy of the three different ingredients combined and gave off a distinct smell.

"Three different ingredients already... what kind of dish is Owner Bu trying to cook?"

Ni Yan gasped, but she wasn't the only one who did so. Everyone was shocked.

This was because, if a dish contained two seventh grade spirit beast ingredients and a spirit energy vegetable, the accumulated spirit energy would be intense, and this would make the dish difficult to cook well.

Every chef understood this principle. The more spirit energy ingredients a dish contained, the harder it was to cook.

The third spirit beast meat was the Thorn Elephant that was punched to death by Whitey.

The Thorn Elephant meat was soft as butter. Once its thorns and tough skin were removed, the remaining meat underneath was exceptionally tender and soft. Bu Fang cut the thorn elephant meat into pieces and laid it down. It looked as tender as tofu.

Next up, he repeated the same process of putting in spirit energy vegetables and spirit beast meat.

The enormous wok was actually filled to the brim by so many different ingredients!

Bu Fang landed on the ground, once again, took a dozen white radishes and speedily cut them up using his Meteor Cutting technique.

Soon enough, he had carved all the white radishes into fierce-looking fire lions which he placed at the center of the other ingredients. The fire lion made from radishes looked very realistic.

"Good knife technique!!"

This dazzling display won the hearts of many spectators. Although they couldn't guess what dishes Bu Fang intended to prepare, they were swept away by his knife technique.

He repeated the same procedure for the remaining eight huge woks. The only difference each wok had was the spirit beast meat they contained. There was the Thorn Elephant, Old Mountain Turtle etc...

Each wok had its own spirit beast carving, and it was elegant and beautiful.

Bu Fang poured clean water into each wok and sat at the center of the nine woks to replenish his true energy and detect the changes that occurred in each wok.

When preparing a dish, the placement of ingredients and control of spirit energy flow greatly affected the taste directly.

The crowd stared at the nine full woks and held their breaths; they were all anxious but excited. They had never witnessed such a spectacle before, not even Ni Yan. But, that was precisely why they were curious about the outcome.

Time slowly passed by. The camp was completely silent save for the sound of burning charcoal.

Suddenly, Bu Fang opened his eyes which were stern yet revealed excitement. The next step was the most crucial part of cooking the Premium Wok of Fortunes.

He had to control the dispersion of spirit energy. Otherwise, if the combined spirit energy of so many spirit beasts got triggered, it could easily lead to... an explosion.

Chapter 305: Lady, Your Appearance Really Frightens People

Nightfall in the Northwest Plain enveloped the land with darkness and solitude. This bloodstained land was a great piece of historical value.

Currently, Mo Luo City was ablaze with light and its ancient gates were opened wide with a loud bang. A group of organized soldiers marched out of the city. Mo Lin led his troops and headed to Western Mystery City with a serious expression on his face.

The spirit beast horde had just retreated, so it was the best time for them to attack. This was the chance that they had been waiting for. They could launch a surprise attack while Western Mystery City recuperated from the spirit beast horde's attack. They could then easily conquer the ancient city from the Light Wind Empire.

The plan was put together not just by their commander but also by the Apostles in black robes.

They had managed to conquer several cities with the Apostles' help, and, each time, their plans were successful, so they placed a lot of trust in the Apostles. Their planned attack on Western Mystery City could only proceed because it was endorsed by the envoys.

Now their status in the army was comparable to the commander as it was precisely the support of these Apostles that allowed them to win all their battles!

Amidst the boundless yellow sands, a hidden troop stealthily approached Western Mystery City, which had just suffered the spirit beasts' attack.

Within the army, three shadows walked around in circles. Two of them held onto brightly lit five talismans.

One of the talismans appeared damaged and didn't shine as bright as its counterparts. However, white mist swirled within the magic array, and the faint outline of a screaming face was visible with it.

"By conquering Western Mystery City while its dark, we will accomplish the High Priest's mission. Then, we will be able to go back and return the soul to the High Priest," a husky voice said.

The two shadows, who wielded the talismans, respectfully bowed to the third shadow.

"With the elder's help... We will definitely take over Western Mystery City."

"Even if our enemy had help from the experts of Celestial Arcanum Sect, we still won't fear them. With elder helping us, surely, those fools from Celestial Arcanum Sect will perish as well."

The voice was respectful yet emotional. Their ensuing laughter could be heard from afar.

...

"We can smell the fragrance already!"

"What a unique aroma... But, it's not as strong as we imagined."

"Idiot, he just started cooking! The spirit beast's meat has barely been cooked, so, obviously, the aroma won't be strong, yet!" The soldiers discussed among themselves; they were excited about the food being prepared in the nine woks.

Ni Yan also licked her lips. She focused her gaze and became serious.

Although she had no idea what Bu Fang was cooking, she was clear that the next step would test Bu Fang's skills. Spirit energy gushed out during the boiling process. The woks contained the meat of so many seventh grade spirit beasts, which were considered leaders in their respective species. They were authoritative, and the mixture of their spirit energy could trigger an explosion.

An explosion triggered by a mixture of several seventh grade ingredients... the damage it would cause was unthinkable, and the entire camp area might be destroyed.

Tang Yin was also nervous.

Kong Xuan, on the other hand, squinted his eyes in disdain. He was just a chef, so what was all the big deal?

Suddenly, Bu Fang quickly got up and stood in front of a big wok—his gaze fixed on it.

Growl!

A cloud of steam coupled with thick energy wafted out from the wok and surrounded the white fire lion figurine, which was in the center of the wok, making it look more realistic.

Bu Fang could sense, albeit faintly, the mighty roar of the Fire Lion.

The broth in the wok boiled intensely, but it wasn't due to the heat. It was due to the spirit energy of the ingredients circulating throughout the wok.

Bu Fang frowned. This was the hardest step, and if he didn't handle it well, it may lead to an explosion.

He placed his feet on the side of the wok and raised his knee slightly. The true energy in his energy core started circulating and flowed through his legs and into the wok.

The true energy acted as a stabilizer, and once it flowed into the wok, the raging spirit energy was stabilized and the intense boiling subsided.

Bu Fang focused on his output of true energy and controlled the circulation of spirit energy in the wok.

This was an extremely difficult process, but a very crucial step.

Once everything had stabilized, it would be much easier.

With a light tap of his toes, Bu Fang leaped off the first wok and landed on a second; coincidentally, its intense boiling began to subside as well.

Bu Fang kept track of the temperature of each wok, and he knew exactly how to handle each temperature spike.

Ni Yan watched from afar and was speechless. Bu Fang's handling of true energy was what she had always been eager to learn, all along. She didn't know that true energy control could be so precise; the sight was too shocking for her.

Suddenly, Ni Yan, who was staring at Bu Fang, sniffed the air. She discerned an aroma with her sharp nose, and her eyes lit up.

The fragrance from the first wok was so rich that it couldn't be described with words. The aroma permeated the surroundings, causing the crowd to be completely captivated by it. Almost everyone could smell the rich fragrance spreading through the area.

As soon as Bu Fang leaped off the second wok and landed on a third, the second wok began emitting its own mouth-watering aroma as well. Although this fragrance was as rich as the one from the first wok, it was different. The aroma wafting from the second wok gave off a sense of tranquility, while the first wok's aroma was wilder.

The smell each wok gave represented the temperament of each spirit beast.

The Fire Lion was wild and violent; the Thorn Elephant was calm but fierce; the Old Mountain Turtle was old and peaceful...

Each ensuing fragrance immersed everyone in a different feeling.

Once Bu Fang was done with the ninth wok and leaped off it, an overwhelmingly rich aroma wafted out of the wok and into the air. It felt like dragons charging up into the sky and circling the area.

Bu Fang gently landed on the ground and sat at the center of the nine woks—his mind serene. The roars of the spirit beasts that echoed in his ears sounded so realistic.

The aroma wafting from the nine woks attracted each other and seemed to form an array. This caused Bu Fang's mind to tremble. However, this formation was not clear and seemed like it would be broken easily.

Bu Fang found it amusing... Delicacies could be used to form arrays?

"Who knows... It might be possible. Why can't delicacies be used to create an array?" Bu Fang pondered as he took a deep breath.

His thoughts were disrupted by the surrounding crowd's murmurs, and he turned toward them.

The more they stared at Bu Fang, the more amazed the crowd got. They stared at him, whose figure was covered by the mist formed from the spirit energy wafting from the woks. Sitting in the mist, he looked like some sort of god.

If he hadn't maintained a poker face, many girls would be smitten by him.

With a flick of his hands, Bu Fang got rid of the surrounding mist and walked out from the center of the nine woks. It did feel different for him when he looked at the nine woks from outside. The nine woks began to glow brightly and, from above, the light seemed to form different spirit beasts.

These spirit beasts were the ones that had been slaughtered. The Fire Lion, Thorn Elephant, Old Mountain Turtle, etc. They resembled the real deal.

The crowd was shocked. This was the first time they had seen a dish like this. Could... could this even be eaten?

However, the rich aroma of the food kept them captivated and caused their stomachs to growl. Hiding their hunger was no longer an option for the crowd as their stomachs growled loudly.

Even Kong Xuan, who disliked Bu Fang, rubbed his stomach and licked his lips.

"Premium Wok of Fortunes, completed."

The green smoke that swirled around Bu Fang's hand when he showcased his knife skills with the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife disappeared with a boom! His loud declaration, made with a serious voice, echoed around.

Was it completed?

The crowd exclaimed in astonishment.

Ni Yan stomped her feet on the ground and streaked toward Bu Fang. She grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him close.

"Owner Bu! Give me a serving!!"

Her eyes glowed with excitement, as though she had just spotted her favorite prey.

Bu Fang was a little disturbed by the warm feeling next to him.

This young lady... She made him feel a little frightened...

Chapter 306: Drink a Bowl of Scalding Meat Broth

Bu Fang paused, and his figure swiftly floated out of Ni Yan's grasp. He seemed unperturbed as he turned to face her.

"Wait," Bu Fang said.

With a porcelain bowl in hand, Bu Fang leaped and landed lightly at the side of a huge wok. With the bowl, he scooped up some broth with several pieces of meat in it.

There were nine types of spirit beast meat inside this big wok. Even Bu Fang was briefly unsure which spirit beasts' meat he scooped at random for Ni Yan.

Ni Yan licked her lips as she received the porcelain bowl from Bu Fang. She lifted the bowl up to her nose and inhaled deeply. Immediately, her nostrils were assaulted by a rich meaty fragrance, and her expression changed to one of infatuation.

"Rich and doesn't dissipate—truly fragrant. The aroma has been completely sequestered within the spirit beast meat during the cooking process, resulting in an extraordinary fragrance. Now that the meat of nine seventh grade spirit beasts has been combined, this broth that has simmered out... is simply one of the most immersive delicacies in the human world!"

Ni Yan hadn't even tasted it yet and was already full of praise for Bu Fang's dish.

She couldn't help but praise this dish that she deeply admired. It had already reached the pinnacle in terms of recipe and control of spirit energy within the dish.

Ni Yan used a porcelain ladle to scoop up some broth, but she didn't drink it immediately; instead, she raised the spoon to her eye level and examined the broth. The broth had multiple colors, it could be passed off as liquid rainbow atop a spoon.

The rich fragrance wafting out of the broth caused Ni Yan to nibble her lips. Subsequently, she shoved the spoon into her mouth.

The warm broth didn't scorch as much as she thought it would, instead, the temperature was very appropriate—unlike the broth's initial scalding hot appearance on the spoon.

Ni Yan squinted her eyes as she felt the broth permeate every corner of her mouth, as though it was crossing a nine curved creek. Every time she swallowed a mouthful, she got to experience a different flavor stimulating her oral cavity lightly.

Bu Fang's true energy cooking method rendered the spirit energy within the broth unfathomable. The broth contained a mass of coalesced spirit energy, and Ni Yan was able to taste Owner Bu's flavor within it.

The recipe of this broth was very similar to the Fish Head Tofu Soup in Owner Bu's store. The Fish Head Tofu Soup had preserved the taste of the broth, allowing the spirit energy to explode like a fragrance bomb within one's mouth. However, this time, the coalesced spirit energy in this broth burst forth like a fragrance bomb, exploding consecutively. This caused Ni Yan to tremble like she was about to ascend to heaven.

Its deliciousness was unfathomable, and Ni Yan couldn't help but stare at Bu Fang with wide eyes. Afterward, she nodded her head repeatedly in approval.

"Taste this piece of meat," Bu Fang said.

Ni Yan complied and picked up a white and rosy piece of spirit beast meat. The fat in this spirit beast meat was extremely well-distributed and the vein lines on it resembled an artistic picture scroll being projected into her eyes.

"What kind of meat is this?" Ni Yan asked curiously. Bu Fang had cooked nine types of spirit beast meat in this wok, so she couldn't discern which spirit beast the piece of meat belonged to.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows. Even though he hadn't tasted the dish, he could still discern the identity of that piece of spirit beast meat.

"This is the meat of seventh grade Old Mountain Turtle," Bu Fang replied.

"The meat of seventh grade spirit beast Old Mountain Turtle?" Ni Yan murmured lightly. Thereafter, she stuffed the piece of meat into her mouth. Her eyes widened and cheeks bulged as she chewed.

The glow in her eyes gradually brightened up while she chewed.

"So tasty! So filling! So chewy!!"

Ni Yan exclaimed in admiration. The piece of meat bounced unceasingly in her mouth and seemed to fill her oral cavity wall with a long-lasting crunchy energy.

Additionally, the piece of meat wasn't that difficult to chew. Due to the herculean strength of some seventh grade beasts, their muscle tissue was strained together. This caused the meat to look old and made it really hard to chew into smaller pieces. This type of meat would surely affect the texture of the dish.

However, the meat of this Old Mountain Turtle was crunchy and could be easily chewed into smaller pieces, although, it looked old and appeared difficult to chew.

Ni Yan had barely engrossed herself in the delicious Wok of Fortunes when the crowd rushed forward, flocked around her and began to fight over the dish.

However, Bu Fang had cooked more than enough, so everyone got a bowl each.

This dish was named Premium Wok of Fortunes because of what the name implied. The dish was cooked using the meat of several seventh grade spirit beasts. The strength of the spirit energy within a seventh grade spirit beast was, basically, too tyrannical for an average person to handle.

Normally, only those with the Battle-Maniac cultivation and above should be able to taste the dish, but Bu Fang had prepared the dish with lots of spirit energy vegetables and his own unique true energy cooking method. He guided the true energy orientation within the dish, during the cooking

process, and this caused the berserk spirit energy to calm down and become a lot gentler. Now, everyone could taste it.

This was important because the army contained people with varying cultivation levels, especially the Third Army Corps. Some of their members had attained the level of Battle-Maniac while some hadn't.

After all, it was a feast prepared for the entire Third Corp, so, naturally, it had to be eaten by everyone present.

After undergoing the simmering process, the Thorn Elephant meat wasn't much different from tofu. However, compared to tofu, the meat was much more fragrant and could nourish the body better.

The soldiers who had eaten the Thorn Elephant meat felt as though they had combusted into a raging blaze, and their true energy began to circulate rapidly.

And this scene occurred unceasingly.

The nine huge woks were sufficient. Everyone in the Third Corp was able to eat the delicacy. Furthermore, a number of soldiers from the First Corp and Second Corp had run over and asked for a portion. The deliciousness was so stimulating it left them unable to walk.

The soldiers who had eaten the Premium Wok of Fortunes felt as though their bodies were reborn. Their energy core vortexes revolved rapidly. The warm feeling of the broth still lingered within their bodies, as if a hot dense energy was guiding them closer toward rebirth.

Although the Third Corp had a lot of soldiers, they were fewer in number than the Second Corp. There were a lot of soldiers who had experienced breakthroughs and obtained advancements while others strengthened their current cultivations—experiencing breakthroughs in their mental states and improvements in their fighting strength by a great amount!

This dish had improved the quality of the entire Third Corp by a grade!

Compared to the First Corps, they weren't lacking a single bit!

Faced with this delicacy, Kong Yao, the city lord of Western Mystery City, couldn't stay calm. He scooped a bowl full of it and sampled it delicately. The more he ate, the more astounded he got.

Finally, he sucked in a breath of air.

Kong Xuan also scooped a bowl. After he drank it, he did not say anything. Although the bowl of broth didn't enable Kong Xuan to achieve a breakthrough, it had solidified his energy by a large amount.

He was a Battle-Saint, but now his cultivation showed traces of being close to a breakthrough. This was simply too inconceivable. Was this truly a dish?

Tang Yin also received a bowl. He had always been very confident about Bu Fang's dishes. Therefore, he drank his bowl with keen interest. Once he had finished drinking, he found himself yearning for another bowl.

Bu Fang stood on his original spot and frowned as he stroked his chin. His expression caused the surrounding people to refrain from disturbing his thoughts.

The Premium Wok of Fortunes had caused everyone to respect Bu Fang more.

Quickly, Bu Fang's tightly wrinkled eyebrows seemed to loosen up, and he curled the corner of his mouth into a smile. He felt excited because the Premium Wok of Fortunes had been acknowledged by the system. This was the third dish acknowledged. Finally, Bu Fang had completed its mission.

Bu Fang patted on his own cheeks and exhaled a long mouthful of air.

He also went over to scoop a bowl of broth and picked a piece of Fire Lion meat. The meat was very fresh and tender. Although it had been cooked perfectly, the vein lines on the meat were still as visible as before. Furthermore, boiling this meat had somehow resulted in it being tastier than its counterparts, the meat of the other spirit beasts.

This was the reason why Bu Fang had chosen to place the Fire Lion meat at the bottom of the wok. There, the Fire Lion meat wouldn't get overcooked easily, and its taste could be discharged better.

A bite of meat and a mouthful of broth. Repeating the process, Bu Fang relaxed greatly and had unexpectedly felt somewhat pleased.

...

Currently, Western Mystery City, if viewed from outside, seemed very noisy. The soldiers atop the city walls turned and looked in the direction of the army camps. They had heard that the people over there were enjoying delicacies... This was simply too cruel!

The others ate delicious dishes while they had to patrol atop the ice-cold city walls. How great would it be if they were together with the others, drinking piping hot mouthfuls of aromatic meat broth?

Beneath the city walls, multiple shadows had snuck over and abruptly stuck onto the city walls.

They were the elites of the army of General Mo Lin, and every one of them was an expert. Even though the city walls of Western Mystery City were very towering, the elites of that army still climbed up effortlessly.

They climbed up stealthily like lizards for a while before rushing toward the top of the city wall.

A Western Mystery City guard turned his gaze away from the camp and became vigilant when he noticed a human shadow in front of him. Immediately, he drew out his long sword with rage.

However, an even faster streak of light flashed by the neck of the guard.

Crashing sound...

Within seconds, the human shadows climbing the city wall charged up to the top. They fought at close quarters with the guards on the city wall, and their fighting strength was a lot more valiant than expected. When dealing with these ordinary guards, the experts only needed a few moves to dispose of them.

Dong Dong Dong!!

The city bell in Western Mystery City had been rung. This, without a doubt, implied the invasion of enemies.

The experts, who had slaughtered all the guards above the city wall, rushed down the wall and into the city. They planned to open up the city gate.

Boom Boom!!

Western Mystery City's First Corp's soldiers charged over and began to attack the invaders. Although they initially hadn't paid attention to the city gate, when the enemies began attacking, the soldiers responded immediately.

Soon, a chaotic battle erupted at the doorway of the city gate.

Boom Boom Boom!!

The old city gate of the Western Mystery City was consistently rammed heavily, as though a huge beast was struggling to get into it.

Outside the Western Mystery City, three human figures floated in the air. One of them lifted up his fist and, immediately, a monstrous amount of true energy converged and turned into a huge reflection of the fist. The huge fist smashed the city gate ferociously.

When the third strike landed, the city gate of the Western Mystery City was smashed open.

Loud yells and sounds of killing came pouring into Western Mystery City in an instant.

The soldiers who had just finished their military feast immediately became energetic.

The complexions of the Western Mystery City lord, Kong Yao, and General Kong Xuan quickly changed. Immediately, they rushed toward the Western Mystery City gate.

Squatting at the side of the big wok like a swallow, Ni Yan drank the scalding broth happily and ate the tender spirit beast meat. She had completely ignored the yells and sounds of killing.

However, Bu Fang looked toward the city gate in doubt. Over there, flames had ignited as the sounds of fights and killing continued.

Chapter 307: A Routed Army

The experts of the General Mo Lin's army brandished their spears and snarled. A loud scream "Charge!" sounded from behind them and they rushed forward.

These soldiers possessed a valiant fighting strength because they had undergone the Apostle's medical strengthening process and had become the elites among elites. This was also the reason why they felt assured that they could conquer Western Mystery City.

As an ancient city in the Light Wind Empire, Western Mystery City had a long history and deep foundations. They had long since separated themselves from the imperial army and become self-sustainable. Being able to oversee the North-West Plains for so many years and thwart the invasion of spirit beasts from a hundred thousand radius yet still stand tall was a testament of their valiance.

However, General Mo Lin was very confident because he had faith in the Apostles. With the assistance of the Apostles, his troops had never been defeated.

The city gate of Western Mystery City had been breached, and General Mo Lin's army rushed in, one warrior after another.

Although Western Mystery City's army tried their best to repulse the invaders, the enemies held the advantage because they had mounted a sneak attack. The Western Mystery Army retreated in defeat consistently, even though they were the elite force of the Western Mystery City.

Blade lights, weapon reflections, and yells of "Charge!" echoed within the entire ancient city.

The citizens of Western Mystery City hid within their respective houses in terror. Wars were extremely cruel and merciless. Facing this war... they could only pray, helplessly.

Three figures floated in the sky above Western Mystery City, basking in the stench of blood wafting from below. Soul essences howled miserably as they were drawn out of their corpses by a formless

suction force. The essences were sucked into the talisman array being held by the Shura expert, who was in the sky.

Carefree laughter resounded from the three floating figures in the sky.

All of a sudden, from the depths of Western Mystery City, a voice boomed "Kill!" loudly.

The laughter of the Shura Sect experts ceased immediately. Mo Lin brandished his long spear that was covered in blood and looked in the direction of the yell. The Western Mystery City soldiers charged from the depths, one after the other.

Zhu Yue, Kong Xuan... these were the upper management of Western Mystery City.

General Mo Lin's expression became grave. He knew that the genuine and challenging battle was just about to start.

However... didn't the Western Mystery Army seem a little arrogant?

General Mo Lin found the situation bizarre because the charging Western Mystery City soldiers seemed to possess a vigor so powerful that it seemed like their blood and true energy were about to burst forth from their bodies. It was extremely strange.

This was the Third Corp of the Western Mystery Army. According to the reports, they should be the weakest troops in the Western Mystery Army, right?

Zhu Yue, whose face was flushed red from trying to restrain himself, urged his horse to go faster. It was as though a raging blaze had erupted within his body.

After eating a bowl of spirit beast meat from the Premium Wok of Fortunes, Zhu Yue felt that the true energy in his body surged violently and made him feel like he possessed infinite strength.

"Kill! Slaughter this group of brutes!!" Zhu Yue roared. Immediately, he led the soldiers and charged into the mass of people. He brandished his longsword and chopped up a person with every slash.

General Mo Lin bellowed and rushed to face Zhu Yue.

Kong Xuan's energy level was mighty. As a Battle-Saint, he was one of Western Mystery City's powerhouses.

However, this time, his charge was being intercepted by a figure. This man was one of the experts donned in a black gown, and he used one hand to support the five talismans that were floating in the sky. Without a doubt, this expert was also a Battle-Saint since he possessed the ability to float in the sky. Furthermore, he gave Kong Xuan an extremely dangerous feeling.

"Assaulting my Western Mystery City! Spare no one!"

However, Kong Xuan had nothing to fear. His body emitted clanging sounds, as though he had donned a suit of armor made of surging spirit energy, and he charged toward that black-gowned figure.

In an instant, the doorway of the city gate seemed to have degraded into Shura's hell as it became a dreadful combat battlefield.

General Mo Lin and Zhu Yue fought each other, but the more they fought, the more astonished the former got. This was because he realized that something seemed different about Zhu Yue now, compared to last time!

Zhu Yue had become more ferocious and strong while his energy had become rich and powerful!

How was this possible... How long had it been? Previously, Zhu Yue was totally unable to give him such an enormous pressure!

General Mo Lin's eyes shrank, and he turned his head around to look at his surroundings. He was overwhelmed with shock. This time, his troops were the side... suffering consecutive defeats.

"This... how is this possible?!" General Mo Lin bellowed.

The surrounding soldiers of the Third Corp fought heroically and seemed unafraid of death. Unexpectedly, they pressured General Mo Lin's army and forced them to retreat little by little. The Third Corp was like a surging tide of steel, killing everything in their way.

"These Third Corp soldiers are fake, right? Weren't they very weak, previously?!"

General Mo Lin felt extremely unresigned as he watched his troops retreat over and over. He noticed how energetic every soldier of the Third Corp looked. This left him feeling extremely puzzled!

"Haha! Satisfying!" Zhu Yue laughed.

He certainly understood why the Third Corp was so bold, powerful, and extremely energetic. It was because they had just eaten gourmet food that they had never tasted before. That Premium Wok of Fortunes made them feel reborn!

Many of them had broken through and their cultivation advanced. The quality of the Third Corp had been increased by an entire grade.

Thus, under these circumstances, the vigor and fighting power of the Third Corp were at their best. Even if they were faced with the First Corp of the Western Mystery Army, they would still emerge victorious. So, why would they fear these invaders attacking their home ground?

You are so freaking dead!

In the sky above, the two remaining Shura Sect experts narrowed their eyes. They were also somewhat flabbergasted. They didn't foresee General Mo Lin's army getting suppressed so miserably.

"You, go. Western Mystery City has to be conquered. This was what the High Priest promised King Yu."

The hoarse voice calmly instructed. Subsequently, the figure whose hand supported the broken talisman figure sped out. He rushed forward, stopped, and stood upright in the sky.

As he stood proudly in the sky above Western Mystery's Third Corp, the gale caused the black gown around him to flutter violently. He curled the corners of his mouth into a cruel smile.

"So many soul essences... really cause one's blood to boil!"

At this moment, the black-gowned expert whistled, and a large group of pitch black sparrow-like birds unexpectedly flew out from within the black gown.

Those small birds flapped their wings and crowded together, forming a dense black cloud. They looked earth-shattering as they streaked downward to attack the Western Mystery's Third Corp.

"My poisonous bird babies, go ahead and gorge yourselves on tasty flesh as much as you want!"

This black-gowned expert supported the talisman on one hand as his face held a triumphant look, coupled with an abundant smile.

This black cloud of poisonous birds streaked down swiftly, like sharp swords tearing through the sky. Every time they attacked, they would pierce through a person's chest.

And, immediately, Western Mystery's Third Corp suffered heavy casualties!

"Damn it! A Battle-Saint made a move?!" Zhu Yue's eyes narrowed. Immediately, his gaze focused on the black cloud of poisonous birds rushing toward him.

...

Ni Yan finished another bowl of Premium Wok of Fortunes. Her small tongue licked her lips, glistening her tender and beautiful lips even more.

"Tasty! Sure enough, Owner Bu didn't lie to me. Not bad, not bad!"

"Teacher! They have started to fight outside... Aren't we going to help?" Tang Yin asked anxiously.

Upon hearing the sounds of battle and feeling the dreadful fluctuation of true energy, he had a bad premonition. How many people were going to die? How many soul essences would the Shura Sect collect?

"Got it... The Western Mystery's Third Corp just ate Owner Bu's Premium Wok of Fortunes, so their current strength is at its best. Even if they were to face Western Mystery's First Corp, it shouldn't be a problem for them, so why are you so anxious?"

Ni Yan placed the bowl down, clapped and looked over at Owner Bu.

"Does Owner Bu want to go over and take a look?"

"Not interested." Bu Fang shook his head. He never had much interest in wars. It would be better for him to stay behind and drink a few more bowls of Premium Wok of Fortunes.

Ni Yan gave him a quick glance. She knew, judging from Owner Bu's indifferent temper, that he wouldn't want to get involved.

Therefore, she didn't speak any more superfluous words and charged toward the battle area with Tang Yin in tow.

Bu Fang watched her go, scooped up a bowl of Premium Wok of Fortunes casually and proceeded to drink it.

He must not waste such a delicious dish, right?

Not long later, a frightening fight erupted above the city, and the true energy of a War-God burst forth with a loud rumble. Every time they attacked, there was a fierce explosion.

Bu Fang's current mood was very joyful and relaxed because he had completed the system's mission. Therefore, he felt no pressure at all.

He finished the bowl of Wok of Fortunes with immense satisfaction. This should, more or less, be his last meal at the army camp as he had completed the system's mission, so it should be making arrangements for him to return back.

Almost half a month of experience had made his culinary knowledge grow even more profound.

"You guys should also come over and eat together."

Bu Fang looked at the Cooks' Army Unit personnel, who stood at the side cautiously, and beckoned them with his hands to come over.

The Cooks' Army Unit personnel were taken aback. Subsequently, they displayed a look of excitement. They had long wished to taste this delicacy. The meaty fragrance that had permeated the air caused them to gulp their saliva irresistibly.

There wasn't a lot of the dish left inside the huge nine woks. After distributing the last of it to the Cooks' Army Unit personnel, it was over.

Boom Boom!!

All of a sudden, an explosion erupted, and numerous human figures were flung backward.

Tang Yin's face was deathly. His energy was chaotic, and he was riddled with sinister-looking bloody holes, constantly dripping blood.

A wave of bird cries reverberated loudly.

Bu Fang turned to look over and noticed a black-gowned figure hovering in the sky while surrounded by a dense cloud of black poisonous birds.

Unexpectedly, the black-gowned figure was supporting a talisman that Bu Fang could somewhat recognize.

"En? This talisman seems somewhat familiar..." Bu Fang murmured and immediately realized that it was the same talisman that unleashed the Supreme Will of Sword, causing Whitey to be thrown to the ground.

Didn't the talisman array escape? Why did it come back? Could it be that it came back for revenge?

The black-gowned person's face housed a cold expression filled with mockery.

"Celestial Arcanum Sect trashes are really weak. Babies... this trash is yours. Enjoy their delicious flesh to your heart's content!"

The figure said gently as he caressed the head of a pitch-black bird. The bird joined its counterparts and the black cloud of birds descended rapidly.

In an instant, Tang Yin's complexion turned deathly pale.

As the black cloud of poisonous birds flew over, their eyes changed into a tyrannical shade of red which made evident their killing intent.

Bu Fang frowned. He stood behind Tang Yin and was also able to feel the dreadful and cruel energy of that group of poisonous birds. Bu Fang considered Tang Yin an acquaintance, and so it was impossible for Bu Fang to let him die like this.

Besides... The other party obviously came back to seek revenge. All the more reason why Bu Fang was unable to retreat.

As Bu Fang looked at the rushing group of chirping bloody sparrows, green smoke curled up from his hand, and a pitch-black kitchen knife immediately appeared in his grasp. He twirled the knife in his hands as the poisonous birds closed in. In his eyes... these poisonous birds had turned into a bunch of big radishes.

Chapter 308: The Return and the Fury of a War-God

It was time to display... true knife skills.

Looking at the big radishes flying over... er no, the dense cloud of black poisonous birds, Bu Fang squinted his eyes slightly, twirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his grip and stopped it in an extremely cool position.

He held his breath and gazed at their chirping poisonous sparrows. He noticed a bloodthirsty radiance within the small beady eyes of the poisonous birds, and his spirit gradually became tense.

Tang Yin collapsed to the ground from excessive blood loss; his complexion was ashen.

He felt a type of death energy enveloping his body. An overwhelming sense of impending doom enveloped him, as the poisonous sparrows drew close, and his spirit began shivering.

"Hu..."

His light sigh made evident his resignation to his fate. However, in the next moment, Tang Yin's eyes widened. An inconceivable scene was taking place right in front of him.

The night was quiet. A ray of cold light flashed across the sky, like a descending meteor. Everywhere the kitchen knife flashed past, it left behind an intimidating streak of light akin to crashing meteors. The streaks of light were reflected on Bu Fang's pupils, making him look invincible.

Meteor Cutting Technique.

Bu Fang's calm voice resonated. Thereafter, there was a rumble. The densely packed poisonous birds had reached him.

Puchi! Puchi!!

Shua Shua!!

Bu Fang's face was expressionless as he gripped his kitchen knife. The speed of his knife slashes was so fast that others would have a hard time following its movement. The swift knife lights exuded a terrifying chill as they sliced apart the poisonous birds.

The strength of the poisonous birds wasn't ranked high. Each poisonous bird was only comparable to a second grade spirit beast. Their abilities were very weak, but they mainly lived in flocks and usually attacked together. When they attacked as a flock, their combined might was out of the ordinary.

Bu Fang's Meteor Cutting Technique had reached the second grade. It had attained the extremely formidable realm as a result of long hours of practice. Bu Fang pictured the poisonous birds as big radishes and handled them as effortlessly as he would handle real radishes.

Black feathers scattered about as the birds were chopped down at a speed not visible to the naked eye. Everywhere the kitchen knife flashed past, a poisonous bird would split into two halves, dyeing the ground scarlet, as though they were chopped fruit.

With a calm demeanor, Bu Fang remained at his original spot, yet his kitchen knife danced freely in the breeze.

Tang Yin was completely flabbergasted by the scene.

The poisonous birds had all been sliced apart by Bu Fang... so effortlessly.

The kitchen knife revolved on his hand and, subsequently, came to a stop in front of Bu Fang's chest. It was shiny, without a single drop of blood on it.

Tang Yin and the surrounding Cooks' Army Unit personnel were flabbergasted. Even the black-gowned figure was perplexed.

All his poisonous birds had been completely sliced apart... just like that?!

Had they all been slaughtered by this youth who had appeared out of nowhere? What reason did he have to kill my poisonous birds?!

"Damn it! My babies!"

A roar filled with anger and anguish reverberated. A murderous aura was now evident in the eyes of the black-gowned figure.

Bu Fang glanced coldly at the pile of bird corpses on the floor; the poisonous bird corpses scattered on the ground had begun to emit a strong pungent smell. The blood dripping off the corpses was pitch-black, and the main culprit behind the strong pungent smell.

These poisonous birds had probably been fed those elixirs that caused beasts to go berserk; just like the Demonic Fish in Southern City. However, these birds may have been fed a larger dose than the fish.

A long gown fluttered noisily, and Bu Fang retracted his gaze from the poisonous bird corpses. He had sensed a strong gale rushing over.

The black-gowned person had reached Bu Fang and directly attacked him. He used one hand to support the talisman array and used the other to condense true energy. He planned to kill Bu Fang with a single slap.

In his eyes, Bu Fang was just a Battle-Emperor and wasn't worth this full attention. As long as his palm strike landed, the youth would just turn into pus without any time to scream. His poison wasn't something any average person would dare to underestimate.

Boom...

Bu Fang's expression was calm. He wasn't the least bit worried about his safety as he stared at the attacking black-gowned person.

The indifference in Bu Fang's gaze caused the enemy's heart to shiver.

Subsequently, his palm attack landed on the target, however, it wasn't Bu Fang, but an ice-cold figure.

A brilliant purple glow was evident on Whitey's eye. The brilliant purple glow burst forth with its intense energy and sent the black-gowned man flying.

An explosion erupted. Whitey stomped the ground ferociously and, like an artillery shell, shot off towards the falling black-gowned man.

"What the hell is this thing?!"

The black-gowned person's eyes contracted in shock. He hadn't even sensed the existence of this lump of steel. Where did it suddenly emerge from?

Furthermore, its sudden explosive pressure caused him to feel a sense of crisis.

Boom Boom!!

He shot out two condensed energy attacks, consecutively. The true energy was pitch-black like ink and possessed a terrible corrosive might. The attacks smashed into the charging Whitey but didn't leave behind any mark on the puppet.

Bu Fang was very calm. Although this puppet was Whitey's doppelganger, it was sufficient to handle a War-God, and the black-gowned person was only a Battle-Saint. With Whitey making a move, it was sufficient.

Bu Fang was very curious about the talisman array that was being supported on the hand of the black-gowned person.

Tang Yin, who had collapsed, finally loosened up, took in deep breaths of air and spurted out a mouthful blood. This left his complexion ashen. However, he no longer felt the sense of crisis brought by that black-gowned person and heaved a sigh of relief.

In the distant sky, intense waves of true energy collided and resulted in a frightening explosion.

This was a battle between two War-Gods, and Ni Yan was one of them.

However, Bu Fang didn't have any interest in that battle. Instead, his gaze was directed to a distant place. Judging from Whitey's ability, disposing of this black-gowned person should be very easy. Sure enough, as Bu Fang had anticipated, the black-gowned man was completely abused by Whitey.

Whitey didn't unleash its big machete and smashed out three fists instead. The three fists were enough to pummel the black-gowned person until he vomited blood and was smashed into the ground, creating a crater.

That person had an expression of fear on his face. Although he wasn't an expert in hand-to-hand combat, he was still a Battle-Saint, yet he had been pounded into the ground by a puppet with only three fists.

He was supposed to be a Battle-Saint... Was he a fake?

Although his primary attack relied on those poisonous birds, he... he was still a Battle-Saint!

"You cannot kill me! I am from the Shura Sect!"

Blood dripped down the corners of his mouth as he widened his eyes in fear.

Bang!

Whitey landed in the crater with a resounding bang, and the ground trembled. The purple light flickering in its eyes was enough to make one shiver.

Bu Fang calmly looked at the black-gowned expert with indifference.

Bang!

Whitey smashed down again. The frightening might caused the entire ground to break into pieces.

That black-gowned expert had been smashed and embedded deeper into the ground. He no longer seemed to be breathing.

Buzz...

Immediately, the talisman on his hand soared up and wanted to escape again.

However, this time, Bu Fang squinted his eyes, shot upwards and captured the talisman array.

The Supreme Will of Sword on the talisman array had already been broken into pieces during its previous escape. This time, without the protection of the Supreme Will of Sword, it was directly captured by Bu Fang.

These five pieces of talisman formed an unusual magic array, in the shape of a white transparent sphere. Occasionally, a misty face struggling and roaring could be seen within it.

"What is this thing?" Bu Fang was puzzled.

Above them, in the sky, a roar erupted. The battle between the War-Gods seemed to get more heated.

"Congratulations to the host for completing the military mission. Beginning the return process now."

The system's solemn voice resonated in Bu Fang's ears. Immediately, he began to feel a peculiar fluctuation in his mind. Round white dots of lights began to spiral above his head and gradually converge together, creating a peculiar teleport array.

"Hmm? Going to start the teleportation now?" Bu Fang's eyebrows furrowed.

He gripped the talisman array and looked at the white dots of light revolving above his head.

"Bu... Senior, this is?" Tang Yin's eyes widened as he stared at the dots of light around Bu Fang. It was filled with pure energy and caused him to feel apprehensive.

Howl!!

The ensuing roar caused the earth to quake, the mountains to shake and Western Mystery City to tremble.

"Leave the Soul Congregation Array behind!!!"

The white dots of light had almost formed a magic array above Bu Fang's head which began emitting a suction force.

As the teleportation array enveloped Bu Fang, Whitey reverted back to its unsophisticated appearance and stood behind him.

In the distance, a human figure in the sky rushed over to them.

It was a middle-aged man whose scalp was filled with gray hair. The man stared at Bu Fang close, especially at the talisman array in Bu Fang's hand. As soon as he sensed the energy of the teleportation array, he roared out: "Stay behind for me!!"

Chi Chi Chi...

The sky seemed to begin to combust as black flames appeared on his hand and coalesced into a black arrow. He pulled the blazing bow fully and shot the arrow at Bu Fang. The arrow made of black flames seemed to distort the sky as it streaked over.

A violent gale began to erupt around Bu Fang and enveloped him. He gripped the talisman array and stared indifferently at the incoming blazing arrow.

That arrow began to distort under his gaze...

With a buzzing sound, Bu Fang and the talisman array disappeared.

Chapter 309: Second Part of the God of Cooking Set

The glowing white dots of light dissipated, like evaporated water, without leaving any traces.

The eyes of the man with gray hair turned scarlet red. Immediately, he opened his mouth and howled. His expression became sinister; the chill visible in the depths of his pupils was enough to cause one to feel terrified.

The Soul Congregation Array had been taken away by someone else?

If the High Priest found out about this, he would be punished seriously. The High Priest's dignity could not be sullied.

"Who was he?! He actually dared to take the Soul Congregation Array away! Damn it! Damn it!"

The gray-haired man almost flew into a rage. How was it possible for Western Mystery City to possess such a formidable existence? This was something he didn't foresee, and when he had decided to take action, it was already too late.

"Demon spawns of the Shura Sect, die!"

A loud yet delicate scolding shook the sky, and a beautiful figure appeared before everyone, walking on the clouds. Her tender body was covered in a refined true energy armor.

Ni Yan's expression was grave, yet appeared extremely awe-inspiring. She held a resplendent longsword with a glow that kept flickering.

Killing intent erupted from the man's eyes. Suddenly, he stomped onto the ground, shot upwards and began fighting Ni Yan once again.

...

Light Wind Empire's Imperial Capital, Fang Fang's Little Store.

The room on the second floor was quiet, as usual. A ray of sunlight shone through the window and lit up the interior of the room, giving it a dense sheen.

Suddenly, in the sun-lit room, bright dots of light seem to appear from the void. Like lively spirits, the light dots began revolving and converging into a teleportation array, in mid-air. The magic array produced buzzing sounds, subsequently, the wind blew and began to whistle in the room.

Under the whistling gale, a tall and a thin figure appeared and stepped out of the magic array, with his lank hair fluttering with the wind.

Bu Fang gripped the talisman array, which was formed using five pieces of talisman, in one hand as he stepped out from the teleportation array. The brilliant white glow revolved for a while and began to vanish. Everything returned back to a tranquil state.

Bu Fang's hair stopped fluttering and dropped back over his shoulder, quietly. He was bathed by the sunlight seeping in through the window, giving him a shiny golden glow.

"Hu..."

Bu Fang felt his mind relax and exhaled lightly. The familiar smell of his room caused him to feel content. Suddenly, Bu Fang's slightly squinted eyes immediately widened, and he spun around to look at the void behind him. The revolving dots of lights which had seemed on the verge of dissipating still hadn't completely disappeared.

The void began to distort and a vortex appeared within. Flame crackling sounds resonated and brought with it a scorching heat.

A pitch-black flame arrow shot out from the void and streaked toward Bu Fang. Its might was frightening, and it radiated an intense killing intent, which seemed to have the sole aim of piercing through Bu Fang.

This was an all-out attack from a War-God.

Immediately, Bu Fang felt goosebumps spring up all over his body as an overwhelming sense of crisis enveloped him.

The teleportation array hadn't just teleported him over, it brought the arrow over as well...

Bu Fang hadn't expected this.

On the floor below, the store hadn't opened for business yet, since it was still early in the morning. Yu Fu was in the kitchen practicing her cutting and carving skills.

The big black dog lying down peacefully at the store's entrance suddenly jerked and opened its drowsy eyes. The eyes seemed to glow with an eccentric thought. In the next moment, it lifted its dog paw, licked it, and made a slapping motion in the air.

Faced with a sense of crisis from the War-God's arrow, green smoke curled up from Bu Fang's hand. As he had now returned back to his small store, Whitey's doppelganger had disappeared and was incapable of blocking this arrow for him, so he could only rely on himself.

However, just as he gripped his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, a fuzzy doggy paw appeared in the air.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up, and his tension loosened up. After twirling it in the air, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife immediately turned back into green smoke and dissipated.

The fuzzy dog paw slapped down and smashed the incoming arrow. With its advance stopped, the arrow exploded with a loud boom, and its shattered pieces dissipated. The room returned to its tranquil state, and the fuzzy dog paw also disappeared.

Bu Fang calmly exhaled again and finally relaxed. He took a quick glance at the talisman array before flinging it casually onto his table. Afterward, he unequipped everything he had taken with him and went into the bathroom.

After comfortably taking a hot bath, with his hair still moist, Bu Fang walked out of his room, dressed in a set of comfortable clothes, and went to the kitchen.

The sounds of knife skills being practiced echoed from the kitchen. It was a chord of structured noise. The stable cutting sounds made evident the improvement in Yu Fu's knife skill in the past half a month.

Yu Fu didn't notice Bu Fang walk into the kitchen; she was still focused on her knife skill practice. The kitchen knife in her grip sliced the ingredients flexibly and consecutively as though it had a life of its own.

Suddenly, the kitchen knife in her hand stopped as she sensed a presence. She lifted her head, revealing her delicate and beautiful face, and finally noticed Bu Fang, whose hair was still moist.

Yu Fu's pupils dilated and her expression swiftly switched from surprise to joy.

"Owner Bu, you're back!"

Owner Bu had finally returned! It had already been half a month; if he had returned any later, Yu Fu would have thought that something had happened to him.

"Yes. Not bad. Your knife skill has improved," Bu Fang praised with a nonchalant nod. "Continue practicing. I am going to cook a plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs for Blacky," Bu Fang said.

Yu Fu nodded obediently and continued practicing her knife skills.

Bu Fang walked over to his own cooking bench. After half a month without using his stove, Bu Fang had actually developed a sense of longing toward it. As he touched the ice-cold stove, the corners of his mouth curled up. He casually selected a kitchen knife and put it down. Then, he took out the ingredients from the cupboard and with a twirl of the kitchen knife, he began to swiftly cut the meat, which was from the area close to the spine, into cubes.

Bu Fang ignited the stove, waited for the pot to heat evenly and began to cook the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs that he hadn't prepared for ages.

Soon, a rich meaty fragrance filled the small store. As soon as she perceived the meaty fragrance, Yu Fu slowed her knife practice as she widened her eyes. Over time, she had become extremely sensitive to the fragrance of dishes, and she could tell that the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs that Owner Bu was currently making was a lot richer than those that he made in the past.

Oh my god! Could it be that Owner Bu's culinary skill has improved again?!

How formidable. Owner Bu's culinary skill was already so powerful, yet it was still improved. It seemed she couldn't goof off anymore. Otherwise, the disparity between her and Owner Bu would get even wider.

Tilting the pot, Bu Fang extracted the aromatic Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and tipped the intoxicatingly rich broth into a porcelain bowl. A colorful aromatic plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was completed.

Bu Fang glanced at Yu Fu, who was still practicing diligently, gripped the plate with his slender fingers and carried it out of the kitchen.

When Bu Fang opened the store's door shutters, a dull alley appeared before him. Although it was monotonous, the alley still gave Bu Fang a feeling of comfort.

Blacky was lying down lazily at the entrance, in a deep sleep.

"Blacky, time for your meal," Bu Fang said and placed the plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs in front of Blacky. He proceeded to rub Blacky's spotless and supple dog fur. Blacky's dog nose immediately twitched, and it opened up its eyes which gleamed brilliantly.

Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs!

Blacky got up excitedly and began scarfing down the food in the porcelain bowl.

In the next instant, after gobbling down a single piece of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, Blacky's movement suddenly turned stiff. It raised its dog head and glanced at Bu Fang in doubt, with traces of confusion and bewilderment visible in its eyes.

"This Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs... how come it became even more delicious?"

Although Blacky was puzzled, it was delighted about this Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs upgrade. Blacky didn't give it any more thought and began wolfing down the food even more ferociously.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up, and he stood up. He stretched his body and inhaled a breath of fresh air before going back into the store. He removed the door boards, indicating that the store had opened up for the day's business.

Bu Fang's hair was already dry, so he searched for a band and tied it up. he pulled a chair, sat down and took a satisfying nap.

Sure enough, the interior of the store was still very comfortable.

Not long later, Xiao Xiaolong came over excitedly. The moment he entered, he saw Bu Fang sitting on the chair taking a nap.

"Owner Bu! You were finally able to return!" Xiao Xiaolong exclaimed in excitement.

Bu Fang opened up his eyes slightly and glanced at Xiao Xiaolong, "How has your knife skill practice been coming along? I am going to conduct a knife skill test tomorrow... Wish you all the best."

The excitement on Xiao Xiaolong's face disappeared and his expression immediately turned rigid. Subsequently, it became completely unsightly, as though he was suffering from constipation, and he rushed into the kitchen.

Bu Fang shut his eyes again to continue his nap.

"Congratulation to the host for completing the temporary mission: heading to the Western Mystery City and joining the armed forces as the army chef. Within the allocated time, completing three dishes within the standard that the system had set. Mission reward will be released now."

"Mission reward: ten percent increase in your true energy cultivation, as well as one fragment of the God of Cooking Set. Rewarding successful."

"Gathering of three fragments of the God of Cooking Set completed. Beginning to convert it into a second part of the God of Cooking Set..."

Chapter 310: The Dragon Bone Knife in his Left Hand and the Black Turtle Wok in his Right Hand

Bu Fang's body, which was lazily curled up on the chair, shook. His slightly narrowed eyes opened and brightened up. He leaped up from the chair as he sat with his back straight and eyes wide open.

"I could exchange them for a piece of the God of Cooking set."

He had almost forgotten about that. After returning to the store, the comfortable and cozy environment almost made him forget about the system's reward.

His first piece of the God of Cooking set was the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. It was an important piece of equipment which was of great help to him this year. It made his cooking skill improve by a few grades.

He loved this knife from the bottom of his heart.

Unknowingly, Bu Fang had already collected three fragments from the God of Cooking set. He was already able to exchange for a second piece of equipment. Bu Fang was thinking about which equipment he would be able to exchange for and he was looking forward to it.

"The exchange for a piece of the God of Cooking set is undergoing..... Ten percent of true energy cultivation will be bestowed."

The system's solemn voice rang out and unceasingly resounded in Bu Fang's ears. His breathing sped up and his breaths became slightly rough.

Ten percent of true energy cultivation was definitely important to Bu Fang. However, he knew that even if his cultivation progressed by ten percent, it would be difficult for him to break through to the next grade. He would probably need another reward of ten percent of true energy cultivation in order to advance into the next grade.

There was no need for Bu Fang to be anxious about such things. Having a small progress in his cultivation was definitely better than having none. He was quite optimistic about it.

The thing he cared about the most was the God of Cooking set.

However, even after some time had passed, the system didn't mention anything about the God of Cooking set. This made Bu Fang slightly anxious and irritated. He became quite frustrated as he felt that the system was leaving him hanging on purpose.

The sound of orderly footsteps sounded in the alleyways. Fatty Jin and his great army of fatties appeared before Bu Fang. "Ah, Owner Bu! I wasn't able to see you for a few days, but it seems like I've had good luck. I can immediately taste Owner Bu's dishes after returning to the capital."

Fatty Jin looked at Bu Fang, who was basking under the sun. His eyes which were hidden under a layer of fat emitted a glow which wasn't the least bit lacking compared to the glow when he saw a beautiful woman.

Bu Fang was waiting for the appearance of the piece from the God of Cooking set and he was looking forward to the system's voice appearing again. However, after waiting for a long time, the system didn't say anything. Bu Fang was irritated by the lack of response from the system.

Being irritated wasn't the way of a chef. A chef must never be irritated or impatient. He must calm his heart and mind in order to cook a delicious dish.

Bu Fang looked at Fatty Jin's familiar smiling face. He immediately became aware that he was so obsessed with the equipment that he had forgotten about the basics of being a chef.

"Well... Today, all of the dishes at Fang Fang's Little Store will be cooked by me. I welcome everyone to eat my food."

Bu Fang stood up from his chair. Although his expression was calm as usual, there was a trace of warmth hidden under his calm expression.

Fatty Jin and the army of fatties behind him blanked out for a while and looked at each other. Before long, they started cheering.

At Fang Fang's Little Store, if anyone wanted to taste the dishes cooked by Owner Bu, they should order some specific and special dishes. The usual Egg-Fried Rice, Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and the other dishes were cooked by two apprentice chefs in Fang Fang's Little Store.

The dishes cooked by them had good flavor. Their culinary skill was better than many of the chefs in the capital and they could be considered extremely good chefs even in the entire Light Wind Empire.

However, everyone knew that compared to Bu Fang's dishes, their dishes lacked something. Bu Fang's dishes had an unspeakable charm, unlike theirs.

That was the difference between the dishes cooked by the apprentice chefs and Bu Fang.

As he gazed at Bu Fang's slim figure which turned around and walked toward the store's kitchen, Fatty Jin let out a long breath. Taking the lead, he ran toward the store.

By the time the rest of them came back to their senses, they started yelling at each other. They were not willing to let anyone enter the store before them. Squeezing against each other, they fought to enter the store's door.

....

Bu Fang spent the whole day cooking in the kitchen. His hands didn't stop for even a second as the sound of vegetables being chopped unceasingly resounded from the kitchen.

Ouyang Xiaoyi came to the store and when the first dish was placed before her, she discovered that the one standing before the window of the kitchen was Owner Bu. Her expressionless face stared at Owner Bu's face for several seconds before a shrill scream left her mouth.

Bu Fang speechlessly rolled his eyes at her.

The news of Bu Fang's return was quickly known by everyone. Shortly after Fatty Jin and his group left the store, the store's business boomed. Citizens from the capital formed a never-ending stream as they poured into his store.

Almost all of the bigwigs of the Imperial Capital came over.

Even the new guardian of the Imperial Capital, Xiao Yue, eagerly ran over to the store. With his hands behind his back, he slowly walked into the store.

How ironic was it? Currently, it was difficult to be able to taste Bu Fang's dishes. The significance behind tasting Bu Fang's dishes became extraordinary.

Streams of sweet fragrance were emitted from Bu Fang's store and wisps of the aroma curled up in the air like snakes. A long time passed before they eventually scattered.

Floating above the shop, the fragrance found its way into the alleys and continued on. It could be said that the fragrance traveled for more than a dozen miles before dissipating.

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu looked at the store which was many times livelier than usual as they sucked in a breath of cold air. It was only at this moment that they knew how big the disparity between them and Bu Fang still was.

The happy smile plastered on every customers' face who walked out of the store gave them great stimulation.

It stimulated them because they were unable to achieve such a feat. It seemed like there was a long road before them. A long road until they would be able to reach such a level.

When the opening hours were over, the cooking in the kitchen finally stopped.

However, Bu Fang still made several extra dishes as he carried them into the kitchen. Placing them on the table, he called Xiao Xiaolong, Yu Fu and Ouyang Xiaoyi over. He planned to reward them with food and drinks.

It was a Premium Wok of Fortunes. Although it was lacking compared to the one he made in the army, it was because he didn't make this one from a seventh grade spiritual beast meat.

However, the taste would be the same even if he used other spiritual beasts' meat. As such, he retrieved some from the system's dimensional bag. Although the grade of the meat was somewhat lacking, the dish was still extremely delicious.

He also cooked the Sour Spicy Soup and the Mapo Tofu. Since the Mapo Tofu was cooked using the store's kitchen tools, the flavor it had couldn't be compared to the past. It was sweet to the extreme.

Ouyang Xiaoyi and the other two fellows stared at their boss.

Three new dishes!

Was the boss injected with chicken's blood? He usually stressed for half a month before coming up with a new dish.

"Come and have a taste. These dishes are extremely delicious."

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up into a smile as he addressed the three of them.

Bu Fang raised his head and looked at the menu which was in the store. There were several dishes which were added to it. They were the First-Grade Good Fortune Pot and the other two new dishes. Of course, the prices of these dishes were quite expensive. The price of a Premium Wok of Fortunes was the highest and it reached 205 crystals.

The Premium Wok of Fortunes served in the stall wouldn't be the same as the one he cooked in the army. He wouldn't use such high grade spiritual beast meat to cook the Premium Wok of Fortunes.

The last time he cooked the Premium Wok of Fortunes was a rare occasion. Who would have thought that so many high grade ingredient would appear from the Hundred Thousand Mountains?

The outcome was extremely satisfying to Bu Fang. Every time he waved his knife, he would find suitable ingredients before it. He was excited just thinking about such a marvelous scene.

He didn't see Ouyang Xiaoyi for half a month. It seemed as though this little girl became taller in the time he didn't see her. She became slimmer and more graceful as well.

However, there was a part of her which didn't change. She was still wolfing down food, which didn't seem ladylike at all.

"Fuuu... Ha... Smelly Boss! This Mapo Tofu is quite delicious! It's really spicy and refreshing."

Ouyang Xiaoyi was gasping for breath as her lips puffed up due to the spice. However, her eyes were unable to leave the shining Mapo Tofu.

Xiao Xiaolong's table manners were the exact same as Ouyang Xiaoyi's. Only Yu Fu had somewhat decent table manners compared to them.

Bu Fang cracked his fingers as the corners of his mouth rose. It didn't take him long to join the three foodies.

In just a short while, the three dishes were cleanly eaten.

After she finished eating, Ouyang Xiaoyi's cute face became completely red. She shot a glance at Bu Fang before bolting out of the store. She quickly ran home and didn't have the ability to open her mouth at all. It seemed as though she had suppressed herself for too long.

Those dishes Bu Fang prepared were dense in spirit energy. Especially the Premium Wok of Fortunes, which could bestow one with good fortune. Its spiritual energy was mild and gentle. It was the best dish which could help one achieve a breakthrough in cultivation.

Ouyang Xiaoyi's cultivation was stranded in the fourth grade Battle-Spirit Realm for a long time. As she was absorbing the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Tree's spiritual energy daily, she was also comprehending the world's truth. The stimulation of the Premium Wok of Fortunes brought her cultivation over the edge and she was about to make a breakthrough.

As for Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu, they didn't show any signs of breaking through. However, they both experienced large improvements in their cultivation. As such, they waved farewell to Bu Fang and left the store.

Bu Fang collected the chopsticks and bowls before closing the store. The moment he put the door boards back in place, the system's voice resounded in his mind.

He hustled for a whole day just to calm his anxious and impatient heart. Just like what he expected, he could only calm his mind by cooking.

"A piece of the God of Cooking set, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, has been unlocked. Will the host please check the contents..."

When the system's voice rang out, Bu Fang's mind was still calm.

The first thing he did was to go to the kitchen. After practicing his Meteor Knife Skill Technique, which reached its peak, he remained unable to break through. Only after he finished his practice did he return to his room.

After washing his slender hands, he wiped them dry. With clean hands, he solemnly connected his mind with the system and entered it.

The moment he connected, a humming sound resounded.

Countless specks of light appeared in the room and then a white teleportation array appeared before Bu Fang.

A gust of wind rose in the room and made his hair flutter around unceasingly as his velvet hair tie was blown away by the wind. The moment his hair tie was blown away, his hair sprang out and hung loosely over his shoulders.

Bu Fang placed all of his attention into that transport array. A loud rumbling sound emanated from the array as a huge luminous figure appeared in it.

It was a tool which was equivalent to the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. It was pitch black in color.

It was a huge wok with an extremely ordinary appearance. However, there were countless mysterious and odd patterns around the edges. There were also pictures carved onto the wok. After staring at it for a long time, Bu Fang finally made out its true appearance. He finally discovered that it was an indistinct picture of a giant black tortoise which was as heavy as a mountain.

He felt an ancient and dignified aura coming from the wok. The aura made Bu Fang's mind tremble slightly and he opened his eyes wide and looked at it.

This... this was one strange wok!

Bang!

The specks of light disappeared along with the array. The huge wok which had a picture of a giant black tortoise engraved on it fell onto the floor of his room with a huge bang.

At that instant, it seemed like the whole store shook the moment the wok touched the floor.

The black dog which was laying at the entrance opened its eyes as it curiously looked toward Bu Fang's room.

"This wok... It is actually able to make one's mind tremble." Bu Fang muttered as he extended his thin finger to stroke the wok's edges. A bone-chilling air broke out of the wok as a chill shot toward the nerves on his fingers.

A strange fluctuation was emitted from the wok and Bu Fang was able to slightly sense it. He felt a scalding pain in his right arm as a design of a wok appeared on his wrist.

Facing such a scene, Bu Fang clicked his tongue in wonder.

When he thought of the Wok again, the heavy wok instantly became as light as a feather in his hand.

He waved his other hand. Just like how he usually summoned his Golden Dragon Bone Knife, the wok changed into a green smoke and disappeared.

The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his left hand and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in his right hand...

This God of Cooking set was truly high-end, refined, and classy.