

Gourmet 321

Chapter 321: The Black Turtle Constellation Wok Rams the Venerable Master

A black-robed shadow traversed the sky above the Imperial City, treading on air.

With every step, the air particles looked as if solidified into physical pieces of rock, allowing the traveler to step over them.

The gloom-faced Shura Sect Venerable dashed toward the general location of Fang Fang's Little Store.

Outside of the Imperial City, Ji Chengyu had commanded his army to wait for further orders. He was truly frightened this time around, since even the Shura Sect Blood Guards faced defeat. Provided that they couldn't deal with him, could the Venerable Master really tackle Bu Fang?

If the Venerable Master ended up subdued, their entire team would have no choice but to retreat.

After all, in confronting a supreme beast invulnerable to the Venerable Master, what reasons were there not to withdraw?

Inside Fang Fang's Little Store.

Having beaten the Blood Guards, effectively forcing them to flee, Bu Fang withdrew the talisman array once more. Its sheer amount of seekers spoke volume to the preciousness of this object.

Could it be that there was a secret unknown to him behind this object?

Bu Fang furrowed his brows and studied it with his inquisitive eyes.

The five pieces of jade talisman were carefully carved to display intricate, intertwining magic array patterns. Together, they formed an even more mystifying array.

Instead of a magic array, it was perhaps more accurately characterized as a prison. Within that magic array were wailing ghost shadows grinding their teeth and waving their claws.

"What a devilish thing..."

Bu Fang placed the magic array onto the table. A wisp of smoke twirled around his hand, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his palm.

Say, what would happen if he smashed this magic array into pieces?

Bu Fang's heart itched to give it a try.

Just as he was about to slice open the magic array with his knife, an appalling force of pressure suddenly befell the store. This was a force of energy much stronger than that of the two almost Supreme-Being Blood Guards from before.

Bu Fang's heart lurched.

Boom Boom Bang...

It was almost as if the sky darkened at this very moment, enshrouding the store with gloomy black clouds.

Bu Fang put away the talisman array and arched his brows. There had been quite a few troublemakers showing up that day.

One visitor after another?

Bu Fang walked to the store's entrance and immediately caught sight of the black-robed warrior gliding towards him through the air. The dark robe seemed all too familiar to him.

Wasn't he from the Shura Sect?

Bu Fang had dealt with Shura Sect warriors enough times to observe their similarly fashioned black gowns.

The Venerable Master was at first unaware of the store's specific location. However, he could easily detect the presence of the talisman array. With the Departed Soul Orb in his hands, he was rather acquainted with the energy waves of the Soul Congregation Array.

The Venerable Master's icy eyes peered downwards and landed on Bu Fang.

The black and white hair on his head fluttered in the wind.

"Only a sixth grade Battle-Emperor..."

The Venerable Master scrunched his eyebrows and immediately saw through Bu Fang's cultivation level. However, this gave him an even more eerie sense deep down inside. Just hovering above the store, he could somehow detect an indescribable sense of crisis hitting him. If it was danger that even a Supreme-Being like him could sense... could there be some kind of formidable existence hidden within the store?

Huh? What could that be?

There were all sorts of doubts and conjectures in the Venerable Master's heart. He glimpsed at Bu Fang and then fixated his glance on Whitey, who was behind Bu Fang. He then turned to look at Ouyang Xiaoyi, who had merrily stuck her head out, and after scanning the entire environment, landed his gaze on the big black dog lying before the entrance.

"A dog?"

With everything this store had to offer, what looked the most like a supreme beast... would have to be the chubby black dog.

But a dog... as a Supreme Beast? How could that be?

The Venerable Master also failed to detect any signs of energy of a supreme beast on the black dog.

"You're the one who wounded my Shura Sect Blood Guards?"

A chilled voice resounded in the air as the Venerable Master questioned Bu Fang coldly.

Bu Fang curled his lips. As expected...

He retrieved the talisman array and casually waved his hand.

"You're also here for this magic array, correct?"

The Soul Congregation Array! The Venerable Master's pupils shrank, his eyes glued to the talisman array. This was something linked to the fate of the Shura Sect's rejuvenation.

"That's right! Hand it over!"

The Venerable Master stepped forward. His figure blurred, transforming into streaks of shadows across the air, and suddenly appeared right before Bu Fang. Waves of energy soared to the heavens, surging with a powerful force of pressure. That was the formidable capability of a Supreme-Being.

However, within the store, Bu Fang was not affected in the least bit.

A slightly chubby elder observed this sight from afar. He instantly drew in a chilled breath and muttered to himself, "Oh gosh! Owner Bu is certainly one of a kind. Able to keep his cool under a Supreme-Being's pressure. What a monster!"

"I've got three groups of people rolling in today demanding for the talisman. You're amongst the third group. Is this magic array really that important?"

Bu Fang casually tossed up the magic array, speeding up the Venerable Master's feeble breath.

An object that concerned the resurrection of the Shura Sect was thrown around like a toy by the lad before him. This was a complete insult to him.

The only way to wipe away this humiliation was to exterminate Bu Fang!

"As I said... give it to me!"

The Venerable Master bellowed, his thunderous voice churning like tumultuous ocean waves. The crushed stones on the pavement began to shake.

Whitey's eyes turned purple that very instant. A giant blade appeared and shielded Bu Fang's body. With the flash of a blade, the machete slashed toward the Shura Sect Venerable.

"Get lost!"

The seething Venerable Master waved his hand and collided with Whitey's strike.

Bang!

The Venerable Master's punch sent Whitey staggering back a couple of steps. Its purple eyes continued to flicker.

Sensing a searing pain, the Venerable Master lowered his head to examine his hand. He discovered a bloody gash across his palm!

He was a fierce warrior even among the Supreme-Being echelon. How could he be wounded by a metallic lump of a puppet!

"A ninth grade puppet? Looks like I underestimated you!" The Venerable Master chuckled scornfully.

Nonetheless, he was not the least bit intimidated. A simple puppet did not instill fear in him. For a Supreme-Being, a puppet was only just a puppet and nothing more.

Bu Fang was caught by surprise. This was the first time he had witnessed Whitey stumbling backward. The old fellow before his eyes must have a superior cultivation level.

Pitch-black waves of true energy gushed out of the Venerable Master, materializing into a pack of true energy wolves.

These ferocious wolves emanated dark waves of true energy, their eyes flaring a blood red tone as they fixated on Whitey. With a chorus of wolf howls, the creatures darted straight for the puppet.

Whitey waved its giant blade, slicing the true energy wolves into shreds. Its mechanic body was as solid as rock, absolutely invulnerable to the wolves' fierce bites.

The Venerable Master narrowed his eyes. This was the first time he witnessed such a peculiar puppet. Even the infamous Puppet Sect from the Hidden Dragon Continent possessed no such extraordinary puppets!

However, it didn't matter what this puppet was. If it was determined to obstruct him from retrieving the Soul Congregation Array, then it must be demolished!

The Venerable Master extended a step. Pumping with energy, he flashed by like countless shadows and appeared right before Whitey. With clenched fists, he was about to pound Whitey with the force of an erupting volcano.

Whitey shielded itself with its giant blade. After a thunderous boom, its entire figure was sent backward until it was on all fours. The pavement underneath cracked into piles of crushed stones.

Seeing Whitey at such a disadvantage, Bu Fang knitted his brows into a frown. Though Whitey's robotic body saved it from accumulating serious external wounds, they simply could not go on like this.

With the flick of his mind, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok suddenly appeared in his right hand.

The pitch-black, unadorned Black Turtle Constellation Wok gave off a sense of somberness.

Waves of true energy burst out and flooded into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

The mysterious magic patterns on the wok immediately lit up. The pitch-black wok suddenly shone brilliantly with a golden gleam. It was now as dazzling and radiant as the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

Clutching the rim of the golden wok, Bu Fang took in a deep breath and then flung it out with a deadpan face.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok, with the force of towering mountains, smashed towards the Venerable Master.

Everything it passed, including the air itself, looked as if being ripped apart!

Having slammed another punch at Whitey, the Venerable Master lifted up his head only to see a golden wok heading his way.

"What is this?! A semi-divine tool?"

The Venerable Master furrowed his brows and thrust a fist toward the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

Bam!

The fist and wok clashed.

The Venerable Master's expression immediately changed for the worse. It felt like his punch landed on a mighty mountain. Even his knuckles began to numb.

What the hell...

Summoning all the true energy in his body, the Venerable Master uncurled his fist. Using both palms, he shoved his force toward the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. His figure sped through the surrounding space and was finally able to halt the advance of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

A wok that could subdue Blood Guards turned out to be no match for a real Supreme-Being.

Bu Fang felt it a pity. He had just used up more than half of the true energy in his body.

Compared to the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, this Black Turtle Constellation Wok drained much more of his true energy.

As its waves of true energy scattered, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok also dissipated and returned to Bu Fang's side. He grabbed it in his hands.

"This really is a semi-divine tool... with a ninth grade puppet and such a marvelous semi-divine tool, who are you and what's your deal? The southern region couldn't have possibly cultivated someone like you. Could it be that you come from somewhere else?"

The Venerable Master shook his numbed hands but kept his eyes glued to Bu Fang.

Still lying on the floor, Blacky heard the Venerable Master's inquiry and suddenly twitched his doggy ears. He lifted up his doggy head and gazed at the flabbergasted Venerable Master.

Chapter 322: The Array Shatters and Ten Thousand Souls Wail

Bu Fang grabbed the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and let out a light breath.

It was as if the air itself froze. The Venerable Master, still levitating in the sky, stared fixedly at Bu Fang, showering him with an awe-spining force of energy.

From afar, the chubby elder also smacked his lips.

Bu Fang's origin was obscure and unknown. Safeguarded by a ninth grade and in possession of a Semi-Divine Tool, how could he merely be a restaurant owner in a dingy little town? He must have great patrons and great networks as his backbone.

The chubby elder was a warrior of the Clear Sky Pagoda in the Hundred Thousand Mountains, which represented the highest sphere of influence in all of the Southern Region. Yet he had never heard of this Bu Fang figure. The single time he had heard his name mentioned was when his disciple couldn't stop praising Bu Fang's dishes.

Someone so low-profile... how eccentric.

"Humph... no matter who you are, or which forces are behind you, as long as you stand in the way of the Shura Sect's resurrection, you must go down!"

The Shura Sect Venerable fell silent for a while, his eyes dimming. But alas, he opened his mouth and filled the air with his menacing words.

He had no idea who stood behind Bu Fang, but also found it no longer relevant. The Soul Congregation Array was the key to his Shura Sect's rejuvenation. He simply couldn't let it fall into the hands of a stranger.

Buzz...

With a light ring, a force of energy erupted from the Shura Sect Venerable's body, as if a prisoner finally breaking free from his shackles. In that very moment, his hair turned into a shade of blood.

His entire person seemed to have reverted to his youthful version.

His sturdy, muscular body bounced into the sky like a mechanical spring, then charging straight at Bu Fang as if he were a bullet shot from a gun.

Whitey's purple eyes flashed as it blocked Bu Fang with its body. With the rise of its machete, dense blade slashes made of energy poured down.

"Get lost!"

The Venerable Master, with his bloodthirsty eyes, was incomparably ruthless and savage. He thrust out a punch right at Whitey. This blow brought with it scattering dark waves of true energy, instantly shattering the blade slashes.

Bang.

Whitey was sent backward by this fist. Its body spun numerous times in the air and finally crashed onto the floor. Though the Venerable Master couldn't totally exterminate Whitey, the latter also couldn't handle the former.

The chubby elder standing from a distance hesitated over whether he should lend a helping hand. However, in reality, he couldn't be sure whether his addition could make a difference.

This Shura Sect demon was simply too powerful with all of his mystifying strategies... The chubby elder wasn't confident that he'd gain the upper hand.

Just as he was thinking twice about intervening himself, his gaze suddenly froze upon realizing Bu Fang was ready to make another move.

Bu Fang inhaled deeply... he clutched the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and once again lunged it at his opponent.

"Doesn't this iron wok have no affect on the demon? Why throw it out again?"

The chubby elder widened his eyes.

The Venerable Master, on the other hand, sneered coldly. He flipped his palms, instantly summoning a surge of true energy that enveloped his entire arm.

Bu Fang gave a light shout. After twisting his body, he flung out the golden wok once again.

"Humph! Mindless! Aren't you at the end of your tether!"

Seeing Bu Fang resort to the same old move, the Venerable Master couldn't help but stretch his mouth into a wider sneer.

He watched as the golden iron wok flew his way and then thrust out a fist that was wrapped in swirls of true energy. This punch whammed the wok ferociously. The incredibly sturdy Black Turtle Constellation Wok weighed the Venerable Master down. His face darkened as the shield of true energy cloaking his arm suddenly burst open.

However, the moment his fist came down, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was sent flying back to where it came from.

"Hey... don't you want your talisman?"

Just as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok shot back through the air, a cool voice suddenly resounded and slipped into the Venerable Master's ears.

The Venerable Master's pupils shrank, all his hair standing on their ends. He had just discovered that right behind the Black Turtle Constellation Wok was the Soul Congregation Array arranged by all five jade talismans. It was heading his direction at an incredible speed.

And it was also about to collide with the Black Turtle Constellation Wok he punched away.

"Damn it! No!!"

The Venerable Master felt shivers down his spine. He bellowed and bolted toward the Soul Congregation Array like a flash of lightning. He couldn't let anything happen to the Soul Congregation Array!

Whitey's figure immediately sprang up from the pile of rubbles on the ground. Its purple eyes flickered and its cold, merciless blade slashed right at the Venerable Master.

The Venerable Master's galloping body was intercepted.

Whitey was a ninth grade puppet after all. Even if the Venerable Master could manage to suppress it, he couldn't easily withstand the pressure of its strike.

The muscles on his body bulged as he unconsciously took a step back.

This step threw him into the abyss of despair. This step forced him to watch helplessly as the Soul Congregation Array clashed into the mountainous Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

Bu Fang stretched open his eyes, suddenly feeling a thrilling stir inside.

Crack...

As crispy as ever was the sound of talisman array smashing onto the floor.

Simple and straightforward.

The fragile talisman array surely couldn't withstand even a single blow by something as heavy as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. With just one collision, the array splintered and cracked until it completely burst apart.

The dense, mystifying patterns that covered its surface also shattered.

Buzz...

A spiral of wind howled in the sky.

What followed was a chorus of blood-curling shrieks that made everyone's hair stand on end.

"That's the Soul Congregation Array! An array that has absorbed hundreds of thousands of spiritual essences and phantom spirits! If it shatters... it'll release mobs of phantom spirits that will transform everything within a radius of ten miles into a devil's village!"

The Venerable Master's face was filled with bewilderment and rage. He couldn't care less if everything within a ten miles radius turned into a town of ghosts. However, it did pain him to lose the countless spiritual essence he had collected laboriously.

The deprivation of so many spiritual essences and phantom spirits... was a major blow to the Shura Sect!

Wretched wails reverberated through the entire Imperial City.

High up in the sky, black clouds began to roll in, engulfing the city into a world of darkness.

Shadows after shadows of ghostly white phantom spirits soared out of the array. Emitting billows of grievance and bitterness, they glided through the sky.

Bu Fang blanched slightly. He had never expected the array's destruction to bring about such a ghastly sight.

The chubby elder from afar also wore a frosty expression.

He already knew that the Shura Sect intentionally initiated this war to accumulate spiritual essences and phantom spirits, and thus prepare for the sect's resurrection. Yet he had never imagined such a tiny magic array to be overflowing with this many spiritual essences.

The Shura Sect... was certainly heinous and despicable!

He suddenly recalled that bloody massacre of the southern region by the hands of the Shura Sect.

The blood-haired Shura Sect Venerable howled disconcertedly and hurriedly extracted a gray orb from his pockets.

"The Semi-Divine Tool... Departed Soul Orb!"

The chubby elder's eyes lit up as he let out a surprised squeal.

With a flicker of the mind, the Venerable Master triggered the Departed Soul Orb, which then began to faintly glow in a grayish shade.

The magic array had perished, but he must try to salvage the escaped spiritual essences.

The Venerable Master clenched his teeth and activated the Departed Soul Orb. Miserable screeches filled the sky as the spiritual essences all flew toward the Departed Soul Orb.

However, a lazy bark suddenly echoed, resounding across the heavens. This woof was not loud at all. Yet this very bark prompted the sky full of phantom spirits to stop on their tracks. Their silhouettes, half-way into the Departed Soul Orb, also froze.

Perplexity filled the Venerable Master's face.

His heart lurched as he peered toward the little store, only to see the plump black dog who was napping suddenly standing up on all fours.

The fat on the dog's body swayed as he sauntered in elegantly.

His doggy paws were agile and light, not making a sound as they tapped on the floor.

"What does this dog want?!"

The Venerable Master widened his eyes, filled with bewilderment deep down. Could it be this dog here had some sort of capabilities?

Bu Fang was equally puzzled. Was Blacky about to make a move?

Wandering to the center of the small alleyway, Blacky tilted his doggy head and gazed at the spiritual essences and phantom spirits that covered the sky above. His jaws widened.

Afterwards, he raised his doggy head and woofed.

This melodious bark traveled for a thousand miles, not fading anytime soon.

The Departed Soul Orb glimmered, suddenly losing its power to absorb the spiritual essences.

The phantom spirits drifting in the sky formed the shape of a funnel and gushed into Blacky's jaws at an incredible speed.

The winds whistled ferociously and the clouds changed colors.

After a few inhales, the teeth-grinding, claws-waving phantom spirits all glided down Blacky's throat.

The gloomy clouds dispersed, returning everything to its tranquil state.

The bark finally stopped, and in replacement of it was a... satisfying burp, much like one after a hearty meal.

"As expected, the taste of these spiritual essences and phantom spirits cannot compare with that of the delicious Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Meat Ribs."

A tender male voice rang in the air.

Blacky stuck out his tongue and licked his lips. He uttered these words as he gazed at the stupefied Shura Sect Venerable.

Chapter 323: What Kind of Dog Is This?

A soft and tender male voice rang in the sky and shot through the entire area.

What followed was a satisfying burp.

"Blech—"

This burp was like a clap of thunder, startling the dumbfounded Shura Sect Venerable who was still hovering in the air.

It was somewhat amusing that he looked as if he had just seen a ghost—with his blood-red hair blowing against the wind, his mouth agape, and his hand clutching the glowing Departed Soul Orb, completely struck dumb.

What did he just witness? What?!

The countless wailing phantom spirits that filled the sky... were... completely devoured by a dog!

The Shura Sect worked incredibly hard to wage a war and collect hundreds of thousands of spiritual essences through the Soul Congregation Array... all to feed a dog!

All they ended up with was a well-fed dog...

"Where did this dog even come from? Why would a dog consume spiritual essence instead of the standard pet food? Are you freaking kidding me?"

The Venerable Master felt like his heart was being torn apart. These were hundreds of thousands of spiritual essences, and were also the hope of the Shura Sect's resurrection. Everything was now flushed down the drain?

Gripping the Departed Soul Orb, the Venerable Master was going ballistic. His livid bellow reverberated through the heavens.

A surge of true energy fluctuated, prompting black waves of true energy to swell and explode madly out of the Shura Sect Venerable's body. At this point, the Venerable Master has completely lost it and was on the verge of going crazy. His terrifying force of true energy caused one's heart to tremble.

The chubby elder was secretly delighted at the sorrowful state of the near insane Venerable Master. Yet, even he couldn't help but shudder in fear when he felt the infinite amount of true energy bursting out of the Venerable Master.

Blech—

Blacky burped yet again as he stretched open his doggy mouth.

"I'm serious, there's not even a taste in this spiritual essence. It is nowhere near as good as the Sweet 'n' Sour Dragon Meat Ribs." Blacky offered his honest opinion.

Bu Fang could sense the Venerable Master sinking into a deep state of despair.

"You damned dog! Do you know what you swallowed? You just devoured the hope and future of my Shura Sect!!"

The Venerable Master's eyes flashed a dangerous shade of blood-red. He put away the Departed Soul Orb and shot Blacky, who stood by elegantly, a frosty glare. As strands of his blood-red hair fluttered through the air, a terrible intent to kill flared up.

Blacky raised up his doggy head, and stuck out his doggy tongue.

"Then the so-called hope of the Shura Sect still tastes a lot worse than Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs."

"Eat shit!"

The Venerable Master exploded into a fit of rage. His entire figure rattled mid-air as he instantly charged toward Blacky at a supersonic speed.

Supreme beast, heh? This must be the supreme beast hidden in this store!

"Even if you are a supreme beast, you must pay in blood for destroying the hopes of the Shura Sect! Whatever you swallowed... spit it out!"

Roar!

With a punch, a surge of true energy condensed into a gigantic black wolf. The wolf flashed its red eyes and materialized behind the Venerable Master.

From afar, the chubby elder felt his heart drop.

He could sense the terrifying aura contained in the Venerable Master's fist. If this thrust landed on him, his head would have probably been blown off!

"It cannot be stopped!"

Bu Fang watched the Shura Sect Venerable falling from the sky like a bloody bullet. He twitched the corners of his mouth.

He was not worried about this plump dog's safety. Even though he hasn't seen through Blacky's capabilities yet, he still felt very much assured.

Blacky stuck out his tongue and gracefully lifted up a delicate doggy paw. He waved his dark paw lightly at the Shura Sect Venerable.

Afterward, the silhouette of a doggy paw appeared in the sky. Such doggy paw silhouette was not large. However, as it collided with the Shura Sect Venerable's wolf, it prompted a burst of forbidding force of energy and a thunderous rumble.

The ear-splitting boom extended through the entire Imperial City.

On the city walls, Ji Chengxue and his crew turned toward the direction of the restaurant in terror. Was this the great battle between the Shura Sect Venerable and the little store's supreme beast?

This energy wave... was simply terrorizing!

Right outside of the walls, Ji Chengyu and Zhao Musheng wore long faces.

As expected... Bu Fang's store was not that easy to tackle. But surely their Supreme-Being Venerable Master couldn't lose to a dog, right?

Waves of true energy flooded out of the Venerable Master's body. His blood-red hair fluttered against the whistling wind. A ferocious bloodthirsty expression flashed across his face. Yet when his punch crashed into the doggy paw, he discovered a wave of energy bouncing back at him. The force of this blast caused his heart to tremble. A sense of crisis instantly washed over him.

Bang!!

Right before his eyes, the doggy paw clawed through his wolf silhouette punch. Next, it was heading straight for him.

A bubble of true energy enveloped his body before the doggy paw landed on him. The Venerable Master's entire figure was sent flying backward, smearing across the sky in a graceful arc before finally crashing into the pavement.

As he plunged down, everything around him was smashed into bits, leaving a ring of collapsed housing around his body.

"Huh?"

A trace puzzlement flickered across Blacky's doggy eyes. " This one paw didn't finish him off? Looks like this fellow's combat capability is pretty good."

A howl of wind brushed past as the Venerable Master returned to the sky. The true energy armor around his body has been badly shattered.

His complexion was gloomier than ever before. A hint of panic and terror even flashed across his eyes.

"A beast at the final stages of the supreme beast level? Or one at the peak of supreme level?"

A terrifying thought flashed across the Venerable Master's mind. The state of ninth grade Supreme-Being reflected an exceptional echelon. Each smaller interval within this stage reflected a giant gap in capability.

Take the chubby elder as an example, who was still at the initial stages of Supreme-Being, and thus was easily subdued by the Venerable Master.

If the dog before his eyes really had reached the later stages, or god forbid, the peak of spirit beasts, then it would be at a serious advantage this time. In fact, he'd have to take the defeat lying down.

"No... not possible. It cannot be a spirit beast in the last stages of the supreme-beast echelon. This sort of spirit beasts have too much dignity to act as the doorkeeper of some little store!"

The Venerable Master calmed himself down and drew in a deep breath. He convinced himself that he was simply deceived by the looks of this dog.

"Not dead yet..."

A tender male voice rang in the air again.

The Venerable Master's racing heart suddenly lurched, his pupils shrinking. Right before his eyes, the black dog standing elegantly on the floor was undergoing a metamorphosis.

Its originally petit and dainty physique swelled up as if taking up the shape of a towering ocean wave. The deadly look in its eyes matched the erecting fur all over its body.

Boom!

A deafening crash reverberated as his doggy paw scratched the floor.

The Venerable Master merely felt a spiral of wind blow up before a gigantic figure suddenly appeared right before him.

The moment they locked eyes, the Venerable Master discovered the ruthless and merciless look reflected in his opponent's eyes. His heart trembled violently, as if he could sense his impending defeat.

"No!"

The Venerable Master roared lividly. As his blood-red hair glided against the air, he thrust a punch straight toward Blacky's giant head.

Yet before he could even launch his strike, he was smashed down by the speedy dog paw. Still stupefied by all this, he plunged onto the pavement, making a deep indent in the ground.

Boom!

The colossal-sized Blacky landed on all fours, causing the floor beneath him to quake. The Venerable Master crawled out of the rubbles awkwardly, his will to fight completely sapped.

This dog... was too horrifying!

Bang!!

With another smack of the doggy paw, the Venerable Master was sent flying back again—almost as if a rubber ball bouncing between different buildings.

The still dazed Venerable Master detected another round of force of pressure closing in on him.

"Again?!"

Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. His Supreme-Being body was about to be squashed into a meat mash.

He waved his hand and extracted pieces after pieces of jade talismans. He circulated the true energy within his body and hurled these jade talisman at Blacky. As they drifted in the air, these jade talisman all exploded, filling the sky with a spectacular show of fireworks.

This was the second time Bu Fang witnessed Blacky fighting like this. It was just as magnificent and sensational as the first time.

The Venerable Master, being only a mid-level Supreme-Being warrior, was completely dominated by Blacky...

What kind of dog was Blacky?

Bu Fang was suddenly curious about Blacky's origins.

The chubby elder hovering in the air was scared out of his wits.

Blacky's instant outburst tyrannized the Venerable Master. This was something completely beyond his imagination. This devil of a dog had become frenzied and wild!

Cough Cough...

The Venerable Master spat out mouthfuls of blood, his entire body about to burst apart. Unable to withstand the sequence of doggy paw strikes, he felt utterly powerless. He felt like this dog was simply toying with him.

Played by a dog...

Weak all over, he still crushed the last jade talisman in his hand.

As soon as it was shattered, a distant will of sword was suddenly awakened, summoning a blood-red sword slash to converge. What crystallized was a monumental sword that filled the sky.

"This... is the Shura Sword! No, the Shura Sword Will!"

The chubby elder of the Clear Sky Pagoda was pale with fear.

The Venerable Master howled with laughter as he continued to cough up blood. He stared at the gigantic dog with a deadly expression.

This will of sword was the Cardinal Shura Sect Sword Will, and also the power of the Shura Sect's semi-divine tool...

This sword was strong enough to exterminate any Supreme-Beings, even in their final stage!

"You damned dog! Die!"

The Venerable Master widened his eyes and bellowed.

Blacky lifted up his doggy head and cast a cool glance at the Shura Sect Sword Will levitating in the sky. Then, he flickered the guffawing Venerable Master a look.

"Noisy."

Bam!

The doggy claw swept over the chortling Venerable Master. Instead of flinging him backward, Blacky directly smashed him... into smithereens.

The Shura Sect Venerable, a Supreme-Being warrior, had fallen.

Chapter 324: The Bark That Shattered the Shura Sect Sword Will

The Shura Sect Venerable had perished, killed by the thwack of a doggy paw.

The chubby elder gaped in astonishment, almost feeling his soul slip out of his body. He observed the battered Venerable, still unable to believe in what his eyes saw.

That was the Shura Sect Venerable—a mid-level Supreme-Being, the ultimate backbone of the Shura Sect, a man who tyrannized the entire Southern Region. How could such a warrior be slain by...a random dog that nobody had ever heard of in the Southern Region.

The almighty Venerable Master who had just owned his ass a minute ago was now crushed into pieces... by a dog, how gruesome!

Finally snapping out of it, the chubby elder cast a terrified look at the black dog. His entire body was trembling.

The bloody fogs that had converged into a Shura Sect Sword Will, still hanging in the sky, was nowhere as disturbing to the chubby elder than the black dog.

What kind of trouble has the Shura Sect gotten themselves into this time?

The death of the Venerable Master was a ground-shattering incident for the Shura Sect... no, it would shake up the entire Southern Region.

Bu Fang was also taken aback. He himself had never expected such a fearsome warrior to be easily beaten by Blacky. In fact, Blacky looked like he was simply swatting away a fly.

Buzz...

Another ring echoed in the air.

Waves of energy suddenly began emitting from the location of the fallen Shura Sect Venerable. These ripples fluctuated violently, almost splitting through the air. A pale white streak of spiritual essence glided through the cracks. This was the phantom spirit of the Shura Sect Venerable.

The phantom spirit wore a furious look. He screamed a muted shriek, his physique twisting grotesquely, his face savage and wild.

A deep force of suction suddenly manifested from the pile of rubbles. The grayish white Departed Soul Orb floated up, drawing the horrified Venerable Master's spiritual essence inwards. After a series of contortions, it was ultimately swallowed by the orb.

With this, the Venerable Master was wholly, undoubtedly dead.

Blood-red clouds tossed and turned, condensing into a blood-colored long sword. A richly concentrated energy sword hang in the sky.

The Shura Sect Sword Will, so red that it looked like it was dripping blood, pointed toward Blacky. It had become so swift and fierce and the entire pavement was about to be ripped apart.

Outside of the Imperial City.

The Blood Guard, just tending to his injuries, immediately stretched open his eyes. He rushed out and stood before the army. Catching sight of the Shura Sect Sword Will suspending in the sky far away, his pupils instantly shrank. A panic-stricken expression smeared over his face.

"Shura... Shura Sect Sword Will? The Venerable Master was forced to summon the Shura Sect Sword Will?"

The Blood Guard drew in a chilled breath, his heart thumping violently.

Ji Chengyu and Zhao Musheng felt goosebumps spreading across their bodies. Still sitting on their spirit horses, they subconsciously retreated a couple of steps backward.

It looks like... the Shura Sect Venerable couldn't handle Bu Fang.

...

In a gloomy iron tower inside the vast Border City.

The High Priestess, with a mask on her face, fluttered open her eyelids. She felt her heart shiver, with a bad feeling churning in her stomach.

She waved her hand casually, summoning numerous jade talisman to rise to the sky. She bent her slender fingers, doing some calculations in her heart. As she continued tallying things up, a trace of alarm deepened in the eyes under her mask.

Suddenly, with a loud explosion, the jade talisman suddenly shattered. It burst open and showered the floor with bits and pieces.

"This..."

The High Priestess got onto her feet. Her heart thudded strongly as she inhaled deep breaths.

"The Venerable Master... has perished?"

Boom boom bang!

A deafening crash indicated that something within the iron tower was stirring.

The High Priestess gazed at the thick iron gates behind her in a panic.

A remote, thick force of energy surged through the iron gates...

"Ah Ya... who triggered my Shura Sect Sword Will? Huh, this is the force of energy of the Departed Soul Orb?"

A raspy voice traveled through the iron gates, one exhibiting an interrogative tone.

The High Priestess dared not to breath. She replied diffidently: "Perhaps the Venerable Master... has fallen."

After a moment of silence, the faint voice issued a response.

"I already know... The spirit sensor I placed on the Departed Soul Orb was awakened."

...

Blacky's doggy eyes gazed at the blood-red sword hanging from the sky. Though it was gigantic in size and heavy in pressure, it did not unnerve Blacky even one bit. Instead, he only found it rather entertaining.

The Shura Sect Sword Will. Who would have thought that one could catch sight of the Shura Sect Sword Will in such a remote spot in the Southern Region.

Though this will of sword appeared lifeless and badly fragmented... it was still the Shura Sect Sword Will, something that did not belong in the Southern Region.

Buzz...

The blood-colored will of sword suspended high up in the sky, engulfing the Imperial City residents with an overwhelming sense of strain. They felt as if all the blood running through their veins was about to be sucked clean and absorbed by the blood sword hanging overhead.

This... was as terrorizing as the devil descending upon them.

The pale-gray Departed Soul Orb began to spin. Having swallowed the wailing phantom spirit of the Venerable Master, the orb instantly lit up.

Just like that, the Departed Soul Orb looked like it suddenly gained consciousness, gliding through the air smoothly.

An enormous, grayish figure burst out of the Departed Soul Orb, effectively blotting out the sky and bringing with it an unbearable sense of pressure.

This force of pressure prompted the chubby elder to blanch. His entire face now as pale as a ghost.

"The Shura Sect Overlord... Duan Ling!"

The chubby elder gulped, his eyes filled with dread. This name was a nightmare to him. This was a name that dangled over the heads of all sphere of influences in the Southern Region.

Could it be... he had already awakened?

The titanic figure was positioned high above the masses, lowering his frosty eyes to scan the crowd. Finally, his gaze landed on the enormous silhouette of Blacky.

The two locked eyes high up in the sky.

"You slaughtered my Shura Sect Venerable? What a nerve..."

Thunder rumbled across the heavens as the giant silhouette casually waved its hand, instantly catching the blood sword hanging in the sky.

The Shura Sect Sword Will ruptured fiercely, overwhelming everyone in the Imperial City. Awfully repressed by the force of pressure, their faces flushed red.

"Die, you will be buried alive with the Venerable Master."

He waved his hands, prompting the gigantic blood sword to blare and swoop down on Blacky.

Blacky twitched the corners of his mouth, revealing a trace of disdain. He drew in a sharp breath and bellowed at the Shura Sect Sword Will with a bark.

"Woof!"

This bark resounded through the entire city, hitting even the ears of Ji Chengyu and his army.

The startled horses under Ji Chengyu and Zhao Musheng, hearing this bark, fell onto their knees. The two were thrown off their horses, distaste and fear smearing across their faces.

Yet something even more horrifying happened...

Amidst the bark, the forbidding blood sword hanging in the sky actually shattered into pieces, disintegrating into blood-colored particles and blown away by the wind.

The towering silhouette suddenly shuddered and condensed into a small ball before converging in the Departed Soul Orb. The orb, lit like dazzling stars in the night, shot across the horizon, firing toward a distant location.

That speed... had even exceeded the supersonic speed.

Blacky halted his bark, sticking out his tongue to lick his lips, and humphed. His figure shrank back into his original doggy form, sluggish and plump.

Blacky paid no attention to the Departed Soul Orb that rolled away. For him, the tool was not even half as appealing as Bu Fang's Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. Walking his signature catwalk, Blacky strutted back to the store.

Bu Fang shot him a glimpse, as if he were staring at a monster.

Blacky rolled his doggy eyes and hummed delightfully. Then, he lay before the entrance of the store and went back to his nap...

It was like he could never get enough sleep.

Bu Fang glanced at the now calm and still Blacky. He took in a breath and scanned the surrounding with his eyes.

Everything nearby had already been obliterated into nothingness, including all the individual houses erected around the restaurant. The other buildings were also completely destroyed.

It was as if a tiny section of the vast Imperial City was completely wiped out, which was truly a ghastly sight.

The chubby elder fell butt first onto the floor.

His body was so numb that he could not feel the crushed stone under his butt. He could never look at Fang Fang's Little Store the same ever again...

A mysterious young chef, a ninth-grade puppet, and a freaking monstrous plump dog. This sphere of influence was... truly top-notch in the Southern Region.

Blacky, still lying on the floor, suddenly twitched his nose. Then, he sluggishly fluttered open his eyelids and peered toward the distance.

There was a chubby elder gaping back at him.

Suddenly detecting the black dog's scrutiny, his entire body stiffened. He smiled weakly and got his ass out of there.

...

Outside of the Imperial City gates.

The Supreme-Being warrior of the Hundred Thousand Mountains returned, badly shaken. He brought back a shocking piece of news.

The almighty Shura Sect Venerable, so powerful as to instill fear in everyone around him... had perished. In the process of hassling Fang Fang's Little Store, he was slaughtered.

This disturbing message caused Ji Chengyu and Zhao Musheng to jump out of their skin.

Chapter 325: I Must Have Heard a Piece of Fake News

A flash of light rapidly glided across the sky with an astonishing speed, bringing with it an ear-piercing explosion that blasted everyone's eardrum.

This streak of light dashed out from the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire. Without a moment of pause, it had already flashed past several cities.

Every resident in the cities lifted up their heads in surprise to peer at the ray of light flashing across the sky.

Amidst the heavily wooded mountains, a short-haired figure sprinted forward. Waves of true energy swirled around his body with the force of a ferocious dragon, extremely domineering.

Without a warning, his bolting figure came to an abrupt halt. He lifted up his head and gazed at the sky only to see a streak of light flicker by. A trace of perplexity immediately flashed across his eyes.

"What is that? Seems like it flew out from the direction of the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire..."

The short-haired man frowned and thought to himself. He had charged, at full speed, to the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire all the way from Illusory Spirit Swamp because he received a disturbing message—that the Shura Sect demons had colluded with the rebels and was drawing nearer to the Imperial City.

There seemed to be a ninth grade Supreme-Being amongst those Shura Sect demons; the Empire's army was simply no match for it. If he didn't get there soon, the entire city may be flattened by the enemy.

Taking in a deep breath, he exerted his physical mantra once again and sprinted towards the Imperial City. His body flashed across the heavens, causing a series of explosions to break out.

Having reached the Supreme-Being stage, he could fly at a supersonic speed.

...

Both Ji Chengyu's and Zhao Musheng's faces were filled with terror.

Receiving the news that the Venerable Master had fallen, they were once again reminded of the horror of Fang Fang's Little Store. The memories of being humbly subdued back then in the store flooded their minds.

Sure enough... their ominous presentiment of disaster was proved right.

That damned store obviously survived, and more alarmingly... finished off a ninth grade Supreme-Being of the Shura Sect.

"So the Venerable Master is just gone?" Zhao Musheng muttered dully.

Though petrified, a small part of him still refused to accept this outcome. He yearned for sweet revenge on Bu Fang, who earlier had wounded him and driven him entirely out of the Imperial City. He wanted Bu Fang to pay for all of his losses.

He supposed that with the Shura Sect Venerable stepping out, Bu Fang would surely have to beg for mercy this time.

Yet the truth was always so cruel and felt like a slap across the face. The defeat this time had utterly shattered his will to further seek vengeance. Even a Supreme-Being was exterminated in this store, so on what basis could he secure a win to save his face?

Were it him confronting the Supreme Beast... he couldn't have possibly survived for more than a minute.

"Hahaha!"

Up on the walls, Ji Chengxue was given the same piece of news. After the momentary shock at first, he couldn't help bursting into a merry laughter.

His chortling lingered in the air, reverberating through the city gates, allowing everyone's facial expressions to relax accordingly.

All the officials of the Light Wind Empire up on the walls sighed in relief as the nervousness on their faces faded away.

Xiao Yue and Xiao Meng exchanged looks and discerned the sense of liberation in each other's eyes—as if a great weight has been lifted from their shoulders.

Xiao Meng's colorless complexion even appeared less ghastly.

Yet the face of every soldier in Ji Chengyu's army had now become as pale as a ghost. If the invulnerable Venerable Master was crushed, how could they ever conquer this Imperial City?

They came off as invincible in every previous battle, but largely owing to the assistance from the Venerable Master. Now that their indestructible supreme warrior had perished, could they still... triumph on the battlefield?

Without a second of hesitation, Ji Chengyu immediately ordered the army to retreat.

A loud splash.

Ji Chengyu's army down below backed off in an orderly fashion, fleeing from the Light Wind's Imperial City.

The two Blood Guards in Ji Chengyu's troop were still dumbfounded.

How can this be possible?

How could the Venerable Master die?

There was only a ninth grade puppet in the store. Even though the puppet was very strong, as a team the two of them could certainly rival it... The Venerable Master, with a cultivation at the intermediate stage of Supreme-Being, should be able to subdue that puppet in a heartbeat.

As for that black wok... no matter how special it was, a black wok flung by a sixth grade Battle-Emperor could not be the cause of the Venerable Master's death.

"I must have heard a piece of fake news!"

The Blood Guard whose arm was broken roared and coughed up a mouthful of blood, his face utterly ferocious. However, the reality just deprived them of the last shred of hope.

The chubby elder of the Clear Sky Pagoda had returned while their Venerable Master didn't. This meant... that this old man was telling the truth.

Though it was not accurate to say Ji Chengyu's army lost by a landslide, at this point, this statement certainly didn't seem like an exaggeration. Their morale was at its worst, with every dejected face revealing that they have collectively lost the will to fight.

Obviously, the fall of the Venerable Master was a huge blow to their momentum.

Ji Chengxue did not follow up this victory with hot pursuit. This was mainly because he didn't have the means to do so. Even though Ji Chengyu's army backed off, it wasn't the work of his troops. The opposition was intimidated by Owner Bu Fang, who didn't even make a public appearance.

There were quite a few Shura Sect warriors in Ji Chengyu's army. Even if he pushed forward, it was unlikely for him to eliminate Ji Chengyu's troop. If the enemy was cornered, and out of a desperate need to survive, began to act recklessly, Ji Chengxue wouldn't be able to handle it.

Be that as it may.

Loud cheers echoed on the city walls as the crowd was celebrating this delightful victory. Of course, there was someone in the crowd who found himself in a rather awkward situation.

That someone was the Elder Sun of the Godly Temple of the Wildland. After all, it was him who had proposed to hand over Bu Fang, so as to buy time as they waited for the Godly Temple warrior to arrive.

The judgmental looks that the folks in the crowd sent him made him pull a long face and hump coldly.

Although the final outcome was beyond his expectations, he still stood by his earlier decision.

He had absolute faith that the Supreme-Being warrior of his Godly Temple of the Wildlands could swoop in and save the entire Imperial City.

Zhan Kong was still coughing up blood, though fortunately his injuries weren't as severe. His face also bore an expression of delight and amazement.

The image of that giant black dog flashed across his mind. The scenes of the black dog slaughtering away countless warriors lingered in his head... It seemed like that black dog made a move again this time.

Ji Chengxue led the troops away from the city gates. Instead of going back to the main hall, they headed toward Fang Fang's Little Store.

Everyone drew in chilled breaths when they drew closer to the store.

Their hearts trembled at the horrendous sight of flattened buildings and mounds of rubbles. It must have been a violent and intense battle...

Almost one third of the Imperial City was destroyed. Countless residential houses were devastated during this battle, reduced into piles of shattered rocks that scattered across the pavement. Many now homeless civilians recoiled in distant corners, trying desperately to find a place of refuge.

Ji Chengxue's rush of joy from the victory instantly evaporated. A battle at this intensity was way beyond his imagination. If the Imperial City was hit with a couple more of battles like this, it would face destruction even without the invasion of Ji Chengyu's army.

He instructed his men to aid and comfort the homeless population. Afterwards, he walked toward Bu Fang's store himself with a few more people following behind.

Amongst the ruins, only Fang Fang Little's Store remained untouched, still erected there in perfect condition. It looked like a miracle.

In front of the entrance, a chubby black dog was curled on the ground, sound asleep.

And a tall, slender figure was holding the door board to close.

Xiao Xiaolong and Ouyang Xiaoyi walked out of the store, astonished at the scene before their eyes.

"Owner Bu... I cannot thank you enough for your help today. Were it not for you, the Light Wind Empire would be in grave danger."

Upon seeing Bu Fang, Ji Chengxue hurried toward him in large strides. He cupped his hands and expressed his sincere gratitude.

Behind Ji Chengxue, all the officials were astonished. They peered at Bu Fang as if he was some kind of monster... Though they were aware of this store's unparalleled capabilities, none had expected a Supreme-Being to be slain here... That was simply terrifying.

"No need to thank me. That old man started it by making a scene. You know... this store does not take kindly to troublemakers. They always come to no good end." Bu Fang stopped whatever he was doing, turned his face toward Ji Chengxue, and stated calmly.

Ji Chengxue nodded his head but continued to express his thanks to Bu Fang anyway.

If it were not for this store, Ji Chengyu's army, backed by a Supreme-Being and two Blood Guards who were nearly at the supreme echelon, would be truly invincible.

Although one third of the Imperial City was destroyed in this battle, it could still be restored and thus did not pose a huge issue.

Bu Fang chatted a bit more with Ji Chengxue, ended their conversations, and then pulled shut his doors.

Ji Chengxue and the others drew in a deep breath. Then they returned to the Main Halls.

Without taking any breaks, Ji Chengxue immediately ordered for the reconstruction of the city. Even though they had survived this crisis, everyone in the Imperial City was still in a state of anxiety. They needed to console the population to boost public morale. This was especially true for the more devastated areas, which called for extra help to rebuild infrastructure right away.

Amidst the intense atmosphere of restoring and rebuilding, the Supreme-Beings of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands and White Cloud Villa finally arrived at the Imperial City.

Elder Sun almost teared up when he saw the Supreme-Being of the Gold Temple of the Wildlands... he finally had someone to back him up.

Chapter 326: I'm Not A Fool... Why Would I Court Death?

The Supreme-Being of the White Cloud Villa was a man with short hair. He wore a forbidding look on his face, his eyes flickering like electric sparks, seemingly filled with sharp fighting spirit. He was the Chief General of the White Cloud Villa, Bai Zhan, a Supreme-Being warrior. With an outstanding cultivation level, he was the biggest name in the White Cloud Villa, only second to the villa master.

The other warrior, sent by the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, was a bald fellow. The skin over his entire body flushed a bronze color as if plated with copper. He exerted a formidable presence.

Next to him stood a giant spirit bird, the wings of which were as sharp as blades as they emitted a chilling glow. It belonged to a powerful species of eighth grade spirit beasts—the Blade Bird.

The Master of the Godly Temple was the bald man named Jin Kun. He had a strong, muscular physique and a superior cultivation level.

Two Supreme-Beings had arrived in the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire.

They were both a little confused, however. The intelligence they received mentioned how the Shura Sect's demons had colluded with Ji Chengyu's army to attack the Imperial City. Yet... there seemed to be no troops around here at all?

The Imperial City was also intact, showing no signs of the demolition they pictured in their heads.

Could it be the intelligence was false?

Still in a state of bafflement, the two were quickly welcomed into the main halls by Ji Chengxue. They were both Supreme-Beings after all and certainly considered top elites throughout the entire Southern Region.

Having witnessed the disastrous ruins around Fang Fang's Little Store, Ji Chengxue finally gained a renewed understanding of Supreme-Being warriors. If anything... he learned that the entire city could be wiped out in a day with Supreme-Beings engaged in the battles.

Therefore, he dared not neglect or treat them coldly. Even though the Imperial City had already survived the crisis, he was still joyful that two Supreme-Beings offered their help.

To ease their perplexity, Ji Chengxue explained everything that had happened earlier. He described to the two Supreme-Beings who were here for reinforcement the Shura Sect Blood Guards and Venerable Master.

Bai Zhan, with a solemn face, arched his dense eyebrows and gazed at Ji Chengxue.

Jin Kun, as the Temple Master of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, was not only here to support the Light Wind Empire. He also came to the Imperial City to avenge the deaths of Xia Da and Xia Yu, warriors of his Godly Temple.

But after hearing Ji Chengxue's recount, he couldn't help but gasp instead.

"You said that the Supreme-Being of the Shura Sect was slain here?" Ji Kun, with his shining bald head, widened his eyes, his face in utter shock.

He evidently knew the Supreme-Being of the Shura Sect. As the Temple Master of the Godly Temple, how could he be ignorant of the Shura Sect's top warriors? That was a genuine Supreme-Being, one in the middle stage of the supreme echelon. Even he himself couldn't guarantee a victory over the Venerable Master.

Yet it was this very Supreme-Being who had perished in a small, ordinary store in the Imperial City of the Light Wind Empire.

Was that little store really so mysterious?

And that store... seemed to be the very place where Xia Yu and Xia Da were slaughtered!

Ji Chengxue said no more but smiled at Ji Kun and Bai Zhan, who were both still in a state of shock. He understood that this piece of news was hard to digest. Therefore, he didn't continue on this topic and arranged living arrangements for the two before he left.

...

A pitch-black darkness enveloped the Imperial City as gray clouds floated in the billowing wind. Two crescent moons could be vaguely seen through the clouds, much like the faces of two bashful young girls.

The courtyard in which resided the White Cloud Villa warriors.

Bai Zhan quietly peered at Zhan Kong, who stood in front of him with a pale face. After hearing Zhan Kong's report, his pacified state of mind was disturbed once more, his heart shaking like ripples through a pond.

"So you're saying... everything that the Emperor told me is true? That little store... had actually injured two Blood Guards and slain the Shura Sect Venerable?" Bai Zhan knitted his dense eyebrows into a frown, drew in a chilled breath, and asked.

Zhan Kong nodded his head with a wan smile. This was the third time that the Chief General had inquired about this. Despite how inconceivable it seemed, it was alas... the truth.

"This store is... unbelievable. When I just arrived at the Imperial City, Miss Wu specifically asked me to look after this store. It seems now that her concerns were truly unnecessary," Bai Zhan remarked.

Hearing Bai Zhan mention Wu Yunbai, Zhan Kong narrowed his eyes and queried: "Chief General, Miss Wu... should be on her way to the Grand Serpentine City now, right? Is it really safe for her to go meet the Serpentine Sovereign?"

"Don't worry. Though the Serpentine Sovereign has an outstanding cultivation level in the Serpentine Tribe, there are still rules to abide. No harm will come to Miss Wu. What needs more attention is this little store. Able to exterminate a Supreme-Being warrior, this store must be a non-negligible power of influence in the Southern Region. Let's pay a visit to it together tomorrow."

"Sure, absolutely."

"I must see for myself what kind of special powers are possessed by a little store strong enough to slaughter the Shura Sect Venerable."

The courtyard in which resided warriors from the Godly Temple of the Wildlands.

Elder Sun came to Jin Kun's side with an aggrieved face. He went on and on about something as the muscles on his face wrinkled into an ugly, dismayed expression.

Jin Kun rested on his seat majestically. As he took in Elder Sun's words, his face became a shade darker.

"Humph! Way out of the line! Does this store think it can be reckless just because it managed to annihilate a Shura Sect Venerable? There is no way it can afford to fight with my Godly Temple of the Wildlands!"

"Having already killed two of the Godly Temple's warriors, and yet still here mocking at us, that store owner is heedless of the consequences!" Jin Kun uttered coldly. He smacked on the table beside him with a burst of true energy, instantly turning that table into a pile of crushed powder.

Elder Sun, observing the now fully enraged Jin Kun, immediately put on a face of indignation and proposed, "Exactly, Temple Master. We shan't let it go! We must make that brat apologize to our Godly Temple of the Wildlands!"

"Let's go there tomorrow. I want to see what's so unique about the store."

"Temple Master, are you going to make a move? That brat needs a good beating... You can definitely make him beg for mercy on both knees!" Elder Sun exclaimed excitedly.

Ji Kun shot a doubting glimpse at Elder Sun and rolled his eyes.

"How stupid do you think I am? The Shura Sect Venerable was slaughtered on the spot for causing trouble there. I'm not a fool... Why would I go there to court death?"

Elder Sun's delightful face instantly froze. "What does that mean? But that's not what you just said? Where's all the talk about restoring the reputation of the Godly Temple of the Wildlands?"

"Tomorrow we go and check out the store first. Didn't you say that the store serves delicious food? Let's have a taste. There is a Supreme-Beast in the store after all, one strong enough to slaughter a Supreme-Being. We should deal with this with caution."

Jin Kun looked bold and reckless on the outside—basically all muscles and no brains, but he was actually a very cautious fellow. Able to acquire the position of Temple Master, he was naturally no ordinary man. The Godly Temple of the Wildlands was not all peaceful and relaxing. Instead, there was intense competition as the three internal branches contended with each other furiously.

...

Ji Chengyu's army retreated. The tense atmosphere in the Imperial City immediately evaporated and restored to its usual state of tranquility.

The post-battle reconstruction project was still on-going. Ji Chengxue directed plenty of manpower to rebuild the devastated areas.

When Bu Fang pushed opened his door in the morning, the first beams of sunshine shot down from the sky. The glaring gleams made Bu Fang someone lightheaded.

The alleyway had effectively blocked out these rays of sunshine in the past, and so this amount of light was rarely seen. However, when he opened the shutters, only a vast, empty space hit his eyes. This gave him quite an odd feeling inside. The buildings around the store had been flattened to the ground, rendering the surrounding infrastructure into a land of ruins.

Qian Bao, the owner of the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant, was most distressed. His "number one restaurant of the Imperial City", seeing as it was located so close to Fang Fang's Little Store, had been completely destroyed in the battle. His heart was bleeding. That restaurant, the work of a lifetime, had been burned to the ground in the blink of an eye.

Fortunately, there weren't any casualties in the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant. As long as his crew was all right, he had faith in making a comeback someday. He had already found another place in the city and would soon begin to rebuild the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant.

As for the choice of location... the further away from Fang Fang's Little Store, the better.

He didn't want another disaster like this. If history repeated itself, he would probably die of a serious heart attack.

A fragrant portion of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was placed in front of Blacky. That chubby dog's eyes immediately lit up as he devoured the food in the porcelain bowl.

Bu Fang pulled over a chair and laid himself down in front of the store. Watching the empty space before him, he became somehow pleasantly pacified.

He wore a blank expression on his face as he thought about the temporary assignment involving the "Ten Thousand Bestial Flames".

Xiao Xiaolong, on the other hand, arrived at Bu Fang's store very early. He had begun training his cooking skills in the kitchen.

Warm rays of sunshine fell on Bu Fang, wrapping around every inch of his body. The comfortable sensation made him want to take a nap. He gradually shut his eyes in a leisurely, relaxed manner.

A series of footsteps suddenly echoed in the air. The creaking sound of feet trampling over the crushed stones on the pavement caused Bu Fang to open his eyes.

A dozen or so figures appeared in front of the store, completely blocking the toasty sunlight.

Chapter 327: The Startled Supreme-Beings

The system introduced the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames as a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame. Its name alone gave the impression that it was something amazing.

Bu Fang clearly understood how important the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame was. After all, without it, he couldn't utilize the heavy Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

As a part of the God of Cooking Set, the effects of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok were extremely amazing. The flavor of dishes prepared in this wok would certainly not let him down.

Bu Fang lay dormant in his chair with a vacant look in his eyes.

Suddenly, cracking sounds became audible; It was the sound of rocks being crushed underfoot by someone, which made evident their approach.

Several people came over and stood before him, blocking the warm sun rays from reaching him. Bu Fang was jolted out of his reverie, and his pupils slightly contracted.

Bu Fang looked at the four people before him. They weren't strangers to him. In fact, he was somewhat familiar with them.

Elder Sun looked at Bu Fang awkwardly, and he had no words to say. Just a moment ago, blinded by hubris, he spouted multiple insults and ordered Bu Fang to hand over the object that was sought after by the Shura Sect. Back then, he had assumed that the Shura Sect would easily crush Bu Fang if he confronted them.

Who would have expected the outcome to be the complete opposite of what he thought? It wasn't Bu Fang who got crushed... but the damned Shura Sect, instead.

When Zhan Kong saw Bu Fang once again, his heart was filled with complex emotions. He had always feared this little store, and from the moment he witnessed that horrifying scene of slaughter, he understood how terrifying the store was.

The existences at this store, whether it was the ninth grade puppet or that harmless-looking plump dog—which was actually a supreme beast, were not the ones that someone like him could afford to offend.

That plump dog was an expert who excelled at feigning weakness in order to bait its enemies; who would have expected the fat watchdog to actually be one of those supreme beasts whose name struck terror in the hearts of everyone anywhere it was mentioned.

Moreover, it was a supreme beast even capable of killing a Supreme-Being of the Shura Sect.

As Jin Kun stood before Bu Fang, his shiny bald head appeared more dazzling when the sunlight reflected off it.

Bai Zhan took a deep breath and looked at Bu Fang.

This youth—who had a fair skin and wasn't too robust or too thin—had the cultivation level of a Battle-Emperor, and although reaching such a level at his age could be considered a good achievement, having already surpassed many disciples of the White Cloud Villa, it wasn't really that amazing.

Such a youth, who wasn't exceptionally talented, was unexpectedly the owner of this store, which would soon become renowned throughout the entire Southern Region.

Since they had managed to kill a Venerable of the Shura Sect, their name would surely spread throughout the Southern Region; after all, a Venerable of the Shura Sect was one of the peak experts of the region. The news of the death of such an expert would definitely shock them.

Bu Fang stood up from his seat. He hadn't expected anyone to come for a meal today.

After all, because of the battle which occurred yesterday, the store was currently in an awful state, and its surroundings had degraded into ruins. All the bigwigs presently in the capital were now scared to come to the store; however, that little girl, Ouyang Xiaoyi, still came over cheerfully.

As one of the store's old personnel, Xiaoyi was clear about how powerful was the store, and she was already accustomed to such matters. Therefore, she remained calm and composed as she proceeded with her usual routine.

"If you want to have a meal, then please come in." Bu Fang calmly said and went into the store.

Jin Kun and Bai Zhan glanced at each other before following Bu Fang into the store.

When they entered the store, they were greeted with a scenery that was quite different from the one outside. Its ambiance made them feel comfortable and warmed their hearts.

Inside the store, the air was thick with the rich fragrance wafting from various dishes, making Jin Kun and Bai Zhan raise their brows slightly.

"Well? Is this a Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree?"

Bai Zhan quickly discovered the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree placed in a corner of the store.

After the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree bloomed for the first time, it quietened down and, for a long time, there hadn't any considerable changes to it.

It no longer emitted Path-Understanding Notes, and this made Bu Fang assume that it had been killed by the Dragon Blood Rice soup which he fed it.

"As expected from the store which was capable of killing the Shura Sect's Venerable, their wealth truly is inconceivable. The Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree is one of the rarest treasures in the Southern Region; thus, it's extremely precious." Bai Zhan thick eyebrows scrunched up as he exclaimed.

Jin Kun clicked his tongue as he also expressed his admiration. A Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree wasn't something precious for those at their level, but as a spiritual tree which could help a seventh grade Battle-Saint advance to the eighth grade, it was still extremely precious. It was extremely important and valuable for a faction.

Normal factions would have no way of acquiring it, and yet in this store... the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree was part of the decor in this store, where meals were served to customers.

"The menu is behind you. Take a look at it, and when you decide what you want to eat, inform that little lassie," Bu Fang said as he gazed at the four of them. He also pointed at Ouyang Xiaoyi, who was staring at them, before he leisurely walked back to his chair and lay back down on it.

They looked for a table, sat down, and turned to take a look at the menu behind them.

When they saw it, their eyes widened.

"Is this truly a restaurant? Its prices... are slightly exaggerated."

Bai Zhan's thick brows furrowed as he muttered.

As a ninth grade Supreme-Being, he definitely didn't lack Crystals, but... he wouldn't be resigned to being cheated.

"Great Commander, you may not know this, but the store's prices have always been like this. This is because Owner Bu's dishes are worth such prices," said Zhan Kong.

He had frequented this store several times already, so he clearly understood the flavor of the dishes served at this store; therefore, he conveniently introduced and described the dishes to them.

However, he hadn't tasted every dish served in the store, so there were some he couldn't introduce.

"Hey, hey... I stepped into the realm of Supreme-Being a long time ago and after that, I no longer cared to eat the mundane world's dishes, but this time, I'll definitely eat to my heart's content." Jin Kun slapped the table as he laughed heartily.

However, his laughter quickly died down.

He had exerted some strength into that slap and expected to leave a mark on the table. However, he discovered that after he slapped it...

Not even the slightest mark was evident on the table.

What the hell?

Bu Fang, who was lying on his chair, suddenly turned his head and looked at the bald Jin Kun.

"Do you want to cause trouble?" Bu Fang asked expressionlessly.

Jin Kun stared back and narrowed his eyes, but he said nothing, only snorting in apprehension.

This store was truly interesting. Although he hadn't put any True Energy into that slap, he was still a Supreme-Being expert, and if he slapped an ordinary table, it would instantly turn into powder; however, unexpectedly, he had been unable to leave even a single mark on the table.

"Since you didn't come to cause trouble, then quickly order your dishes."

As it didn't look like they intended to cause any trouble, the corners of Bu Fang's lip curled up, and he continued lying there. The warm sunlight exuded a calm ambiance.

Bai Zhan's thick eyebrows were scrunched upward as he gestured toward Ouyang Xiaoyi, who stood far away, with a wave, bidding her to come over.

Ouyang Xiaoyi came over, blinked her big eyes as she looked at them, and asked, "What do you want to order?"

Unexpectedly, this girl was a... fifth grade Battle-King!

Bai Zhan originally didn't care much for the lassie, but when he sensed the aura emitted by Ouyang Xiaoyi's body, he heart suddenly shuddered. How old was this girl? Yet, she's already a fifth grade Battle-King. This talent was truly... terrifying.

Moreover, such a genius was only working as a waitress in a restaurant. It was truly wasteful.

"Uncle, order some dishes."

After being glared at by Bai Zhan for a long while, Ouyang Xiaoyi became quite displeased, so she coldly snorted and urged him.

Zhan Kong was unable to bear the lassie's impatient gaze, so he used his elbow to nudge Bai Zhan, jolting the latter from his reverie. Although he was slightly embarrassed, Bai Zhan continued to regard Ouyang Xiaoyi with a scorching gaze.

If he was able to take in such a genius as his disciple, then the land of Southern Region would gain another Supreme-Being before long.

However, he decided not to rush such matters, and instead wait until he finished his meal before he mentioned it.

Jin Kun also recognized Ouyang Xiaoyi's talent, but he had no interest in her; after all, the disciples of the Ferocious Divine Hall cultivated their fleshly bodies, and this path wouldn't suit her.

"Give me a plate of every dish! Also, what is this Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew? Why is it so expensive?"

Bai Zhan eventually ordered all the dishes available, after mulling over the menu for a long time.

As expected of a rich and imposing Supreme-Being.

Bu Fang, who was enjoying his moment of peace, twitched his ears when he heard them. This guy had ordered all the dishes... this was big business, and Bu Fang was quite pleased, making him turn his head to look over.

Jin Kun licked his lips, laughed in an imposing manner and said, "I don't like common bland dishes. If you have any dishes with intense flavors, serve them."

Ouyang Xiaoyi blanked out for a while when she heard his request. It was the first time she had encountered a customer who requested a dish with an intense flavor.

"You want something with an intense flavor, then it must be something spicy?" While Ouyang Xiaoyi was still lost in silent puzzlement over the order, Bu Fang came over and asked.

"Indeed! I want something spicy, and if it isn't spicy enough, it won't please me. I heard that the dishes served in the store are delicious, so if you aren't able to serve a dish which satisfies one of your customers, then the reputation of your store will be damaged," Jin Kun said to Bu Fang with a faint smile. It was as though he sought to provoke Bu Fang.

Every expert from the Wildlands was fond of spicy food, especially those from the Ferocious Divine Hall because they had heavier tastes.

In the face of Jin Kun's provocation, Bu Fang remained expressionless. He only gazed at Jin Kun before he turned around and walked away.

Bu Fang stopped to pat Ouyang Xiaoyi's head before he went into the kitchen.

Xiaoyi's eyes immediately brightened. Would Owner Bu personally cook this time?

Snort... that bald head dared to provoke Owner Bu. Owner Bu will definitely shame him, all the bald head has to do is wait for it. After all, the sophistry of Owner Bu's culinary arts wasn't something that normal people could imagine.

However, she couldn't imagine what kind of spicy dish Owner Bu would prepare.

Mapo Tofu? it was feasible, but the Mapo Tofu wasn't just spicy, it was sweet too.

When he entered the kitchen, Bu Fang permitted the taciturn Xiao Xiaolong to stop his training.

These days, Xiao Xiaolong's complexion didn't look good. As Xiao Meng had been heavily injured, it was understandable that he would be in such a bad mood. However, despite this, Xiao Xiaolong still diligently came to the store and persisted in his practice, which made Bu Fang quite satisfied with him. It was a pity that he couldn't help with Xiao Meng's injuries.

"Come here and assist me. I will cook all the dishes, so observe it carefully. This is a rare opportunity for you to learn." Bu Fang gazed at Xiao Xiaolong and earnestly said.

Xiao Xiaolong's eyes brightened and he nodded. He understood that Bu Fang wanted to teach and guide him.

Bu Fang turned around and faced his stove. Green smoke curled around his hand, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in it.

Chapter 328: A Spoon of the Abyssal Chilli Sauce

Bu Fang gripped the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and twirled it in his hands. He picked up some ingredients and placed them on the stove, then began to process them.

Xiao Xiaolong began methodically cooking on his stove. As he had trained for a long time and garnered experience, he was already quite familiar with cooking several dishes, and when he cooked them, their flavors rivaled the ones Bu Fang made when he just started cooking.

Bu Fang's pace never faltered, and his skills were quite terrifying. His cutting prowess, carving prowess, and knowledge of dishes had all experienced a great leap in comparison to the skills that he had when he just started his business. He was steadily progressing toward his goal to become the God of Cooking who stood atop the food chain of this Fantasy World.

He lit the stove and began warming the pan, and in only a short while, thick steam and rich aromas clouded the entire kitchen.

Bu Fang, who was cooking the dishes ordered by Bai Zhan, only prepared the dishes which were difficult to make. As for dishes like Egg-Fried Rice and Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs, Bu Fang left them for Xiao Xiaolong.

After all, it would be much faster if they both cooked than if only he made the dishes.

Each time Bu Fang prepared a dish, he would put it on the window, and Ouyang Xiaoyi would take it and serve it to Bai Zhan.

The rich aroma seemed to possess a physical form as it revolved around the dishes before dissipating, leaving one's eyes watery.

Xiao Xiaolong also put his finished dishes on the window, and they were all served by Xiaoyi.

As the number of completed dishes increased, the aroma enveloping the store became so rich, it seemed like it would burst out of the store and permeate the area within ten miles of the store.

Bai Zhan looked at all dishes being served with astonishment. They all looked good and smelled even better, and although he was a Supreme-Being, he couldn't help but lick his lips unconsciously as he picked up his chopsticks.

He picked up a piece of Red Braised Meat which emitted streams of steam, and its luster was rosy, as though it was glowing brightly. As the chopsticks gripped it, a tiny amount of oil burst out from within it.

Its enticing fragrance prompted Bai Zhan to stuff the piece of Red Braised Meat into his mouth. Contrary to his expectations, it wasn't greasy and melted in his mouth upon contact with his tongue. It was tender and soft, and with a slurping sound, he swallowed it into his stomach.

Even after he had swallowed, the rich taste still coated his taste buds.

The experience, and its succeeding sensation, which was comfortable and beautiful, was unprecedented for him.

As he exhaled lightly, Bai Zhan was quite pleased. He never imagined that a meal could be this delicious, and prior to this experience, he only considered food something to fill his stomach with.

When he reached the Supreme-Being realm, Bai Zhan completely abstained from eating, and if he wanted to fill his stomach, he would simply drink an elixir. In the years after his advancement, Bai Zhan only focused on his cultivation and didn't have a proper understanding of food.

As soon as he began eating the delicacies prepared by Bu Fang, his entire being became completely immersed in it.

Zhan Kong, who sat beside him, couldn't help but smile bitterly as he watched Bai Zhan gorge the dishes as if he was the reincarnation of a starved ghost.

Great Commander... you should pay attention not to damage our White Cloud Villa's image.

Jin Kun stroked his beard in astonishment as he watched Bai Zhan wolfing down food. Was the dish that delicious? Although the fragrance in the air could easily tempt anyone, in his eyes, Jin Kun still considered it bland.

In only a short while, all the dishes ordered by Bai Zhan had been served, and even the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew was amongst them.

After Bai Zhan swallowed a mouthful of the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew, his eyes became rounder, and his face became rosy as he burped comfortably.

"Good... it's a good wine."

As the Great Commander of the White Cloud Villa, Bai Zhan had tasted all sorts of delicacies, yet he still considered wine the most essential, because as a cultivator of swords, there were several sword intents that he would be unable to comprehend if he didn't have wine.

However, he had never tasted any wine that was as excellent as this one. It was as though ice and fire battled and caused a commotion in his stomach, which made him feel all the pores on his body open up.

The delicacies at Bu Fang's Little store were truly extraordinary.

The last dish that was served was the Premium Wok of Fortunes.

Bu Fang carried a small pot with him from the kitchen and placed it on their table.

Not only did the appearance of the Premium Wok of Fortunes shock both Bai Zhan and Jin Kun, it also piqued their curiosity.

When they saw the pot, they suddenly realized that the pleasant experience they gained from today's dishes was more than the experience they had gained from all the dishes they had ever eaten combined, till Bu Fang's.

It was rare to witness someone directly wolf down a dish that was still in its pot.

As he watched Bai Zhan cheerfully eat his dishes, Jin Kun began to itch for his own dishes.

"When will you serve my dish? I'm already quite impatient," Jin Kun looked at Bu Fang and said.

Bu Fang glanced at him and calmly replied: "Impatient men won't get to eat a good, hot tofu."

Once he'd said that, Bu Fang turned around and returned to the kitchen. He planned to begin cooking the intensely spicy dish that Jin Kun ordered. But what kind of dish would produce such an intense flavor?

Bu Fang pondered for a while before he made a decision.

Splash!

He took out a big piece of fresh tofu and twirled the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hands, using his extremely gorgeous cutting technique to dice it into multiple smaller pieces.

These smaller pieces of tofu seemed elastic and jiggled slightly as they were tossed into a bowl.

"A dish with an intense flavor... It's a good opportunity to try out that dish."

Bu Fang muttered before he ignited the stove and started warming the pan. He took a piece of the Wandering Dragon Cow's meat and chopped it into minced meat. He also cut the Lightning Demonic Garlic, which the system had provided, into small pieces. This Lightning Demonic Garlic was a type of spiritual medicine, albeit of a low grade.

When he was done, a spicy aroma shrouded the entire kitchen. Bu Fang narrowed his eyes when he noticed small sparks of lightning flickering on the chopped pieces of Lightning Demonic Garlic.

After he washed the small pieces of tofu with the Heaven Alps Spirit Lake Water, they jiggled even more—as if they were lively little spirits.

Sizzle!

He poured the Lightning Demonic Garlic's pieces and the Wandering Dragon Cow's minced meat into a pan and began to stir-fry them.

A strong and rich fragrance of meat and garlic began wafting out.

Xiao Xiaolong widened his eyes as he observed Bu Fang cooking.

"It seems like he's cooking Mapo Tofu," thought Xiao Xiaolong. He had once tasted Bu Fang's Mapo Tofu, and its flavor was truly intense.

However, if Bu Fang only intended to prepare Mapo Tofu, then it wouldn't be intense enough.

Bu Fang cut a piece of scarlet chili into pieces and tipped it into the pan. He continued stir-frying and soon, its aroma combined with the rich fragrance already permeating the kitchen. Bu Fang proceeded to tip the jiggling pieces of Mapo Tofu, which had been washed with Heaven Alps Spirit Lake Water, into the pan as well.

While stir-frying tofu, other chefs would need to exhibit extreme prudence and caution, but this was unnecessary for Bu Fang.

He shook the pan as if he bore great hatred and enmity against the tofu, and as he watched the scene, the corners of Xiao Xiaolong's mouth couldn't help twitching.

Bu Fang's control over his true energy had reached a level beyond Xiao Xiaolong's imagination. As he stir-fried, his true energy covered the pan, and he was able to notice all changes in the tofu; thus, he was able to prevent the tofu from breaking apart, while the flavor from the other ingredients seeped into it.

He poured some rich juice into the pan, which immediately caused the dish's spicy fragrance to thicken.

When Xiao Xiaolong perceived the reinforced fragrance, he frowned. Although it was spicy, the spiciness wasn't intense; after all, the Mapo Tofu was an ingredient which was both spicy and sweet.

Spiciness was not its strong suit.

After Jin Kun who sat on the store smelt this fragrance, he revealed a slight strange smile.

"This aroma is definitely not intense, Owner Bu. Is this all you've got? if you can't satisfy me, this means that this store has an undeserved reputation."

Jin Kun laughed as he sat comfortably on his chair.

Crunch! Crunch!

However, Jin Kun had just started laughing when the sound of Bai Zhan gorging food reached his ears. His face stiffened, and he snorted before turning to face somewhere else.

When Bu Fang lifted the lid off the pan, thick steam immediately rushed out from within it and revolved in the air, as if it were a white dragon.

The countless pieces of tofu jiggled actively within the pan, and their rosy sheen could easily attract any customer's attention. Its spicy aroma alone was enough to completely captivate many.

"This dish is called the Lightning Mapo Tofu," Bu Fang calmly said.

When Xiao Xiaolong heard this, he was taken aback. It turned out that Bu Fang wasn't making ordinary tofu, after all.

"However, what are the differences between the two?" Xiaolong pondered as he gazed at the Mapo Tofu, and his pupils suddenly contracted. He had just discovered that flashes of red lightning occasionally flickered between the Mapo Tofu.

The dish truly contained lightning!

Suddenly, he discovered a small jar in Owner Bu's hands.

The small jar was completely red and had a weird design depicted on it, which could cause others to tremble when they saw it.

"Owner Bu, wha—what is this?"

"Didn't he request for a dish with an intense flavor? Therefore, how could we ever forget about this... Chili Sauce." Bu Fang played with the jar in his hand as the corners of his mouth slightly curled up.

Chili—Chili Sauce.

Xiao Xiaolong was slightly stupefied.

"This is called Abyssal Chili Sauce, and it's definitely intense... Until today, I have only used one drop of it," Bu Fang said.

He picked up a big spoon, scooped a spoonful of Abyssal Chili Sauce from the jar, and poured it on the Mapo Tofu.

The Chili Sauce, which was completely red, possessed a very rich fragrance...

After he poured it above the Mapo Tofu, the Abyssal Chili Sauce melted immediately and seeped into the tofu.

The Abyssal Chili Sauce, a drop of it would set one's mouth on fire; a spoon of it would take the meaning of one's life away from them, and a jar of it would let one... immediately ascend to heaven.

Chapter 329: The Supreme-Being who Wept because of a Spicy Dish

The Abyssal Chili Sauce was made from meticulously chosen pieces of Scarlet Facing Heaven Pepper of the Abyss, and it was nurtured daily by the essence produced by the abyssal devils, so its spiciness was extremely terrifying.

The Abyssal land was gloomy, moist and cold, and that was why the abyssal devils were quite fond of the Abyssal Chili Sauce. When they swallowed a mouthful of it, they would feel as though flames had combusted within them, which warmed their bodies. Therefore, it was one of the most essential delicacies for the abyssal devils.

However, naturally, the abyssal devils also suffered from the Abyssal Chili Sauce's scary spiciness.

Xiao Xiaolong watched in astonishment as Bu Fang, whose lips had curled up, leisurely filled a big spoon with the Abyssal Chili Sauce and poured it above the Lightning Mapo Tofu.

Is this really... okay?

He could recall the time when Bu Fang used one drop of it, and although a long time had passed since then, he recalled that a single drop was enough to torment that person.

However, this time, it was a big spoon filled to the brim...

Owner Bu, do you want to murder him?

Xiao Xiaolong felt aggrieved for the person who had ordered the dish. Why did he have to be so pretentious? He had proclaimed his demand for an intense dish and now, this dish would be really intense.

If this dish wasn't intense, then Xiao Xiaolong wouldn't protest being beaten up.

Bu Fang took a porcelain bowl and filled it with Lightning Mapo Tofu. The dish's rudy texture was gorgeous, and the little arcs of lightning flickering between it seemed like gorgeous spirits, wielding an unparalleled beauty.

"It is quite good."

Bu Fang was quite satisfied with this dish. He moved his nose closer to the Lightning Mapo Tofu and inhaled slightly. His brows quickly furrowed as he felt his nose become slightly sour.

Bu Fang grabbed the bowl filled with this special Mapo Tofu and went out of the kitchen.

When he saw Bu Fang leaving, Xiao Xiaolong pondered for a bit and decided to follow him. He felt an extreme interest in the scene that was about to unfold, and it would be a pity if he missed it.

Jin Kun narrowed his eyes when he saw a thin figure leisurely walk out of the kitchen. It looked like the slender figure held a porcelain bowl in his hands, which emitted strong gushes of steam.

He came!

Jin Kun immediately sat up straight and focused.

Aren't you too proud of your dishes? I will make you question and doubt your whole life by criticizing this dish.

The porcelain bowl, which exuded thick steam, was placed in front of Jin Kun.

This dish fragrance was rich, and its aroma quickly wafted around the store, along with its steam. Even Bai Zhan was attracted to this dish. He stopped eating and looked at Jin Kun.

His eyes immediately brightened.

Zhan Kong unconsciously stood up as he gazed at the dish that Bu Fang prepared for Jin Kun.

Cultivators from the Wildlands were all fond of spicy food. Their personalities were wild and unrestrained, and so was their taste.

From the dishes that Bu Fang had prepared for him, it was obvious that he didn't specialize in making dishes with intense flavors, so Zhan Kong was quite curious to see if this dish could satisfy Jin Kun.

As he stared at the dish in front of him, Jin Kun's eyes widened.

Its ruddy luster pleased the eyes, and as he looked at the arc of lighting flickering between the Mapo Tofu, Jin Kun felt all his pores slightly open up.

As he took a deep breath and perceived the aroma surging out of the dish, his eyes widened even more.

It's really a spicy dish, and from its aroma, it is obvious that its spiciness is not intense.

"This is the Lightning Mapo Tofu. It's a Mapo Tofu that has been prepared in a unique way, and it's extremely spicy and intense." Bu Fang introduced the dish to him.

After he was done with the introduction, Bu Fang stared at Jin Kun in a composed manner, hinting at him to have a taste.

Elder Sun, who was sitting beside Jin Kun, swallowed his saliva with a slurping sound.

"Hey, hey... you are not the one who decides if this dish is intense or not, it's me."

Jin Kun sneered as he picked up the porcelain spoon which lay beside the bowl. He took another whiff of the tofu's aroma, before scooping up a spoonful of it.

When he scooped up the tofu, the spoon left a trail of red juice behind, wherein lightning was slightly flickering.

While watching the scene, the look of excitement on Bu Fang's face became more apparent. He drew a stool close to Jin Kun, sat on it and stared fixedly at him.

Jin Kun slowly raised the spoon filled with tofu, which was so scarlet that it resembled scorching flames, into his mouth. The lightning, which would seemingly only numb his mouth, made his entire body tremble instead.

When he swallowed it, Jin Kun first felt its softness. The pieces of tofu were so soft and tender that they easily melted from the slightest bite. Soon, his mouth was filled with the tofu's rich fragrance. Subsequently, he felt the numbness brought about by the lightning, which made him feel like his body had been immersed in a pool of lightning. The numbness was swiftly followed by a scalding sensation.

As a Supreme-Being, getting scalded by a dish was an inconceivable matter for him. However, the scalding sensation wasn't real. It was just an illusion that had been created after Bu Fang infused his true energy into the dish. After all, with his Supreme-Being cultivation, even if he was being burned by flames, Jin Kun wouldn't feel the heat at all.

Therefore, when Jin Kun felt that scalding pain, he also felt a rich and boundless True Energy intertwining in his mouth.

After that, the succeeding sensation slowly overwhelmed his sense of taste.

Elder Sun, who had been observing Jin Kun attentively, was astonished to see him enjoying this; after all, he clearly understood how heavy the taste buds of the Ferocious Divine Hall's Palace Master was.

Bai Zhan had also been paying attention to Jin Kun, and when he noticed the latter seemingly enjoying his meal, he couldn't help but desire a mouthful of Jin Kun's dish.

All of a sudden, while he was leisurely chewing, Jin Kun's complexion stiffened, and he quickly opened his eyes and glared at Bu Fang. An overwhelming spiciness engulfed his taste bud, leaving him feeling as though he were eating boiling lava. Immediately, his body became completely red.

However, due to Jin Kun's natural skin tone, ordinary people wouldn't see it as a big deal if his skin became red.

Several seconds later, beads of sweat began to drip down his head.

Jin Kun swallowed another mouthful of tofu and felt like a fire had started in his throat, as the food slid down into his belly.

"Ah—Aahh..."

Jin Kun could no longer resist the impulse to let out light groans, as his nostrils contracted and emitted thick streams of smoke.

"Sir, how does it taste? Is the dish's spiciness intense or not?"

Elder Sun, who had noticed Jin Kun's strangeness, felt apprehensive and asked hesitantly.

At that moment, Jin Kun's brain felt stiff, and he strenuously turned and glared at Elder Sun. He pouted his lips, and his bald head seemed to more resplendent.

"If you want to find out, then you should take several mouthfuls of it. You can't properly savor the taste with just one mouthful, so the more you eat, the more intense the flavor will be, believe me... if you still don't find it spicy by then, you can beat me up as you like," Bu Fang replied earnestly.

Fuuu.

As he glared at Bu Fang, Jin Kun's widened nostrils spouted more smoke.

"Thi—This flavor isn't intense... then... I will eat."

Jin Kun pounded the table, as sweat dripped from him like rain, and he scooped another spoonful of the Lightning Mapo Tofu. The lightning flickering within this spoonful caused his heart to tremble.

After he stuffed it into his mouth, the spiciness seemed to reach a new degree, akin to herculean waves of lava crashing against each other.

"Ah..."

Jin Kun blinked nonstop as his face became very unsightly. "It is both scalding and spicy; how is it possible for such a flavor to exist in this world?"

Even the Bursting Pepper of the Wildlands couldn't rival this dish. In fact, it was completely lacking in comparison to this dish.

"How is it? Sir, is it still not intense?"

Elder Sun excitedly asked Jin Kun. If its flavor wasn't intense enough, then they could viciously shame the insufferably arrogant Bu Fang.

However, Jin Kun didn't reply to him.

Bai Zhan licked his lip and grinned...

It was already obvious that the taste was quite intense. Jin Kun's complexion had long since turned ashen.

"What's wrong? If it isn't intense, then you should try another mouthful of it."

Bu Fang continued urging.

Jin Kun completely ignored Bu Fang and continued shaking his head... What the hell is this dish?

Elder Sun glanced at Bu Fang, and then at the Abyssal Chili Sauce in the porcelain bowl. He took in a deep breath, scooped one spoon full of the tofu and ate it.

Bu Fang looked at him in astonishment, and a trace of sympathy appeared within his gaze. The quantity of sauce that he had put in it was specifically for a Supreme Being.

As soon as Elder Sun swallowed the Mapo Tofu, the initial look of enjoyment that had appeared on Jin Kun's face was nowhere to be seen on his. He stiffened completely, and the porcelain spoon fell on the table with a resounding thump.

He felt like he had just stripped off his clothes and jumped into a pool of magma. He could feel the spiciness permeate his entire body. It was overwhelming to the point that it had begun distorting his view of the world. It wouldn't be an exaggeration if one of the spectators were to proclaim that Elder Sun's seven orifices were emitting thick smoke, as his expression remained unsightly.

From red, his face became scarlet, and then gradually began turning purple.

"Cough, cough..."

After he swallowed the Mapo Tofu, he quickly lay on the table and coughed severely, with his hand grasping his throat as though it was about to spout fire out of it.

"Water..."

His hoarse echoed out amidst the unceasing coughs.

At that moment, the Elder Sun really wanted to slap himself. Why had he poked his nose into this? He already considered whether he'd end up getting killed by the intense spiciness.

If that really happened, not only would he become the eighth grade War-God who died the most miserable death, he would also become renowned as the first eighth grade War-God who got killed by spicy food.

As Jin Kun's bald head glowed even brighter, he twitched his nose and took a deep breath. His eyes then turned slightly moist, and tears dripped down to his cheeks. The heat emitted by his cheeks made the tears seem like they'd evaporate any second.

Bai Zhan and Zhan Kong regarded the scene with dumbfounded expressions.

A solemn Supreme-Being from the Ferocious Divine Hall, who wouldn't shed a single drop of tear even if he was being chopped by blades, had unexpectedly burst into tears.

What kind of dish did that porcelain bowl contain?

A dish which made a Supreme-Being weep, this was perhaps something only Bu Fang could achieve.

Jin Kun's face was filled with grief. Hadn't his loose mouth gotten him into this situation? Is the dish spicy enough or not? Is its spiciness intense enough or not?

The sensation was so overwhelming that he began to doubt this world, and he even wondered if he was living within an illusion or not.

Jin Kun opened his mouth and waved his hand as he wanted to say something, but his throat was being scorched from within, as if it contained flames, so he wasn't able to utter a single word.

His tears dripped down without stop.

He craved for water. He wanted to drink a large quantity of water, as his tears were doing little to moisten his swollen lips.

Upon witnessing such a scene, the corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched, and he didn't know if he should laugh or cry. If the customer had something to say, then he should say it directly... there was no need to burst into tears.

Chapter 330: Can you Defeat Blacky?

Elder Sun knelt on the ground as he grasped at his throat. He felt as though he was about to sprout fire from it. His mind slowly became confused and the world gradually appeared to be more gloomy in his eyes.

Where am I? Where do I want to go? What am I going to do?

Why are my lips so swollen?

Elder Sun felt like his lips swelled to the size of two sausages. The fire burning within him made tears stream out of his eyes.

What the hell was this intense flavor?

As for Jin Kun, at this moment, he was still weeping. Tears were bursting out of his eye sockets and he felt as though they were never going to stop. He wanted to endure the pain and stop crying, but he was unable to do anything about it.

He covered his mouth as he unceasingly gasped for breath. His furrowed brows formed a line and when coupled with the shiny bald head of his, he adopted a funny appearance.

Facing such a scene, Bai Zhan didn't know whether he should laugh or cry. As for Zhan Kong, he was completely dumbfounded.

After a long while, Jin Kun exhaled a breath of air as he raised his head. His nose was bright red and his tears were still twinkling at the corner of his eye.

"Do you think the flavor is intense?"

When Bu Fang saw Jun Kun's funny appearance, he couldn't help but ask.

The moment he heard Bu Fang's question, Jin Kun's body instantly stiffened. He shot a look at the tofu where red lightning was unceasingly flickering in and his heart shuddered.

Was its flavor intense or not?

How much more intense do you want it to be? Will it be intense enough only when I died after eating it?

Jin Kun was cursing in his mind and he gave Bu Fang an apprehensive look.

"Stand up... Let's go back."

Jin Kun said this to Elder Sun who was kneeling on the ground.

Elder Sun squinted his eyes as beads of sweat dripped from his forehead. His swollen lips made him look as though two sausages were hanging on his face. His eyes were vacant. Elder Sun looked extremely confused and dazed.

Jin Kun looked at him and sucked in a breath of cold air.

Bu Fang speechlessly looked at Elder Sun as he shook his head.

"If you wanted to eat it, why didn't you inform me before putting it in your mouth?" Bu Fang sighted and shook his head at Elder Sun.

The spoonful of Abysmal Chili Sauce Bu Fang added to the Mapo Tofu was prepared for a Supreme-Being. Why on earth was an eighth grade War-God like Elder Sun eating it? If you wanted to eat it, you should have said so earlier...

Jin Kun took crystals out of his pockets and placed them on the table. He stared at Bu Fang in fright. As it turned out, chefs were terrifying existences as well. A simple plate made a Supreme-Being like him burst out into tears. Not to mention the fact that it almost killed an eighth grade War-God.

Why did you make the flavor so intense?

Bai Zhan was quite curious about the Lightning Thunder Mapo Tofu's flavor. However, he thought about what happened after Jin Kun ate it. He managed to suppress his curiosity in the end. He didn't want to end up like Jin Kun.

Turning his head around, he focused on the rest of the dishes before him. He could smell the rich aroma of the food on the table and he knew that they would taste extremely good. As such, he quickly turned his attention away from the Lightning Mapo Tofu and started eating the rest of the dishes with relish.

Jin Kun left the store with an anxious heart. As he hurried out of the store, he carried the barely alive Elder Sun with him.

Bu Fang retained his composure as he stood beside the door. He watched as Jin Kun left the store with Elder Sun in tow.

Bai Zhan used a long time to finish his meal. With his appetite as a Supreme-Being expert, it wasn't difficult for him to finish all of the food on the table.

After eating and drinking to his heart's content, Bai Zhan, who had not enjoyed food for a long time, leaned back in his chair. He stroked his stomach in content and narrowed his eyes in satisfaction. He squinted his eyes and his thick eyebrows wiggled around for a long time.

"It's delicious! It has been a long time since I ate such good stuff. I'm quite satisfied with them."

"Great Commander, I already said that Owner Bu's culinary art is perfect. Wasn't I right?" Zhan Kong said with a smile.

Bai Zhan nodded at him and sat up properly. He rested for some time before directing his gaze toward Bu Fang.

He already finished his meal. However, he didn't forget about his original objective. He was here to do proper business.

"Owner Bu, this girl's talent is quite high. Working as a waitress in this store will definitely waste her talent." Bai Zhan looked at Bu Fang who was laying on his chair. With a clear voice, he spoke about the matter.

While Bu Fang was lazily basking under the sun, he suddenly heard Bai Zhan's voice so he turned his head and looked at him in confusion.

"What did you say?"

"I said that leaving that girl, Ouyang Xiaoyi, working as a waitress in this store would waste her talent. Since she has such excellent talent, you should find a proper place for her to cultivate. In the future, she'll definitely become another Supreme-Being. She'll be able to overlook the Southern Region," Bai Zhan stood up and earnestly said.

He had noticed that Ouyang Xiaoyi's talent was really amazing. As such, he wanted to nurture her and take her in as his disciple.

However, Ouyang Xiaoyi was a waitress in this store. If this was an ordinary store, he would have taken her and directly left the store. How could it be possible for him to be so courteous and inquire about her future?

It was only Bu Fang's mysterious store which would make a Supreme-Being like him apprehensive.

"Eh... Do you want to take Xiaoyi as your disciple? You should just ask her yourself."

Bu Fang took a look at Bai Zhan in astonishment as the corners of his mouth twitched. He lifted his hand and pointed toward Ouyang Xiaoyi when he replied to Bai Zhan.

The moment Bai Zhan heard what Bu Fang said, his eyes brightened. He had originally thought that Bu Fang would stop him from taking Ouyang Xiaoyi away.

It's too awesome! As it turned out, Owner Bu was such an open-minded person.

It seemed as though he would be able to train up another Supreme-Being soon.

He clenched his fists as he turned his head toward Ouyang Xiaoyi. The charming Ouyang Xiaoyi was sitting beside the Path-Understanding Tree and she heard everything Bai Zhan said.

However, everything went south the moment Bai Zhan approached her. Unexpectedly, when Bai Zhan expressed his desire of taking her in as his disciple, her response stunned him for quite some time.

Squinting her adorable eyes, Ouyang Xiaoyi raised her head and looked at the thick-browed Bai Zhan.

She earnestly asked him, "Can you defeat Blacky?"

Who in the world is Blacky?

Bai Zhan was immediately taken aback. What kind of expert was this Blacky?

"Lassie, you may not know who I am. I'm...."

"I don't care who you are! Can you defeat Blacky?" Ouyang Xiaoyi directly interrupted him with another question.

Bai Zhan's body immediately stiffened and his complexion turned ugly.

This girl dared to look down on him! What kind of person was he? He was the Great Commander of the White Clouds Villa. He was a solemn and grand Supreme-Being expert. Even if one searched through the whole Southern Region, Bai Zhan would still be considered a peerless expert.

"Who is Blacky? This Commander will go and defeat him right now. Lassie, you shouldn't waste your talent. It will be best for you if you accept me as your master."

Bai Zhan's expression became dignified as he straightened his back. He heroically declared to Ouyang Xiaoyi.

When Zhan Kong heard what Bai Zhan said, his muscles started to twitch.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth slightly tilted upwards and he was shocked by Bai Zhan's heroic spirit.

As for Ouyang Xiaoyi, her expression immediately became strange. She blinked her big eyes and tilted her head sideways. She gave Bai Zhan a strange look.

"Tell me, who is Blacky?"

Bai Zhan squinted his eyes and appeared to be extremely arrogant when he said this.

Ouyang Xiaoyi extended her white and delicate finger and pointed toward the front of the store.

Bai Zhan furrowed his thick eyebrows and his gaze followed the direction of her finger.

There was a dog there. A plump black dog was sleeping at the entrance of the shop.

Huf... As it turned out, Blacky wasn't a person. It was simply a dog!

Bai Zhan gawked for a long while as his heroic spirit instantly died down. Rage slowly replaced his excitement and he stared at the dog in front of the store.

"It's quite odd... Is this girl looking down on me? She dares to think that this Commander can't even defeat a dog?"

Ouyang Xiaoyi widened her eyes and rolled them at Bai Zhan.

Zhan Kong slightly coughed and he quickly whispered into Bai Zhan's ear. "That... Great Commander, that Blacky is this store's Supreme Beast."

When he heard Zhan Kong's words, Bai Zhan's body stiffened. He blanked out for quite some time as he looked at the black dog in front of the store.

A Supreme Beast... That dog?

The one who killed the Shura Sect's Venerable was... A supreme dog?

.....

At the vast Border City, beside the towering Black Tower, a whistling sound resounded from beyond the heavens. It was followed by bursts of sonic booms as something rushed toward the tower.

The Blood Guard who was sitting beside the Black Tower immediately opened his eyes. It seemed like there was a strange radiance flickering in his pupils.

He gazed at the shooting meteor-like stream of light rushing toward the city and he charged toward it.

Along with a hissing sound, he shot out from his position. His blood red true energy surged and he was ready to act at any moment.

He raised his hand and tried grasping at that stream of light. The moment his hand came into contact with the airwaves, the airwaves shot outward toward him.

A tremendous strength forced his body to continuously retreat as his complexion changed greatly.

Bang!

An even more tremendous pressure burst out from the Black Tower. A lithe figure swayed as she rushed out from the tower.

She possessed small and cute feet and her toes appeared to be translucent. She seemed to be completely made out of white jade. As she flew out of the tower, she left ripples in her path.

The High Priestess was only wearing undergarments and a mask. With a graceful wave of her hand, she immediately appeared beside the Blood Guard. She waved her hand another time and the Blood Guard stopped in place.

Her sparkling finger curved slightly before she tapped on the stream of light. The stream of light let out a burst of blinding light as a spiritual fluctuation on it scattered.

When the light disappeared, the object within the stream of light appeared before the High Priestess.

It was a gray bead and there were strange and odd pictures drawn on it.

When she looked at the pearl, the High Priestess' chest, which was covered by her undergarment, heaved up and down. She grasped the bead tightly and started to murmur to herself in an aggrieved tone.

"The Departed Soul Orb came back... However, the Venerable will never return.

"Venerable... You can rest assured that the Shura Sect will definitely avenge you. The Sect Master will certainly kill the one who took your life."