

Gourmet 331

Chapter 331: Owner Bu Reached the Seventh Grade

The High Priestess lifted the Departed Soul Orb which was floating above her palm and observed the indistinct radiance it emitted. Her eyes started to flicker under her mask and were filled with grief.

Her voice was slightly solemn and deep as it resounded through the entire sky. Anyone who heard it would undoubtedly quiver.

After the Blood Guard who was shaken away by the Departed Soul Orb heard the High Priestess' guarantee, his pupils constricted. He sucked in a breath of cold air and wasn't able to believe what happened.

What? What did the High Priestess say?

The Venerable died?

How was this possible? The Venerable had extremely powerful cultivation. How was it possible for him to die?

"Protect the sacred tower well. We'll leave the Border City shortly and make the Shura Sect regain its former glory. When the Shura Sect recovers, we'll definitely avenge the Venerable." The High Priestess' faint voice sounded out in the Blood Guard's ears. Her jade-like foot stepped onto the air as she held the orb in her palm. She left ripples in the air as she walked back to the Black Tower.

The Blood Guard's gaze was fixed on the Black Tower and he took a deep breath.

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Absolute and abrupt silence was the scariest thing in the world.

Currently, Bai Zhan had such a feeling and he felt quite embarrassed.

Bu Fang faintly smiled as he looked at Bai Zhan who was at a loss for words. Ouyang Xiaoyi tilted her head to the side and stared at Bai Zhan as well. As for Zhan Kong, he turned his head and looked toward another direction as he evaded their gaze. The store became extremely quiet and there was only the faint sound of breathing in the air.

Bai Zhan's face gradually became red from frustration. "Can you defeat Blacky?"

Those four words filled his mind. Can I defeat Blacky?

Like hell I can...

This was a supreme beast which killed a middle-stage Supreme-Being. Although Bai Zhan was a Supreme-Being himself, he would at most be able to end up in a stalemate against the Shura Sect's Venerable. It would be impossible for Bai Zhan to kill the Venerable.

Since this supreme beast was capable of killing the Venerable, it was obviously capable of killing him as well.

So, could he defeat Blacky?

It should be... It should be impossible for him.

"Cough cough... Lassie, that Lord Dog is a spiritual beast. He can't teach and guide you. I'm the White Cloud Villa..."

"Since you can't defeat Blacky, why should I accept you as my master?"

Ouyang Xiaoyi rolled her eyes at him once again as she relentlessly grumbled.

Bai Zhan felt as though he was about to burst out into tears soon. He thought that he would become like Jin Kun before long. Many people were desperate to take him as a master, but this little loli was the complete opposite. He actually needed to wait upon and entreat this loli into becoming his disciple.

Why was there such a huge difference in treatment?

"I'm cultivating quite well in Owner Bu's store. I don't need your guidance."

In the end, Ouyang Xiaoyi informed Bai Zhan of her decision.

Bai Zhan glanced at Bu Fang before turning to look at Ouyang Xiaoyi again. His expression became complex and his thick eyebrows creased together to form a line.

"Enough. Since Xiaoyi doesn't want to be your disciple, you should take your leave."

Bu Fang stood up from his chair which he was lying on and slowly walked toward Bai Zhan. He calmly chased him out of the store.

Bai Zhan was about to add something but Bu Fang had no intentions of listening to his words. Patting Ouyang Xiaoyi's head, Bu Fang turned around and walked toward the kitchen.

Bai Zhan was unresigned to the fact that he was rejected by Ouyang Xiaoyi. He didn't want to leave the store. After hesitating and pondering for quite some time, Bai Zhan didn't find a way to convince Ouyang Xiaoyi to follow him. He knew that there was no way to forcefully get what he wanted as he knew that he would be defeated by the supreme beast.

In the end, he could only leave crystals behind before leading Zhan Kong away.

Although he didn't want to accept the fact that he was rejected, he didn't have a choice.

The moment Bai Zhan left the store, the system's solemn and earnest voice resounded in Bu Fang's mind.

"Congratulations to the host for completing the short-term task. The system will level up and the reward will be issued..."

Bu Fang's body immediately stopped moving and the corners of his mouth tilted upwards. It turned out that those two meals allowed Bu Fang to obtain enough turnover for the system to level up. The

promotion of the system always excited him. That was because every time the system was upgraded, Bu Fang's cultivation would improve as well.

He immersed his mind on his body and he started to observe the System Panel.

Host: Bu Fang

True Energy Cultivation Level: Seventh Grade (Has already reached the level of simulating objects with True Energy. As the man who would become the God of Cooking in this fantasy world, the road ahead of the host would become harder and more arduous. Work hard, young man.)

Cooking Talent: Three Star

Skills: Level Two Meteor Knife Technique (100/100), Level One Big Dipper Carving Technique (80/100)

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

God of Cooking overall rating: Intermediate Chef (Your culinary arts took a step further as you finally became a qualified chef. Your cutting and carving techniques reached a higher level. The path towards becoming the God of Cooking had already been opened for you.)

System Level: Seven Stars (Conversion ratio is at a hundred percent.)

System Reward: Mortal Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall recipe, God of Cooking set's fragment (1/3)

As expected, the System Panel experienced great changes. His cultivation level finally reached the seventh grade Battle-Saint level after being stuck at a bottleneck for so long. Bu Fang finally achieved a breakthrough.

His cooking talent reached three stars and his mind became clearer and brighter. He instantly solved and understood many questions he had about cooking.

The questions and issues he had with cooking were easily solved.

"An Intermediate Chef..." Bu Fang squinted his eyes as he was interested in this title.

However, the thing that excited Bu Fang the most was the promotion of the system's Level. His current system was at seven stars. Its conversion ratio was at a hundred percent.

A hundred percent... Bu Fang's eyes immediately brightened when he saw the conversion rate. This meant that all of the earning from his business would be converted into True Energy cultivation.

This was definitely a piece of news which would excite anyone.

"Owner Bu..."

Xiao Xiaolong gazed at Bu Fang who blanked out in front of the kitchen's door. His eyes were vacant and no one knew what Bu Fang was thinking about. Bu Fang's expressionless face had a strange smile on it.

His smile made Xiao Xiaolong's entire body shudder. He thought that Bu Fang was terrifying at this moment.

The moment Bu Fang came back to his senses, his gaze fell upon Xiao Xiaolong's body. He said in a calm voice.

"The store is closed now. Quickly go home and rest."

When Xiao Xiaolong heard what Bu Fang said, he was shocked. Today, Owner Bu unexpectedly didn't want him to practice his cutting and carving skills.

Anyway, since Bu Fang wanted him to go home and rest, he didn't say any more. He was worried about his father's injuries and felt as though it was good that he could leave early to take care of his father.

Without thinking too much about it, he bade farewell to Bu Fang and left the store along with Ouyang Xiaoyi.

After they left, Bu Fang waited for the opening hours to end. He closed the door the moment the opening hours ended. He wanted to quickly experience and test out the system after the promotion.

After reaching the seventh grade Battle-Saint level, Bu Fang felt as though his body possessed an indistinct aura. It was something he sensed on Battle-Saints like Xiao Meng and the others.

Although Bu Fang didn't practice any martial skills, he felt like his body was becoming stronger. When the system promoted his cultivation, both his true energy and body cultivation broke through to the seventh grade Battle-Saint level.

This was of great help to him. With his fleshy body improving, he could use the Meteor Knife technique more skillfully and easily. Moreover, Bu Fang had a premonition that his cutting technique would experience great changes in the near future.

Along with the promotion of his cultivation level and cooking talent, Bu Fang felt as though his level-two Meteor Knife Technique was unable to keep up with his current needs.

"The system's reward still contained a fragment of the God of Cooking set. It's just like I suspected. There should be other pieces from the God of Cooking set other than the Golden Dragon Bone Knife and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok."

After thinking about all these, he placed all of his attention on the new dish.

Bu Fang was quite familiar with this dish, as it was quite well-known. The Buddha Jumps Over The Wall was a famous dish in his previous world.

"System, why is the dish, Buddha Jumps Over The Wall, classified as Mortal Grade?" Bu Fang asked the system.

"The Buddha Jumps Over The Wall is divided into two grades: Mortal and Heavenly. The dish had a strict requirement on the ingredients. The difference between the Mortal Grade and the Heavenly Grade is the difference in the ingredients used. The requirements to cook the Mortal Grade dish and the Heavenly Grade dish are very different as well," the system said.

Bu Fang pondered about this for a while before figuring it out. It was obvious that this Mortal Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall was of a lower grade. As such, the ingredients needed to prepare the dish was of a lower grade as well.

It was obvious that his current skill didn't meet the requirement to prepare the Heaven Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall. It was truly interesting. As it turned out, there were two different grades of the same dish, Buddha Jumps Over The Wall.

Bu Fang was quite interested in this.

After thinking about it, he went to the kitchen. As his current cooking talent was promoted, Bu Fang prepared some dishes to see what exactly improved. The flavor and smell of the dishes rose up to another level and the results were completely out of Bu Fang's expectations.

Moreover, he was able to easily and naturally use the Meteor Knife Technique. It came to him naturally, as though he was eating a meal or drinking water.

The promotion of his cooking talent was what pleased him the most.

After practicing for a while, Bu Fang returned to his room. Taking a bath with warm water, he left the bathroom with his hair still wet. All of a sudden, the system's voice resounded in his mind.

"The Temporary Mission: 'obtain the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame' will start after three days. The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame's location will be announced on the Delicacy Map. Please get ready to harvest the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame in your peak state.

"Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame made an appearance on the Hundred Thousand Mountains."

Chapter 332: The Hundred Thousand Mountains

The Hundred Thousand Mountains?

The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame was unexpectedly in the Hundred Thousand Mountains...

Bu Fang heard the name Hundred Thousand Mountains more than once. When he was in Western Mystery City, he faintly saw the Hundred Thousand Mountains' outline. It was said that it was a vast mountain range where spiritual beasts and ingredients could be found everywhere. It was a famous region in the Southern Region.

The Hundred Thousand Mountains were also called by another name by those on the Southern Region. It was called the natural barrier. The Hidden Dragon Continent was vast and boundless and the Land of Southern Region was only a small corner of it. If one were to cross the Hundred Thousand Mountains, they could leave the Southern Region and step onto the boundless land on the Hidden Dragon Continent.

However, crossing the Hundred Thousand Mountains was an extremely difficult task. If one didn't possess powerful cultivation, they would only be seeking death if they were to enter the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

The appearance of the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame in that place was slightly out of Bu Fang's expectations. However, he wasn't too surprised by it.

When Bu Fang was drying his wet hair, he thought about many things.

The Hundred Thousand Mountains were rich in resources and there were countless ingredients hidden in the mountain range. After all, it was a vast mountain range and it was bound to be treasures hidden in it.

Even the primitive forests on Earth were rich in resources. There were precious ingredients and medicinal plants hidden in the forests on Earth. On the Hidden Dragon Continent's vast mountain range, how could there not be any hidden treasure?

The only thing Bu Fang needed to do now was to think about what he should prepare for the trip three days later.

.....

The Light Wind Empire's Imperial Capital,

In the Imperial Palace's courtyard.

Jin Kun was carrying Elder Sun as he flew toward the courtyard. It was as though he was stepping on the wind. Throwing Elder Sun onto the ground, he anxiously rushed into a room. He grabbed a pot of tea and poured its contents down his mouth.

Even at this moment, the spiciness which almost made him ascend to heaven remained in his mouth. He didn't care that the tea was boiling hot as he gulped it all down.

The servants in the courtyard were all alarmed by this scene and they quickly handed him pots of tea.

After drinking seven to eight pots of tea, the spiciness lingering in his mouth slightly disappeared. However, he was still able to feel the pain coming from his lips.

The feeling made him feel as though his lips were sausages which were on the roast.

He exhaled a long breath and lay down, gasping for breath. He stretched out his tongue and tried to cool the remaining heat from his mouth by taking big breaths of cool air.

After this probe, he completely believed the news that the store's supreme beast killed the Shura Sect's Venerable.

Even a dish almost killed him... This store had many strange methods up their sleeve.

It was a must know that he was a Supreme-Being. Both his body and cultivation reached the Supreme-Being level. His body was extremely powerful. Not to mention a single chili pepper. Even if he ate a mountain of chili, he wouldn't so much as furrow his brows.

Who knew what kind of chili pepper Bu Fang added to that delicious dish. Just eating two mouthfuls of it made him burst into tears.

Elder Sun collapsed down on the ground and his lips were completely swollen. Even after such a long time, his lips were still puffed up from the spicy dish. Jin Kun didn't pay any attention to Elder Sun on the ground as he immersed himself in thought.

There was another person who was deep in his thoughts. It was Bai Zhan, who was in the courtyard next to Jin Kun's.

As a faction that wasn't any weaker than the Godly Temple of the Wildlands, the White Cloud Villa was naturally quite apprehensive towards this store. Bai Zhan and Jin Kun came to the conclusion that Bu Fang was definitely... Definitely someone not from the Light Wind Empire. Maybe he wasn't even someone from the Southern Region.

No matter if it was the mysterious Ninth Grade puppet or the Supreme Beast who was lazily lying before the door. They were definitely not experts from the Southern Region.

They knew of all the Supreme-Being experts or the supreme beasts within the Southern Region.

Besides the White Cloud Villa, Godly Temple of the Wildlands, Grand Serpentine City, Celestial Arcanum Sect and Clear Sky Pagoda, the only other faction with a Supreme-Being expert was the Shura Sect.

Since they killed the Shura Sect's Venerable, they were obviously not part of the Shura Sect.

As for supreme beasts, they were only two of them. One lived in the Hundred Thousand Mountains and the other one lived in the Wildlands. Supreme beasts were rarer than Supreme-Beings.

This was the reason why they were so astonished when they heard that there was a supreme beast guarding the store.

Jin Kun wanted to settle Xia Yu and Xia Da's enmity. However, he didn't expect the store to be so terrifying. He could only forget about it.

The Shura Sect's matter temporarily came to an end. The White Cloud Villa and Godly Temples of the Wildlands' experts received orders to return home. They left the Imperial Capital quickly.

On the second day, Ji Chengxue respectfully bade farewell to the Supreme-Beings from the White Cloud Villa and Godly Temple of the Wildlands.

After they left, Ji Chengxue was finally able to relax. With their presence in the Imperial Capital, they oppressed and stressed him to no end. Now that they were gone, everything was good.

...

In the tall and lofty Wuliang Mountain, there was the ancient and simple Celestial Arcanum Sect.

Above the Heavenly Secret Plaza, the Celestial Arcanum Sect's disciples were all diligently cultivating.

There was a small log cabin on one side of the plaza and creaking sounds could be heard as the old door slowly opened. An aged man slowly walked out of the cabin.

The old drunkard was lazily lying in a corner of the plaza and basking in the sun. Springing up to his feet, he looked at the old man in astonishment as he walked toward him hurriedly and respectfully.

"Supreme Elder, why did you come out?"

The old drunkard kept his liquor bottle gourd. Even though his entire body was emitting the smell of alcohol, he asked the old man respectfully.

The Celestial Arcanum Sect's Supreme Elder warmly looked at the old drunkard as he stroked his beard and said, "Stop wasting your time on wine. At least, don't drink in the front of the disciples. You will be a bad influence on them."

Old drunkard awkwardly laughed and scratched the back of his head.

The Supreme Elder's gaze fell upon the disciples who were vigorously training on the plaza and a slight smile appeared on his face. However, the smile soon disappeared from his face and a worried expression replaced it.

"The Shura Sect made such huge movements. It's obvious that they have plans to rise up once again. They will require a catalyst to finally gain power and this catalyst will soon appear..." the Supreme Elder muttered.

The old drunkard was confused by what he said and looked at him in amusement.

"The sect master is in a crucial moment of his closed-door cultivation. As for the rest, their cultivation level isn't high enough. They will only throw away their lives if they were to go... It seems as though I have to make a trip there personally." A faint smile appeared on the Supreme Elder's face which was full of wrinkles.

"I haven't left the Wuliang Mountains for countless years. I'm slightly looking forward to the outside world... I wonder, how many people in the Southern Region will remember my name, Yun Cang."

...

In the morning, the sunlight shone upon the store.

The efficiency of the artisans which Ji Chengxue sent was quite high. In just several days of reconstruction, there were already many houses constructed around the store. The surrounding of the store which was quite spacious in the past became narrow all of a sudden.

When everything was being rebuilt, there was another major event going on. It was the opening of another Immortal Phoenix Restaurant on the other side of the Imperial Capital.

The rich and imposing Immortal Phoenix Restaurant's Owner, Qian Bao, spent a large sum of money to buy another big restaurant in the Imperial Capital. He changed its name and reconstructed it to become the Immortal Phoenix Pavillion before opening it up for business.

On the day of opening, the whole city was extremely lively and bustling. Countless people rushed to the opening ceremony of the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant.

When all of this was happening, Bu Fang was lying on his chair lazily as he basked in the sun. There were only some customers in his store. However, they had a satisfied smile plastered on their faces.

After the customers left, Bu Fang went to the kitchen as he planned to instruct Xiao Xiaolong for a while.

In the past few days, Xiao Xiaolong's complexion was becoming more wan and pale. However, he still prepared the dishes methodically and properly just like how he did before. Bu Fang was very satisfied with his performance.

"Tomorrow, I will leave the Imperial Capital once again. I may be absent for several days and while I'm gone, you'll be in charge of the store." Bu Fang looked at Xiao Xiaolong and stated.

Owner Bu was going to leave again?

Xiao Xiaolong looked at Bu Fang in astonishment. However, his complexion didn't change much as he was already accustomed to Bu Fang's temper.

"Em, okay." Xiao Xiaolong gave a simple and concise reply.

Bu Fang blinked his eyes and gazed calmly at Xiao Xiaolong. His eyebrows slightly creased and he asked, "How is General Xiao Meng? Are his injuries healing?"

When he mentioned Xiao Meng's injuries, Xiao Xiaolong's pupils immediately contracted. An aggrieved expression appeared on Xiao Xiaolong's face.

"The imperial physician said that the poison has already seeped into his internal organs. He won't be able to live for long."

Xiao Xiaolong raised his head all of a sudden and stared at Bu Fang with an expectant gaze.

"Owner Bu... Do you know how to save him? Please, I beg you, save general Xiao Meng."

Bu Fang sighed. He wanted to help Xiao Meng. However, he was simply incapable of doing anything right now. The poison in Xiao Meng's body was obviously different from the poison which he had cured in the past. Even if he concocted an elixir from the Demonic Fish's meat, it would be insufficient to save Xiao Meng's life.

His relation with the Xiao Family was quite good. Xiao Xiaolong was the first customer he served since opening the store. If he had the abilities to save Xiao Meng, Bu Fang would definitely do so. However, he honestly didn't have the capabilities right now.

"System, do you know what elixir can cure General Xiao's poison?" Bu Fang asked the System.

The system might have some method to save Xiao Meng. However, Bu Fang wasn't expecting much.

"If the host can obtain the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame and use the Black Turtle Constellation Wok to cook the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall, there is a chance of curing him."

Chapter 333: The Top Experts Were Dispatched

After Bu Fang heard the system's words, he immediately revealed a look of surprise. He must obtain the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame and use the Black Turtle Constellation Wok to cook the dish called Buddha Jumps Over The Wall so that he could cleanse the poison inside Xiao Meng's body.

However, he didn't even know the name of the poison which affected Xiao Meng. Could he even depend on the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall to cure him?

Bu Fang had his doubts regarding this. However, after looking at the ingredients which the Mortal Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall required, Bu Fang didn't feel as doubtful. That was because all of the ingredients required to cook the dish were uncommon ingredients. Considering the fact that it needed a piece of the God of Cooking set, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, to be cooked, it might really be able to cure Xiao Meng.

The reason why the dish could cure Xiao Meng should be... Who cared about the reason anyway? Why care what the poison was? As long as the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall was able to cure Xiao Meng, none of that mattered.

However, all of these were Bu Fang's guesses and conjectures. As for what was really going on, he had no idea.

"You should wait until I come back. I might have some way to save Xiao Meng after coming back... However, I don't have any way of helping General Xiao Meng right now," Bu Fang looked at Xiao Xiaolong as he calmly said.

After hearing what Bu Fang said, Xiaolong blanked out for a while. Excitement appeared on his face before long after thinking about what Owner Bu said.

"Did he just say that he might be able to save my father? Could this actually be happening?"

Bu Fang didn't pay much attention to Xiao Xiaolong as he turned around to walk into the kitchen. After practicing his cutting and carving skills for some time, he returned to his room.

He started preparing the ingredients and seasoning which he would need on his trip to the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

....

The night always seemed quiet and calm.

Above the northwest plain, Western Mystery City was proudly erected like a giant who overlooked the heaven and earth. It emitted an endless amount of vast and boundless prestige. If one looked from the sky from inside the Western Mystery City, they would be able to see an indistinct, boundless, and vast mountain range covered in mist in the distance.

On the road leading to the mountains, there was a swaying carriage pulled by a spiritual horse. As the carriage traveled down the road, it left a trail of dust behind it.

After traveling for a long time, the carriage started to slow down. The curtain was slowly lifted and a handsome yet expressionless face appeared inside the carriage. Bu Fang's slim body slowly stepped down from the carriage and a huge puppet followed behind him.

The carriage driver observed this odd duo and smoked on his tobacco as he said to Bu Fang, "Youngster, this is the entrance of the Hundred Thousand Mountains. I won't send you any further than this."

"The Hundred Thousand Mountains are quite terrifying. There are countless man-eating spiritual beasts living on it. If you are planning to explore it alone, you must be careful." The driver kindly warned him.

After giving Bu Fang some warning, he shook his head. It's another youngster who was enticed by the Hundred Thousand Mountains' riches and treasures.

If one was able to come back alive from the Hundred Thousand Mountains and bring out one or two treasures, they would be able to spend the rest of their life without any monetary worry.

Countless youngsters came to the Hundred Thousand Mountains to seek treasures. However, there were only a few of them who were able to return alive.

The beast tides occurred frequently on the northwest plain, and the Hundred Thousand Mountains were their source. This was the source of that disaster.

"Youngsters nowadays would throw away their life for money." The driver continued smoking the tobacco before starting to cough violently. Under Bu Fang's gaze, he urged the spiritual horse to turn around.

Bu Fang was wearing a long gown and tied his hair with a velvet hair tie. His complexion was fair and white and his expression was composed and calm. He was standing before the Hundred Thousand Mountains' entrance and it seemed eerie and gloomy. It seemed like a fearsome black hole which would swallow people whole.

The surrounding of the entrance was filled with ferocious and malevolent plants.

Bu Fang patted Whitey's belly and lightly exhaled a breath. Raising his leg, he began his journey into the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered for a moment before following Bu Fang into the mountains.

On this trip to the Hundred Thousand Mountains, Bu Fang didn't take with him Whitey's clone. Instead, he brought along the real Whitey, who was much more terrifying.

From the system arrangement, it was obvious that this mission of obtaining the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame wouldn't be easy. Otherwise, it wouldn't allow Bu Fang to bring Whitey out with him.

The duo of a person and a puppet walked into the darkness as they passed the entrance of the Hundred Thousand Mountains. Those mountains were vast and boundless. The entrance they went into was the one nearest to Western Mystery City.

The moment they entered the forest, Bu Fang could feel the chill caused by the vastness of the place. Although it wasn't winter yet, the temperature was close to freezing.

.....

In the vast Border City.

The Blood Guard who was sitting cross-legged felt as though his whole body was shaking as an intense vibration hit him. He opened his eyes and witnessed something out of this world. The massive Black Tower which he was protecting was shaking.

"This..."

Just when the Blood Guard started to calm down, he saw the Black Tower soar into the sky. A beautiful figure rushed out of the tower.

Behind this beautiful figure was a figure completely covered in pitch-black true energy. The figure was blurry and no one could see the face of the figure clearly. However, looking at the body shape of the figure, it was obvious that it was a man.

The Black Tower revolved in the sky several times before shrinking and falling into the High Priestess' palm.

The High Priestess respectfully bowed toward the man covered with black energy. Giving the High Priestess a slight nod, he turned toward the Blood Guard who was staring at him.

The Blood Guard's body trembled violently and he felt as though all the blood in his body was about to gush out when he met the gaze of the man.

"Sect... Sect... Sect Master."

The Blood Guard's pupils contracted and he had fright and happiness in his voice when he greeted the Sect Master.

Did the Sect Master finish his closed-door cultivation? Since the Sect Master finally made his appearance again after so long, it should be to lead the Shura Sect back to glory. After attaining its former glory, the Shura Sect would make the factions in the land of the southern border live in fear.

"Let's go. If we want to refine the Soul Essence within the Departed Soul Orb and Soul Congregation Array, we'll need a catalyst. The catalyst is extremely important and we must obtain it. Failure is not an option. I waited all these years for it to mature," The Shura Sect's master said before transforming into a mass of black energy as shooting into the distance.

The High Priestess' eyes which were hidden beneath her mask flickered. Her translucent feet stepped on the air as she followed behind the Sect Master. The figure of the two people disappeared into the darkness.

Standing up and looking around, the Blood Guard stared at the empty ground where the Black Tower once stood. Since the Black Tower was gone, there was nothing left for the Blood Guard to guard. It was time for him to join the other Blood Guards in the war.

When the Shura Sect rose to power again, the whole Southern Region would be theirs.

....

The White Cloud Villa.

Within the hazy white clouds, countless refined and splendid buildings were erected. The buildings were orderly and organized and they were all surrounded by countless white clouds. This place seemed to be the legendary Immortal Paradise. In the middle of it, there was a small pond surrounded by countless pavilions.

Above that small pond which was covered by mist, there was a faintly visible small boat. A man was calmly seated on the boat.

That man was leisurely fishing and the sound of water could be heard, albeit faintly. From time to time, his fishing pole would slightly tremble when a fish bit on the bait. The trembling of the fishing line disrupted the serenity of the water and ripples would appear on top of the water surface.

Bai Zhan floated toward the side of the pond as he directed his gaze toward the small boat in the middle of the pond.

"Villa Lord..... We received a confidential letter from the Celestial Arcanum Sect."

Bai Zhan's complexion was grave as the Celestial Arcanum Sect was the most mysterious faction in the southern border. All of the other factions were respectful toward the Celestial Arcanum Sect.

A confidential letter personally delivered by the Celestial Arcanum Sect was naturally an extremely important matter.

Splash!

The boat moved without wind and quickly arrived at the side of the pond.

A middle-aged man who was wearing a straw raincoat and a bamboo hat leisurely disembarked from the boat. Hanging on his back, there was a basket containing the fish he caught, and he looked at Bai Zhan with a smile on his face.

"A confidential letter personally delivered by the Celestial Arcanum Sect? Is the content related to the Shura Sect?"

The Villa Lord's brows rose up and he asked Bai Zhan with astonishment in his voice.

Bai Zhan was naturally not clear about the letter's content. He was only here to deliver the letter to the Villa Lord.

Putting down the basket, the Villa Lord wiped away the water from his hand before receiving the letter from Bai Zhan. He carefully read the letter which was sent by the Celestial Arcanum Sect.

The moment he read the letter, it burst into a light blue flame and turned into ashes.

"It seems like I must take a trip out..." The Villa Lord started to laugh heartily after reading the letter and his laughter resounded in the entire White Cloud Villa.

Bai Zhan was puzzled by what just happened, but he knew that it wasn't in his place to question the Villa Lord. He simply followed behind the Villa Lord.

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The ambiance of several powerful factions in the Southern Region became quite heavy in just a short period of time.

All of the top experts from those factions were dispatched and everyone in the faction was surprised. The people that were dispatched stood at the top of the Southern Region, and every time they came out, a large disturbance was bound to happen. The reason why they were dispatched must be of great importance...

At the Hundred Thousand Mountains' entrance, oblivious to the great disturbance within the other factions, a frail figure was slowly striding into the depths of the mountain range.

Chapter 334: Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee

Nights in the Hundred Thousand Mountains were immeasurably dead. As one walked along its mountainous roads, a certain sense of chilliness, carried along by the mountain breeze, would bombard the body, ever more so as one continued down this rocky path.

With just one foot into this gigantic mountain range, the atmosphere changed drastically.

That narrow mountain path, strewn full of leaves, seemed to reek of a rather unique stench; sour, almost reminiscent of wine brewing with its signature mellow and thick aroma.

Amidst the deafening silence, the soft cries of the insects became that much more moving as the symphony of bzzz and brrrs harmonized together into a song.

Crunch Crunch.

As Bu Fang stepped on the fallen leaves, they caved in, ever so softly like a layer soft cotton, a sensation one would not expect at all from such harsh terrain.

High above, the moon's silvery brilliance was all but blocked out by the lush canopy above. The fact that these trees were so verdant and lush spoke volumes about the Hundred Thousand Mountains and its primeval state.

The branching limbs of these trees seemed to spread endlessly over the horizon, and as the wind blew, they danced in the night like a demon waving its claws.

Treading through this eerie environment, anyone, as long as he was still a human at heart, would understandably be on edge.

Not Bu Fang, however, for he had Whitey behind him and that was no small degree of assurance, to be sure. Giving the robot a small pat on its rotund belly, he then continued onwards as if that mere act gave him the courage to press forward.

The Hundred Thousand Mountains were filled with dangers but it was just as full of treasures and resources. That was an undeniable fact.

Taking a few steps forward, his nose began to twitch and his brows jumped. Laying not too far ahead of him, sandwiched between two ancient trees, was a herb growing atop a little mound.

It was a spiritual herb, dyed in an eye-piercing red hue, fragrance just as pungent. Just a mere whiff of its smell was enough to bring a reflexive frown to one's face and stir up memories of flowing blood.

"Heart Blood Grass... a fifth grade spiritual herb," he muttered, eyes lighting up as he strolled toward the herb.

While the Heart Blood Grass might have looked as bloody as its namesake, it was more striking than anything else. From its delicate curves that seemed to rival the most bewitching of belles, to its dainty spots, there was nothing on it that didn't scream beauty.

Rustle. Rustle.

Beneath such beauty, as always, laid a terrifying face to be uncovered—killing intent! From behind it, came an equally red little snake, scales glistening like a blood red jewel in the night. As its pitch black tongue gently hissed in the air, its serpentine eyes locked onto the human standing before it.

A fifth grade spirit beast. Bu Fang gasped to himself though that surprise didn't last long as he quickly came to a realization. This was a spirit herb, even if it was merely a fifth grade spirit herb, it was still a rare treasure and naturally had its own guardian.

That was probably why the Hundred Thousand Mountains was so dangerous—because everything inside it was a treasure of some sort. These treasures nurtured their own spirit beast and in turn, these spirit beasts guarded the treasures.

The two sides formed a symbiotic relationship and relied on each other for survival.

The tiny crimson snake eyed Bu Fang for a long while. Suddenly, its serpentine eyes narrowed and with a piercing hiss, it sprang into the air like a crimson bolt of lightning, right toward Bu Fang.

To those who dared to covet its treasure, death was the only answer it had for them!

The little snake was a fierce one. Its speed unusually quick for a beast of its grade. Had it been an old sixth grade Battle-Emperor facing it right now, they would have undoubtedly found it a difficult opponent.

However, Bu Fang was different. He was the picture of calmness at the moment.

His current self was a man worthy of the title Battle-Saint. As a Battle-Saint, he naturally had his strengths. He didn't even bother to take out his God of Cooking Set equipment, as he activated his true energy, reached out right as the little snake came flying toward him, and then clamped down like a vice on its body.

Just from its color alone, Bu Fang could tell that it was a poisonous snake. Thus, he knew he had to take extra charge when handling it.

True energy surging forth and eyes narrowing, Bu Fang used his own unique hand skill to crush the weak point of the snake's body. The little snake shuddered, struggling for a mere instant before letting out a weak gasp and collapsing lifeless lay in his palms.

As a chef, he naturally had his own special techniques for... handling ingredients. Grabbing both ends of the snake, he coiled the snake carcass around into a bundle before storing it in the system.

Without any interference from a guardian beast, Bu Fang was now able to harvest the spirit herb at his own leisure. He took a step forward but was immediately hit with a tidal wave of spiritual energy that came rushing out at him and left him slightly stunned.

That Heart Blood Grass... Its age must've been pretty high, its quality too!

Nights in a jungle weren't easy, whether it was for the eyes or the feet. Naturally, Bu Fang wasn't planning to travel all that much under such tiring conditions. All he planned to do was to find a place to rest and then wait till dawn.

However, that didn't mean he would ignore all those spirit herbs that so happened to grow along his path either.

While the spot Bu Fang was at could be considered a part of the Hundred Thousand Mountains, it still wasn't its deepest reaches. That was why herbs like those at the seventh or eighth grade hadn't appeared yet.

Gathering up some dried tinder, Bu Fang then used them to start a billowing fire whose smoke column seemed to rise endlessly into the horizon.

With that settled, he lowered himself onto the ground cross-legged and peered into its dancing luminescence in a daze.

In a distance sat Whitey, plump as always, mechanical eyes continuing to flicker in the dark. From time to time, the adorable-looking machine would reach for its head and give it a light scratch with its equally plump and large hands.

Amidst the deafening silence of the forest, only the periodic faint cries of the insects and the distant howls of beasts allowed one some measure of reprieve from this spooky, almost frightening atmosphere.

Having sat there in a daze for some time, Bu Fang began to feel a little bored himself so he went out foraging once more, coming back with a bunch of branches shortly after. He stacked them together to form a makeshift stove before retrieving a black wok from the system's inventory.

It wasn't a particularly large wok but it was roughly the size needed for stewing and steaming.

On long trips like these, especially ones that passed such mountain ranges, an iron wok was a necessity. Why? Because the mountain range was filled with delicacies waiting to be hunted and Bu Fang naturally wasn't willing to forget about that.

Soon, the Spirit Spring Water in the wok started to bubble furiously and a column of steam rose not too long after, filling the air with the crisp, refreshing sensation of spirit energy.

Bu Fang scooped a ladleful of the boiling liquid and gave it a couple of blows. Upon taking a sip, his body was filled with a sense of warmth and nourishment.

Ahhh...

He exhaled in satisfaction. A cloud of green smoke coiled around his hands and soon after his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared within his palms.

The recently killed snake was retrieved as well from the system's inventory.

Giving the kitchen knife a quick twirl, Bu Fang deftly sliced apart the snake's belly, fingers dancing at a speed that left one's head spinning just to keep up. His practiced swift motions easily parted the snake's skin from its flesh in an instant. He then proceeded to remove the innards before giving the snake a wash down.

A little snake like that was packed to the brim with toxin so, naturally, a round of cleaning was needed before it could be used. From top to bottom, every inch of this snake could be said to be a

treasure, but Bu Fang didn't care all too much about it. Snake gall and the whatnot were all discarded without a second thought; all he wanted was the snake meat and nothing else.

Compared to the immense nourishing qualities of the snake gall and innards, he'd much rather focus on the delicacy that was the snake meat.

Whoosh.

Bu Fang took out a small serving of Dragon Blood Rice and poured it into the bubbling wok of Spirit Spring Water. With each and every grain eye-catching with its redness and freshness, they almost seemed to transform into beautiful rubies as they danced in the piping hot spring water.

In the meantime, while the rice continued to boil, Bu Fang began processing the snake meat.

First off, he sliced the snake meat into tiny pieces, continuously raining chop after chop with his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife until finally the slightly red meat was minced into a fine paste.

Having chopped it for a good long while, the snake meat was basically one processed lump that was clinging to his prepared wooden chopping board. It was at that moment that the Dragon Blood Rice concoction came up to a boil once more, slowly filling the air with the refreshing feel of spirit energy as its thick fragrance wafted out from the pot.

The energies within the rice were extremely dense and as they tumbled around the wok, transforming into a cloudy little dragon that coiled around atop the iron wok.

Grasping the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand, Bu Fang gave a showy flourish with his knife before deftly picking up the wooden chopping board, slicing off lumps of the snake meat and dropping them into the wok, one at a time.

The boiling Spirit Spring Water instantly enveloped the meat, causing it to tumble around for a second or two before sinking to the bottom amidst a plop, as if the cloudy dragon was the one being fed the meat balls instead.

Soon, the minced snake meat was all dropped into the pot and a thick cloud of meat fragrance was starting to waft out of the wok, along with that familiar refreshing sensation of spirit energy from the Dragon Blood Rice. Combined together, the two ingredients seemed to create a unique sensation in oneself.

Gathering his true energy, Bu Fang placed his hand over the top of the metal wok's side and closed his eyes slightly. Amidst all the boiling ingredients, he was able to sense the bubbling spirit energies within.

The quality of the snake meat, thanks to the reaction with the Dragon Blood Rice and the boiling Spirit Spring Water, was starting to change. With the way the spirit energy of the rice and water mixed, the wok seemed to have birthed its own unique fragrance.

The moment that rich fragrance broke loose of its watery restraints, it burst forth in all directions with a radiance that lit up the blackened forest in an instant, as if the wok was some kind of sun lamp.

Seeing that, Bu Fang couldn't help but feel a little pleased with himself. This was what the culinary arts were all about, in all its mouth-watery beauty. Even amidst the wilderness of the Hundred Thousand Mountains, one was still able to savor such a delicacy as long as he possessed the skill to do so.

Furthermore, this gastronomic artwork was warming as well!

The appetizing fragrance slowly began to make its way around the forest like a seductive lady dancing in the wind as it circled around the trees. Soon, scratching sounds could be heard, echoing from within the silent abyss that was the night forest. A pair of greedy pupils appeared in the middle of all that.

A sonorous roar resounded throughout the night sky.

One by one, spirit beasts started congregating toward Bu Fang.

Such a rich fragrance, such abundant spirit energy, how could they even resist such a temptation? No, they could not!

Bu Fang withdrew his palm from the side of the wok and gently breathed. His heart was astir with excitement right now—his cooking was finally done.

A self-invented Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee. From the looks of things, it was going to be a feast for his palette. Bu Fang happily thought to himself with brimming confidence.

From the system's inventory, he retrieved a porcelain bowl.

Each time he went on a journey, he packed the system with a variety of necessities. To him, every journey was a culinary adventure. And since it was a culinary adventure, he naturally needed a variety of tools.

Woks, bowls, ladles and plates; whatever one could think of, he had.

Scooping out a bowl full of fresh red congee, he lowered his face down onto the steaming dish and took a deep whiff of its fragrance. Immediately, his face lit up in satisfaction.

As the porcelain ladle scooped out the congee, a couple of tender snakeballs would come jiggling to the surface. With the way they seemed to wobble with the steam, the balls seemed almost endearing to Bu Fang.

Yet, just as he was about to dig into the congee, his hand paused. All around him, he could hear the low growl of beasts.

Why were there beast growling? Bu Fang asked himself, slightly shocked.

Awooo...

Bu Fang downed the spoonful of congee he scooped out and then stood up, giving his surroundings a confused look.

The moment he stood up, his surroundings echoed with a faint scratching.

One after another, the shadowy figures of beasts could be seen coming out of the darkness, with cold greedy eyes fixed squarely in the direction of Bu Fang.

The terror of the Hundred Thousand Mountains was finally brought to bear against Bu Fang. It was a pack of spirit wolves—one of the most terrifying killers in the mountain range.

Chapter 335: Are you here to Snatch my Ingredients?

In the pitch-black and gloomy Hundred Thousand Mountains, a series of rustling sounds filled the air as countless spirit wolves emerged from the shrubs. The eyes of those spiritual beasts emitted eerie green light, contained greed, and were leaking killing intent as they glared at Bu Fang.

In the midst of the dried fallen leaves on the ground, raging flames were dancing under the pot. Bu Fang was cooking snake meat in the pot and a steady stream of steam was rising toward the sky. The Dragon Blood Rice, which was also cooking in the pot, emitted a rich fragrance.

Bu Fang took out a blue-patterned spoon in one of his hand. A bowl which was filled with the Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee was held in his other hand. He stood still and stared at the pack of spirit wolves. They gradually surrounded him in all directions.

The spiritual beast, Green Wolf, was a beast of the Fifth Grade. Such a huge pack of wolves... They were the nightmare of every single person who entered the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

A single Green Wolf wasn't scary at all. However, the same couldn't be said for a pack full of them. They were the stuff of nightmares for adventurers.

The wolves were feared not because they attacked in huge numbers. It was because they were orderly when they attacked. They were like soldiers who were properly trained. They were disciplined and acted more like the military than a pack of wolves. They understood that they had to force their prey into a tight corner. They knew how to torment their prey in both mind and spirit until the prey was utterly exhausted. The only fate of their prey was to become food in their mouths.

A pack of Green Wolves... If they were hungry, they would even try to encircle and hunt a seventh grade beast.

There wasn't a single adventurer who hoped to meet a pack of Green Wolves in the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

When he saw that he was surrounded by a pack of Green Wolves, Bu Fang was also surprised. He held the bowl up and scooped a spoon full of Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee from it. The congee was perfectly cooked and the tender, yet elastic snake meat was extremely tasty. When it entered his mouth, Bu Fang felt as though the meat was bouncing in his mouth.

The aroma emitted from the dish was rich. Although there wasn't much snake meat in the congee, the whole bowl was filled with the snake meat's essence. As the essence of the snake meat was very potent, the snake meat was like a mobile fragrance sprouting machine which was unceasingly emitting rich fragrance when cooked into the congee.

The fragrance instantly aroused Bu Fang's appetite.

Even though he was surrounded by the Green Wolves, he continued to eat his bowl of Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee.

When the pack of wolves stared at Bu Fang, they were able to sniff the rich aroma in the air. Smelly saliva started dripping to the ground and it splattered all over the place. They opened their mouths and rows of sharp teeth could be seen.

In their eyes, Bu Fang was food. So was the Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee.

"Why would so many... So many ingredients suddenly appear from the forest? I wonder how the wolves' meat taste."

What was out of those wolves' expectations was that there wasn't the slightest trace of fear or worry on Bu Fang's face. Instead, the human appeared to be excited as he stared at them with a gaze which... which wasn't much different from theirs.

It was the gaze of a hunter staring at their prey.

The way Bu Fang looked at them was completely out of their expectations.

All of a sudden. A mellifluous wolf howl resounded. All the other wolves raised their head and emitted howls. They formed a choir and the howls emitted by the wolves sounded like pleasant music to Bu Fang's ears.

Although it sounded melodious, Bu Fang knew that this was a signal for the wolves to attack. It was also a howl to strip their enemies of their will to resist.

As Bu Fang listened to their howls, he scooped another part of the congee. He ate it as he smacked his lips and clicked his tongue.

Howl!

Bu Fang's fearless appearance angered those wolves. One of them angrily howled as it swatted the ground fiercely with its claws. It rushed toward Bu Fang with terrifying speed.

It seemed like there was some rhythm to their assault as all of the wolves rushed toward Bu Fang orderly.

This was a shocking scene. Anyone who saw this scene would fall to the ground with shock.

After this pack of wolves rushed toward him in order, they didn't immediately try to push him down. They simply circled around him and left Bu Fang in the middle of their circle. They tried to break his will before consuming him.

After Bu Fang drank the last mouthful of his congee, he placed the bowl down. He directed his gaze to the pack of wolves who were surrounding him. His expression gradually became grave.

A wisp of green smoke twirled around him and a dragon's roar appeared from nowhere. A pitch-black kitchen knife appeared in his hands. As he held the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand, Bu Fang was fearless. Everything on the other end of his kitchen knife was one of his ingredients.

This pack of wolves.... They were going to become one of his ingredients.

Just as Bu Fang was about to display his skills and harvest the ingredients in front of him... a whistling sound resounded from the mountain's depths.

It was the sound of an arrow breaking through the air. Countless arrows which were flickering with the glow of true energy shot toward the pack of wolves. The arrows pierced the body of a Green Wolf and nailed it to the ground.

The Green Wolf howled in grief before it fell to the ground. Blood gushed out from its wound without stopping.

The smell of blood stimulated the Green Wolves and their green eyes became scarlet. They glared at Bu Fang with a cruel gaze.

Howl!

As those wolves weren't able to find the person attacking them, they directed their killing intent at Bu Fang. This time, they were not going to wait for him to tire himself out any longer. They directly pounced on him.

The sound of bowstrings being pulled resounded once again. Countless glowing arrows shot out from the darkness towards the wolves.

The skill of the person shooting the arrows was pretty good. Every single one of the arrows hit their target and before long, the blood of the wolves dyed the ground red.

Bu Fang glanced toward the gloomy forest in bemusement. He had no idea why the arrows shot toward the Green Wolves.

Whoosh!

The sound of people jumping came from inside the woods. Three figures appeared on the trunk of a giant tree not too far away from Bu Fang.

All three of them drew their bowstrings as they pointed toward Bu Fang. They had an extremely powerful aura. It gave Bu Fang a peculiar and profound feeling.

The three of them wore long gowns and there was a picture of a small pagoda on them. The party of three consisted of two men and a woman. They stood in the tree as they looked at Bu Fang who was surrounded by the corpses of the dead wolves.

They had strange looks on their faces when they looked at Bu Fang. It was their first time discovering a person who didn't fear death. Where would they find a person so fearless that they would wander about alone in the Hundred Thousand Mountains? Was this person seeking death?

Howl! Another howl resounded. A Green Wolf pounced toward Bu Fang, who was still staring at the three of them. It bared its fangs and brandished its claws. It opened its hideous mouth as it got ready to kill Bu Fang.

"This beast... This beast is seeking death."

The brows of one of the men creased. Standing on top of the trunk of the tree, this man had a cold and indifferent expression on his face. He snorted coldly and pointed his bow towards the wolf. A glowing arrow burst out of the bowstring and shot toward the wolf which pounced toward Bu Fang. The arrow instantly pierced through the wolf.

The wolf was nailed deep into the ground and its faint howls of grief resounded in Bu Fang's ears.

Bu Fang calmly took a look at the wolf pinned to the ground before raising his head. He stared at the three people who were proudly standing atop the tree trunks and he furrowed his brows.

What is this? Are they here to snatch my ingredients?

The other wolves emitted a rough howl before retreating. The stern and austere atmosphere in the forest returned to normal. It became cold and quiet.

The three of them jumped to the ground as they walked toward Bu Fang.

"Are you a person from the village outside the mountain? How dare you come to the Hundred Thousand Mountains alone? This isn't a place where the likes of you can come to." The stern man furrowed his brows and coldly shouted at Bu Fang. He rebuked and berated Bu Fang for being a weakling.

As for the other two, they stared at Bu Fang with a faint smile on their lips.

"Didn't you come here to steal my ingredients?" Bu Fang was taken aback. He returned their question with one of his own.

Ingredients? What ingredients?

The tree people stared at each other in puzzlement before turning to look at the corpses of the wolves. They raised their brows.

"Are you talking about those Green Wolves? Heh, we are here to save you."

The woman who wore a long gown where a picture of a small pagoda was depicted stared at Bu Fang in amusement. Ingredients? Who would fight over some ingredients with a mortal like you? Let's not even talk about being mortals or anything else. Just taking into account how unpalatable those Green Wolves' meat taste, no one would fight over them.

From the way you stared at the wolves in fear, it seemed like you were the ingredient...

"Eh... Thanks for saving me. As for those green wolves' corpses, leave them for me." Bu Fang nodded his head at her. Since they were not here to snatch his ingredients, everything was fine.

The kitchen knife in Bu Fang's hands revolved before turning into green smoke. The knife disappeared and Bu Fang calmly grabbed the corpses of the wolves. He carried them toward the bonfire.

When she saw what Bu Fang did, she was angered. Why was this fellow so boorish? We just saved his life.

"Senior sister... Don't you think that the stuff inside that pot is quite fragrant?"

One of the men who seemed to be a youth twitched his nose. His glittering gaze fell upon the Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee which was in a pot above the bonfire's blazing flames.

When she heard what he said, the woman's nose twitched subconsciously and her eyes slightly widened.

"It's... It's truly fragrant."

"Senior sister, let's go there and eat it. Since we were the ones who saved him, we'll consider that as compensation." That youth grinned as he walked toward Bu Fang's side.

Facing such a scene, the woman was quite helpless. She knew that her junior brother was a foodie.

The three of them walked toward Bu Fang and they surrounded the bonfire.

Bu Fang looked at them with a strange expression. What's the meaning of this? Didn't you say that you weren't going to snatch my ingredients?

"Kid, do you know the danger of entering the Hundred Thousand Mountains? You should wait till morning before leaving. This isn't a place you can stay in," The stern youth said to Bu Fang.

"Wow! Eldest senior brother! This... This congee is truly delicious!"

The stern man wasn't able to finish his words before the foodie youth interrupted him. He furrowed his brows and he stared at the youth who was scooping mouthfuls of the congee.

"How shameful! Ye Pang, you should be more well-behaved. Stop shaming our Clear Sky Pagoda," the stern youth said with displeasure.

That youth's complexion immediately stiffened and he sat down awkwardly.

The three of them sat beside Bu Fang for quite some time. Just as they were feeling bored, the stern youth's expression changed. He took out a glowing jade pendant and stood up.

"It's the summon command of the elder! We should hurry up."

That stern man frowned and he turned to look at Bu Fang. "Kid, leave this place quickly. Treasure your life."

"Snort..." that woman coldly snorted toward Bu Fang and turned her head before walking away.

"Are you a chef? This congee is truly delicious. You should listen to my eldest senior brother's words and leave by tomorrow morning. Otherwise, you will end up dead. With your skill, it will truly be a pity." The youth grinned and he left words of advice for Bu Fang. Without waiting for a response, he quickly followed behind the other two.

Bu Fang was speechless as he stared at the back of the three of them.

He eventually turned his head and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand once more. He used it to effortlessly skin the Green Wolves. This... If this feat was witnessed by the three people, they would be utterly shocked.

This was the skin of a fifth grade Green Wolf, easily skinning them... isn't just a question of proficiency in culinary arts, it would also need a powerful cultivation.

Chapter 336: I Came for the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames

Just like what the woman thought, the Green Wolves' meat was really bad. The taste was extremely nasty.

After skinning the wolves and collecting the meat, Bu Fang was able to roughly judge their flavor. The wolves were very muscular and every single fiber in their muscle was extremely tough to bite through. Their flavor would definitely be bad,

Even though the meat contained extremely rich spiritual energy, it wouldn't change the fact that the meat was unpalatable.

When he looked at the ingredients, Bu Fang couldn't help but furrow his brows. This was the meat of a fifth grade beast... Just wasting it didn't conform to Bu Fang's mentality as a chef.

He waved his kitchen knife and separated the wolves' meat into several portions. He pierced through the meat with a branch and placed them above the bonfire to be roasted.

Throughout the roasting process, Bu Fang simply seasoned the meat from time to time with spiritual energy.

The boiling Snakeball Dragon Blood Congee in the pot was almost completely eaten. As such, Bu Fang didn't want to scrape it out to finish the leftovers as he had already properly tasted it.

Washing the pot properly, Bu Fang stored it before turning his attention back to the wolf meat roasting above the flame. He took care of the meat carefully with all of his attention. The smell of blood which filled the surroundings lingered and the roars of countless beasts could be heard. Anyone who heard the ferocious roars would be scared numb.

Sizzle!

The meat was quickly roasted above the dancing flames. Although the muscle fibers in the meat made it extremely tough, the meat became bright golden yellow after it was roasted. As drops of oil dripped from the meat into the bonfire, the flames crackled and burned more vigorously.

Retrieving some seasoning from the system's dimensional bag, he lathered the meat with them.

Although this wasn't the best ingredient Bu Fang could get his hands on, he wasn't willing to waste them. He spared no effort trying to cook the Green Wolf's meat into something delicious.

From the sizzling meat, a delicious aroma was released. The supposedly unpalatable wolf meat started to emit a tempting aroma which would make one involuntarily swallow their saliva.

As the fragrance of the meat diffused throughout the entire forest, the restless spiritual beasts were attracted by the amazing smell. They rushed out from their hiding spots and surrounded Bu Fang once again.

Just as they were about to pounce on Bu Fang, the sound of an explosion stopped all of them.

It was as though the spiritual beasts sensed something. Raising their head to look into the sky, the beasts turned around and fled. In just a short while, every single one of them disappeared into the forest.

Bu Fang looked in the direction of the explosion in bemusement and grabbed the wolf meat. It had already been roasted to a rich golden yellow color and it emitted a fragrant aroma. He stood up and was about to head towards the sound of the explosion.

He leisurely roused his true energy as he slapped toward the bonfire. It was extinguished with a single slap from Bu Fang. Holding onto the roasted wolf meat, he slowly walked toward the direction of the blast.

He came to the Hundred Thousand Mountains for the seed of the fire called Ten Thousand Bestial Flames. Who knew if the explosion was related to the flame...

When he thought about it, he couldn't help but rush toward the sound of the explosion with the roasted wolf meat in his hand.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered for a while before it nimbly followed behind Bu Fang.

.....

"Hehe... Are you someone from the Clear Sky Pagoda?"

A disdainful voice resounded and echoed in the hollow valley.

In the gloomy valley overflowing with vegetation, above a giant and tall tree, a grey-haired youth crossed his arms as he stared at everyone standing on the ground.

The people on the ground wore long white gowns where the picture of a small pagoda was depicted. They were obviously experts from the Clear Sky Pagoda.

The Hundred Thousand Mountains were, after all, the territory of the Clear Sky Pagoda.

"Lunatic! Since you dared to kill a disciple from the Clear Sky Pagoda, you should obediently surrender yourself to us."

An old man who wore a cold expression stared at the grey-haired youth. His eyes were filled with anger as he shouted at the youth. The disciples from the Clear Sky Pagoda beside him were also indignant and angry.

"You guys are really scary... The Clear Sky Pagoda is truly amazing. All of you dare to be so unreasonable just because you come from the Clear Sky Pagoda." The grey-haired youth sneered at everyone on the ground.

"It's me who first discovered this eight grade Lion Head Demonic Potato. When your Clear Sky Pagoda's disciple tried to snatch it from me, I killed him. He died because he was weaker than me, so how can you blame me for this?"

The Clear Sky Pagoda's elder coldly snorted as his gaze fell upon a dark green plant. Spiritual energy was revolving above the lush green leaf of the plant and although it didn't seem special at first glance, the elder knew it was a special plant. He was surprised at his discovery as this was the eight grade Lion Head Demonic Potato.

An eight grade medicine was extremely precious.

"This is still not a valid reason for killing my Clear Sky Pagoda's disciple." The elder took a deep breath and continued to pressure the youth. His eyes became sharp and the several disciples beside him drew their bowstrings. They aimed all of their bows toward the gray-haired youth.

Twisting and cracking his neck, the gray-haired youth sneered. His gaze became colder as he looked at the people from the Clear Sky Pagoda.

"A small faction in the training ground dares to behave so arrogantly and wildly? As expected, ruffians were born from the barren hills and wild rivers. Since all of you are trying to seek death right now... I'll send you all to hell." The gray-haired youth laughed out loud and killing intent filled his eyes.

Buzz...

A strong fluctuation exploded from within him.

The Clear Sky Pagoda's elder angrily shouted, "Shoot!"

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

Countless arrows shining with true energy shot out toward the gray-haired youth. Although he was standing on top of the giant tree and the distance between him and the people from the Clear Sky Pagoda was large, the arrows were extremely swift. The arrows whistled as they tore through the sky and toward the youth.

The disciples from the Clear Sky Pagoda were specially trained in archery. When they worked together to cover the sky with arrows, their enemies would find it difficult to find a place to hide.

The strongest of the disciples from the Clear Sky Pagoda had reached the seventh grade. The weakest of them was at least of the fifth grade. The rain of arrows would be able to threaten even an eighth grade War-God.

However, the only response they got from the youth was a cold sneer. The corners of his mouth curled upwards in disdain as he faced the rain of arrows. His hand glittered with a bright radiance as a fireball appeared on his palm. The flame was blazing and scorching and it seemed to distort the air around it. The moment the youth swung his arms forward, a wall of flame was formed before him.

The moment the arrows touched the wall of flame, sparks flew. Even though the power behind each arrow was really strong, the arrows were unable to pierce through the wall of flame.

"Is that the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?" The old man from the Clear Sky Pagoda sucked in a cold breath. He knitted his eyebrows together and thought about it carefully.

No... It couldn't be the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame. Although the power of his flame was amazing, it was weaker than the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames by a whole grade.

"Did you come to our Hundred Thousand Mountains for... for the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames?"

The appearance of someone with such a powerful cultivation and the fact that he possessed such a peculiar flame... The only reason he would come to the Hundred Thousand Mountains was definitely for the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames.

"Old fogey, you are quite smart. The appearance of the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames in the Southern Region is this land's good luck. I'm naturally here to try my luck," the gray-haired young man indifferently said.

The elder from the Clear Sky Pagoda was about to continue speaking but he shut his mouth quickly. He discovered that the blazing wall of flame had suddenly transformed into a chirping ardent bird. The bird extended its wings and rushed toward the group from the Clear Sky Pagoda with terrifying power.

The few disciples from the Clear Sky Pagoda who were standing in front bore the brunt of the blow and they instantly turned into ashes.

That gray-haired youth was an eighth grade War-God. With the peculiar flame of his, he was extremely formidable. When facing the attacks of the Clear Sky Pagoda's elder, he was able to defend himself. He managed to cause the elder to cough out blood without sustaining many injuries.

In this fight, several of the Clear Sky Pagoda's disciples were burned into ashes. In the end, they had to rely on an array to resist the assault from the gray-haired youth. The array was created by the joint powers of all the disciples and they managed to hold out against the attack for quite some time.

Even though the disciples were holding out against the attacks from the gray-haired youth, it was clear that he wasn't using all his power. He simply used his flames to toy with the people from the Clear Sky Pagoda.

All of a sudden, the eyes of the gray-haired youth fell onto the Lion Head Demonic Potato below him. Jumping to the ground, he walked toward the Lion Head Demonic Potato. The spiritual plant was swaying in the wind and it emitted a rich fragrance. He took a deep breath involuntarily.

The Lion Head Demonic Potato was named as such because there was a lion head like mushroom growing under the leaf of the plant.

Grabbing tightly onto the leaf, the youth exerted all his strength as he gave it a strong pull. The moment he pulled on the leaf, a lion's roar resounded. Rich spiritual energy surged out of the plant and it filled the surroundings.

Under the leaf, there was a vivid and lifelike golden lion's head. It opened its mouth and issued a loud roar.

"This Lion Head Demonic Potato is an extremely delicious ingredient... Looks like I didn't waste my time."

The gray-haired youth grinned as he moved his nose closer to the lion's head. He took in a deep breath and a joyous expression was written all over his face.

As though he sensed something, the youth stared into the distance. His gaze became grave all of a sudden as he shouted, "Who is there? Get out here!"

When the people from the Clear Sky Pagoda heard the youth's shout, they became overjoyed. After resisting the mysterious ardent flame bird for so long, they were about to lose the fight against it. Are the reinforcements from the Clear Sky Pagoda finally here?

They stared into the distance, where rustling sounds came from the bush. Although they were feeling despair just a moment ago, they were delighted now.

However, their delight quickly disappeared as they realized that the person who just arrived wasn't the reinforcement from the Clear Sky Pagoda.

It was just a strange thin figure. It was a youth who was holding a handful of roasted meat. The meat was still dripping with oil as he stared at the group of people fighting...

Chapter 337: Why Is he Still Alive?

Two crescent moons were hung up in the pitch-black sky, where countless stars flickered, and a shooting star streaked past, from time to time. The shooting star was reminiscent of a rock tossed into a lake, creating countless ripples.

In a peaceful and boundless plain, the ancient and dignified city, Western Mystery City, stood tall.

There were two figures covered in pitch-black gowns rushing toward the city. Both figures seemed like they were gliding toward the city, as they were able to cross a great distance with every step they took.

Whoosh!

As the whistling wind blew past them, the hood covering one of them was blown back, revealing an ice-cold mask.

"Sect Master... that city is the Western Mystery City. Should we go in?" The High Priestess respectfully asked the figure beside her, from whom not even the slightest trace of an aura could be sensed.

"Our objective is the catalyst required to refine the Hundred Thousand Soul Essences in the Departed Soul Orb, so what would we enter the city for? The Soul Essences in the Departed Soul Orb are already of sufficient quality; therefore, we do not need to vainly massacre a city to increase its Soul Essences." The man replied in a hoarse voice, and the High Priestess nodded in acknowledgment.

Both of them shot an indifferent look at the Western Mystery City, then took a detour around the city and hastily made for the mountain range behind it.

This was the objective of their trip—the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

....

"Why, it's you? Quickly escape!"

At this moment, Ye Pang, who was drenched in sweat, used all his strength to stir his True Energy and resist the chirping, ardent, flaming bird in the air. Just like the others, he believed that reinforcements had arrived, but he hadn't expected it was only the chef who they ran into earlier.

Ye Pang thought highly of Bu Fang, or rather he thought highly of Bu Fang's culinary arts, as that red rice congee thoroughly conquered him.

Before Ye Pang left, he had persuaded Bu Fang into leaving the Hundred Thousand Mountains, so that he wouldn't meaninglessly lose his life.

Therefore, he hadn't expected Bu Fang to rush over there, despite his warning. Couldn't he see that there was an intense battle taking place? Had he not realized that this place was extremely dangerous?

The true energy fluctuations that Ye Pang sensed from Bu Fang weren't intense, and in his eyes, Bu Fang was probably only a fourth grade Battle-Spirit, or a fifth grade Battle-King, at most. Such a cultivation level was nothing in the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

In his hands, Bu Fang held the roasted golden-yellow wolf's meat, which emitted streams of steam and dripped trails of oil. Its aroma quickly wafted around the surrounding. Bu Fang munched on it while he walked over.

Although the flavor of the meat was acceptable, its texture was extremely bad. Even after it underwent Bu Fang's special processing, its texture still wasn't tender.

This was, after all, the primary property of this meat. Trying to change it would be an arduous and unrewarding task.

Once he took two more bites of the meat, Bu Fang felt that it was slightly insipid.

"Hey, don't come over here," Ye Pang shouted anxiously.

When Bu Fang heard Ye Pang's shouts, he turned to look over and when he finally noticed Ye Pang, who was resisting the ardent bird with great effort, a trace of surprise appeared on Bu Fang's face.

"It's quite a coincidence that you are also here," said Bu Fang.

Coincidence... how the hell was this coincidence? Didn't he comprehend the danger they were in?

Truly, Bu Fang hadn't considered any of that, and as soon as he caught sight of the Lion Head Demonic Potato, he couldn't help but walk toward it.

The gray-haired youth had been staring at Bu Fang all along, curious about his identity.

When he saw the chubby Whitey trailing behind Bu Fang, his pupil slightly contracted and he asked, "Are you from the Puppet Sect?"

Bu Fang had no idea who the Puppet Sect was, so he didn't reply and continued to stare at the Lion Head Demonic Potato with a peculiar gaze.

"No... You aren't from the Puppet Sect, and this chubby thing isn't the Puppet Sect's Copper Corpse Puppet; what the hell is it?" The gray-haired youth asked; his attention was fully focused on Whitey, which was following Bu Fang.

Whitey's mechanical eyes flickered slightly, and it swept the gray-haired youth with its gaze.

The gray-haired youth's pupils slightly contracted, and he felt his heart thump in fear.

Bu Fang continued striding toward him.

The gray-haired youth furrowed his brows and shouted coldly, "Get lost!"

Bu Fang stopped for a moment to shoot an indifferent gaze at the youth, then he continued forward.

"You are courting death..." the gray-haired youth sneered coldly. Since he wasn't from the Puppet Sect, then there was no harm in killing him.

He waved his hand, and the flaming ardent bird, which had been suppressing the experts from the Clear Sky Pagoda, unfurled its wings and charged toward Bu Fang. It wanted to burn him to ashes directly.

The glow in Whitey's eyes quickly turned purple, and just as it was about to make its move, it was stopped by Bu Fang.

Bu Fang stared at the approaching chirping flaming ardent bird with excitement.

A wisp of green smoke curled around his hand, and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared before him. The wok slightly revolved in the air, and under his control, it floated to the top of his head.

At that moment, the chirping bird reached Bu Fang.

Bang!

A dreadful flame burned up as heatwaves billowed all around.

The surrounding experts from the Clear Sky Pagoda all widened their eyes and their hearts lurched.

Although that gray-haired youth's flames weren't the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames, its power was still extremely terrifying.

They had never heard of anyone else like the gray-haired youth in the Land of Southern Border.

"That fellow is doomed."

The woman from earlier gazed at Bu Fang's position, but soon her complexion turned red as the billowing flames approached her.

What a pity... Ye Pang sighed. He truly appreciated Bu Fang's culinary arts and considered the unexpected death of an outstanding chef like him a pity.

The other experts from the Clear Sky Pagoda didn't think too much about it because they didn't care about Bu Fang.

All they cared about was how they would escape from the gray-haired youth.

Although the youth's cultivation was only at the eight grade War-God level, the power of his peculiar flame made him almost on par with a ninth grade Supreme-Being, so they weren't his match at all.

Since such an expert had appeared in the Hundred Thousand Mountains, the people from the Clear Sky Pagoda sought to return and inform their own experts.

"I will tie him down, then all of you must quickly escape. You must definitely return back alive," said the Clear Sky Pagoda's elder, with resolute determination visible in his eyes.

He rushed forward and stood in front of the other disciples, blocking the gray-haired youth.

The disciples seemed quite sorrowful, but they knew that they couldn't make the elder change his mind, so they turned around and prepared to leave.

"Do you want to escape? After being so arrogant in front of me, Duan Yun, you still want to escape?" The youth laughed coldly as he waved his hand, and his flame swiftly rushed into the sky and transformed into a flaming giant palm.

Immediately, the raging palm of flames swatted downwards, toward Ye Pang and the other disciples.

However, when the flames which were burning at Bu Fang's position rushed up into the sky along with the others, being commanded by gray-haired youth, Duan Yun was immediately taken aback.

That was because a tall figure was still calmly standing at the same spot.

"Why weren't you burned to ashes by my alchemical flame?" Duan Yun immediately exclaimed in alarm. He was quite amazed at the feat because he understood his level of power.

Although the alchemic flame was inferior to a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, he could use it to kill an eighth grade War-God, let alone someone like Bu Fang, whose aura didn't seem all that strong.

Duan Yun wasn't the only one amazed by Bu Fang's feat; the experts from the Clear Sky Pagoda were so shocked that their jaws almost reached the ground, especially the woman from earlier. When the flames struck Bu Fang, she thought he would have immediately turned to ashes; however, the outcome was outside everyone's expectations.

"He's unexpectedly still fine?" Ye Pang gasped with wide eyes.

Bu Fang calmly stood at the same spot and furrowed his brows as a trace of disappointment appeared in his eyes.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok hovered atop his head, and every flame Duan Yu sent at him could only slam against it and dissipate.

He wanted to try whether that scarlet flame could operate the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, however even after it burned it for a while, the wok temperature didn't change for the least bit.

It was obvious..... that as the system said, only a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame could operate the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

"Unexpectedly, you are able to resist my alchemical flame. It seems like I underestimated you... you truly hid your strength."

Duan Yun's expression turned cold; he pinched a talisman, and the palm of flames rushing toward the disciples of the Clear Sky Pagoda changed directions and charged at Bu Fang instead.

Bu Fang's impression of Duan Yun was quite bad.

He had just come out of the shrubs and only wanted to take a look at that Lion Head Demonic Potato, yet this Duan Yun wanted to kill him. The situation dumbfounded him.

Bang!

The gigantic flaming palm crashed down onto Bu Fang, and the raging flames scorched the ground and rose back into the sky, like a mushroom cloud.

This time, he must truly be doomed...

Duan Yun exhaled lightly. The might of that palm was much stronger than the flaming ardent bird, which he had only used for convenience. He didn't believe that Bu Fang would survive his latest attack. The mere heat caused by the alchemical flame combustion was something ordinary people could not withstand.

When the disciples of the Clear Sky Pagoda witnessed the power of the flames, the corners of their mouths twitched.

If the palm had swatted at them instead, they would have already turned into ashes.

"This... this time, he must be dead, right?" Ye Pang stared at the raging flames with uncertainty.

His pupils quickly contracted when he saw a figure slowly emerge from it.

Witnessing the same scene, Duan Yun's muscles tightened.

He stared intently at the flames. The scorching flames which had risen into the sky were suddenly shredded apart when a light exhale reverberated.

Suddenly, a huge black wok flew out from within the flames and rushed toward Duan Yun.

What the hell was this wok?

Duan Yu was taken aback, and he subconsciously tried to smash away the black wok, which he already considered an eyesore.

However, when his palm came in contact with the work, an expressionless face appeared behind it.

Bu Fang held the black work and leisurely smashed it into Duan Yu.

Chapter 338: I Want to Borrow Your Flame to Roast a... Sweet Potato

Duan Yun didn't care a whit for Bu Fang. In his eyes, there were no opponents under the Supreme-Being realm that he needed to take seriously. In this insignificant training ground, he was confident that he was invincible within his realm, eighth grade War-God, and that he could easily kill anyone below the Supreme-Being level.

His confidence stemmed from his powerful backing and trump cards.

However, this black wok had completely shattered his confidence, leaving him in a daze. Since it was only a wok, he believed that he would shatter it easily.

Alas, the reality was cruel.

When Duan Yun smacked the black wok, he didn't leave a single dent on it; instead, he felt his hand become numb from the huge force of impact. He was taken aback as a greater suppressing power dispelled the force in his arm, and the wok went on to hit his head.

Thump...

A crispy and heavy sound reverberated as the wok hit Duan Yun's head. The impact left Duan Yun completely dazed; his ears rang, and his eyes became hazy.

Grasping the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in one hand, Bu Fang approached Duan Yun.

Although the black wok smash had slightly dazed Duan Yun, he was still a very powerful expert, after all, even more than the Blood Guard—who was at the peak of the eighth grade.

Duan Yun's blurry sight was only able to register Bu Fang's figure when he had arrived in front of Duan Yun, with an indifferent expression on his face.

When Duan Yun came back to his senses, his pupils immediately contracted.

"You unexpectedly didn't pass out... I must try again."

Bu Fang muttered, and Duan Yun heard him clearly as they were both facing each other.

The corners of Duan Yun's mouth twitched, and he opened them as if to say something, but Bu Fang didn't care for any replies.

He raised the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and smashed it into Duan Yun, again, with a resounding bang, knocking the latter unconscious. Despite his cultivation being at the eighth grade War-God level, Duan Yun was still knocked unconscious by a wok; he would definitely be weeping in his heart.

Bu Fang remained standing at the same spot, holding onto the Black Turtle Constellation Wok in one hand, and the unconscious Duan Yun in the other hand. When Duan Yun passed out, the raging flames gradually began to dissipate.

Rips!

The sound of a bowstring ripping the air resounded from the forest.

An arrow glowing with true energy streaked toward Bu Fang. The arrow's might was extremely terrifying and many times stronger than those shot by the Clear Sky Pagoda's disciples.

Bu Fang felt a sharp wind rushing toward him as though it wanted to pierce through his flesh.

He subconsciously used the Black Turtle Constellation Wok to block it.

Ding!

An extremely crisp sound resounded as the arrow smashed into the wok, and gave rise to sparks. Upon collision, the arrow scattered into motes of light and disappeared.

A wisp of green smoke twirled around Bu Fang's hand and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok disappeared.

Bu Fang exhaled and stretched his slightly numb hand. He grabbed the Lion Head Demonic Potato and steadied his hold on the unconscious Duan Yun before he turned around and left.

Whitey lifted its mechanical arm and scratched its round head, as the purple glow in its mechanical eyes reverted back to red.

They all silently watched Bu Fang leave, and no one had the courage to go and speak to him.

This was someone who knocked the assailing eighth grade War-God expert, who had suppressed them all by himself, unconscious, with just two hits of his wok. What kind of person walks around waving a wok? Why was he this terrifying?

Ye Pang looked elated. It turned out that he had misunderstood the chef, who was really an unfathomable and powerful expert.

The woman and the stern man felt embarrassed, especially because of the advises that they had given Bu Fang. They thought they had saved him from the wolves, but they hadn't expected that the wolves would end up as Bu Fang's delicacies. They acted like they were powerful people, but in front of such an expert, they were only being meddlesome.

It was truly embarrassing.

Luckily, Bu Fang didn't pay them any mind; otherwise, they didn't know how they could have faced him.

Swoosh!

Several figures led by a beautiful young girl rushed out of the forest.

"Big sister!"

When Ye Pang saw the graceful girl, his eyes immediately brightened, and he waved his hands at her before he shouted.

When Ye Ziling saw their pitiful appearances and felt the scalding heat still present in the air, her heart shuddered slightly. It seemed her reinforcements were late. She was slightly puzzled because when she was still further away, she had seen the back of someone in front of Ye Pang, a back which was familiar to her.

However, by the time she got there, the person had already disappeared.

"The back of that person looked very familiar..." Ye Ziling furrowed her beautiful brows as she tried to recall, but even after pondering about it for a long time, she couldn't remember who the back belonged to.

She soon gave up and tossed the thought to the back of her mind. When she saw many of the Clear Sky Pagoda's disciples still alive, she relaxed even though there were still a lot of disciples who had perished, but at the very least, a large number had managed to survive the ordeal.

"Kid, you should obediently go back with me. You almost scared me to death, this time." Although Ye Ziling had been scared silly, she still put on the appearance of an elder sister in front of Ye Pang and scolded him in displeasure.

At that moment, there were no traces of the obedient appearance she had when she had followed behind Ni Yan.

Ye Pang grinned and recounted the earlier battle to her, and he made sure to vividly describe how mysterious and great that chef had been.

.....

Duan Yun awoke with a jolt and was greeted by a splitting pain in his head, making it seem like it was about to burst open.

He sucked in a deep breath, partially opened his eyes and took a look at his surroundings; however, all he could see was the bright sky, the clouds hovering within it, and the horizon over yonder.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Duan Yun could feel his head bubbling up at down as it brushed against the ground, which seemed to be the cause of the splitting pain.

This sobered him up fast, and he quickly tried to completely open his blurry eyes. When he succeeded, he discovered that his legs were being held by someone, who seemed to be dragging him, while his head brushed against the ground.

His posture was quite embarrassing.

Duan Yun felt an unprecedented humiliation from this and started trying to struggle.

"Who are you? Let me go."

"Don't you know who I am? I am the ruffian of the training ground."

Bu Fang had been dragging Duan Yun when he suddenly realized that the latter had woken up and begun bickering without stop.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows and turned to look at the gray-haired youth, who was glaring at him, and the corners of his mouth curled up. Green smoke curled around his arm and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared again.

Duan Yun looked at that black wok in alarm, before he took a look at the expressionless face of Bu Fang as he saw that the black wok was unceasingly enlarging in his eyes as it approached him.

Thump! He was once again knocked unconscious by it.

However, with his constitution, it didn't take too long before he woke up again. Bu Fang frowned and knocked him unconscious again.

When he regained consciousness for the third time, he didn't struggle and simply lay on the ground in low spirits, and let Bu Fang drag him.

When Bu Fang noticed that Duan Yun had stopped his grumbles, he didn't knock the latter unconscious anymore. In a short while, they left the valley, and Bu Fang looked for a good spot before he put Duan Yun down.

The marble white brilliance of dawn glowed even bright and soon, the sun rays shone on them, highlighting the dead and dry leaves on the ground, which made it seem like the ground was littered with pieces of gold.

When Duan Yun finally noticed the black wok disappear, he struggled to get up from the ground and rubbed the painful bumps on his head. Then, he proceeded to take a good look at his captor.

The more he stared, the more indignant he felt.

He also discovered that the Lion Head Demonic Potato which he had stolen from the Clear Sky Pagoda's disciples had been seized by this wok-fiend.

The wok-fiend examined it carefully and turned to face Duan Yun with a nonchalant expression, causing the latter to nurse a bad premonition.

"Do you want to taste a delicacy?" the fiend calmly asked.

When he heard the question, Duan Yun was taken aback, "Ah?"

"Don't be afraid. I only want to borrow your flame to roast a sweet potato... no, I mean, a demonic potato."

Chapter 339: A Demonic Potato Roasted by an Alchemic Flame

"You want to borrow my flame... to roast a sweet potato?"

"Are you sure that you aren't making fun of me? My flame is an alchemic flame. A precious flame used to refine elixirs, and you say you want to use it to roast a sweet potato?"

Duan Yun stared at Bu Fang with wide eyes. At that moment, he felt like thousands of black dogs were galloping in his mind.

"Don't be afraid. I won't take advantage of you. Since I intend to borrow your flames, I will give you half of the sweet potato." When Bu Fang noticed that Duan Yun was staring at him with a peculiar expression, he pondered for a second and suddenly said with an understanding gaze.

When he heard Bu Fang's suggestion, Duan Yun was taken aback, and he felt the urge to vomit blood. This fellow that went about smashing people with a wok... what was going on in his head? Do I seem like someone who would sell his dignity for a sweet potato?

The alchemic flame was an Alchemist's treasure, and to a certain extent, an Alchemist's honor and dignity. How could he discard his honor for a trifling sweet potato?

"The alchemic flame is used for refining elixirs, not for roasting sweet potatoes. I will absolutely not lend you my alchemic flame!" Duan Yun gnashed his teeth, coldly snorted in his heart, and turned his head in disgust. The impression he gave off was quite akin to "I'd rather die than obey".

Bu Fang was quite surprised by his reaction; he hadn't expected this fellow to be this unyielding.

As Bu Fang played with the Lion Head Demonic Potato in his hands, a fragrant scent gently wafted out of it, and he became slightly impatient.

As Duan Yun watched Bu Fang play with the Demonic Potato in his hands as though it was a ball, he suddenly thought of something and stared at Bu Fang in surprise.

"The sweet potato that you spoke about... it wouldn't happen to be the Lion Head Demonic Potato, would it?"

"It is indeed the very one. Don't be shy. I will truly give you half of it," Bu Fang earnestly replied.

Pff... Duan Yun vomited blood in his mind. This was an eighth grade spiritual medicine, an extremely precious ingredient. It could already supplement one's essence, heal injuries, and Increase the quantity of true energy, and if it were refined into an elixir, it could consolidate one's foundation and increase their cultivation level. It was an exceptionally good treasure.

And this fellow with him unexpectedly wanted to roast and eat it, was this an ingredient which someone would dare roast?

If one roasted the Lion Head Demonic Potato, how would they go about optimally preserving and utilizing its medicinal properties? Roasting it would truly be a reckless waste of a natural treasure.

"You... How could you even consider roasting this Demonic Potato?" Duan Yun's lips twitched with annoyance.

Riiip! Duan Yun watched in astonishment as Bu Fang lightly tore off one of the Lion Head Demonic Potato's roots. A rich essence gushed out from the split and immediately permeated the surroundings. Bu Fang's eyes brightened as he took in a whiff of the fragrant essence in enjoyment.

The pulp of the Lion Head Demonic Potato unexpectedly had a sparkling orange color; it was extremely attractive.

"Well... What's wrong? Wouldn't you like a roasted sweet potato? You have nothing to worry about. If I boiled it along with a meal, its flavor will definitely be good; however, you must lend me your flame," said Bu Fang.

The only reason why Bu Fang knocked Duan Yun unconscious and dragged him all the way here was to make use of his alchemic flame. It was the first time Bu Fang had seen such a peculiar flame. Its temperature was extremely high, and it seemed sentient. A dish cooked using such a flame would definitely be delicious.

Who was talking about food with you? When he heard Bu Fang's reply, Duan Yun was quite annoyed. Was food the only thought this fellow had in his head? If only he was able to refine this Demonic Potato, he might even manage to refine an eighth grade elixir out of it.

"Will you lend me your flame or not?"

"I won't. This is related to an Alchemist's dignity, so I can't lend it to you," Duan Yun replied stubbornly.

Bu Fang stood up and faced Duan Yun, who was still lying on the floor, with an indifferent expression, before slowly raising his hand.

When he saw Bu Fang move, Duan Yun squinted his eyes. What... do you want to fight?

Hum...

A wisp of smoke curled around Bu Fang's hand, and a pitch-black, simple kitchen knife appeared in his grip.

A kitchen knife...

What is this fellow trying to do? If you have something against me, just properly say it. What are you taking out a kitchen knife for?

As the sunlight reflected off the sharp kitchen knife, it twinkled with a bright radiance, and Duan Yun felt every pore on his body contract.

At that moment, Duan Yun wanted to weep. Why did he have to meet such a weirdo? Was he shortly to become the first noble alchemist who died under a chef's kitchen knife?

"I'm sorry. I took out the wrong item?"

Bu Fang's complexion stiffened, and he muttered awkwardly when he saw the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his hand. The knife turned into green smoke and vanished.

Along with a humming sound, and the appearance of the green smoke, a giant black wok appeared in Bu Fang's hand. He gripped it and raised it above Duan Yun's head.

Duan Yun dispiritedly looked at that wok. It would have been better if you simply used that kitchen knife.

.....

"You should stabilize the fire intensity, don't be anxious and impetuous. Just slowly take your time."

Bu Fang calm voice echoed, and in a corner of the forest, a flame burned brightly, and the temperature began to increase.

Duan Yun tilted his swollen head sideways as he sat before a big pit. There was a scarlet flame burning brightly inside the pit; it was Duan Yun's alchemic flame.

Bu Fang came beside him and gently placed a hand on Duan Yun's shoulder as he stared at the Lion Head Demonic Potato roasting in the pit.

Within the alchemic flames, the Lion Head Demonic Potato's essence was quickly extracted from the ingredient and into the alchemic flame, and it began to burn more brightly and vigorously.

"Can a Lion Head Demonic Potato which has been roasted like this still be of any use? You are simply wasting a precious medical plant. If you were a member of my sect and got caught doing this, you would be thrown into the pigs' cage," Duan Yun said weakly as he glanced at the excited Bu Fang.

"This Lion Head Demonic Potato is an excellent ingredient, so how could it ever be unedible? Not only is it edible, it's also a rare delicacy, so don't put back your flame. Instead, stabilize its intensity," Bu Fang earnestly said.

He walked to the side of the pit and observed the flame more closely. As its temperature was extremely high and it seemed sentient, the alchemic flame was definitely something that mortal flames couldn't rival.

If a chef ever used this sort of flame to cook, it would bring them unimaginable benefits.

Bu Fang stretched out his hand over the pit, his senses heightened, and true energy winded out of his outstretched hand like a small snake and drilled into the alchemic flame, right down the middle.

There in the midst of the flames, the Lion Head Demonic Potato unexpectedly trembled intensely and generated the faint outline of an angry lion roaring.

Although the outline of the Lion Head Demonic Potato was faintly visible within the alchemic flames, its golden color had already become slightly dim.

"Look at it, if we continue roasting this demonic potato, all of its essence would be completely lost," Duan Yun said in distress.

"Shut up and continue producing the flames," Bu Fang said without even sparing him a glance.

Duan Yun felt quite aggrieved. After all, he was an alchemist, not a flamethrower.

But when he glanced at the pitch-black, heavy wok at Bu Fang's side, he breathed out lightly and obediently continued controlling the alchemic flame.

Bu Fang's True Energy parted the alchemic flame and wrapped around the Lion Head Demonic Potato like countless threads.

True energy cooking was Bu Fang's specialty. He infused the ingredient with his true energy in order to smoothen its texture and improve its flavor to the optimum state.

This method of cooking was an extremely difficult and complex one. It required an excellent control over True Energy and a powerful soul.

Duan Yun was quite surprised when he sensed Bu Fang's true energy threads within his alchemic flame. He is unexpectedly capable of controlling his True Energy to such a degree? How terrifying was this fellow's soul strength? The extent to which he can control his true energy is too terrifying.

Roar!

Another lion roar resounded, and the Lion Head Demonic Potato seemed like it was about to repel the alchemic flames and rush out, but Bu Fang's true energy threads, which had wrapped it, held it in place and made it incapable of budging from its spot.

"Strengthen your flames and burn it." Bu Fang hollered.

Duan Yun obeyed and strengthened his flames, and with a rumbling sound, the pit suddenly exploded.

Thick, black smoke surged out from the scene of the explosion.

"Cough, cough..." Duan Yun's face was covered in soot, and the thick smoke caused him to cough repeatedly.

He became slightly dazed as he watched a man slowly walk out of from the pit.

Bu Fang came out of the pit untainted, not even a speck of dust was visible on his person. His hand was shrouded in True Energy as he held a pitch-black ball which resembled carbon.

However, from its shape, it was easy to tell that this was once the golden Lion Head Demonic Potato which overflowed with essence.

"Will you look at that! I told you not to roast it. How did that turn out? You have roasted it into a mass of carbon! What a way to waste a Lion Head Demonic Potato! What a way to waste an eight

grade spirit medicine, ah!" Duan Yun was in pain because such a treasure had been wasted by the foolish chef.

Bu Fang remained calm in the face of Duan Yun's hollers. He raised a thin finger to his lips and lightly blew on it.

"Shut up and listen to me."

Duan Yun was abruptly taken aback. In the next moment, Bu Fang lightly tapped the pitch-black ball of carbon, and the black cover immediately broke apart with a rustle, revealing a resplendent golden roaring lion.

Chapter 340: The Roasted Demonic Potato with a Touch of Spiritual Sagacity

A golden gleam of light gushed out of the pitch-black pieces of round charcoals. It was a glint even more dazzling than that of an ordinary golden shimmer, fully capturing one's eyeballs.

As if it was a dormant bud suddenly blossoming, the pitch-black layers of charcoal began to peel off at a speed detectable to the naked eye. With that, the shine from the golden rays of light further intensified.

A hot mist fluctuated with the golden shimmer. Such hazy fog created a backdrop of a wonderland, in which sat the gem-like streak of gold.

A rich, simply irresistible aroma wafted past. The now fully roasted Lion Head Demonic Potato emanated an indescribable fragrance, one that was extremely concentrated and contained traces of a crispy burnt flavor.

Once the layers of charcoal flaked off, it uncovered the reddish Demonic Potato flesh from within. The entire thing looked like a work of art delicately carved by God himself, both exquisite and bright, almost as marvelous as a precious piece of amber.

The enshrouding hot steams spread from this amber-like flesh, tugging at one's heartstrings and triggering one's appetite.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Bu Fang clutched the Lion Head Demonic Potato with one hand and declared satisfyingly. The sweet aroma of the Demonic Potato even put a gentle expression on Bu Fang's face.

Duan Yun stared blankly at the steaming hot Demonic Potato. His nose couldn't stop twitching. It was almost as if the fragrance had a magical power, luring him to inhale, and with each breath draw in all of the aroma permeating through the air.

Hearing Bu Fang's words, he nodded absentmindedly. Never had he imagined how bewitchingly exquisite a Lion Head Demonic Potato could look.

This potato was a rare eighth grade spirit herb. Most folks used it for alchemy and brewing elixirs. Nobody other than the freak before his eyes could ever choose to cook with such a precious ingredient.

But no matter what, though Duan Yun disapproved Bu Fang's decision in cooking with the Lion Head Demonic Potato, he had to admit that it looked ravishing once fully roasted.

"Give it a try. The taste is even better."

A wisp of smoke twirled around Bu Fang's wrist and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand.

With a flash of the blade, half of the sparkling Lion Head Demonic Potato was sliced off and handed to Duan Yun.

This is really edible?

Duan Yun gulped. He flickered a glance at Bu Fang and took in a deep breath.

Well, there was no point in missing out on food. Waves of true energy wrapped around Duan Yun's hand as he grabbed the Demonic Potato. The steaming Demonic Potato flesh was scorching hot. Though his palm was protected by a shield of true energy, he still yelped at the heat. In fact, it totally stirred him up.

Carefully clutching the Lion Head Demonic Potato with both hands, he blew at it gently to dispel the hot mists.

Bu Fang paid no further attention to Duan Yun. His gaze landed on the Lion Head Demonic Potato in his hands.

Roasted sweet potato was actually a form of light cooking. It entailed digging a hole in the ground, placing a couple of stones inside, and burying the sweet potato within. Lastly, one would light a fire on top with dry branches and use this heat to cook the sweet potato. Bu Fang remembered this as a cooking method from his previous lifetime.

Of course, there were also other ways of cooking it, such as preparing a charcoal furnace and placing the sweet potato inside for roasting. Sweet potatoes done this way would end up with a dried, crispy layer of outer skin and burning hot, aromatically sweet flesh within.

The taste was delightful.

After peeling off the layers of charcoal on its surface, Bu Fang drew in a long breath and blew at the potato. Then, he sank his teeth into it hurriedly.

The scorching hot Demonic Potato almost burnt his teeth off. As he took this bite and inhaled deeply, he could clearly detect its uniquely rich aroma.

A sweet flavor enveloped his taste buds and teased every fiber of his being. His eyes immediately lit up that very instant.

The texture of this Demonic Potato flesh was excellent. Most of the spirit essence was successfully retained, which meant it was infused with a strong dose of spirit energy. This small piece of Lion Head Demonic Potato was simply exploding with rich surges of spirit energy, much like a detonating grenade.

Most importantly, Bu Fang discerned from the roasted Demonic Potato flesh a sensation that he had never detected from other dishes. It was a kind of inexpressible, indefinable feeling. It was comparable to a Path-Understanding epiphany, a state of enigma.

Bu Fang concluded to himself that this was a kind of spiritual sagacity. Even though the roasted Demonic Potato flesh was simply made, it was... distinguishable from all of Bu Fang's other dishes in that it had an extra touch of spiritual sagacity.

Though this dash of spiritual sagacity was faint, and perhaps barely discernible, with Bu Fang's improved cultivation level, he had become more and more sensitive to such ripples of energy.

The emergence of spiritual sagacity in cooked dishes was a whole new discovery for Bu Fang.

As he had slowly reached the level of an intermediate chef, Bu Fang's cooking skills seemed to have hit a bottleneck. Though he still managed to improve, the amount of progress made each time was clearly reducing.

As a man who aspired to stand at the top of the food chain and become the God of Cooking in the fantasy world, Bu Fang was unsettled by his slow progress, as it set him back from his ultimate goal.

He also knew very clearly that huge leaps were easily achievable in the beginning phases. As his cultivation level grew, his outlook broadened, and his cooking abilities sharpened, it would become increasingly difficult to further improve himself.

Or perhaps, with each advancement, he needed to accumulate a much stronger level of depth.

As Bu Fang munched on the roasted Demonic Potato, he fell into a deep contemplation.

Nom nom! Nom!

A rhythmic sound of chomping snapped Bu Fang out of his meditation.

A gaze that gave Bu Fang an eerie sensation landed on him, prompting him to arch his eyebrows.

As Bu Fang traced back to the source of the stare, he discovered Duan Yun, already up on his feet and leering at the Demonic Potato flesh in his hands with sparkling eyes.

"What's going on?" Bu Fang was taken by surprise.

Duan Yun's mouth continued to chew, until the Demonic Potato flesh was finally swallowed after a loud gulp.

Then, he emitted a long breath.

Duan Yun felt like he was just baptized. This was the first time he had ever tasted something so delicious. This gourmet delicacy provided him with the same gratification as devouring an eighth grade elixir.

How bewildering!

After being roasted, the Demonic Potato did not lose any of its spirit essence. Instead, everything was perfectly preserved. With a bite, the spirit energy and spirit essence all erupted in his mouth, making him feel as if he was surfing on the sea.

This refreshing sensation simply intoxicated Duan Yun.

"How can anything be this tasty?!" Duan Yun was silently screaming in his heart. "Now this is what you call a genuine gourmet delicacy!"

He had never expected potatoes roasted with alchemic fire to taste this succulent. Duan Yun was feverish with excitement, suddenly thinking whether he should make a career out of alchemic fire roasted potatoes.

However, this was just wishful thinking. Now, if his master ever found out he was cooking potatoes with alchemic fire, it was just a matter of time before his neck was twisted off.

In the face of Duan Yun's rapacious ogle, Bu Fang kept his poker face and gracefully crammed the rest of the Lion Head Demonic Potato into his mouth.

Nom nom...

This rhythmic munching made Duan Yun feel like all the energy in his body has been drained.

Having gulped everything down, Bu Fang belched loudly. His burp released rich waves of spirit energy and spirit essence that pervaded the air.

Suddenly, Bu Fang widened his eyes and slapped his own chest. He waved his hand and extracted a jar of wine from the system's dimensional storage. Pouring a good mouthful of wine down his throat, Bu Fang finally breathed out in satisfaction.

The Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew proved a good match for the roasted potato. The combination was lovely.

As the concentrated fragrance of wine disseminated through the air, Duan Yun almost squeezed his eyeballs out of his sockets. This scent of wine... was simply too damn fragrant!

Bu Fang poured another mouthful of wine down his throat and merrily smacked his lips. Then, he caught sight of a gaping Duan Yun standing from a distance.

"Um... want a cup?" Bu Fang raised up the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew in his hand.

"Really... could I?" Duan Yun's eyes brightened as he asked abashedly. Yet his body couldn't lie, as his feet quickly scurried to Bu Fang's side.

"Of course... not." Bu Fang waved his hand casually and stored away the Frost Blaze Path-Understanding Brew back into the system's dimensional storage. "This wine is extremely pricey..."

Duan Yun found himself in an awkward situation. "What happened to the foundation of trust between people? What happened to sharing is caring? Aren't we friends?"

Having tasted the Lion Head Demonic Potato roasted with alchemic fire, Bu Fang was now intrigued by the capabilities of such exotic flames. His heart was burning with fervor, as he was now sure that possession of this fire could help advance his cooking skills.

The mere use of alchemic fire was enough to instill a trace of spirit sagacity in the roasted Demonic Potato. Now what if he were to use... Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames, or Ten Thousand Bestial Flames to cook it?

All of this was beyond Bu Fang's imagination. He had originally come to the Hundred Thousand Mountains in search of the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames to activate the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. But now... he was much more fascinated with obtaining the Ten Thousand Bestial Flames itself!

This could well dictate whether he could reach a breakthrough for his cooking.

Duan Yun watched as Bu Fang's figure left. He licked his lips, and with sparkling eyes, tailed Bu Fang like an obedient puppy.