

Gourmet 311

Chapter 311: The Beautiful High Priestess

Host: Bu Fang

True Energy Cultivation Level: Sixth Grade (Already reached the level of simulating objects with true energy. As the God of Cooking in this fantasy world, the host can try simulating kitchen tools with your true energy to cook even more delicious dishes. Work hard, young man);

Cooking Talent: Two Star;

Skills: Level Two Meteor Knife Technique (100/100), Level One Big Dipper Carving Technique (60/100);

Tools: Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking set), Black Turtle Constellation Wok (God of Cooking set);

God of Cooking overall rating: Junior Chef (Your culinary arts started shining as your talent started blooming. Your cutting and carving techniques have already reached a higher level. The path toward becoming the God of Cooking has already been opened for you.)

System Level: Six Stars (Conversion ratio is at ninety percent. The host is permitted to carry out the capture of ingredients. The host is permitted to recruit apprentices.)

Bu Fang stood steadily in his place as he slightly lifted his hands. The system panel was flickering in his mind and he was carefully observing the information on it.

His true energy cultivation didn't achieve a breakthrough because the number of crystal he obtained from his business was somewhat lacking. However, Bu Fang didn't care about this. On the system's panel, the name of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was added to it.

"The Black Turtle Constellation Wok: as a piece of the God of Cooking set, it is made from the shell of the primordial spiritual beast, Xuanwu. It weighs more than 5,000 kg and it's extremely firm and solid. It possesses a suppression and oppression effect against all spiritual beast. If used alongside

the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, it can kill all spiritual beasts under the ninth grade. With the host's current quantity of true energy, he will need to consume half of his true energy each time."

"The effect of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok toward ingredients: it can enhance all aspects of the ingredient and improve the smell and flavor. It can also reduce the time needed for cooking. It can absorb the leaking spiritual energy while cooking and return it to the dish in order to form a perfect cycle of spiritual energy circulation."

The system's introduction rang out in a solemn voice. It gave a detailed introduction of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and mentioned all of its effects.

The more Bu Fang heard, the more his eyes shone. The effects of this wok were extremely terrifying. It was simply a legendary divine tool made for chefs.

As long as one possessed this wok, it could be said that the person possessed the ability to make all of the delicacies in this world.

"Friendly reminder: if the host wants to cook with the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, he must operate it with the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames. Otherwise, the host wouldn't be able to use the Black Turtle Constellation Wok."

Just when Bu Fang was extremely excited, the system poured a bucket of cold water over him. His excitement was extinguished and his face became expressionless.

What the hell was a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?

"System, what do you mean?" Bu Fang asked. "What is a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame? Do I possess it?"

"The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame is a fire which is naturally bred by the world. It possesses the ability to burn all myriad objects and matter. It's formed when the essence of the entire continent is concentrated. It is the only type of fire the host can use to operate the Black Turtle Constellation Wok." The system explained it for him.

Bu Fang blanked out for several seconds before questioning further, "This means that as long as I don't have this Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, I won't be able to cook with the Black Turtle Constellation Wok?"

After he asked the question, the system didn't give an answer. Bu Fang knew that the system's silence was the same as confirming his guess.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth slightly twitched.

He summoned the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and the pitch-black wok instantly floated before him. A special fluctuation was emitted from the wok.

The system said that this Black Turtle Constellation Wok weighed more than 5,000 kg. However, Bu Fang felt as though it was light as a feather. He came to the conclusion that it was because he was the Black Turtle Constellation Wok's master.

After all, when the Xuanwu Wok just appeared, the heavy and ancient imposing aura had affected everything in the surroundings.

Bu Fang flicked his finger and tapped on this Black Turtle Constellation Wok. A heavy thrumming came from the wok the moment he tapped it.

He softly sighed. It was a good wok. However, it was a pity he couldn't use it.

Green smoke curled around his right hand as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife transformed back into smoke. Both pieces of equipment disappeared and the smoke disappeared along with them.

"Temporary Mission: The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames, 'Ten Thousand Bestial Flames', will be born shortly. The host should subdue the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames. Mission reward: ten percent of true energy cultivation. Mission failure penalty: deduction of ten percent of true energy cultivation."

Just as Bu Fang was sighing and shaking his head in disappointment, the system's voice once again resounded in his mind. It actually issued another temporary mission...

What the hell?

Didn't I just finish a temporary mission? Why can't you just let me rest for a while?

Bu Fang's complexion stiffened. He had just completed the marching army temporary mission. He hadn't even rested properly. The system actually issued another temporary mission? Could the system be obsessed with temporary missions?

"The location of the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames will be given to the host after a month. It will be issued when the Delicacy Map is open," the system said with a solemn voice.

The Ten Thousand Bestial Flames... The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames... Bu Fang furrowed his brows. This temporary mission issued by the system seemed like it would be difficult to complete. There was even a penalty if he failed. This was something which never happened before.

However, Bu Fang knew the progress of his cultivation. As his culinary skills became better, it became harder for him to progress in his cultivation. It was no wonder that the system would put harsher requirements on the temporary missions it issued. It was to pave a way for him to become the God of Cooking, the person who would stand at the top of the food chain in this fantasy world.

It would be even harder to progress and failure would greatly hinder his progress. The more failures he had, the more obstruction he would face when he tried to improve his culinary skills.

It was obvious that the system wanted him to be on guard. It didn't want Bu Fang to slack off in the slightest.

Bu Fang also thought that he was being too relaxed lately. He actually wasted half a month in the army in order to create a dish that satisfied the system. It seemed as though the system was telling him to hurry up.

He touched his chin and reflected upon his actions. He eventually lay on his bed and went to sleep.

No matter what, as a chef, it was important to have a good sleep.

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In the vast Border City.

Angry roars were transmitted from that pitch-black iron tower. The tower stood proudly in the Border City and a terrifying pressure was emitted from it. The pressure permeated the surroundings.

The three blood guards opened their eyes and their hearts trembled.

Creak...

The sound of a gate opening resounded. The great heavy golden gate was slowly opening. As the blood guards' pupils constricted, the gate of the iron tower opened inch by inch. The gate was usually sealed shut. However, it was currently opening up...

A figure walked out from the great gate as a blood glow was emitted from the iron tower. The bloody glow enveloped the figure who was sauntering out of the tower.

The figure didn't have a crooked or hunched back. Instead, it looked quite tall. The figure eventually became clearer as it appeared in front of the three blood guards.

The figure was actually a woman with a graceful and charming figure. She only wore a piece of thin undergarment on her upper body and her face was covered by an ice-cold black mask. The mask hid her face completely and it made everyone curious about her true identity.

A necklace hung on her snow white, slender neck. However, the necklace was formed by stringing up five small skulls together...

Her lower body was covered by an extremely short leather skirt. The skirt seemed to be made from the skin on an unknown spirit beast. Her long and slender legs would make anyone's imagination run wild.

From just her stature, it could be seen that she was definitely a beautiful woman. She would be a woman who possessed extreme beauty... She would be so beautiful that no one would dare to stare directly at her. It was a pity that a mask covered her face. No one was able to see her true appearance.

The woman who appeared from the iron tower shocked the three blood guards.

"The High Priestess!"

Rushing forward, the blood guards stood before her.

The woman slightly lifted her snow-white arms and rubbed her slender fingers together. When she rubbed her fingers together, an odd fluctuation was created.

"I happen to sense the disappearance of one of the nine big Soul Congregation Arrays. Do you know what is going on?"

The voice of the woman was both cold and sounded lovely. However, when the blood guards heard her question, they trembled and their eyes were filled with fear.

"We don't know! We had been protecting the Sacred Tower and we heard no news about that Soul Congregation Array."

"Eh... The Soul Congregation Array is extremely important for the rise of our Shura Sect. We can never allow anything to happen to it. The aura of the Soul Congregation Array in the northwest is gone. It should be the array beside Western Mystery City. Which one of you would like to take a trip there?" Before anyone could answer her, the woman tapped the head of a blood guard with her slender finger. It seemed as though she had already made her choice.

The body of the blood guard trembled and cold sweat emerged from every pore of his body.

"Understood... I will go immediately," with a trembling voice, the blood guard who was chosen said.

As the High Priestess raised her covered face, every single one of the blood guards felt her icy-cold gaze sweep through them.

"After a month, I will attempt to break through. If you are still not able to find the lost Soul Congregation Array, you should be clear of the consequences. If the Soul Congregation Array doesn't have enough Soul Essence, just choose a city and slaughter everyone in it. Remember... never delay the progress of the Shura Sect."

Rumble!

The moment she was done talking, the woman disappeared. A loud creaking sound was heard as the heavy gate closed.

When the blood guards raised their heads, they realized that their entire bodies were soaked with cold sweat. Three half-step Supreme-Being experts like themselves were frightened to the point where their clothes were soaked with cold sweat...

"The nine big Soul Congregation Arrays are the key to awakening the Departed Soul Orb. We can't lose any of them. Since the High Priestess placed such an emphasis on them, two of us should go. The Soul Congregation Array contains a strand of the High Priestess' sword energy. Since they were broken into, the cultivation of the person who took the array must be extremely powerful. It might be difficult for one of us to deal with him."

Two of the blood guards looked at each other before nodding. They came to an agreement and flew out of Border City together.

The only remaining blood guard continued to protect the iron tower with a grave look on his face.

Outside the Border City.

Two of the blood guard who wore blood-red robes looked at each other. One of them stretched out his palm and a large talisman appeared on it. There were nine big specks of light twinkling on the Talisman, which represented the nine Soul Congregation Arrays.

"Eh, the Soul Congregation Array appeared again. It appeared in the Light Wind Empire's Imperial Capital."

"Why would it be in the Imperial Capital?" One of the blood guards said in a puzzled tone.

"Who cares why. I don't care who was the one who did it. Since he dared to spoil the matters of our great Shura Sect, he must die." Storing once more the talisman, the other blood guard exploded with killing intent.

The two blood guards changed their direction and rushed toward the Light Wind Empire's Imperial Capital.

Chapter 312: You Should Give the Godly Temple of the Wildlands a Compensation

The Light Wind Empire's Imperial Capital, in the main hall.

Ji Chengxue wore a brocade robe as he sat on the Dragon Throne. His current complexion was better than before. Although the Imperial Capital was still in the midst of chaos and his position and status might be threatened at any moment, he wasn't worried like before.

There wasn't any other reason other than the fact that the current Light Wind Empire had the support of an extremely powerful ally. They were existences who Ji Chengxue didn't dare to think about in the past.

The Godly Temple of the Wildlands, the Illusory Spirit Swamp's White Clouds Villa, the Hundred Thousand Mountains' Clear Sky Pagoda, and other legendary factions came out of the way to send their experts to the Light Wind Empire.

It was truly an unexpected blessing. The Light Wind Empire was facing imminent danger as many counties and cities have been seized by King Yu's army. The only reason King Yu was able to obtain victory after victory was because there were many powerful existences in his army helping him.

The Light Wind Empire's experts were incapable of withstanding the powerful beings in King Yu's army. Even Xiao Meng suffered a great loss when he faced King Yu's army for the first time.

Ji Chengxue only knew about King Yu's plans recently. It seemed as though King Yu colluded with a taboo faction. The faction was extremely evil and the Godly Temple of the Wildlands and the other powerful factions only had one goal. It was to completely eradicate the evil faction from the face of the earth.

Currently, the main hall was already protected by the experts sent by the powerful factions. It was because of the protection provided by the experts that Ji Chengxue's expression relaxed.

Each faction sent at least one expert to protect the Imperial Capital. Even the weakest of the experts reached the seventh grade Battle-Saint realm. Many of them were even eighth grade War-Gods.

Since there were so many experts in the Imperial Capital, Ji Chengxue felt as though it was as stable and as secure as Mount Tai.

"Your Majesty, have you properly considered..."

A man whose whole body was bursting with bulging muscles looked at Ji Chengxue who was sitting on the Dragon Throne. His eyes flashed as if there were lightning bolts running through them.

The person who asked the question was an expert from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. He was a powerful eighth grade War-God. There wasn't fear or envy in his face when he looked at Ji Chengxue. The secular and worldly factions were unable to challenge the Godly Temple of the Wildlands at all.

"Elder Sun, it's not that this sovereign doesn't want to comply with your request. It's just that... Fang Fang's Little Store is untouchable." A helpless expression appeared on Ji Chengxue's face.

"Your Majesty, the death of my Godly Temple of the Wildlands' elder Xia Yu is related to that store. There were many people who personally witnessed elder Xia Yu fight against the store's experts." Elder Sun's complexion became cold. As an elder of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, he couldn't ignore the fact that two of their experts died in this particular store.

The reason he was sent here by the Godly Temple of the Wildlands was to protect the Light Wind Empire's emperor. Also, he was sent here in order to investigate the death of the two elders.

The Godly Temple of the Wildlands shouldn't be insulted. Since this store dared to kill an eighth grade War-God and another with the body of a Supreme Being, both from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, they should be prepared to face the retaliation from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands.

Ji Chengxue knew about this. It was because of this that he found this matter troublesome. In his eyes, Owner Bu's store was a bomb which could explode at any moment. No matter who was the one who offended Owner Bu, they would meet their end. He didn't want the experts from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands to cross them again.

"Your Majesty, I don't care about your opinion regarding this matter. Since the store's owner just returned, I would go there myself to demand an explanation from him. Even if that store was protected by a Supreme Beast, they won't be able to insult my Godly Temple of the Wildlands as they like," Elder Sun coldly said.

It was obvious he didn't care about what Ji Chengxue had to say. After he completed his sentence, he turned around and left the main hall. Sitting in the main hall, Ji Chengxue felt slightly awkward and indignant when he saw that Elder Sun didn't listen to him.

There were experts from other factions in the palace. For example, the White Cloud Villa's Zhan Kong, aside from a seventh grade Battle-Saint from the Hundred Thousand Mountains and other experts.

Ji Chengxue felt angry but he was helpless about everything. He didn't have any way of restricting such an expert.

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It was morning.

Bu Fang woke up and took a bath before walking toward the kitchen. Yu Fu had already woken up and she was practicing her cutting techniques. When she saw Bu Fang entering the kitchen, she greeted him with a smile.

Bu Fang nodded at her before going to his own stove. Taking out his heavy kitchen knife, he started to practice his cutting skills. Although his Meteor Knife Technique's proficiency was already at the maximum, he was still practicing it as usual.

After completing his knife practise, he started on his carving skills. His Big Dipper Carving Technique was still lacking in proficiency. As such, he focused on the Big Dipper Carving Technique.

He started preparing to cook his Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs after practicing for some time.

Due to everything he went through in the army, he experienced some improvements. He knew that he had many shortcomings, which made him more diligent about cooking.

In just a short while, the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib's fragrance filled the entire kitchen.

When Bu Fang added the orange juice to the ribs, the entire dish started to emit an enticing fragrance. It was an aroma which could whet the appetite of everyone in the store.

Opening the store's door, he placed the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib in front of Blacky.

These two days might be the happiest for Blacky. When Bu Fang was in the army for half a month, Blacky's mouth almost went numb. It was truly unbearable for him to live without Sweet 'n' Sour Rib.

Bu Fang slightly stroked Blacky's fur before going back into the store. He laid back in the chair as he waited for Xiao Xiaolong to come over. Today, Bu Fang would check and examine Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu's skill. By the time he reached the kitchen, the two of them were already ready to show off their cutting and carving skills.

Xiao Xiaolong was pent-up due to the defeat from last time. Now, he had one objective and it was to win.

"Today's test is quite simple. You just need to use your cutting and carving skill to make the Thousand Layer Tofu Flower."

Placing his hands behind his back, Bu Fang stared at them and said calmly.

The Thousand Layer Tofu Flower?

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu blanked out for quite some time. Wasn't this the dish Bu Fang used to make his cutting technique well-known? Making this dish didn't only test their cutting skill. It also had a strict requirement on their carving skill.

Who would expect that Bu Fang would set the bar so high?

Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu shot glances at each other. When their eyes met, they saw the fighting spirit in each other's eyes.

The moment Bu Fang took the warm tofu out, their competition started.

Xiao Xiaolong wasn't goofing off in the last half a month. Bu Fang could see his hard work from his cutting skills. It wasn't inferior to Yu Fu's.

Yu Fu was also quite impressive as this serpent-woman possessed a firm will. She had an unwavering conviction toward the culinary arts. She also possessed splendid cutting skills.

The two of them calmed their minds and concentrated on making the Thousand Layer Tofu Flower.

This was a competition which tested both their cutting skills and mental fortitude.

Although it was a difficult test, they completed their dishes in just a short while. Even though both of their dishes had some flaws, they were still quite magnificent. Both the dishes were beautiful and exquisite.

As the balls of soft, fur-like tofu swayed in the water, the beauty they displayed was almost moving.

However, the end result caused Xiao Xiaolong to sink into despair. He still lost to Yu Fu, whose cutting techniques were slightly more meticulous and exquisite than Xiao Xiaolong's.

As a penalty for his defeat, Xiao Xiaolong had to take Bu Fang's heavy kitchen knife and use it to practice his culinary art.

When Yu Fu looked at Xiao Xiaolong's indignant look, she giggled happily.

"Enough! The competition has come to an end. Both of you should go and practice your culinary arts," Bu Fang calmly said. Turning around, Bu Fang was about to leave the kitchen.

Before he was able to leave, Yu Fu called him back.

"Owner Bu... I... I have a small request," Yu Fu said with some hesitation in her voice.

"Em?" Bu Fang looked at her with confusion in his eyes.

"A few days ago, I received a letter from my father. He wants me to return to the Serpent-men Tribe. Something big happened..."

In an instant, Bu Fang understood the reason why she called him back. As it turned out, she was requesting for a little time off.

There was naturally no problem with this. Bu Fang wasn't some evil chef who would imprison his serpent-woman apprentice or do anything like that.

"Go back early so that you can quickly come back. You shouldn't neglect your culinary arts practice even in the Serpent-men Tribe. You will still need to compete against Xiaolong," Bu Fang earnestly said.

Yu Fu nervousness immediately disappeared as she exhaled a long breath. She nodded her head excitedly and her head bobbed up and down.

Under Yu Fu's excited appearance, she hid a trace of worry. Her father wanted her to come back even though he knew that she was training under Bu Fang. It was obvious that some urgent and important matter occurred.

What made her father call her back so urgently?

Turning around, Bu Fang left the kitchen. There were already streams of people pouring into the store as it had started its business.

Today, that Ouyang girl surprisingly didn't come over. It was probably because she had just eaten the Premium Wok of Fortunes the day before. She was most likely trying to make a breakthrough right now.

However, it didn't affect him much.

Lying down on his chair with a relaxed expression on his face, Bu Fang would only stand up from time to time. The only time he would stand up was to make the dishes which were difficult to prepare. After completing the dishes, he would return back to his seat.

Those expensive and difficult dishes were rarely ordered anyway.

However, he was glad that he was free. Lying down on the chair, Bu Fang thought about ways to improve the dishes on his menu. He also thought about how he could improve the flavor of his dishes and some other things.

Judging by the flow of customers, his business seemed quite good.

All of a sudden, a huge group of people arrived at the entrance of his store.

Bu Fang's slightly closed eyes instantly widened even though he was still lying on the chair. When his gaze fell on the group of people, Bu Fang felt slightly surprised.

He was surprised, as those people were wearing guards' armor. The guards were naturally quite respectful to Bu Fang as his store's name was quite prominent in the Imperial Capital.

After taking a closer look, the muscular man in front was staring at him with a cold expression on his face.

Em? Bu Fang's brows slightly tilted upwards as he returned the gaze.

When the gazes of the two met, it was as though a fight started in mid-air. Although one of them was standing up and the other was lying down on a chair lazily, they seemed to be ready to fight at any time.

After looking at the muscular man for a long time, Bu Fang rolled his eyes and ignored him.

It was at this moment that this man finally spoke up. The way he spoke to Bu Fang was rude and impolite, to say the least.

"Are you the owner of this store who killed two elders from my Godly Temple of the Wildlands? Since you killed the people of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, don't you think that you should at least give us some compensation?"

Chapter 313: The Panic in the Imperial Capital

"Shouldn't you give the Godly Temple of the Wildlands a compensation?"

Bu Fang, who was lying on the chair, simply rolled his eyes at Elder Sun's arrogant words. He blanked out when he heard that Elder Sun was there to demand compensation for the people in the Godly Temple of the Wildlands.

"Why should I give the Godly Temple of the Wildlands a compensation?" Bu Fang lazily stretched himself out on the chair. He looked at Elder Sun calmly as he asked his question.

Hearing Bu Fang's response, Elder Sun's eyes narrowed. The armored guards beside him trembled when they saw that Bu Fang didn't care about Elder Sun at all.

"Owner Bu... This is Elder Sun from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. He is an eighth grade War-God," one of the guards introduced the man to him.

An eighth grade War-God? How was that impressive? There were many eighth grade War-Gods who had died in this alleyway. Bu Fang didn't fear nor envy those so-called eighth grade War-Gods at all.

The guard was also clear on how strong the people in this store were. He had already informed Elder Sun of everything that happened here in the past. However, as a person from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, Elder Sun wasn't afraid of anything. He wouldn't be afraid even if Fang Fang's Little store was protected by a supreme beast.

"Today, I came here under the orders from our Temple Master. You have killed two experts from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands. We can't just turn a blind eye on all this," Elder Sun firmly said.

Bu Fang stared at Elder Sun with a calm expression for quite some time.

Under Bu Fang's scrutiny, Elder Sun's heart tightened. When he swept his gaze around the store, he realized that this was an extremely dangerous place. Even Xia Da and Xia Yu perished in this place. Obviously, he wouldn't fare any better if he were to attack the store by himself.

However, this didn't mean he was afraid of the store. Even if he wasn't capable of attacking it, his Godly Temple of the Wildlands was definitely capable of demolishing it.

There was a true Supreme-Being in Godly Temple of the Wildlands. They had once killed a supreme beast in the past. Precisely because of this, Elder Sun wasn't afraid that Fang Fang's Little Store was guarded by a supreme beast.

"Are you done talking? If you are, get lost." Bu Fang stood up from his chair and lazily stretched himself. After requesting for Elder Sun to leave the store, he walked toward the kitchen as if nothing happened.

"Youngster, don't assume that a supreme beast is enough for you to be fearless and reckless... The world is broad and vast. A supreme beast isn't invincible." Elder Sun took a deep breath and threatened Bu Fang.

Elder Sun knew the rules of this store. He knew that he should be safe as long as he didn't cause any trouble here. As such, Elder Sun was only here to send Bu Fang a warning and didn't plan to fight him at all. He wasn't a fool. This store possessed a supreme beast. Even Xia Yu died there... Compared to Xia Yu, Elder Sun was considerably weaker.

"If you are willing to follow me to the Godly Temple of the Wildlands obediently, Temple Master is willing to forget about this matter. As long as you acknowledge your mistakes, Temple Master said to let bygones be bygones. However, if you don't follow me back....."

"Get lost."

Bu Fang was starting to get irritated and he didn't want to waste his breath on such a person. He felt as though the experts from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands cultivated to the point of being retarded. Xia Yu was the same as this Elder Sun. In the past, he came to this store and started to cause trouble. This time, Elder Sun came over to the store to invite him over to the Godly Temple of the Wildlands...

It would be better for all of you if you didn't provoke me. Otherwise, Blacky would slap all of you to death.

You actually want me to go to the Godly Temple of the Wildlands to acknowledge my mistakes? What a joke.

When Elder Sun heard what Bu Fang said, he wanted to continue with his threats.

However, before he could open his mouth again, he discovered that a big figure shot out from the kitchen and was standing in front of him. When the figure's red eyes stared at Elder Sun, he couldn't help but tremble.

"Ah!! It's Fang Fang's Little Store's clothes-stripping crazy demon!"

"Owner Bu got angry! Elder Sun, you should quickly leave."

The armored guards' bodies trembled when they looked at the fat figure of Whitey standing in front of Elder Sun. Pulling on Elder Sun's sleeves, one of the armored guards tried to drag him out of the store.

"What are all of you..." Elder Sun was dragged from the store by the guard before he had any time to react.

After they were out of the store, the guards told him about Whitey's legends. After hearing the whole story, Elder Sun's heart clenched and his whole body trembled. He felt a sharp and cold gust of wind slice through his body.

The clothes-stripping crazy demon... It was said that Xia Da was beheaded by this clothes-stripping demon. This was an extremely terrifying puppet.

Elder Sun stood in the alleyway's entrance as uncertainty flashed in his eyes.

In the end, he simply sighed.

"Since I can't do anything about it, I'll wait for Temple Master to personally come. He'll condemn the store himself. Although the devils of the Shura Sect are currently causing problems everywhere, the dignity of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands can't be ruined by anyone."

...

This matter was just a small incident for the store and didn't affect its business at all.

On the next day, Yu Fu waved farewell to Bu Fang as she followed behind a group of merchants. She started her journey back to the Illusory Spirit Swamp.

On the same day, Ouyang Xiaoyi completed her breakthrough to the fifth grade Battle-King. Of course, it was because of the effect from the Premium Wok of Fortunes. This made her extremely excited as she had finally overtaken her three stupid brothers. It was good enough for her to show off in front of them for quite some time.

Fang Fang's Little Store was open for business as usual. There were streams of people going in and out of the store and business was flourishing. Although it seemed good, it was still lacking in popularity compared to the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant, which was located outside the alleyway.

However, Bu Fang targeted the higher class and it was something the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant couldn't rival him in.

In such a carefree and leisure environment, time slowly passed without anyone noticing.

All of a sudden, a shocking news started to spread in the capital. When the citizens heard the news, they were stunned for quite some time before they started clamoring and discussing. Everyone was frightened by the news.

"The army which the Great General Xiao Meng led has been defeated. The Great General Xiao Meng was heavily injured by the enemies and returned to the capital in shame."

The news quickly spread through the entire capital.

In Fang Fang's Little Store, there were many customers discussing the defeat. If Xiao Meng's army was defeated, all of the empire's army could be considered defeated.

It also meant that King Yu's army could rush straight to the Imperial Capital.

This was a disaster for the citizens living in the Imperial Capital. It had been a long time since they had felt danger looming over their heads. All along, they heard about all of the victories from Great

General Xiao Meng. This was the first time they heard that Great General Xiao Meng experienced defeat. They were dumbstruck when they heard such tragic news.

Bu Fang didn't have any interest in that. However, he heard all the discussion on this topic when he was basking in the sun on his chair. As such, he had a considerable understanding of the matter.

"It seems like Xiao Meng was defeated..."

Bu Fang quietly muttered. He wasn't surprised by such an outcome as he had already faced those armies when he was in the Western Mystery Army. If the soldiers hadn't eaten the Premium Wok of Fortunes which he cooked, their condition wouldn't have been improved to their extreme limit. Western Mystery City might have already been seized.

Bu Fang wasn't surprised at Xiao Meng's defeat. He knew that the mysterious faction possessed unusual and strange means. It was normal for Xiao Meng to lose.

These days, Xiao Yanyu and Xiao Yue rarely came to the store. Even when Xiao Xiaolong came to practice his culinary art, he would have an ugly complexion on his face.

When Xiao Yue came over, he would quickly drink a bottle of the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine before footing the bill.

From the state of the members of the Xiao Family, it seemed like Xiao Meng was truly seriously injured.

Xiao Meng's army retreated back to the capital and started their defense in the city itself. It could be said that the capital was currently heavily guarded.

Smoke and dust were billowing outside the Imperial Capital. A densely packed army rushed toward the city and they completely surrounded it. Every road leading out of the capital was completely sealed.

An oppressing and heavy atmosphere immediately filled the whole Capital.

Ji Chengyu wore his armor and rode on a spirit horse as he stared into the Imperial Capital heroically. His eyes contained a trace of longing and his gaze was firm.

He said that one day he would come back to take what was rightfully his.

Today... He was finally back.

There were many black-robed experts standing behind him.

Zhao Musheng wore a long gown as he respectfully followed beside a black-robed old man. The old man possessed an unfathomable air as he stood proudly with his hands placed behind his back.

...

In the main hall, Ji Chengxue solemnly sat on the Dragon Throne. He wasn't panicked or flustered at all. Even though Ji Chengyu's army was right in front of him, the emperor was still composed. This was because he was the emperor. He was the Light Wind Empire's emperor. He needed to remain calm and composed no matter what. Even if everyone else was flustered and in a state of panic, he must stay composed.

Before him, stood the civil and military ministers. There were also experts from the various factions.

Many of those experts had ugly expressions on their faces. It was because Xiao Meng wasn't the only one who was heavily injured. The experts who were sent to support him were heavily injured as well. There were even some who had died.

This was extremely bad news.

This meant that the strength of the Shura Sect's experts surpassed their initial assumption.

"Your Majesty, don't be worried. The Temple Master from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands is already rushing toward the Light Wind Empire. Our Temple Master is a true Supreme-Being. The moment he arrives here, those devils from the Shura Sect are doomed," Elder Sun said to Ji Chengxue who was sitting on the Dragon Throne.

Zhan Kong shot a look at that Elder Sun before turning to Ji Chengxue, "The White Cloud Villa has already dispatched our Great Commander. Your Majesty, you can be at ease."

The White Clouds Villa's Great Commander was the most powerful expert under The Villa Lord. He was also a Supreme-Being expert.

They misjudged the Shura Sect's strength and didn't expect that so many eighth grade War-Gods and others near the Supreme-Being echelon would end up heavily injured.

The moment the news reached the ears of the factions, it shook them. In an instant, they made the decision to send their peak experts to the Light Wind Empire.

There was no way they were going to let the Shura Sect recover. Everything which happened in the past, those bad memories of being under the Shura Sect's rule, they still lingered in the minds of everyone in the powerful factions.

Chapter 314: The Blood Guards Arrive, the Army Besieges the City

Illusory Spirit Swamp.

An astonishing battle occurred in the muddy swamp as two powerful seventh grade spirit beasts fought against each other. The terrifying aftershocks of the battle engulfed the entire swamp. The muddy water billowed and mud on the ground flew everywhere.

The seventh grade spirit beasts were fighting over territory, which was a usual occurrence in the Illusory Spirit Swamp. Just like in the Wildlands, the more one ventured into the Illusory Spirit Swamp, the stronger the spirit beasts would be.

In this region, two seventh grade spirit beasts were not considered powerful at all. There were countless other spiritual beasts who were much more powerful compared to them.

All of a sudden, a sonic boom resounded as the air above the swamp was compressed. It was as though a bomb was thrown into the swamp, and mud splattered all over the place.

The body of those two seventh grade spiritual beasts stiffened as they stopped their fight temporarily. They looked toward the figure who appeared in front of them. It was the same figure who caused the sonic boom.

It was a tall and muscular man wearing armor. His true energy behaved like a dragon as it unceasingly revolved around him.

The man had a sharp face and he directed his calm gaze at the two spirit beasts who were fighting. Looking at the two of them, his brows slightly furrowed.

His body was emitting a frightening pressure which scared those two spiritual beasts. They quickly dived into the swamp and didn't dare to peek their heads out for a long time.

Since they were spirit beasts, they could sense that the man was an extremely dangerous individual.

Another sonic boom resounded as this man ripped the air apart. He rushed toward a distant place and left the swamp in a matter of seconds.

...

The Wildlands.

A tall and lofty tree which seemed to prop up the sky was suddenly sliced into two.

A giant spiritual bird whose wings were as sharp as a sword swept through the area. Its wings severed every tree in its path, making it look unstoppable.

There was a ferocious and bald youth sitting on top of this terrifying bird. The youth had brown skin and his whole body seemed quite odd. It seemed as though his entire body was crafted from bronze and every inch was perfectly toned. Every muscle in his body was filled with terrifying strength.

As the bald youth stood on top of the spiritual bird, his gaze flashed with lightning. He stared into the distance and it seemed like he was looking at a specific place outside the Wildlands.

"This time, My Godly Temple of the Wildlands lost two experts. Xia Yu was a person who had great potential. He had a high chance of becoming a Supreme-Being in the future. However, he actually died in the capital of the Light Wind Empire. I'll definitely obtain justice for him. As for the Shura Sect's devils, I have to get rid of them completely. If the Shura Sect recovers, they will cause havoc and there won't be any peace left in the Land of Southern Border."

The bald youth's eyes twinkled as he coldly snorted. Sending a fierce stomp to the bird below him, the spiritual bird immediately emitted a sharp cry. It shook its wings and started to increase its speed.

As such, the combo of one man and one bird transformed into a beam of light. This beam of light instantly disappeared from the Wildlands.

In the tall and lofty Wuliang Mountain and in the boundless Hundred Thousand Mountains...

Countless experts started to set out toward the Light Wind Empire. They knew that they had misjudged the Shura Sect's strength. This group of experts was hurriedly gathered and sent toward the Light Wind Empire.

In a place several hundred miles away from the Imperial Capital.

King Yu's army was stationed here but they didn't start their charge at the Light Wind Empire's Imperial Capital. They clearly knew that there was no way reckless charging and attacking would take down the Imperial Capital. They knew that they had to keep calm and think of a plan.

As the capital of the entire empire, the strongest experts of the empire were gathered there. Even if the Shura Sect was supporting him, King Yu knew that he still had to be careful when attacking the Imperial Capital.

It was a must for him to be prudent. If he wasn't and lost the next battle, there was only one outcome waiting for him. He would be dead beyond a doubt.

Zhao Musheng was wearing a long gown as he sauntered toward King Yu, addressing the latter with a light smile on his face.

"King Yu, you must be excited to finally return to the Imperial Capital... It will finally belong to you.."

"How can I be excited? There were far too many casualties in this war. Too many people died because of this." King Yu took a deep breath and said.

Zhao Musheng calmly smiled as he stood beside King Yu. As he stared at the lofty Imperial Capital in the distance, his gaze gradually became sharp.

"After we seize the Imperial Capital, I don't have any other request. I only hope that you can hand Bu Fang over to me."

"Bu Fang? His store is protected by a supreme beast..."

"It's only a supreme beast. We have a Supreme-Being on our side. There is no need to be afraid of a supreme beast. I have a hunch that Fang Fang's Little Store is hiding a great secret. Even if it doesn't possess any secrets, the Path-Understanding Tree is enough for me." Zhao Musheng rubbed his fingers and his eyes contained a trace of killing intent.

All of a sudden, Zhao Musheng raised his head.

He saw two blood-red light beams rushing toward them, but they stopped right above their heads.

In the army, an old-man suddenly opened his eyes.

He took a step forward and instantly appeared in the sky. He floated before the two blood-red light beams.

"The Blood Guards? Shouldn't both of you be protecting the Sacred Tower? Why did the both of you come here? Did something happen to the Sacred Tower?"

The old-man furrowed his brow and shot questions at the two who just appeared in the sky.

"We greet the Venerable."

Cupping their hands, the two Blood Guards greeted the old man who had just appeared. They quickly told him the reason they were here. They also relayed the High Priestess's instructions.

A Soul Congregation Array was stolen and it appeared in the Imperial Capital.

The Venerable's eyes immediately narrowed and a cold glow flashed in his eyes.

"Could it be that they were stolen by the Celestial Arcanum Sect? Impossible. The Celestial Arcanum Sect's experts didn't even appear in the Imperial Capital. It can't be them... Could it be the experts from the Hundred Thousand Mountains?"

The Venerable was quite puzzled as he had already sent people to monitor the experts in the Imperial Capital. After thinking about it for quite some time, he was still unable to think of anyone. Who in the world could have possibly stolen the Soul Congregation Array?

The moment the three of them landed on the ground, King Yu and Zhao Musheng came over. Both King Yu and Zhao Musheng extended their greetings to the three of them.

The Blood Guards didn't care about the greeting at all. They simply nodded their head at the two of them as they were from factions in the secular world. People from the secular world couldn't pique their interest at all.

When Zhao Musheng listened to their conversation, his eyes immediately brightened.

"Venerable, I know who might have stolen your Soul Congregation Array."

"Who?"

The eyes of the two Blood Guards brightened the moment they heard what Zhao Musheng said. When they shouted at him in unison, a terrifying pressure engulfed him.

This pressure immediately made Zhao Musheng and King Yu suck in a breath of cold air.

"There is a store in the Imperial Capital. It's called Fang Fang's Little Store. It is protected by a supreme beast. Since there are no Supreme-Beings in the capital at the moment, they are the only

ones who could have stolen your Soul Congregation Array." Zhao Musheng hurriedly explained as his eyes flickered.

Staring at Zhao Musheng, the Venerable exposed a cold smile.

He naturally saw through Zhao Musheng's trick. However, if Zhao Musheng was telling the truth, it was worth a trip to the store. If the store really possessed a Supreme beast, it didn't matter if they had the Soul Congregation Array.

Since they will launch their assault on the Imperial Capital soon, they can't possibly ignore the existence of a supreme beast.

"Then, what are we waiting for? We should quickly attack the Imperial Capital. The High Priestess seems to be quite angry." When he thought about the High Priestess, one of the Blood Guards couldn't help but shiver. He was anxious and wanted to attack the Imperial Capital as soon as possible.

The complexion of the other Blood Guard changed. With a wave of his hand, a compass appeared on his hand.

There were many light specks in the compass. One of them was particularly bright and prominent.

"The Soul Congregation Array appeared once again."

That Blood Guard said.

....

In one of the Imperial Capital's alleyway, in Fang Fang's Little Store.

Bu Fang laid on the chair as he slightly narrowed his eyes. A gust of cold wind brushed past his face.

Today, the business of the store wasn't good. Due to the news of Xiao Meng's heavy injury, everyone was afraid. Many of them hid at home which caused the business of the store to take a hit.

Extremely bored, Bu Fang immediately thought of something. The five talismans which he took from an enemy in the Western Mystery City immediately appeared in his hands.

Those five talismans seemed to be quite worn-out. There were many cuts and slits on them. It seemed as though they would disintegrate any time. As the talismans revolved, they formed an array. This array contained an amount of white smoke, which was just like soul essence. From time to time, there would be a fuzzy human's face appearing in the smoke. The human faces emitted fearsome shrieks before disappearing into smoke again.

"This array is truly evil." Bu Fang furrowed his brows and came to a conclusion.

After observing and studying the talismans until he was bored, Bu Fang collected those five talismans again. In the distance, he saw that a figure was approaching him.

When he looked at the figure, Bu Fang blanked out for a second.

Xiao Meng?

The person approaching him was the famous Xiao Meng. It was the same Xiao Meng who was supposed to be heavily injured. Xiao Meng's complexion wasn't good at all. The color of his skin was quite pale, and it gradually turned black.

Bu Fang stood up and welcomed him into the store.

The moment Ouyang Xiaoyi saw Xiao Meng, she blanked out. His weak and feeble appearance worried her.

"Owner Bu, serve me a bottle of the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine." Xiao Meng's voice was hoarse and he couldn't help but cough after saying several words.

After a mouthful of coughs, he spat out a mouthful of black blood.

"You are poisoned." Bu Fang calmly stared at him. The pool of black blood seemed quite familiar to him. It seemed as though Xiao Meng was poisoned with the same poison as the Southern City's

Xiao second master. However, it seemed like the poison in Xiao Meng was much stronger than the Xiao second master.

The Demonic Fish's meat was still in his system's dimensional storage. Maybe it could be of help to Xiao Meng.

"I really embarrassed myself this time. When the armies were rushing toward the Imperial Capital, I got injured. In such a precarious situation, I, Xiao Meng, actually got myself injured. I don't have any face left to face the citizens of the Imperial Capital. Tomorrow, His Majesty will conduct the last round of negotiations with King Yu. If he fails, the battle will immediately start. I stand no chance of survival in the final battle."

Xiao Meng bitterly smiled.

"Since I have almost no chance of living anymore, I'm here to drink my last bottle of the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine."

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The moment he was done speaking, a figure appeared in front of him. It was the graceful figure of Xiao Yanyu. The current Xiao Yanyu wasn't wearing a veil and her beautiful face contained a trace of worry.

"Father..."

Xiao Yanyu's voice was choked with emotion when she saw her father.

Bu Fang didn't say anything. Turning around, he returned to the kitchen. Before long, he came back and placed a bottle of the Ice Heart Jade Urn Wine in front of Xiao Meng.

Looking at the bottle Bu Fang placed in front of him, Xiao Meng laughed and brought it up to his lips. He took big mouthfuls of the wine as he laughed heartily.

The poison deeply seeped into Xiao Meng's body. Although it seemed like the one which the Xiao second master suffered from, it was still slightly different. Xiao Yanyu knew that Bu Fang once cured the Xiao second master's poison and she had thoughts of looking for him. However, she knew

that Bu Fang's detoxification method depended on the Demonic Fish's meat. She knew that only the meat's essence could cure the poison. However, even though the meat's essence was able to cure the Xiao second master, it was unlikely that it could cure Xiao Meng.

Bu Fang sighed as he clinked his wine glass with Xiao Meng's. Bringing it back to his lips, Bu Fang drank the entire cup in one mouthful.

Just when the two of them were drinking to their heart's content, deafening roars came from outside the capital. It was obvious the roars came from the tens of thousands of soldiers situated outside the capital.

Xiao Meng was shocked. He slammed the bottle of wine on the table as he stood up from his seat.

"Didn't you say they would negotiate first? Why is King Yu directly attacking the City?"

Chapter 315: Hand over Bu Fang

When Xiao Meng heard the roars and bugle sounds, he stood up with a grave expression on his face.

However, he wasn't able to do anything. In the next moment, his chest became heavy and he started to cough heavily. As he hacked away, he spat out another mouthful of black blood. The moment the mouthful blood left his body, his complexion worsened even more.

It seemed like the poison was really potent. Even a seventh grade Battle-Saint became weak and feeble when affected by it.

Xiao Meng took out some crystals and handed them over to Bu Fang before turning toward the exit of the store. As one of the empire's commanders, he still had to fight at the front lines even if he was poisoned. It was his pride as a commander.

...

In the main hall.

Many experts assembled in the palace as they thought about how they should repel the enemies. They didn't expect that the bungles would sound at this exact moment.

The complexion of Ji Chengxue, who was sitting on the Dragon Throne, immediately changed.

"Damn! King Yu, you didn't keep your word!"

Ji Chengxue's complexion became extremely ugly. However, he wasn't the only one with an ugly expression on his face. Everyone in the hall had the exact same expression on their face.

King Yu's army possessed the Shura Sect's support. There were countless experts on their side and the people in the main hall wasn't confident that they could defeat the experts from the Shura Sect. They were planning on waiting for the Supreme-Beings from their faction to arrive before confronting the enemy. By the time their faction's Supreme-Beings arrived, they would have enough power to fight against the enemy. They never thought that the enemy would attack them before their backup was here.

They immediately became flustered.

Ji Chengxue left the main hall and wore his military uniform as he followed the army. He planned to head toward the city's gate.

However, the moment he left the palace, he met Xiao Meng, who had a pale complexion as he walked toward the army.

When Ji Chengxue looked at the feeble and weak Xiao Meng, he softly sighed. He continued toward the city gate and after climbing onto the walls, he took a look at King Yu's army.

The terrifyingly imposing manner those soldiers surrounding the city had instantly oppressed him. The insane number of soldiers outside the city waved their lances and roared loudly. Anyone would be afraid when they looked at this scene.

Wearing his golden armor, Ji Chengxue stood at the top of the city walls. He stared at the great army below him with a grave expression on his face.

It seemed as though the soldiers started to settle down the moment they saw Ji Chengxue.

In the army, King Yu rode a spirit horse as he leisurely and heroically left the ranks. He raised his head and stared straight at Ji Chengxue who was standing at the top of the city walls.

"My dear brother, you shouldn't blame me. I really wanted to give you some time to catch your breath, but something special happened," King Yu said with a slight smile.

The moment he heard King Yu's words, Ji Chengxue's expression turned cold. If it wasn't because he was afraid of the experts behind King Yu, he would have ordered his army to rush at them. It was because they had a Supreme-Being in their midst that Ji Chengxue had to bear with the humiliation.

Clip, Clop!

Ji Chengxue didn't reply to him. Zhao Musheng, who was riding another spirit horse, appeared behind King Yu. A smile was plastered on Zhao Musheng's face as he stared at Ji Chengxue. He shook his head and clicked his tongue for quite some time as a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

"Do you know why I besieged your city ahead of time? It's because of a person inside your city. If you hand him over, I might order my forces to retreat. We can continue the negotiations tomorrow."

Ji Chengxue furrowed his brows. Did you attack us for a person? Are you looking down on my Light Wind Empire?

He was angered by Zhao Musheng's words but he knew that he couldn't rage at him. He angrily punched the city walls in order to vent his anger.

"Who?"

Ji Chengxue's voice which contained his repressed anger resounded from the top of the walls.

When they heard his reply, both King Yu and Zhao Musheng let out a mocking smile.

"You should be quite familiar with this person. He is from Fang Fang's Little Store. We want Bu Fang," Zhao Musheng slowly said.

The moment the words left his mouth, a commotion broke out.

"What? Owner Bu?"

Ji Chengxue's complexion instantly changed. Why would they want the Light Wind Empire to hand over Owner Bu? Why was Bu Fang their objective? Owner Bu was a low-key person...

Bu Fang's name was quite resounding and prominent in the whole Imperial Capital. All of the experts on the city wall knew what kind of existence Bu Fang was.

Fang Fang's Little Store possessed a supreme beast. How was it possible for them to hand him over?

Even if they wanted to, Bu Fang wouldn't listen to them like an obedient child.

"It's out of the question! I won't hand Bu Fang over to you." Ji Chengxue decisively and firmly rejected them.

No matter if it was Bu Fang's culinary arts, strength, or background. Every aspect of him made it impossible for Ji Chengxue to hand him over. Bu Fang was a special existence in the Imperial Capital. He was outside of the empire's control and jurisdiction.

Zhao Musheng seemed as though he had already anticipated Ji Chengxue's response. As such, he waved his hand to dismiss whatever Ji Chengxue just said.

"It's fine if you don't hand him over. However, you have to make him hand over the object he took."

Object? What object?

Everyone on the city wall was confused as they had no idea what Zhao Musheng was talking about.

All of a sudden, the two Blood Guards appeared from the troops and floated in mid-air. Their gaze was icy cold, as if they were looking at a sea of blood in front of their faces.

"Hand over that person and I will spare you. Otherwise, all of you will die here." One of the blood guard's hoarse voice warned.

Every single expert on the city wall was angered by his threat, especially the Godly Temple of the Wildlands and the other great factions. They glared at him with anger burning in their eyes.

"They are devils from the Shura Sect!"

The moment they heard the identity of the Blood Guards, everyone's heart turned cold. They met people from the Shura Sect before and their factions possessed various records of them. They were clear about the system the Shura Sect used. A person with such a powerful aura wore a blood-red robe. He would be none other than the Shura Sect's Blood Guard.

Every member from the Blood Guard was an expert at the peak of the War-God echelon, being half a step away from the Supreme-Being realm. They just needed to take one more step and they would become Supreme-Beings.

When the Shura Sect was at its peak and golden age, they had more than a dozen Blood Guards. At that time, the Land of Southern Border was ruled by the Shura Sect. Therefore, those factions' experts were quite familiar with the Blood Guards.

An existence at that level was enough to slaughter everyone present on the city wall.

Everyone was terrified of the Blood Guards. Their fear and dread only grew with the passing of time.

"Your Majesty... we should make Owner Bu hand that object to them. They possess an extremely terrifying aura..."

Above the city wall, there was a minister who was unable to bear the pressure emitted by the Blood Guard. His legs were trembling unceasingly. He couldn't bear it anymore and he tried to advise Ji Chengxue.

The moment someone took the lead, everyone would start to follow. All of the other ministers started to plead for Ji Chengxue to make Bu Fang hand over the object.

Since they could delay the attack just by handing over the object, there was nothing to think about. They would definitely hand it over.

Even if Bu Fang's store was protected by a supreme beast, they were only requesting him to hand over the object. That wouldn't be considered excessive at all, would it?

"Shut up! Where would we put our faces if we agreed to their request? If we hand over Owner Bu, they would be trampling over the Light Wind Empire's dignity."

Ji Chengxue waved his arm clad in his golden armor. He roared angrily at everyone who was standing around him. He was truly disappointed by those ministers.

Even if he didn't mention that he owed Bu Fang a favor, just Bu Fang's existence as a mysterious faction made him someone they couldn't provoke. Ji Chengxue wasn't a fool. There was no way he would agree to hand over Bu Fang.

Elder Sun from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands spoke up at this moment. His eyes flickered with a vicious radiance.

"Your Majesty, we shouldn't destroy an entire empire for one person. If we can delay the attack, the Imperial Capital would be safe the moment our Temple Master arrives. If they attack us now, we will definitely lose."

The Elder Sun was still bearing a grudge toward Bu Fang. Since there was an excellent opportunity to get rid of Bu Fang, Elder Sun was happy to help the Shura Sect this time.

"No way. We can't hand him over. We can hand anyone over, but not Bu Fang." Ji Chengxue was still resolute and unwavering in his decision.

The Elder Sun's complexion immediately became cold.

"Your Majesty... It isn't up to you whether we hand him over or not. If we can't delay the attack until the Temple Master arrives, the Light Wind Empire would be destroyed in your hands." Elder Sun raged firmly.

Ji Chengxue was instantly thrown into a dilemma as he had no idea what to do.

"Your Majesty, we shouldn't hand over Owner Bu..."

Xiao Meng was unable to take it anymore. Although his complexion was still pale, he stood up and spoke out against Elder Sun.

He didn't get to finish his words. Elder Sun glared at him and waved his sleeves. Xiao Meng was immediately sent flying away by his energy as he spouted another mouthful of blood.

"You don't have the rights to be speaking here. All of you... Go to Fang Fang's Little Store! Tell Bu Fang to hand over that object. It would be even better if he handed himself over to them."

Elder Sun coldly pointed at the ministers standing behind Ji Chengxue. They were trembling in their shoes as he roared at them.

Chapter 316: Why Should I Hand Over what I Obtained With my Strength?

Xiao Yue rushed forward and supported Xiao Meng's body. His complexion immediately became gloomy.

With a resounding clank, he unsheathed the sword in his back. Sword light flickered as it floated above him. It behaved as though it was a meteor which ripped the sky apart as it pointed toward Elder Sun.

"Do you want to fight me?" All of the muscles on Elder Sun's body bulged and convulsed. His true energy emerged from his body as Elder Sun raised his hand. He sent a terrifying pressure toward Xiao Yue and oppressed him.

"Elder Sun, restrain yourself."

Zhan Kong, who was taciturn all along, took a step forward as he stood in front of Xiao Yue. With a wave of his hand, he broke the pressure formed by Elder Sun's true energy.

Xiao Yue's complexion was cold as he sheathed his sword. He didn't have any favorable impression of this Elder Sun.

Zhan Kong was after all one of the White Cloud Villa's Commanders. Elder Sun didn't want to offend him, which was why he retracted his true energy. He gave a cold snort in response since he couldn't do anything else.

"What are all of you looking at? Quickly go and tell Bu Fang to hand over that object!" Elder Sun glared at those ministers who were standing around him. With a loud shout, he gave them quite a fright.

All of the minister's bodies stiffened for a second before they came back to their senses. They rushed down the city wall toward Fang Fang's Little Store.

"Stop right there! Which one of you have the guts to go down without my order?" Ji Chengxue angrily shouted at them.

"Your Majesty!" Elder Sun shouted at Ji Chengxue as he shot a death glare at him.

The ministers who were about to rush down hesitated for quite some time. When they saw that Ji Chengxue didn't refute Elder Sun, they started to rush down the wall again.

The moment they descended from the city wall, they led a huge group of soldiers toward Bu Fang's store.

Ji Chengxue was enraged at their actions, and his complexion paled. However, he couldn't do anything about it.

When the Blood Guards saw that Ji Chengxue and the others were creating a ruckus at the top of the city walls, they stared at them with disdain written all over their faces. They laughed coldly at everyone who was standing on the wall.

Ji Chengxue saw that the Blood Guards were laughing at them and shot a cold glare toward them.

.....

On one of the Imperial Capital alleyways, Fang Fang's Little store.

Bu Fang, still lying on his chair, narrowed his eyes. He was basking lazily in the sun as he enjoyed the warm and cozy feeling of intoxication. Blacky laid before the store as it drifted off into a nice nap. As for the little girl, Ouyang Xiaoyi, she was sitting beside the Path-Understanding Tree. She was practicing earnestly. The sounds caused by Xiao Xiaolong practicing his culinary sounded out from the kitchen unceasingly.

Everything seemed quite peaceful and quiet.

All of a sudden, messy and flurried footsteps came from the alleyway outside the store.

Bu Fang, who was dozing off, instantly snapped awake. He opened his eyes and stared at the group of ministers rushing at him without a shred of expression on his face. When he continued to look at them, he saw that there were groups of soldiers beside them.

When they assembled in front of Bu Fang's store, the ministers looked at him with a glint in their eyes. It was as though they were looking at some kind of precious treasure when they looked at Bu Fang.

When Bu Fang felt their gazes on him, his whole body trembled. His hair stood on end and he felt as though there was something strange going on.

What did this group of uncles come here for? Why were they looking at him with such a strange gaze?

"Owner Bu..."

This group of ministers knew the strength the store had. There wasn't anyone in the Imperial Capital who didn't know how terrifying this store was. They would obviously not provoke Bu Fang if they could help it.

"Em? If you want to have a meal, please come in," Bu Fang indifferently said.

"Owner Bu, today... we aren't here for a meal. We are here because we have a request to make," one of the ministers forced a smile as he said.

Bu Fang blanked out for a moment. Were these people here to ask for something? Could it be that they want me to lend them money? That's out of the question. I'm too poor.

He stood up from his chair and placed his hands behind his back. He started to walk into his store without saying anything. Facing this kind of situation, it was better to just remain silent.

"Owner Bu... Don't walk away. We only want to borrow something from you." When that minister saw that Bu Fang was going back into the store, a trace of anxiety appeared in his eyes.

"As expected... They are really here to borrow money from me." The movements of his leg became quicker and swifter without him realizing it.

When they saw that Bu Fang was running away from them, the ministers almost spurted a mouthful of blood. We only came to borrow an object from you... Why on earth are you running away? How are we supposed to carry out a proper conversation if you ran away?

"Owner Bu... Do you have an object related to the Shura Sect?" A minister who was unable to endure any longer quickly asked.

Bu Fang's body, which was about to reach the kitchen, suddenly stopped moving.

"Did all of you came here to borrow an object related to the Shura Sect?" Bu Fang narrowed his eyes as he summoned the five worn-out talismans. The array formed by them immediately appeared on his hand.

He turned around and waved the talisman array on his hand before asking, "Are you looking for this?"

Those ministers didn't have high hopes when they heard the other minister's question. They didn't expect that Bu Fang would take out the thing they were looking for.

After they came back to their senses, they couldn't help but curse Bu Fang in their minds. It seemed like this kid truly thought that they came here to borrow money from him.

"Indeed, indeed! Owner Bu, can you lend it to us?" The eyes of one of the ministers immediately brightened. It seemed like Owner Bu really had something which belonged to the Shura Sect.

Did the Shura Sect's Blood Guard come to the Light Wind Empire for such a worn out object?

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched as he threw the array toward the ministers. The array slightly revolved in the air before his system's dimensional storage retrieved it.

"I won't lend it to you guys," Bu Fang replied to them with no expression on his face.

Puf...

Those ministers almost wanted to cry. They thought that Owner Bu was going to lend them the item and they had already prepared themselves to catch the talismans. However, he took it back in mid-air...

"Why should I lend it to you?"

"This involves our Light Wind Empire survival..." One of the ministers quickly replied.

This array formed by worn-out talismans could decide the fate of the Light Wind Empire? Was this worn-out object valuable?

Bu Fang took out the talismans once again as he started to study it. After looking at it for quite some time, he stored it back. He didn't discover anything unusual about it.

...

Outside the city gate, the Blood Guards were about to explode from anger. The compass which they used to sense the Soul Congregation Array kept on fluctuating. It glowed for some time before becoming dim again. The process repeated itself quite a few times. What the hell was going on?

They really wanted to rush into the Imperial Capital to take back the Soul Congregation Array.

...

Those ministers were quite frustrated and they quickly told Bu Fang what happened on the city wall. They hoped that he could empathize with them and hand over the object in his hands.

"Why should I hand the talisman to them? Go back and tell the Blood Guards to come and take it if they have the abilities to do so," Bu Fang calmly said.

After refusing their request, Bu Fang ordered the ministers to leave.

"Owner Bu... You just need to hand over this object to them and you can buy a day worth of time for the Light Wind Empire. This is extremely important for the survival of the Light Wind Empire."

A minister who wasn't satisfied with Bu Fang's response said.

"Why should I hand something which I obtained with my strength?"

Bu Fang retorted before completely ignoring them. He returned to the kitchen and left the ministers alone at the front of the store.

Although the expression on the ministers' faces changed, they eventually gave up. They didn't have the power to force Bu Fang to do anything. Neither did they have the ability to cause trouble here. The fearsome reputation of the store was well-known in the capital.

"Your current actions will lead to the suffering of countless people in the Imperial Capital." Another minister was unresigned and he shouted toward the kitchen.

"Don't try pressuring me by using the common people. Get lost!"

An apathetic shout resounded from the kitchen. The shout made all of them jump in fright and they immediately looked around. To their relief, they didn't see the supreme beast. When they saw that the clothes-stripping crazy demon didn't appear, they let out a long breath and started to leave.

They were at their wit's end. They had no idea how to deal with someone like Bu Fang who had a temper as stiff and smelly as a latrine stone.

This group of ministers eventually returned to the city wall.

The atmosphere atop the city wall was heavy, just like before.

"How did it go? Did you guys bring the object?" Elder Sun asked in a cold voice.

"We... We didn't. Owner Bu... He ordered us to leave," quickly replied one of the ministers, who was terrified of Elder Sun.

The blood guards standing in front of the city wall had been impatient since a long time ago. The moment they heard the minister's words, the bloody glow in their eyes deepened.

"You mean that Owner Bu actually possesses the object? Good..."

Looking at each other, the two Blood Guards saw the impatience and irritation in each other's eyes.

They immediately roused their true energy as they planned to rush into the Imperial Capital.

However, the moment they roused their true energy, something happened.

A resounding cry came from the skies. A giant Intense Sun Bird descended from the skies as it extended its wings. A boiling hot breeze was stirred up in the surroundings the moment the bird appeared.

There was a slightly fat elderly man sitting cross-legged atop that Intense Sun Bird. That old man wore an amicable and warm expression on his face as he took a bite from the popsicle in his hand.

The Intense Sun Bird chirped as it landed above the city wall.

When they saw the figure on the bird, experts from the Hundred Thousand Mountains' Clear Sky Pagoda immediately revealed a cheerful look. They simultaneously bowed towards the figure as they shouted out.

"We greet the Great Elder, Ye Yunqing!"

Chapter 317: Battle of The Supreme-Being, Incoming!

The Intense Sun Bird, with an essential attribute of fire, was a powerful spirit beast living in the Hundred Thousand Mountains. This species was exceptionally scarce and rare. As an eighth grade spirit beast, every Intense Sun Bird had formidable combat abilities. One single spurt of its flames could burn an average seventh grade warrior to ashes.

Even the Clear Sky Pagoda of the Hundred Thousand Mountains only possessed two of such Intense Sun Birds, and both were considered extremely precious.

Therefore, nobody had ever expected an Intense Sun Bird to show up right there...

To top it all off, on the back of the Intense Sun Bird sat a chubby old man with his legs crossed. This old man's clothes exhibited an unconventional and unrestrained manner. His untidy gray hair floated in the air.

Yet none of these factors served as reasons for why he drew a crowd. Those casting him curious glances did so because he was stuffing his face with a lump of ice...

Riding on the Intense Sun Bird and eating a lump of ice... " Don't you know how to have fun?"

Ye Yunqing, this chubby elder with an unfathomable cultivation level, was the Great Elder of the Clear Sky Pagoda in the Hundred Thousand Mountains. A domineering force of energy immediately

propagated as soon as he arrived, subduing the two Blood Guards just ready to pounce. Instead, they were forced to keep still.

"Delicious... It's a pity that I can only produce one popsicle after slaughtering so many eighth grade Flood Dragons and extracting their livers. This old-timer's cooking skill is still yards behind that of Owner Bu."

That chubby elder gazed at the lump of ice in his hand and sighed helplessly. He shook his head, and then pushed the entire ice lump into his mouth.

Under the crowd's gazes, this chubby elder's complexion suddenly changed dramatically, as if he were wearing a dozen of expressions.

Even the warriors from the Clear Sky Pagoda were stunned, their mouths agape, as they had never anticipated seeing so many expressions on the Great Elder's face...

Splash——

Once the chubby elder dug his teeth into the ice, a type of dark liquid instantly burst out, splattering in a graceful arc. The chubby elder immediately widened his hands, stretching out his hand hastily to save the nectar.

This was his Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar—his precious Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, how could he accidentally spill it out...

The chubby old man continued to chew. All of a sudden, a sense of sourness spread through his entire body, causing his face to wrinkle and his body to tremble. Having swallowed the lump of ice in his mouth, the chubby old man craned his neck, and without any warning... belched loudly.

"Alas... I added too much vinegar."

The chubby old man tugged at his own beard in distress and complained regretfully. How rare and precious was his Eight Spirit Fruit Vinegar, and here he was, accidentally using up more than needed.

The bystanders on the city walls were all stunned, and those at the foot of the walls were all speechless.

Was this old man... here to humor everyone?

The chubby elder drew in a long breath. As the sharp, sour scent drifted about, it added a trace of awkwardness to the onlooker's faces, and especially on those of the Clear Sky Pagoda warriors.

Their Great Elder had no other outstanding attributes aside from gluttonousness...

"Hey, you Shura Sect Blood Guards... what are you doing here?" The chubby elder resting on the back of the Intense Sun Bird asked, peering down at the two Blood Guards.

As soon as the old man's gaze landed on the two, they both felt their entire body stiffen as they detected a tremendous force of pressure bursting out.

The Blood Guards, on the other hand, were in fact quite close to the echelon of Supreme-Beings, given that they were at the peak of the half-supreme stage. Though facing a formidable force of energy from this old man, the two Blood Guards had no intentions of backing off.

They were the Shura Sect Blood Guards, ready to sacrifice their lives anytime.

"I heard that you two want us to turn over Owner Bu? Are you aware of his importance? What an excellent chef he is! His dishes are simply intoxicating and have subdued countless people. How can we just hand over Owner Bu to a group of... demons like you guys?!"

The chubby elder suddenly became somewhat agitated. He stood up on the back of the Intense Sun Bird, shaking his arms and stamping his feet.

The Intense Sun Bird twisted its long neck, as if a little exasperated by his actions.

The faces of the two Blood Guards froze. They didn't feel like wasting any time conversing with this old man. Instead, they both bawled, sending a blood red fog of energy straight to the sky as their disheveled hair fluttered in the air. The force of energy wrapped around their bodies were akin to the towering waves of a sea of blood.

Bang! Bang!

As the ground beneath shook, both of them dashed forward. Red gleams of light swirled around them and transformed into the silhouettes of blood dragons.

The chubby old man smirked to himself. After softly tapping his feet on the back of the Intense Sun Bird, his chubby figure floated upward effortlessly, as if he were a piece of autumn leaf. Waves of true energy soared to the sky and condensed into a flaming bird spreading its wings for flight.

The caws of the flaming bird reverberated through heavens and earth.

The growls of the two blood dragons were equally ear-splitting.

Boom!!

The three exchanged blows high up in the sky. Fluctuation of ninth grade true energy spread like ripples through the air.

An oppressive force of energy made everyone down below feel their hearts sink.

At the end of the day, The chubby old man was a ninth grade Supreme-Being. Though together, the two Blood Guards were comparable to one Supreme-Being, neither of them was a real one. The gap between the two sides was clearly revealed by just one round of fighting.

The two blood-toned shadows landed on the ground with rather feeble breaths, looking up at the old man with solemn faces.

The chubby elder snorted coldly as he brushed his beard with one hand and propped the other against his waist. His mocking behavior made blood rush through the heads of the Blood Guards below. They were about to charge forward once again, determined to tear this old man into shreds.

Buzz...

However, right before they could take further actions, a faint fluctuation stirred behind them.

The two Blood Guards came to an abrupt halt, looking back with ecstatic faces.

A warrior wrapped in a black robe slowly emerged from Ji Chengyu's army. His steps were extremely slow. Every step he took would generate a gust of whistling wind.

As he kept on walking, this old man managed to leap onto the air. He sauntered toward the chubby elder with his robe flapping in the sky.

"So you think nobody in our Shura Sect can rival you?"

A calm, aged voice echoed through the city walls. Afterward, the old man in black stood before the chubby old man with a faint smile.

"The Venerable Master!"

"The Venerable Master is stepping out! That rotten old man is dead!"

The eyes of two Blood Guards lit up with incredible excitement.

The Venerable Master was the Shura Sect's ninth grade Supreme-Being. He had an outstanding cultivation level and could definitely handle this voracious, chubby old man!

The chubby elder gazed at the other old man with a grave expression.

The Shura Sect Venerable was one of the big names in the Shura Sect. He had a superior cultivation level and relied on unorthodox techniques, definitely a thorn in the flesh.

"You two, get in the city and capture Bu Fang or whatever he's called. We must retrieve the object."

The Venerable Master's voice boomed and reached the ears of the two Blood Guards.

Their eyes instantly froze, both nodding along seriously.

The Soul Congregation Array was the key to awakening the Departed Soul Orb. Each Soul Congregation Array contained an abundance of spiritual essences, which were of great importance to the Shura Sect. The sect could brook no loss on this matter.

The two Blood Guards immediately dashed out, charging toward the city walls.

"Freeze!!"

The chubby old man instantly glared and turned his body, about to chase after the two Blood Guards.

However, before he could move his body, a pitch-black, domineering force of true energy charged toward him forcefully, blocking his way forward.

"Your rival is me," the Venerable Master announced calmly, his hands behind his back.

The chubby elder took in a deep breath and summoned a surge of true energy. Hence began his fight with the Venerable Master in the sky.

With the waver of true energy, the Blood Guards transformed into two flashes of blood red lightning. They stepped across the city walls in a split second.

The faces of everyone in the crowd changed dramatically.

Zhan Kong blanched. He tried to ward off the Blood Guards, chanting the White Cloud Villa's sword incantations. Suddenly, a harsh vigor of sword surged out behind him and charged toward the Blood Guards.

"Get lost!!"

The hoarse voice of one of the Blood Guards rang. As he casually waved his hands, the bloody red fog of true energy swept by and broke Zhan Kong's sword slash into pieces.

Zhan Kong's face immediately flushed crimson. He was flung backwards, smashing onto the city walls as he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Though like his adversary, he was also an eighth grade War-God, the gap between their cultivations was immense.

Zhan Kong's face suddenly turned ghostly pale.

The Blood Guards stamped their feet on the walls. The ancient city walls crumbled under their stomps, the surface instantly covered with dense cracks.

Even Zhan Kong was badly injured by just one strike, who else other than a Supreme-Being could block them?

The warriors on the walls dared not to even take a heavy breath. They all watched in fright the two shadows dashed down and into the city.

The minds of Blood Guards flicked as they detected the location where the Soul Congregation Array had once appeared. They rushed straight for that position.

Ji Chengxue had on a ghastly expression. He gazed toward the direction that the Blood Guards were headed for, very much concerned.

Although Owner Bu had a supreme beast to protect him... the two Blood Guards were hardcore warriors that could even rival a Supreme-Being!

"Owner Bu... You are on your own."

Chapter 318: Whitey Battles the Blood Guards

Light Wind Empire, the city gates.

A thunder was storming in the sky as terrifying waves of true energy continued to spread. Such rumbles of thunder broke through the cloud banks, which were effectively dispersed by the rolls of true energy.

Two figures approached, walking on clouds. Through the hazy mists, one could detect the two coming at each other, exchanging ferocious blows.

The crowds from beneath tilted their heads to observe the fight. Terror was stamped across their faces. What they were witnessing were warriors from the Supreme-Being echelon.

"King Yu... This is the perfect time for us to seize the city."

The battle above their heads continued, but it did not capture Zhao Musheng's attention. Instead, he moved closer to Ji Chengyu and whispered in his ears.

The Supreme-Being of the Clear Sky Pagoda had arrived, which deeply unnerved Zhao Musheng. Once the Supreme-Being warriors of other spheres of influence arrived, their chances of conquering the city would be rather slim.

Though there was also a Supreme-Being on their side, they only had one. Even with their Supreme-Being able to summon duplicate versions of himself, they were hardly at an advantage when the other Supreme-Beings arrived.

By then, under the safeguard of multiple Supreme-Beings, the city would be infinitely harder to vanquish.

Zhao Musheng's concern also flashed across Ji Chengyu's mind. This kind of anxiety was common, but Ji Chengyu was actually preoccupied with another issue... and that was the two Blood Guards who went into the Imperial City to hassle Bu Fang.

Zhao Musheng hoped for the two Blood Guards to capture Bu Fang before they officially attacked the city. But would Bu Fang be easily seized?

After all, there was a supreme beast protecting his store...

If the two Blood Guards fail their mission and instead ruffle that supreme beast... prompting it to step in, then it would truly complicate things.

"Never mind... let's wait for a bit more. Once the Blood Guards successfully take Bu Fang captive, we can immediately besiege the city." Ji Chengyu announced resolutely.

Zhao Musheng was taken aback but kept silent.

Ji Chengyu wanted to play it safe, but at this point, Zhao Musheng began to wonder whether he was too optimistic... despite the fact that two Blood Guards should suffice to withstand a supreme beast.

...

Two bloody streaks of shadows dashed through the streets of the Imperial City at an incredible speed. They flashed past like tornados and disappeared from sight.

Once they approached Fang Fang's Little Store, the two bloody shadows finally stopped in their tracks. These were the Blood Guards of the Shura Sect. One of the Blood Guards clutched his jade platter, which glistened with sparkling spots.

"This is the store in the small alleyway... precisely where the Soul Congregation Array last appeared," a Blood Guard uttered with a raspy voice. Then the two exchanged glances, nodded lightly, and bolted toward the small alleyway.

Once stepping into the alleyway, both figures froze.

Given their superior cultivation levels—almost half a foot in the echelon of Supreme-Being, they could easily detect the sense of pressure spreading from the store.

The modest store was not big in size. A snoring black dog lay before the door. There was also someone lounging in a chair nearby... No matter how they looked, the store did not scream danger.

The Blood Guards scrunched their brows as a trace of perplexity flashed across their eyes. Afterwards, they walked toward the store.

Blacky, who was lying flat on the floor, twitched his nose and stretched open his doggy eyes. He studied the Blood Guards standing before him.

Damn, they stank like hell.

Blacky humphed, then twisted his head away in disgust to resume sleeping.

Bu Fang, still slouching in his chair, was taken by surprise as he noticed two Blood Guards walking toward him. The moment Bu Fang lifted up his head, he locked eyes with the two Blood Guards, who now wore fierce looks on their faces.

"You lad... tell the owner to come out!"

A Blood Guard scanned his surrounding cautiously. They were not in a hurry to make a move since the store gave them a lingering sense of crisis. Bu Fang curled his lips, suddenly bringing his relaxed posture into an erect position. He peered at them and replied: "I am the store owner."

"You?"

The Blood Guard glowered and put on a wry smile. He immediately took a step forward.

As if the bricks on the floor somehow contracted, the Blood Guard suddenly appeared right before Bu Fang. A terrifying force of energy exploded, extending even to the tip of his now floating strands of hair.

His face was only inches away from Bu Fang's.

Bu Fang glanced back this Blood Guard completely unflustered, but his brows furrowed into a frown...

The heavy stench of blood on the Blood Guard simply repulsed him.

"Don't stand so close to me. I don't even know you that well." Bu Fang waved his hands.

"If you are the store owner, you must have the Soul Congregation Array that belongs to our Shura Sect, right? Hand it over... and I'll spare your life." The Blood Guard commanded.

A blood red swirl of true energy circulated upon his palm.

Buzz...

As soon his voice died away, he suddenly felt a daunting sensation strike through his heart. He lifted up his head only to see a red-eyed metallic lump probing him.

Huh? This metallic lump...

"The Soul Congregation Array?" Bu Fang arched his brows. Tapping his foot on the floor ever so lightly, he suddenly shot backward on his chair, effectively distancing himself from the Blood Guard.

He stood up from the chair and lifted up his hand. With the flick of his mind, a magic array consisted of five worn-out talismans instantly materialized upon his palm.

"You mean this thing," Bu Fang said with a deadpan face.

The Soul Congregation Array!!

The moment Bu Fang took out this magic array, sparkling rays of light suddenly shot out of the two Blood Guards' eyes. The jade platters in their hands also began to radiate.

It was on him after all! They got the right person. As long as they brought this Soul Congregation Array back, they would have successfully completed the High Priestess' task!

Both Blood Guards felt a fire burning in their hearts.

"That's the one! Give me the Soul Congregation Array!!"

Bang!!

The force of energy on one of the Blood Guards suddenly swelled. He widened his eyes and bellowed at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang simply puckered his lips, casually tossed up the Soul Congregation Array and stored it back into the system's dimensional storage, still composed as ever.

"Nope."

"You're courting death!"

One of the hot-tempered Blood Guard instantly exploded with rage. He breathed out a mist of blood that engulfed the surrounding. They soared toward Bu Fang like blood red flashes of lightning, seeking to seize him.

Boom...

However, the Blood Guards were immediately intercepted by Whitey once they dashed into they store. Whitey's red mechanic eyes had already turned into a purple, flashing in a shade so dark that they sent shivers down the Blood Guards' spines.

Whitey thrust out a punch that landed directly on the Blood Guards. The force of his strike was so powerful that it astonished them.

The Blood Guards found their bodies flung outwards, landing on the pavement outside of the store. Then, they picked themselves up.

"This puppet has a ninth grade combat capability..." Traces of bewilderment filled the eyes of the Blood Guards. The two locked eyes, their expressions becoming grave.

But so what if it had a ninth grade combat capability? With combined forces... they could withstand even a Supreme-Being!

Bang Bang!

True energy burst forth as clouds of blood rose from their bodies. Like two beams of light, they shot straight to the sky.

Those on the city walls caught sight of the two looming beams of light. They felt their bodies tremble.

"The demons of the Shura Sect... have already began battling with the supreme beast in Owner Bu's store?"

"Who will win? Their match... will determine the outcome of this war."

Many people muttered to themselves.

Ji Chengyu's eyes were also glued to the blood red streaks of light. He certainly hoped with all his heart for the Blood Guards to triumph, however... he had a bad feeling about it all.

Bu Fang's blank face surfaced in his mind once again as his heart thudded.

...

Bu Fang glanced calmly at the two Blood Guards erupting with surges of blood-colored true energy. These two really did have impressive cultivation levels. That force of pressure was the strongest Bu Fang has ever felt so far.

Whitey's purple eyes flashed as one of its arms had already transformed into a sharp blade. A cold chill circulated about as the blade slashed down, aiming for the two Blood Guards.

In that very moment, Whitey's figure launched like a rocket, charging directly at the two.

Buzz!

Two blood-colored dragons suddenly emerged, tossing and turning. With a forbidding wave of energy, they rushed down at Whitey.

Boom Boom Bang!

The entire small alleyway instantly shattered into bits and pieces, its walls demolished into rubbles.

Three figures collided with each other ferociously. Every collision brought a loud wham.

Whitey did not have any true energy, but its iron body was solid and unrivaled to a body of flesh.

The two Blood Guards relied on their blood dragon silhouettes to drag down Whitey. After all, they were warriors strong enough to resist ninth grade Supreme-Beings. Whitey was caught off guard for a moment there, finding an easy win not possible.

Blacky was still lying on the floor. It yawned sluggishly and made nothing of the scene before him.

Bu Fang walked to the door and watched the battle with glistening eyes.

With a flick of his mind, a dark wisp of smoke began to twirl around his left hand. A wok expanded in size and fully materialized before him.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok floated before him quietly. Bu Fang extended his long fingers to stroke the cold rim of the wok. A heavy feeling weighed Bu Fang's heart.

Afterwards, Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and snatched up the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with a single hand. He drew in a deep breath, fixating his eyes on the Blood Guards in the battle.

He aimed carefully.

One, two three... off you go!

Chapter 319: A Wok Shooting For The Heavens

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok was made of an ancient mysterious shell. This material was extremely sturdy and weighed heavily. Perhaps because Bu Fang was its rightful owner, he himself did not feel the heaviness of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. However, that did not stop Bu Fang... from using it as a weapon to knock out other people.

This was the first time Bu Fang witnessed Whitey being tied down by the adversary. In the past, Whitey had always swiftly defeated its opponents. But now, Whitey seemed to be truly constrained by the Blood Guards.

Amidst the toss and turns, the blood curling howls of the dragon silhouettes made one's scalp have pins and needles.

Every time Whitey chopped apart the blood dragon, it did not take long for the clouds of blood to condense and materialize into a revived creature.

This gave Bu Fang a push to help Whitey.

Bu Fang had yet to receive the so-called "Ten Thousand Bestial Flames" from the system. Until then, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in his hand... was only a wok, at the end of the day. It just occurred to Bu Fang, in a split second of inspiration, that he might use it as a weapon.

Weighing many tons, once this wok smashed down, one would run home crying to one's mother!

Bu Fang clutched the rim of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. This touch sent an ice-cold sensation spreading through his entire body, from head to toe. However, he felt a burning flame in his heart.

He took a step backward, swaying the Black Turtle Constellation Wok behind him, and then suddenly darted forward as he let go of the wok.

"Off you go!"

After a light utterance, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was sent propelling into the sky.

This Black Turtle Constellation Wok did have another unique characteristic, which was the ability to easily change in size. However, activating this did consume Bu Fang's true energy.

This time, Bu Fang did not charge the wok with flows of true energy as he usually did with the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, lest the Black Turtle Constellation Wok transformed in size.

The pitch-black Black Turtle Constellation Wok oscillated, as if a lonely boat floating on the vast ocean, drifting towards the heart of the tumultuous sea.

The loud pounding noise caught the attention of the two Blood Guards.

However, one of them merely shot a scornful look.

That was because he easily detected Bu Fang's cultivation level at first glance—the fellow was merely a sixth level Battle-Emperor. People like such were like ants to a strong warrior like him, who would effortlessly exterminate a batch with the snap of his finger.

Therefore, the strike launched by a sixth grade Battle-Emperor did not garner much consideration from him.

Imagine a tiny little ant snarling and clawing at you, threatening to bite you, what would be your reaction? You'd probably scoff and then slap it to death.

They held the same attitude toward the flying wok...

It meant nothing to them.

Their main target at the moment remained the almighty metallic lump, who they found a true match. Even though they could withstand a Supreme-Being with combined forces, they were at no advantage in the face of this metallic lump.

Bang Bang!!

After two loud explosions, Whitey once again chopped up the two blood dragon silhouettes wrapped around the Blood Guards. A surge of blood clouds dissipated.

The Blood Guards staggered a few steps backward, a trace of ruthlessness flashing across their eyes. The blood dragons had condensed once more and charged toward Whitey.

A black wok swung their way at a steady but slow speed. Given the cultivation level of the Blood Guards, anything that didn't travel at a supersonic speed essentially crawled like a snail in their eyes.

A wok charging their way like a wriggling snail. Now, was it there to give them a massage?

The Blood Guards laughed contemptuously.

Within the store, Bu Fang swung his arm. Even though he wasn't burdened by the incredible weight of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok as its owner, it was still a large, and thus naturally heavy, wok. Once flinging it out, Bu Fang felt his arm numb. He shook his arm and then stared straight at the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

"Get lost!"

After flying for a few seconds, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok finally approached the side of a Blood Guard, who shot it a dismissive glance and snorted coolly. He hurled out a bloody force of energy to smash this wok into smithereens.

It was only a wok, was it going to shoot for the heavens or what?

From the perspective of the Blood Guard, a strike from him would be insufferable to an average seventh grade Battle-Saint, not to mention a wok flung by a sixth grade Battle-Emperor.

The bloody streak of energy thrashed out like a dragon and collided with the Black Turtle Constellation Wok fiercely.

There wasn't the expected booming explosion, nor a battered wok smashed away as imagined.

The bloody streak of energy crashed into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, but as if an egg hitting a stone, cracked and dispersed with a light pop.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok didn't even swerve, and instead continued to glide through the air.

When the Black Turtle Constellation Wok drifted in with whistling winds, the Blood Guard was caught by surprise.

"This wok... why is it still here?" The Blood Guard asked in bewilderment with a frozen face.

"You haven't smashed it into pieces yet?" The other Blood Guard asked confusedly.

A flying wok shooting their way in the middle of a battle with a ninth grade puppet—why give it the chance to spoil their plan?

The first Blood Guard's face darkened. Then, he blew out a long breath, prompting the blood toned true energy wrapped around his arm to charge at the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

He evidently did not take this Black Turtle Constellation Wok seriously. As he launched that strike, his gaze fell once again on the metallic puppet dashing forward like a thunderstorm.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok swayed. It finally came into close contact with the Blood Guard's palm as Bu Fang watched with sparkling eyes.

The palm, cloaked with waves of true energy, finally slammed into the wok.

At last, his expression... soured!

It dawned on the guard that his strike... failed to move the wok by even an inch. He felt like he had just slammed his palm into a towering mountain.

Are you freaking kidding me? It's just a simple wok!

The hefty wok continued to close in, bending the Blood Guard's arm. As he gaped on, he suddenly realized that the wok was charging straight at him.

The wok's frosty cold rim crushed his arm as it smashed into his head without any precaution.

The hell...

Bang!

A light crispy sound reverberated in the air.

The other Blood Guard felt his body tremble. He twisted around his head in confusion only to witness an aghast sight.

The Blood Guard smacked by the wok was flung far away into the sky. He looked stupefied with his dazed eyes and mouth agape, disbelief written all over his face.

Once hit by the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the Blood Guard felt like his world had turned into a shade of gloomy gray. Everything before his eyes had turned upside down and continued to morph into different shapes. A searing headache caused the roots of his teeth to tingle.

This wok... really was shooting for the heavens!

With a bang, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok has dispersed into a ball of smoke and returned to Bu Fang's side.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok lay quietly beside Bu Fang as he merrily rubbed its rim.

This Black Turtle Constellation Wok has certainly lived up to its name of weighing ten thousand tons. Though it didn't smash the Blood Guard to death... it certainly knocked the wind out of him.

Bu Fang felt somewhat dissatisfied inside, but he quickly got over it. After all, he was only a sixth grade Battle-Emperor himself. Given that, it was already an impressive feat to knock an almost Supreme-Being out of breath.

While one of the Blood Guards was still in a state of shock, Whitey began to amplify the purple beam shining in its eyes. With a blare, the bricks beneath Whitey's feet cracked and shattered. Its

figure bolted toward the dazed Blood Guard like a flash of lightning, hurtling forward with a terrifying force.

The color drained from the other Blood Guard's face.

"Snap out of it!!"

He bawled, hoping desperately to awaken the stupefied Blood Guard. The latter suddenly regained consciousness upon hearing this bellow, his world finally becoming clear again.

His embarrassment had developed into a fit of rage. This was the kind of wrath one would feel if one was told to eat shit.

Damn it... He was a superior warrior half a foot away from reaching the echelon of Supreme-Being. How could he bear being subdued by a sixth grade Battle-Emperor toying around with a cooking wok.

What about his honor?!

Buzz...

A purple beam of light scanned over his body, sending shivers down this fuming Blood Guard. He widened his eyes into a glare.

What he saw was Whitey's frosty gape and its gigantic blade glowing coldly beneath the sunshine.

"Die!!"

As the blade swooshed down on him, whistling against the wind, he felt as if he had just fallen through the hole of a frozen lake.

Whitey's slash was as fast as a lightning bolt, almost cutting through the air as it slashed down.

Splatter!

The sound turned this Blood Guard's body rigid.

It was true that the two of them could withstand Whitey, a ninth grade puppet, as a team... However, this was under the premise that they could utilize true energy from a remote distance to exhaust the opponent.

Their bodies of flesh simply could not compare with the freaky puppet's body of iron. And yet, the puppet was drawing even closer to them...

Swoosh!

The blade swung downwards, sending blood everywhere.

One of the Blood Guards pulled his dumbfounded partner out of the way just in time to avoid him being sliced into two halves. But still, the startled Blood Guard had lost an arm. He wailed miserably as blood spurted out from the nasty gash.

The one-armed Blood Guard with bloodshot eyes reached out his remaining arm, sucking back both the blood he had lost and his amputated arm.

Whitey spun in the air and landed on the ground. Once its feet touched the pavement, it began to charge toward the two Blood Guards yet again, rampage-style. Its purple eyes flared menacingly as its blade soared like a dragon.

"Go! Let's go! We are no match to this puppet!"

The one-armed Blood Guard yelped. Without another second of hesitation, they turned to flee.

Since they were able to step across the clouds, Whitey had a hard time catching up.

Boom!

Whitey landed on the floor, kicking up a cloud of dust around it.

Within the store, Bu Fang clutched the Black Turtle Constellation Wok with a single hand. He was prepared to toss it out once again, but was surprised to see the cowards taking flight.

Finding all this dull and uninteresting, Bu Fang concentrated his mind. With that, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok turned into a poof of smoke and disappeared into Bu Fang's wrist.

Smacking his lips, he rubbed his chin.

Surely there wasn't anything a wok couldn't settle. If one wasn't enough, then we shall make it two.

Chapter 320: The Invincible Shura Sect Venerable

Outside the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire.

A daunting force of energy dissipated as the clouds were suddenly compressed by a sense of pressure, almost as if they were about to explode. A figure dashed down from the clouds and landed on the ground outside the city walls.

It was as if a huge hammer was forcibly plunged into the floor, causing the entire ground to tremble. The crowd observed dense, cobweb-like cracks emerging on the earth's surface, as though it was about to shatter.

Ji Chengyu's army backed off a little to keep a safe distance from that location.

Everyone peered, with solemn faces, toward the site from which smoke and dust were spreading and rising.

"That is the Clear Sky Pagoda of the Hundred Thousand Mountains, this is all it's got."

The sound of a cold smirk, which contained a trace of disdain, reverberated through the heavens.

Riding on a spirit horse next to Ji Chengyu, Zhao Musheng instantly curled the corners of his mouth. The Venerable Master won the battle just as he expected.

Buzz!

The faces of the crowd on the wall immediately became ghostly pale. The warriors of the Hundred Thousand Mountains also felt their hearts sink to the bottom of their stomachs. Their Great Elder... was defeated?

"Bah... You demon, it's too early for you to celebrate!"

With an exasperated exclamation, a cloud of black shadow suddenly inflated within the smoke. A gourd, expanding in size at a speed detectable to the naked eye, charged at the Venerable Master floating in the sky.

The same look of contempt flashed across the Venerable Master's eyes once more. His head of grayish-white hair fluttered against the wind as he raised a foot.

An enormous black wave of true energy began to converge, condensing into a giant foot up in the heavens. Then, it came stamping down...

The gourd and the foot collided in an explosion. The already swelled gourd instantly jerked, and in the next very moment, shrank like a deflated balloon.

The chubby elder glared at once from down below, so depressed that he almost coughed up blood. The gourd returned to his side.

However, the foot was still stamping down.

Bang!

Akin to an earthquake, cracks stretched across the pavement, spreading around the giant footprint before the Imperial City gates.

Everyone on the city walls felt like their hearts were smashed down by this step and almost physically crushed.

"Great Elder..."

The warriors of the Hundred Thousand Mountains were stripped of their last shred of hope.

"Stop shrilling, I'm not dead yet! Cough..."

A figure emerged on the walls. He picked his disheveled self up, with his body covered with dirt and dust, coughing nonstop.

The chubby old man cast a grave gaze at the Shura Sect Venerable, who was hovering in the air majestically, but sighed secretly in his heart.

The Shura Sect's techniques were simply too domineering. This Venerable Master had reached the middle stage of Supreme-Being. He himself was no rival to such daunting techniques.

The Venerable Master peered at the chubby elder coolly and lifted up his hands. Pitch-black smoke made of true energy began to swirl once again.

All of a sudden, his mind flickered, prompting him to turn his face toward a spot on the wall.

Over there, two blood red streaks of lightning flashed by. They rapidly bolted through the crowd, dashed out of the city, and stopped in the air.

The bloody mists scattered, revealing the figures of the two Blood Guards.

"Huh? The Blood Guards have returned. They must have retrieved the Soul Congregation Array." The Venerable Master's mind flickered as he thought to himself.

However, when he could clearly see the appearance of the two Blood Guards, his pupils shrank. The two Blood Guards were in a sorry state. On top of that, one of them was clearly missing an arm, with a face as pale as a ghost.

"What happened? How did they get hurt? Where is the Soul Congregation Array that was supposed to be brought back?"

"You two..."

"Venerable Master... We failed you!"

The uninjured Blood Guard replied with resentment. They didn't anticipate there to be an intimidating ninth grade puppet with an invulnerable physical body and formidable combat abilities guarding the store.

More importantly... there was also that fellow flinging woks at everyone from the store!

Were it not for the flying woks, they could have had a chance at beating the puppet!

The miserable looks of the two Blood Guards instantly startled everyone. Ji Chengxue, standing up on the wall, was so delighted that he even smacked the wall stones with excitement.

Sure enough, Owner Bu's store was not easy to intrude, for a supreme beast was standing guard there!

These people were basically asking for trouble! So far, Ji Chengxue had never seen anyone manage to take advantage of Fang Fang's Little Store.

The bodies of both Ji Chengyu and Zhao Musheng's trembled as they gasped from down below.

Two Shura Sect Blood Guards, essentially powerful enough to match a Supreme-Being warrior, were actually... subdued!

One of them even lost an arm, this... was too disturbing!

Bu Fang's poker face flashed across Ji Chengyu's mind, giving his brain a throbbing headache.

Zhao Musheng wore a fierce look, refusing to accept the outcome. How could it be that... two Blood Guards were not enough to handle Bu Fang?!

The Venerable Master drew in a breath, recognizing the thorny problem on his hands. One of the Blood Guards even lost an arm. Was the guy who snatched the Soul Congregation Array really that powerful?

"Hahaha! So this is what the Shura Sect demons are capable of, such as it is!"

The chubby elder, seeing the miserable Blood Guards from the wall, immediately burst into fits of laughter, his face filled with thrill.

Owner Bu was truly competent, no wonder he could make a dish like Dragon Liver Popsicle!

The piercing laughter echoed in the ears of the Blood Guards, filling their eyes with blood. They were the Shura Sect Blood Guards, they would rather die than be humiliated!

"Take off. Tend to your wounds first, at least wait until your arm is recovered." The Venerable Master held back the Blood Guard who was about to step out and instructed calmly as he gazed at the chubby elder down below. He knitted his eyebrows into a frown.

Even though the chubby elder was injured, it was still very difficult to finish him off. At the end of the day, that fellow was still a ninth grade Supreme-Being. He must have some trump cards up his sleeves.

"But Venerable Master, the Soul Congregation Array..."

"I'll go get it myself. You two take care of your injuries first. The resurrection of the Shura Sect depends on it, as we cannot afford to lose any Blood Guard."

He patted the Blood Guards on the shoulders. The two then landed on the ground and slipped into Ji Chengyu's troops.

Afterwards, the Venerable Master turned his face toward the city walls. Hovering in the air, he strolled toward the city wall step by step. The crowd on the wall broke into a commotion as the force of pressure intensified alongside the Venerable Master's steps.

Ji Chengxue blanched. He felt a domineering force of pressure, causing his legs to tremble with fear.

A ninth grade Supreme-Being was absolutely formidable.

"Stop!" There was no way that the chubby elder could just sit there and watch the Venerable Master go on a rampage, and so he shouted out loudly.

"You're not my match, you cannot block me." The Venerable Master announced.

The chubby elder's face immediately flushed with mortification.

"Even if that is the case, this is the capital of our empire after all. You and I are both Supreme-Beings and we shouldn't have interfered with this battle! If you are set out for a city-wide massacre today, the countless Supreme-Beings of the Southern Region will never let you off!" The chubby elder declared.

The Venerable Master ceased his steps. Whistling winds brushed past his sleeves.

"Let me in. I just want to retrieve something that belongs to our Shura Sect, and also deal with the fellow who hurt my Blood Guards."

No more slaughters?

Hearing these words from the Venerable Master, the crowd on the walls sighed in relief. The daunting force of pressure that burst out of the Venerable Master made them think he was about to wipe out the entire capital.

So he was only going to be Owner Bu's problem...

Ji Chengxue frowned. He wanted to say something but was pulled back by Elder Sun.

"Your Majesty, you might not want to speak up. The Emperor of an Empire is merely a nonentity to a Supreme-Being... It's not worth risking your life to irritate him," Elder Sun suggested solemnly.

"Besides, if Bu Fang's store could defeat the Blood Guards all by itself, then you've got nothing to worry about. You should look after yourself and your empire!"

For a moment there, Ji Chengxue had nothing to say to that.

The chubby elder wanted to intercept once more but the Venerable Master lost all patience. As he glared, a sense of hostility erupted. Pitch-black, towering waves of energy stormed along like dark clouds, overwhelming everyone nearby.

"Don't you stop me. Otherwise, I won't hold back anymore... At that point, don't blame me for the bloodshed of the Imperial City!"

The chubby elder felt his heart skip a beat as he was shaken to the core. Sure enough, flattening the entire city meant nothing to the Shura Sect demons.

The Venerable Master stepped across the heads of the crowd beneath, making them feel weak and powerless.

The chubby elder gazed as the Venerable Master headed for Fang Fang's Little Store. He clenched his teeth, twisted his plump waist, and trailed behind.