

## Gourmet 511

### Chapter 511 Mysterious Dish

At dawn, rays of light passed through the window as they scattered all over the land.

Getting up from the bed, Bu Fang ruffled his hair and a yawn escaped his lips. He washed up before leaving his room. Before long, he walked into the kitchen.

After practicing his knife skills as per usual, he cooked the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs for Blacky. Of course, he made a portion of Dragon Blood Rice for Nethery as well before bringing out both piping-hot dishes from the kitchen.

This was the only point in the day where Blacky would not be sleeping. With both its paws on the table, Blacky used both of its doggy eyes to stare at the Sweet 'n' Sour ribs in Bu Fang's hands.

Nethery's appearance was almost similar to Blacky's. She had the same anticipating look in her eyes as she looked at the food in Bu Fang's hand. It could be said that the most blissful moment in their life was when they were eating.

Looking at Nethery and Blacky, who were devouring the food with a delighted expression on their face, the corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upwards.

He went back to the kitchen to cook himself a steamer full of Golden Shumai and he ate them slowly. After cleaning up, he walked out of the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

Still holding on to the restaurant advertisement board, Bu Fang yawned a few times as he walked toward the central plaza in Heavenly Mist City.

The competition of the top 100 in the Magical Hand Conference was finally going to begin!

As Bu Fang was walking toward the central plaza, he encountered many people. Bu Fang's fame in the competition wasn't small at all. After all, anyone who had the abilities to enter the competition of the top 100 would definitely be noticed. On top of that, after creating so much trouble in the competition in the elimination rounds, Bu Fang was well recognized.

After all, he was the only chef among all the alchemists...

He was given the title, the public enemy of the alchemists! How could he not attract attention?

"Owner Bu, you can do it! Enter the top 50! Believe in yourself! You are the dark horse in the competition!"

"If a chef enters the top 50 in the Magical Hand Conference, things will definitely get interesting!"

"Owner Bu, even if your opponent is Sorceress An Sheng, don't be sad! You can try again in the next competition!"

...

Along the way, those who recognized Bu Fang smiled and greeted him.

Bu Fang simply nodded his head in response. His face remained expressionless as usual.

Before long, a series of steel buildings appeared in Bu Fang's field of vision. Each and every one of them was extremely tall as they reached into the skies. It gave people a sense of oppression.

Walking through the tunnel below the buildings, Bu Fang arrived at the central plaza.

In the instant he walked out of the tunnel, it seemed as though he walked into a sea of light. Bu Fang instantly narrowed his eyes. Before long, the glare from the light disappeared, and he was able to clearly look at the scene in front of him.

The noise from the crowd could shatter the clouds and Bu Fang felt a little dazzled.

There were people shouting loudly in the plaza and heads were bobbing about. The crowd seemed extremely excited about the competition which was about to take place.

The number of people who were there to watch the competition was extremely large. It was much more than the previous elimination rounds. After all, this was a competition of the top 100. It would be much more exciting than the elimination rounds. The crowd had high expectations for this round of the competition.

The arrangement in the central plaza experienced some changes.

However, the changes were not large. The original eight arenas were simply reduced to five arenas. There were also no audience members standing around the individual arenas.

Perhaps, to improve the audience viewing experience, there was a copper fence which encircled the outer region of the five arenas. The audience stand was outside the copper fence and the packed crowd found their seats before long. They beamed with delight.

Bu Fang lugged around his advertisement board as he stayed in his original position. He looked a little lost.

"Old Bu! Over here! I am over here!"

Just as Bu Fang was in a daze, a shout came from afar. Nangong Wuque waved his hand at Bu Fang continuously as he signaled for Bu Fang to walk over.

Carrying his advertisement board, Bu Fang went near him.

Around Nangong Wuque, there were many people who wore high-class alchemists' robes and their hands were hidden in their sleeves. They had arrogant looks on their faces.

When they heard Nangong Wuque shouting, all of them turned to look at Bu Fang.

A young man who was carrying an advertising board around... Could it be that this was the chef who caused a huge ruckus in the elimination rounds?

He was the public enemy of the alchemists who caused many of them to be eliminated?

Today, it was extremely easy for people to recognize Bu Fang. All they had to do was to find someone who was carrying a board in the crowd. That person was the legendary public enemy of the alchemists.

"Nangong Wuque.... You have really fallen to a new low. You actually mix around with this kind of people."

One of the alchemists laughed out loud as he swept his gaze which was full of disdain across Bu Fang. He turned to Nangong Wuque with a similar gaze.

Many of the other surrounding alchemists didn't bother to hide their sarcastic remarks.

Although they heard of Bu Fang and his title, which was the public enemy of the alchemists, they didn't personally witness Bu Fang's feats. They had no idea just how terrifying Bu Fang actually was.

After all, as alchemists, they wouldn't pay attention to a mere chef.

As a chef, he was only able to cook some dishes. Was he really able to defy heaven's will? Using underhanded means to reach the top 100 in the Magical Hand Conference... Could he really rise to the heavens?

Alchemists were the people who had the noblest occupation in the Hidden Dragon Continent. If a mere chef was able to bring them down, how were they supposed to call themselves alchemists?

Nangong Wuque simply ignored all of them and their snide remarks. After all, these people were frogs in a well. How could the dishes cooked by Old Bu be compared to ordinary dishes?

They had no idea how terrifying Bu Fang's culinary arts were.

"I heard that the opponent for this chef is Sorceress An Sheng? Hehe..."

"What a pity, to meet Sorceress An Sheng in the first round of the Top 100 competition, he is really an unlucky person!"

"Do all of you think that he will be the fastest person to be eliminated in this round? Now, that will be something interesting... Anyway, it's already an absolute honor for a chef to make it into the top 100."

As the alchemists talked to each other, their conversations gradually heated up.

Naturally, many of them were looking down on Bu Fang. Sorceress An Sheng was someone who had a chance to enter the top 10 in the Magical Hand Conference. For someone to meet her in the first round, it was really a depressing event.

All of them felt that Bu Fang was extremely pitiful.

As Bu Fang looked at the alchemists with an expressionless face, he felt somewhat speechless when they heard how they were laughing at him.

Why were all these fellows so self-opinionated? Was this the trait of all alchemists?

"Old Bu, just ignore them. Focus on the competition. Isn't your opponent just big breast An? There's nothing to be afraid of, just do your best!" Nangong Wuque consoled Bu Fang.

The laughter of the alchemists was increasing in volume and as their discussion became more heated, they attracted glares from the other participants.

Other than those alchemists who experienced Bu Fang's might, the rest of the participants started to laugh at him.

All of a sudden, the sound of laughter stopped. It was because they saw the figure walking toward them.

It was an extremely hot figure which attracted everyone's attention. Even her baggy alchemist robe wasn't able to hide her body. There were curves where there were supposed to be curves and her extremely large chest was impossible to hide.

The audience sucked in a cold breath.

Speaking of the devil... Sorceress An Sheng arrived when they were talking about her. She was the most talented alchemist in Heavenly Pill City!

In the Magical Hand Conference, there was a high chance for her to enter the top 10. She was both talented and beautiful! She was the dream girl of all alchemists. However, she was as fierce as she was talented... Despite that, there were many men who fell helplessly in love with her.

The fire in the alchemists' eyes burned brighter as they ogled at Sorceress An Sheng's body. Their hearts were thumping in their chests. It was probably because Sorceress An Sheng was walking toward them.

Perhaps this goddess heard what they said and agreed with them. Maybe she wanted to join them and encourage them?

As Sorceress An Sheng walked over, the slit in her alchemist gown revealed her long white thighs. It brought forth much desire.

Her charming appearance caused many people to swallow a mouthful of saliva.

Here! She was finally close to them!

Many people could smell a faint fragrance in the air which came from Sorceress An Sheng. It was a really nice smell.

All the alchemists became agitated. Seeing Sorceress An Sheng, they opened their mouths as they wanted to say something. However, none of them said anything as the words were stuck in their throats.

With their eyes wide open, expressions of disbelief hung on their faces. Something which they never expected happened. Sorceress An Sheng completely ignored them as she walked directly toward Bu Fang who was holding his advertising board. A beautiful smile blossomed on her face when she saw him.



"Owner Bu, good morning!" Sorceress An Sheng greeted him with a smile on her face.

Bu Fang held the board with a single hand as he nodded his head at Sorceress An Sheng.

"Yesterday, after eating Owner Bu's dish, my little heart was jumping for the entire night! It was really delicious..."

Sorceress An Sheng narrowed her eyes as her body slowly leaned closer to Bu Fang. Her chest juggled a little bit.

Nangong Wuque's hair stood on end as he stared at Bu Fang with bright eyes.

Before Nangong Wuque could do anything, Sorceress An Sheng gave him a slap on the face and pushed him away from Bu Fang's side.

"Owner Bu, what dish will you be cooking today? I am afraid... I'm afraid that I won't be able to defeat you... Can you give me a little hint?" Sorceress An Sheng used her gentle voice to ask.

The tone of her voice... It made Nangong Wuque's hair stand on end as goosebumps appeared all over his body.

What was going on... This woman was definitely trying to pull something. She was actually talking to Bu Fang with such a gentle voice?

The surrounding alchemists stared at the scene in front of them with their eyes wide open. Their face was filled with disbelief. What in the world was going on? Could someone tell them what was going on?

What did Goddess An Sheng mean? With her skills and abilities, she didn't need to spy on her opponent.

Bu Fang placed his board down on the ground as he shot a glance at Sorceress An Sheng. With a twitch of his mouth, he secretly said, "This time, I'm going to cook an elegant and noble dish. It's cooked with mankind's original way of cooking and it's not really a dish. Instead, it's a delicacy which fuses different tastes..."

Even though Bu Fang said a lot, Sorceress An Sheng didn't understand a single word he said.

Nangong Wuque was also in a daze. Elegant dish? Mankind's original way of cooking? What the f\*ck, wasn't he just bullshitting?

Bu Fang knitted his eyebrows as he looked at Sorceress An Sheng mysteriously. His look couldn't be explained with words.

Sorceress An Sheng's face twitched. Why did it feel like Bu Fang's face was asking to be beaten?

However, this scene caused the audience to suck in a cold breath.

Sorceress An Sheng actually went to ask this chef what dish he was going to cook. Did it mean that she wasn't confident in herself?

Could it be that this chef was really terrifying?

There were doubts in the minds of the alchemists. Every one of them was extremely confident in their profession. They were noble alchemists! How could they lose to a mere chef?

The art of refining pills was extremely profound!

How could the art of cooking be compared to alchemy?

Dong!

The deafening sound of a bell rang in the ears of everyone.

The ringing came from a bronze clock which was placed on a golden warship in the sky.

An elderly alchemist placed a hand on the large clock and used his other hand to support himself.

"All of the participants are to gather! The competition of the top 100 is about to begin!"

Chapter 512 The Public Enemy of the Alchemists is Going to be Defeated?!

"I hereby announce... the commencement of the Top 100 showdown of the Magical Hand Conference. Would all participants gather at the First Arena."

The deep voice echoed throughout the entire central plaza, resonating within everyone's ears. Together with an accompanying ticking clock sound, it continued blasting its message!

Within a heartbeat, the central plaza was filled with the deafening roar of the audience, each of them equally excited about the commencement. The ruckus threatened by them seemed to penetrate the heavens themselves as they reverberated through to the horizon.

"Finally, it's going to begin. I cannot bear waiting a moment longer!"

"The showdown is finally about to start! I want my Goddess An!"

"Haha! I've been looking forward to this for a long time. My Senior Brother Mu Bai is the best!"

...

The faces in the audience were filled with excitement and delight while they chatted non-stop. Among this crowd, there were some who were alchemists while there were some who were not. However, they all had an idol they admired.

Within the Pill Palace, refining elixirs had long ago formed a trend of its own, and that was the reason for the Magical Hand Conference.

The professions of Doctor and Poison Master were created by those who did not possess talent in refining pills but still sought after that prized title of Alchemist. Because the Pill Palace didn't reject such talents, the Magical Hand Conference had a category for such special talents.

However, at its core, the Magical Hand Conference was still the main stage for alchemists. This was where alchemists showcased their worth.

It had to be said, however, that art of Doctors and Poison Master were not part of the orthodoxy of pill refining. Their struggles were nothing than the opening acts to set the stage for the Alchemists to bloom.

This time there was no judge who asked Bu Fang what he was going to cook. For that, Sorceress An Sheng couldn't help but lament that slim wasted chance, in her heart, she was reluctant.

A stream of people soon arrived at the first arena. Due to Bu Fang, there were only 91 contestants in this top 100 showdown. However, this was a competition dedicated to the top 100, it wouldn't stand to have only 91 contestants. Hence, within that three days period, a revival round was held to help select the other nine contestants.

Finally, the remaining nine contestants were selected.

Among the nine was a certain Senior Brother Liu who was eliminated due to Bu Fang. Although this Senior Brother was still depressed, his eye revealed a glimmer of restored confidence.

On the arena stage, Senior Brother Liu, Senior Brother Zhang and Duan Yun were standing together. As they eyed Bu Fang, each of their facial expressions differed wildly from each other.

Senior Brother Zhang's eyes reflected the deep apprehension within himself. He narrowly managed to advance in the elimination round with Bu Fang inside. He was clearly aware of Bu Fang's strength. Even now there remained some lingering fear in his heart.

Duan Yun, on the other hand, was excited. To be able to see Owner Bu in Heavenly Mist City was a serendipitous surprise for him.

Senior Brother Liu's glare toward Bu Fang was that of an angry wolf. He swore he would take revenge against the person who brought so much humiliation to him!

At first, Bu Fang was slightly taken aback by each of the gazes they threw at him. However, he promptly and solemnly nodded his head as a greeting.

On the audience stand, Ximen Xuan, back taut with the weight of the heavy sword strapped to his back, found a seat for himself and sat down.

"Brother Ximen, to think you had the mood to come down and watch the competition?"

By coincidence, Xiao He was seated not far from Ximen Xuan, and he smiled towards Ximen Xuan.

Ximen Xuan rolled his eye, as the corners of his mouth uttered a word.

Xiao He was stunned and later he became enraged.

Creep...

What's a grown man like you doing uttering such words!? Just because you whispered them doesn't mean that I couldn't hear them.

Xiao He was livid! To be called a creep by a beautiful lady was one matter, but to be called that by a grown man... he was almost ready to erupt.

However, Xiao He could only keep this grievance in his heart.

Three days ago at Cloud Mist Restaurant, he had eaten Owner Bu's Red Braised Meat. That amazing taste... even now he could still feel its seductive hands wrap around him refusing to let go. There was just nothing that could resist such a temptation. Thus, he ended up spending the next three days at Owner Bu's restaurant.

Now that Owner Bu had wound up taking part in the competition, he decided to have a look out of sheer curiosity.

As for Ximen Xuan, the situation was almost the same for him.

However, when Xiao He asked him the previous day whether he wanted to come along, Ximen Xuan strictly refused. Yet today he still came and even sat beside Xiao He. Awkward...

On the arena stage, a few shadows could be seen floating down from a warship.

These were the judges for this entire Magical Hand Conference and the overall in-charge of this competition, with startling levels of cultivation.

Grand Master Gu He was always smiling, like an amiable old child.

Grand Master Xuan Ming was one of Heavenly Mist City's Four-Cloud Alchemist. With his esteemed status, he was also the main person in charge; every important detail of the competition went through him.

"Three days have gone by. I hope your preparations have gone smoothly. The top 100 competition is about to start. You will soon face off against your own respective opponents. Showcase your true strength! After all... throughout each round of this competition, only one will make it through to the Magical Hand Conference Top 50!"

Grand Master Xian Ming's solemn voice boomed in the air as he floated mid-air, long robes fluttering majestically with the winds. Coupled with the resounding snaps of his otherworldly garments, he seemed to project an aura of a resplendent immortal.

The contestants within the First Arena started to stir with excitement.

"I assume everyone present should already be aware of their opponent's identity since three days ago. Now will be the time to ballot the order of the matches... Will everyone direct your gaze to the array over there?"

Grand Master Xuan Ming waved his hand toward the back of his body.

The judges situated at the four corners of the arena nodded their heads at the same time as True Energy surged out from their bodies and entered the crystals which were situated inside the array.



Whoosh...

A rumbling sound could be heard as pillars of light shot into the sky from the four corners of the array. As the light gathered together, it formed a light curtain which covered the entire sky. It was as though countless stars were twinkling in the sky.

While everything was happening...

In both the Pill Towers of both Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City, a ray of light charged into the sky. As the light beam covered the sky, a blurred image appeared.

Initially, the image was extremely blurred. However, it started to align and eventually became clearer.

Looking at the clear image, the central plaza of Sky Mist City could be seen.

Wow...

The whole crowd was surprised as the scene in front of them was too awesome. The audience was amazed.

The art of array creation was extremely profound as well. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the art of creating arrays was more difficult than the art of refining pills. The array which was currently employed was a projection array. Even though it didn't possess strong attacking abilities, it was much more difficult to set up compared to ordinary arrays.

Following that, Grand Master Xuan Ming continued his speech.

As the light curtain in the sky started to change, pairs of names started to appear.

Two names would appear beside each other and it was clear that they were competing against each other.

Searching for his name, Bu Fang found it before long. It was located with a bunch of other names.

The name beside his was someone called An Sheng.

"Hmm... It seems like we are going to compete against each other in the third match in the first arena. Owner Bu, why don't you reveal a little bit of information about your dish to big sister?" Sorceress An Sheng spoke gently into Bu Fang's ear.

As the fragrance of An Sheng's perfume assaulted Bu Fang's nose, he knitted his brows. He completely ignored sorceress An Sheng.

Once everyone found their competition schedule, they scattered from the first arena.

There were five bronze arenas and there were people allocated to every one of them. They were prepared to battle it out with their opponent in order to determine the better alchemist.

As Bu Fang was only competing in the third match, he carried his advertisement board as he left the arena.

This time, Sorceress An Sheng didn't follow behind him as she seriously prepared herself for the refinement of her elixir. Maybe she realized that she wouldn't be able to discover any weakness on Bu Fang.

...

Bu Fang scanned across the different arenas and he chanced upon a familiar figure.

The person whom he saw was someone who possessed more muscle than a typical man. It was Yang Meiji who had been missing for many days as she was forced by Master Xuan Bei to undergo secular training.

She managed to enter the Top 100 competition and her opponent was a pretty alchemist, although, when compared to Sorceress An Sheng, Yang Meiji's opponent paled in comparison. However, if one were to compare Yang Meiji's opponent to herself... Cough cough!

Still, as soon the match begun, many surprised gasps were directed to Yang Meiji's arena.

Nangong Wuque who was seated beside Bu Fang strained his eye as his entire body became tense.

"Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame? Nine Hell King Flame?"

Nangong Wuque sucked in a breath of cold air. An expression of disbelief appeared on his face.

Nine Hell King Flame... It was the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame which belonged to him, it used to be his partner.

However, ever since that dog, Nangong Xuanhe, extracted it away, Nangong Wuque had lost all connection to it. He never expected to see the Nine Hell King Flame at this time.

The expression on Nangong Wuque's face became solemn.

With the Nine Hell King Flame, Yang Meiji's strength in refining pills had improved by leaps and bounds. As her alchemy fire countered the opponent's alchemy fire, she completely defeated her opponent, advancing to the next round.

After obtaining victory, her heart fluttered with joy. Looking at where Bu Fang was standing, she suddenly noticed that Nangong Wuque, who was seated beside Bu Fang, was looking at her. Her little heart almost leapt out from her mouth.

"Mister Nangong is looking at me? I am so touched..."

A shy expression appeared on Yang Meiji's face as she ran out of the arena, embarrassed.

The audience looked at the arena with a startled expression.

As the progress of the competition was pretty quick, Bu Fang's turn quickly arrived.

Standing up, Bu Fang brought along his advertisement board as he walked onto the first arena.

"Owner Bu, do your best! It's not embarrassing to lose to Big B\*obs An!" Nangong Wuque shouted with excitement.

Bu Fang glared at him with an urge to slap his face... Just who was he cheering for?

As Bu Fang went up the arena stage, the audience became delighted. Many audience members rushed toward the first arena where Bu Fang was competing!

To think there was a chef among all the alchemist!

This was simply too exciting!

"He is finally competing! Hahaha!"

"The public enemy of the alchemists... Tremble with fear you alchemists"

"I've been looking forward to Owner Bu creating a miracle! How cool would it be if a chef managed to enter the top 50 in the Magical Hand Conference?"

...

The crowd was full of anticipation for what Bu Fang, the dark horse, was about to achieve. Of course, many of them were excited since they didn't know who was Bu Fang's opponent. Only a handful knew that Sorceress An Sheng was Bu Fang's opponent.

As Sorceress An Sheng, with her voluptuous figure, leaped onto the arena, the audience members entered a stunned silence. In the next instant, the audience erupted into heated discussions.

Oh my God! Owner Bu's opponent is Sorceress An Sheng?

Was the biggest dark horse in the competition of Magical Hands, the public enemy of all alchemists, going to be defeated by Sorceress An Sheng?

Chapter 513 Mighty Barbeque, Begin!!

With every step she took, her hips swayed, her hair fluttered, and her loose alchemist robe failed to hide her seductive body.

Sorceress An Sheng leisurely walked up the stage with elegant steps. She narrowed her eyes and looked at Bu Fang, who was carrying his giant signboard.

The corners of her mouth curled upwards, and a glimmer of light flickered within her eyes. She gazed at him so intently, it was as though she had fallen into a trance.

The audience was about to go crazy...

None of them had thought that Sorceress An Sheng would appear on the stage so soon. Furthermore, her opponent was the public enemy of all alchemists—someone who was in the

limelight lately. Never would the members of the audience have guessed that Bu Fang would face An Sheng in the competition of the top 100. However, that was what had occurred.

"Are my eyes playing tricks on me? The opponent of my Goddess An is actually the darkest horse in the Magical Hand Conference!"

"Amazing! This is really exciting!"

"I was originally rooting for the chef. I really want to see that dark horse create another miracle, but... I don't want Goddess An to lose!"

...

The cheers from the audience did not cease. They were all so excited that their faces were flushed.

The audience members who supported Bu Fang were no longer loyal to their cause; the moment they realized that Sorceress An Sheng was Bu Fang's opponent, they began to support her instead. Thunderous roars erupted from the stands, amplified by the soaring emotions of the hot-blooded men in the audience.

"Do your best Goddess An! F\*ck this smelly chef up!"

"Goddess An, you are my idol! You have to win!"

"Evil can't defeat justice, after all! Goddess An, you have to get justice for us alchemists! F\*ck him up really bad!"

...

The roars from the audience did not cease, and they all seemed to echo their support for the same person. They were all supporting Sorceress An Sheng; no one cheered for Bu Fang.

Was that the power of beauty?

"An Sheng!"

"An Sheng!"

Every gaze was focused on the first stage, and every mouth was screaming An Sheng's name.

The momentum emanating from the audience was so imposing that one would pee in their pants if they did not possess a strong heart.

At the table of the judicators, Grand Master Gu He looked around, with a smile, feeling quite satisfied. As his disciple, An Sheng, had garnered so much support from the audience, it impacted positively on his reputation because he was her teacher.



"Hehe... Old Gu, An Sheng is your disciple right? Her popularity is through the roof!" Grand Master Yao Guang from Heavenly Shine City lightly said as he turned his head and glanced at Gu He, whose mouth was about to split from smiling too much.

"Not too bad; that girl has a great body. That's why she has attracted everyone's attention. As for her alchemy skills... it's a little worse than Mu Bai's and the others'," Gu He said with a smile. He was now grinning so broadly that his eyes seemed like lines.

"Mu Bai and the other little geniuses are the future of our Pill Palace. Although this little lass, An Sheng, is pretty good, she still needs a lot of practice."

"Haven't you noticed? The opponent of that lass An Sheng... It seems he is the chef who has been causing a huge commotion the past few days," Grand Master Xuan Ming looked over at the conversing grandmasters and said.

Although Bu Fang was only a chef, he was still someone from Heavenly Mist City. Hence, the grandmaster had to pay attention to him and not neglect him.

The number of contestants from the Heavenly Mist City who advanced into the top 100 was very little. A chef from their city had caused an upset and entered the top 100; it was a development that brought excitement to Heavenly Mist City.

"It... It's really him!"

"It seems this is the end of the road for this dark house. For him to meet An Sheng, tsk tsk..."

"Oh ho, this isn't bad! It's time for An Sheng to stop this chef from going any further. She can crush his spirit right here since he dared to challenge the noble art that is alchemy," many judicators said.

Grand Master Xuan Ming was speechless.

...

"Owner Bu... please go easy on me. This big sister is afraid that you'll hurt me."

Sorceress An Sheng, who was standing in front of Bu Fang, had a smile on her face. When she raised her head, her lush lips parted slightly, and a charming voice escaped her mouth, closely followed by a faint fragrance. The chief judge, who was also in charge of the arena, had an awkward look on his face when he witnessed the scene.

This woman... She was basically a disaster!

That's right! The judicator for this match was the chief judge who had eaten Bu Fang's dishes twice. He had volunteered to be the judge for this match because he had already been completely captivated by Bu Fang's cooking.

"Oh... I will restrain myself," Bu Fang replied with an expressionless face.

Sorceress An Sheng was shocked for a moment. The chief judge was stunned as well.

You actually f\*cking replied her seriously? This woman was obviously teasing you! How can you take her words seriously?

The chief judge was at a loss for words.

Sorceress An Sheng began to giggle. The twin peaks on her chest bounced without stopping.

"Wow!"

The audience reacted to the scene with cries of excitement.

Really terrifying!

Their eyes were opened wide, and they screamed at the top of their lungs; after all, the scene in front of them was enough to cause them to bleed from their noses.

They watched Sorceress An Sheng raise her leg and walk closer to Bu Fang. Her wavy hair fell past her shoulders as she stood on her tiptoes. She leaned close to Bu Fang and exhaled a breath of fragrant air into his ear.

The intimate scene caused the audience to shriek with excitement even more!

The chief judge was stunned for a moment, but he was quick to get himself and hurriedly coughed. This stage was for the competition, not for people to show their love for each other.

"This... please return to your respective bronze platforms. We are about to start the competition," the chief judge said.

Sorceress An Sheng hopped backward when she heard the chief judge's words. As she backed away, she had a beautiful smile which mesmerized the audience.

Bu Fang gave her a placid glance, and the corners of his mouth curled upwards. He raised his giant signboard with one arm and turned around. Then, he walked toward the bronze platform that was allocated to him.

"That woman... is she crazy? Whispering that softly... what was she even saying?" Bu Fang was speechless. When An Sheng leaned close to his ear, she did not say a single word. He did not know what she was playing at.

Bu Fang placed the giant signboard onto his bronze platform with a loud bang, then turned to face the audience.

The projection array captured that scene and displayed it at all the Pill Cities.

Both Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City saw the suggestive scene that had just happened in Heavenly Mist City.

The scene made the spectators in the other Pill Cities raise an uproar!

The three words, "Cloud Mist Restaurant", appeared in the Pill Cities for the first time.

Sorceress An Sheng walked to the bronze platform that was assigned to her, and a serious expression instantly appeared on her face.

Her opponent was Bu Fang—someone she knew had some skills—so she did not dare slack off. It was not an exaggeration to say that the dishes Bu Fang cooked were comparable to her elixirs.

There was even a trace of fear in her heart that she would be eliminated in this round...

Hence, a sense of crisis washed over her.

Buzz!

She waved her hand, and a buzzing sound permeated the air. A shadow flickered, and a bronze furnace crashed onto her bronze platform with a loud bang. This alchemy furnace had a mysterious structure. There were many lines which were carved onto its surface. It looked simple and imposing.

She raised her head and looked at Bu Fang, who was standing in place in the distance, and he seemed to be in a daze. Then she heaved in a deep breathe of air and took out a pink piece of cloth. She used it to tie up her wavy hair. It seemed as though she was used to tying up her hair.

Sorceress An Sheng let out a light breath and began to refine her elixir.

Her slender fingers formed a few seals, and she instantly fired out several handprints. Her handprints were filled with true qi, and they bombarded the furnace, causing it to shake. The lines inscribed on the furnace began to move as though they had come alive.

Fire control technique!

Green flames suddenly lit up on An Sheng's hands, and everyone watching sucked in deep breathes of cold air.

The fire in her hand burned at an extremely high temperature. Although it wasn't a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, the green flame's temperature wasn't far from that of a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame. The only thing An Sheng's fire lacked was intelligence.

Boom!

With a loud blast, the green flames surged into the sky. On its ascent, the flames seemed to pierce the heavens as though it turned into a warbler. The green flames promptly rushed back into the alchemy furnace. Its entry was so forcefully, it seemed as though it would explode inside the furnace.

After An Sheng demonstrated her cool fire control technique, the audience cheered. They enjoyed watching how alchemists controlled flames.

When the audience saw the green flames dancing about, they felt as though they were admiring a beautiful painting.

The flames raged on, and green light illuminated the surrounding. The temperature in the furnace kept rising.

As the temperature in the furnace rose, An Sheng raised her hand and took out different kinds of spirit herbs from her spatial tool.

She placed each spirit herbs onto the bronze platform, which was soon filled to the brim.

When the audience detected the spirit energy emanating from the high-level spirit herbs, their eyes widened; they had found it incredible!

The levels of these herbs were too high! From this, they could tell that the elixir An Sheng wanted to refine would not be an ordinary one. It was possible that she wanted to refine a two-mark spirit pill!

Furthermore, it may not be an ordinary two-mark spirit pill but a superior two-mark spirit pill.

Did she really plan to refine such a high-level pill in the first round of the top 100?

Goddess An... Had she gone crazy?

No one understood her intentions. They felt as though their view of the world was refreshed. Could An Sheng be taking that chef seriously?

The chief judge sucked in a deep breath of cold air. When he looked at the ingredients An Sheng would use to refine elixir, his pupils dilated.

He was a three-cloud alchemist, and he could tell the elixir that An Sheng planned to refine...

"She is going to refine a two-mark spirit pill, the Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill!"

The chief judge found it incredible that An Sheng planned to refine such a pill. He looked at her and saw that she had a dignified expression on her face.

Her serious expression... made the chief judge feel extremely pressured.

It seemed Sorceress An Sheng was taking that seriously! Taking the round seriously was probably the correct decision.

The chef she was up against was no ordinary chef. Being able to charge into the top 100 showed that the chef was extraordinary.

The chief judge still missed the taste of Bu Fang's dishes. Even though the dishes were delicious, the chief judge was more surprised about the terrifying effects of the dishes; they were all ridiculously good. The dishes had even reached the level of spirit pills.

Thinking about it... What did it mean for a dish to be at the same level a spirit pill was?

It meant that this chef was at the same level as a one-cloud alchemist!



As Sorceress An Sheng concentrated on her preparations, Bu Fang woke from his reverie with a start. He turned and began to prepare for the dish he planned to cook.

Green smoke twirled around his hand, and the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok landed on the bronze platform with a loud bang, which caused the platform to tremble.

After taking out the knife and the wok, Bu Fang brought out a wire mesh and several crystals of fine color from the system's dimensional storage.

He placed the crystals into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and laid the wire mesh atop the wok, then he moved away to prepare other things.

Bu Fang began to take out different ingredients from the system's dimensional storage. Every time he took out a different ingredient, the audience would murmur in astonishment. Some people in the audience even sucked in cold breaths of air!

"What is this chef trying to do? He filled the wok up with crystals... How is he going to cook? Is he messing around?"

"This seems weird... Could it be that he will not be cooking anything?"

"Didn't you guys look at the ingredients he took out? They seem to be high-grade ingredients!"

...

The audience members wore muddled expressions on their faces. Even the chief judge looked confused. He had no idea what Bu Fang planned to do...

After placing his ingredients onto his bronze platform, Bu Fang clapped both of his hands once and breathed out lightly.

"The preparations are done... The mighty barbeque is about to begin."

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upwards, and right in front of the shocked expressions of the audience members, he spat out a mouthful of golden Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames.

The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames entered the bottom of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, and the crystals within the wok instantly turned bright red. It was obvious that they had been heated to a high temperature. Dense spirit energy and a wave of hot air began to surge outward!

Chapter 514 Tens Of Thousands Of People Watching You Make Skewers?

Alchemists had always considered Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flames extremely precious objects. There was no alchemist who did not wish they had one. Every time a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame appeared, many alchemists would set their sights on it.

Bu Fang's Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame was resplendent. It emitted a bright golden light and resembled a miniature golden sun. Countless people were immersed in the golden brilliance emanating from the golden Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame.

In the judicators' seats, several grandmasters instantly sat up straight, and their pupils dilated.

"Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame? This little chef actually has a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?"

"Incredible... How did a chef manage to subdue a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?"

"Its flames are golden and do not seem weak in the slightest. Although it isn't a peak-level Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, it's still a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame. For a chef to use it to cook, he really is recklessly wasting god's gifts!"

...

The grandmasters furrowed their brows as they verbally expressed their heartaches.

As for how precious a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame was, they were extremely clear on that; after all, they were grandmaster alchemists. Even at their level, there were some who did not possess a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame.

However, the brat in front of them was actually using a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame to cook dishes...

It was frustrating to compare themselves to others!

Bu Fang, however, had an indifferent expression on his face as he spouted out the golden Ten Thousand Bestial Flames. As soon the flame soared into the wok, the crystals instantly became red-hot; they seemed close to melting. The heat surging out of the wok was so hot, it made the air above distort visibly.

The iron mesh used to cover the top of the wok had also turned red-hot because of the heat surging out from the wok.

What was Owner Bu going to cook this time?

Why did no one understand what he was doing?

The audience was confused and muddled... Did he just fill the wok with crystals and burned them all? Too extravagant... wastrel! Had he done all that just to act cool?

Was he making dishes? He seemed to be wasting money!

The audience members sucked in breaths of cold air, and pained expressions appeared on their faces.

While the crystals were burning in the wok, Bu Fang's hand shook, and the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife twirled deftly in what resembled a dance. It spun around in Bu Fang's hand as he displayed his cutting skills.

The bronze platform was filled with different ingredients, and they were all amazing.

Many audience members who knew the worth of the ingredients sucked in cold breaths when their gazes shifted to the bronze platform. Those were all high grade ingredients!

The combined spirit energy surging from these ingredients was comparable to the spirit energy surging from Sorceress An Sheng's side...

The meat of supreme beasts, ninth grade spirit ingredients, and even some strange spirit herbs... Bu Fang laid them all out, and they were enough to fill a table.

With the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in his grip, Bu Fang began to process the ingredients. He sliced open the supreme beast meat and made a few incisions atop it, then he skewered them with purple bamboo branches which he had previously prepared. Bu Fang placed the completed skewers to the side.

He took out a spirit fruit which was as large as a bowl. The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife twirled gracefully in Bu Fang's hand once again, and he carved the spirit fruit into something that resembled a blooming flower, using his intricate knife skills and carving skills. He proceeded to remove the useless parts of the spirit fruit before horizontally slicing it into two halves. He skewered each half with purple bamboo branches and set them aside.

...

Since the ingredients filled up his bronze platform, Bu Fang took quite some time to process them all.

On the opposite side, Sorceress An Sheng had already fully immersed herself in her refinement. Her clothes fluttered around as she focused fully on her actions. Her eyes glowed as the energy in her body rolled around, then it seemed to permeate the furnace.

As the alchemic fire burned, the bronze furnace began to glow red. Roars came from inside the bronze furnace, and every one of them sounded like thunderclaps. The sounds were deafening.

The members of the audience were vaguely able to see the interior of the bronze furnace. They saw crystal-clear medicinal liquid rolling around within it. The medicinal liquid looked extremely pure.

This showed that Sorceress An Sheng was well adept at the purification of medicinal liquid.

When their gazes shifted over to Bu Fang's side, they saw him unhurriedly skewering his ingredients. He didn't seem worried at all.

The more they looked at Bu Fang, the more they considered his chances of winning slim.

Was it because he had met Goddess An? The audience members believed that Bu Fang would be unable to create any more miracles...

Goddess An's elixir was about to be completed. What was the chef doing? He was making skewers! Couldn't he make these skewers at home?

Tens of thousands of people watched a chef make skewers on the stage... They all considered his actions were weird and funny at the same time!

The chief judge was somewhat puzzled and embarrassed at the same time. He didn't know what Bu Fang was doing, and that made him suspicious.

The events on stage were being broadcast to the other Pill Cities by the projection array. Why wasn't this chef giving his all at this critical time?

He would make himself a laughing stock!

Well, that was true. The audience members from Heavenly Pill City, who were watching the competition from the projection array, had been rendered speechless. Some of them sneered at Bu Fang, ridiculing him.

"What is he doing? Why is there such a weirdo in this Magical Hand Conference?"

"How did this clown make his way into the top 100?"

"A chef will always be a chef... Compared to alchemists, they are much worse. There is no competition."

...

The people watching from the Heavenly Pill City naturally supported Sorceress An Sheng. Hence, they did not hide the contempt they had for Bu Fang; they openly sneered and ridiculed his actions.

The same thing was happening in Heavenly Shine City. None of them had seen Bu Fang compete before, so they were unaware of the sensational dishes Bu Fang had cooked in the past.

As they watched him work, they considered him comical.

Even the judicators felt some regret; they never thought that this chef would be so mediocre. They had been waiting for him to surprise them, but that did not happen.

Instead, Sorceress An Sheng, who had become serious, performed much better than usual. They saw how exceptionally skilled she was at the purification of medicinal liquid.

"Are all his dishes prepared like that? He will never be able to show the effects of pharmacodynamic integration. How can a dish prepared by this guy be comparable to an elixir?" Grand Master Gu He laughed as he watched Bu Fang process the ingredients.

"What underserved fame... It seems he was just lucky to advance into the top 100."

Grand Master Yao Guang glanced at Bu Fang and laughed scornfully. Initially, he thought that Bu Fang was a dark horse, but now that he watched the chef work, he believed that the crowd had exaggerated the extent of Bu Fang's abilities.

Nangong Wuque had an anxious look on his face, but he also felt a little disappointed as he watched Bu Fang.

"What is Old Bu doing? Why isn't he cooking? If this goes on, he won't be able to show anything before he loses!"

As Nangong Wuque was panicking, a group of alchemists appeared beside him. They watched the events unfolding on the stage and sneered at Bu Fang.

"Indeed... It's like I said; how can a chef compete against alchemists?"



"Look at what he is doing. He is making skewers... Is there someone in the world who does not know how to do that? What kind of skills does he need?"

"He thinks that he will be able to fight against elixirs with a few skewers? This kid is still too young..."

...

When Nangong Wuque heard the mocking statements, he frowned at the alchemists beside him in anger.

"Pei pei... Looks like this chef is going to be eliminated in this round. That Nangong Wuque who lost his Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame... won't be able to go far either."

Nangong Wuque heaved in a deep breath, and after he turned to face the alchemists, who were full of themselves, he said, "Take care of yourselves... I'll see you on stage, and I'll make sure to take care of you pieces of trash with rubbish alchemy skills. Hehe."

The alchemists were stunned silent for a moment before flying into a rage. In fury, they flared at Nangong Wuque.

However, Nangong Wuque snorted and looked away, no longer bothering himself with the clowns. His gaze shifted back to the stage, and he watched Bu Fang prepare his dish. He was extremely clear about Bu Fang's cooking abilities. None of the dishes Bu Fang made were simple. He was prepared for everything.

It was at that moment that Bu Fang finally finished preparing all his skewers.

"Finally done skewering all the ingredients..." Bu Fang looked at all the skewers in front of him, and the corners of his lips curled upwards.

Preparing everything was indeed a troublesome step.

After his preparations, Bu Fang tilted his hand and looked at the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. He stretched out his hand above the wok, and the wave of hot air made him quickly retract his hand.

"En... Not too bad." Bu Fang nodded contentedly. The temperature was just right.

When his gaze shifted to the red-hot crystals in the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, his heart lurched. These things burning were crystals!

Bu Fang proceeded to grab some supreme beast meat skewers. The skewered meat was red and really fresh, and they all had lines all over them.

Chi! Chi! Chi! Chi!

He placed the meat on the iron mesh, and sizzling sounds filled the air. Smoke also began to rise into the sky.

It had begun!

Everyone was shocked. They looked at Bu Fang suspiciously.

Was this fellow about to start cooking?

He had filled the wok with crystals, so how was he going to cook?

In an instant, Bu Fang had placed all the skewered supreme beast meat atop the mesh, and his expression turned serious. With one hand, he retrieved the seasoning he had prepared from within his system dimensional bag, and with his other hand, he grabbed a brush which was dripping with yellow oil. He aggressively brushed the meat with the oil and sprinkled some seasoning on it.

Boom!

Golden flames suddenly erupted and surged into the sky. The supreme beast meat was enveloped by the flames, and the sizzling of the oil on the meat did not stop.

The red-hot crystals within in the wok suddenly burst into flames.

The scene caused the audience to jump with shock, then they began to yell in excitement.

"What the f\*ck! That scared me..."

"Almost... I thought that the wok was about to explode!"

"Exploding wok, exploding wok! Will he actually blow up his wok? He caused the furnaces of others to explode in the past, so will his wok be exploding this time?"

...

Despite their shock, the audience members began to have heated discussions amongst themselves.

Bu Fang did not bother with the flames surging into the sky. Instead, he took another skewer and placed it onto the iron mesh. This was a skewered spirit herb that resembled a ginseng.

As he placed skewer after another atop the iron mesh, the top of the round wok was soon filled with skewers. The brush in his hand twirled gracefully, and yellow oil splattered on the skewers atop the wok.

Deafening explosions erupted from the golden flames that enveloped the skewers. Every time an explosion occurred, golden flames would shoot into the sky, and the audience members would think that Bu Fang had blown up his wok. This made their blood boil.

It was just too bad that the wok never exploded. After some time, the roaring flames diminished and only burned inside the wok.

Swoosh!

Bu Fang's hair fluttered in the air, and the true energy vortex in his energy core began to rotate at an insane speed. The true energy in his energy core surged out and filled his limbs and bones. With a single thought, the bowls containing spices soared into the air.

Suddenly, the dead atmosphere beneath Bu Fang's bronze platform began to heat up.

At that point, Bu Fang began to show off his mesmerizing movements in front of the crowd. The jaws of the audience members dropped, and they were completely astonished.

Chapter 515 Not Competing Anymore! If the Furnace Explodes, so Be it!

The judge had been taking note of Bu Fang's actions. He had that feeling... He had a feeling that the dish Bu Fang was cooking was not going to be simple.

Because of that, when the flames shot into the sky, the chief judge jumped in shock.

The surge of flames was followed by a resounding roar which came from within the wok. This made the chief judge think that the wok was going to explode. He had recently developed a conditional reflex toward this sort of things, for he had been traumatized by exploding furnaces in the past.

After thinking about it, the chief judge felt that something was wrong. His previous thought could not be right. Even if something was going to explode, how could it be Bu Fang's wok? This chef had caused the furnaces of others to explode, so how could he blow up his own wok?

And just as he had suspected, a few moments later, the flare grew smaller and gradually diminished.

At that moment, Sorceress An Sheng was extremely focused. All her concentration was on the refinement of the Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill. Although she had refined higher quality pills before, the Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill was the most difficult pill for her to refine.

Hence, she didn't dare slack off in the slightest during its refinement. She knew that the slightest mistake would cause the medicinal liquid to undergo a qualitative change. The elixir would then become thrash, and all her efforts would have been wasted.

That was why the refinement of the Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill was of a higher difficulty level than some three-mark spirit pills. This was also the reason why the chief judge was so shocked when he realized that An Sheng planned to refine the Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill.

Boom!

An Sheng, who had been extremely focused, was momentarily distracted by the loud blast, and her mind deviated slightly.

A huge blaze engulfed Bu Fang's bronze platform once more and surged into the sky. The flames rolled around for a short while and began to diminish, dissipating before long.

Shouts of surprise came from the audience. They were amazed by Bu Fang's actions. How was this considered cooking? Why were flames constantly surging from his bronze platform? The scene was too damn cool!

It seemed as though he was playing with their hearts. Whenever they thought that the wok was going to explode, nothing f\*cking happened.

The audience members who initially thought that Bu Fang would lose this round quietly became excited. Some members of the audience held some expectations for this black horse—Bu Fang. They were looking forward to Bu Fang's counterattack.

Xiao He, who was sitting in the audience, watched the flames rush into skies with bright eyes, and the corners of his mouth curled upwards. This kind of cooking method... It was similar to the way those barbarians in the Valley of Gluttony cooked their food.

Ximen Xuan had his usual serious expression on his face and a slightly imposing glint in his eyes.

When he looked at the porcelain bowls floating around Bu Fang's body, his heart jerked. He had realized that Bu Fang's mental force wasn't weak in the slightest.

Although Bu Fang was focused on cooking, he was still able to control all the porcelain bowls to orbit his body. His control over his mental force was amazing!

Even regular alchemists would not possess such a strong mental force...

Ximen Xuan wasn't the only one who noticed this. Bu Fang's performance had caught the eyes of the judicators, who were sitting at their table. They looked at Bu Fang with bright gazes.

Surprise flickered in Grand Master Gu He's eyes as he watched Bu Fang.

Grand Master Xuan Ming furrowed his brows, and he began to pay close attention to how Bu Fang cooked.

This terrifying mental strength... If this little fellow were to refine elixirs, he would definitely be an alchemy genius!

The audience's attention instantly shifted from An Sheng's platform to Bu Fang's platform.

It was probable they were attracted by the cool explosions.

The audience began to exclaim in great surprise.

Suddenly, a pleasant aroma permeated the air. It was the aroma of meat.

Bu Fang narrowed his eyes and raised his slender palms. True energy to gather on his palm before erupting ferociously. A fierce wind arose, and the thick smoke was blown away with one move from Bu Fang.

Bu Fang waved his hand with a speed so quick that almost no one was able to see it move, and the skewers atop the iron mesh were instantly flipped over. None of the skewers were damaged in the process.

Buzz...

With a single thought, a porcelain bowl floated in front of Bu Fang. He grabbed it with one hand and used his other hand to scoop up a handful of spice from within it. Rubbing his index finger against his thumb, he slowly sprinkled the spice powder onto the meat.



An aromatic fragrance reached the noses of the audience members; no one knew when it began to permeate the air. The fragrance was not very strong, yet it was able to captivate the hearts of the audience members.

The chief judge stood in front of Bu Fang's bronze platform, and the smoke surging out from there enveloped him; he instantly began to choke and felt like he was going to burst into tears.

He really had been caught off guard as his eyes were focused on the skewers atop the iron mesh. He never expected thick black smoke to rush out all of a sudden.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

The chief judge began to cough violently and involuntarily took a few steps back. He swung his arms around wildly in an attempt to disperse the smoke around him.

Unfortunately, however, the black smoke did not disperse. Hence, the chief judge continued to choke and cough. The sounds of his lung-tearing coughs echoed throughout the stage, and this made the audience members feel pity for the judge.

There was something special about the black smoke; it was accompanied by a nice aroma.

The chief judge felt he was definitely going crazy. Despite choking within the black smoke, he actually had a sudden impulse to perceive the aroma that accompanied it.

What was he thinking?

Different porcelain bowls graced Bu Fang's hands, and he unhurriedly sprinkled the spices within them onto the meat atop the iron mesh.

Sizzle!

Waves of hot air rose, accompanied by sizzling sounds. The sizzling sounds were caused by the oil that dripped from the supreme beast meat onto the red-hot crystals beneath the iron mesh. It wasn't just the supreme beast meat; there were sizzling sounds emanating from the spirit herbs as well. The water content in the spirit herbs was extracted, causing sizzling sounds to fill the air.

Bu Fang slowly walked around the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. As he moved, he constantly flipped the skewers atop the iron mesh.

He dipped his brush into some oil and brushed it all over the skewers!

Another roar resounded as flames shot into the sky!

After the flames dissipated, the skewers were glistening. The aroma in the air grew thicker. Every time the flames charged into the sky, the aroma permeating the air would grow denser.

Hiss!

The audience members were shocked, and they all sucked in breaths of cold air. This dark horse chef... was indeed extraordinary.

They were already able to catch a whiff of the aroma permeating in the air. Black smoke began to surge once more, but Bu Fang dispersed it with a wave of his hand. Somehow, this caused the aroma in the air to thicken, and everyone was able to perceive it. The temperature also rose dramatically after Bu Fang dispersed the black smoke, bringing with it an irresistible fragrance.

Everyone felt as though an invisible force had enveloped their hearts.

Rumble!

When the audience members perceived the aroma, their pupils dilated, and they all swallowed mouthfuls of saliva.

The chief judge forcefully stopped the tears streaming down his face and sniffed the aroma permeating the air. His expression changed in an instant; he didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Indeed, he's done it again! It's another dish which smells really good..."

The chief judge subconsciously turned to look at Sorceress An Sheng. He wondered if her furnace was actually going to explode.

The situation was even more extreme this time. The aromatic fragrance from Bu Fang's dish was accompanied by clouds of black smoke, which caused everyone to choke.

Bu Fang's bronze platform was directly opposite Sorceress An Sheng's. Every time he dispersed the black smoke with a wave of his hand, the smoke went directly over to An Sheng's side.

This fragrance which brought along with it a choking black smoke... Would Sorceress An Sheng able to hold out against it?

Boom!

Roaring flames surged into the sky yet again!

There was something different about the flames this time. It contained strong spirit energy, and an invisible fluctuation started to spread out.

After the flame dissipated, the eyes of the audience members widened, and they all cried out in surprise!

The skewers on the iron mesh had started to glow!

The brilliance was incomparable, and it seemed as though it wanted to tear the heavens apart as it charged into the sky. The members of the audience were shocked; the brilliant glow seemed to shoot through their hearts like an invisible arrow!

A glowing dish? That meant that the dish was about to be completed!

A flower quietly bloomed atop Bu Fang's dish; it was the spirit herb which Bu Fang had prepared earlier. The flower emitted a misty light, and the petals on it trembled. As the flower bloomed, a faint fragrance emerged and permeated the sky.

Chi! Chi! Chi!

The faint fragrance permeated the entire arena and instantly drilled into everyone's noses, then intoxicated expressions appeared on their faces.

How fragrant... It smelled so good!

"This smell is simply too amazing!"

"Dark horse chef, the public enemy of the alchemists... You are worthy of your name. I really feel like trying this dish!"

"I'm going to change sides... Goosebumps appeared on my body when I perceived the aroma. I can't take it anymore!"

...

The audience exclaimed as they swallowed mouthfuls of saliva. The fragrant aroma filled the air, and they were unable to control themselves.

Suddenly, they became terrified. If the aroma was already so strong for the people who were not on the stage, how would it be for Goddess An?

Then, they turned their gazes to An Sheng and instantly fell silent.

They saw that Sorceress An Sheng had her eyes tightly shut as the black smoke and the aroma blew against her face. She was constantly been assaulted by the smoke and the aroma.

Her charming body was shivering, and there were glittering tears streaming down from the corner of her eyes... However, she endured it with gritted teeth, but at that point, her pretty face was completely red.

She tried her best to endure and ignore the distractions happening around her. However, it was too difficult. The aroma charged into her nostrils and instantly assimilated into her bloodstream. Her sense of smell was aroused, and she was no longer able to concentrate on her refinement.

The flames in her alchemy furnace changed constantly. It would burn brightly for a moment and diminish in the next; the fluctuations were really huge!

Indeed... Our Goddess An is unable to resist the aroma; furthermore, the black smoke is choking her!

The chief judge sighed in his heart. The outcome of this match was still unpredictable. If Sorceress An Sheng was able to hold on and refine a two-mark Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill, she would have a chance to advance to the next round. Bu Fang's dish might be incomparable to a Wind and Cloud Breaking Pill anyway.

Nevertheless, the chief judge was extremely afraid that Sorceress An Sheng's furnace would explode!

Looking in the direction this was headed... It seemed likely that she would lose control over her furnace soon, and the furnace would explode.

Bu Fang was expressionless, as usual. He raised his hand, and true energy condensed above his palm. With a single thought, porcelain bowls started to hover in front of him, and he quickly sprinkled a little of powdered spices onto the glistening dish. After he was done, Bu Fang unhurriedly took out the bottle of Abyssal Chilli Sauce.

He scooped a spoonful of Abyssal Chilli Sauce and poured it into a porcelain bowl. No one saw where he took another brush out from; he dipped the brush into some oil and dipped it into the bowl, then began to mix the oil and the Abyssal Chilli Sauce together. After mixing them well, he used the brush to smear them atop the skewers.

There was another resounding explosion, and flames surged into the sky again. This time, there was a tinge of red in the flames, and a spicy smell began to assault the noses of the audience.

It was simply torturing!

After the flame dispersed, the glow on the dishes began to fade. The skewers glistened because of the oil, and they took on an extremely tempting appearance.

Bu Fang was unable to control himself and licked his lips.

In the distance, Sorceress An Sheng's eyes snapped open; there was anger flashing within them!

She stretched her hand and smacked her furnace, then she shouted angrily, "I'm not refining this any longer. I'm not going to compete anymore. If the furnace explodes, so be it! This is infuriating!"

Her slap instantly sent the heavy alchemy furnace flying. It streaked towards the chief judge, who was sniffing the air with an intoxicated expression on his face.

The chief judge had no idea that a furnace was flying toward him.

Sorceress An Sheng was enraged... She wiped the perspiration off her forehead and bit her lips. She looked at Bu Fang's expressionless face with a bitter expression.

As if he had noticed Sorceress An Sheng's gaze, Bu Fang was stunned for a moment. His mouth thinned, and the supreme beast meat skewer in his hand, which had oil dripping from it, was hurled toward An Sheng.

The aroma rode the wind as it permeated the area...

Chapter 516 I Feel Like my Female Disciple Is Going to Be Abducted

The chief judge was muddle-headed for a moment when he felt a strong wind blow against him.

The furnace was hurtling toward him...

What the f\*ck?

The chief judge stopped sniffing the air, and goosebumps sprouted all over his body. When he spotted the furnace hurtling toward him, he felt as though he had been dunked into a tub filled with cold water, and his gaze turned into one of horror.



Not only was the incoming alchemy furnace incomparably heavy, but it was also completely red in color; this showed how high the temperature of the furnace was. Hot air surged out of the flying furnace, while black smoke and pill flames rolled around within it. The ever-changing pill fire seemed ready to erupt from within the furnace.

A special kind of fluctuation charged toward the chief judge's face...

A look of terror appeared on the chief judge's face, and he opened his mouth in horror. Not like this!

Boom!

The furnace, which had been trembling violently, could no longer withstand the turbulent pill fire within it, and with an air-splitting blast, it exploded. A loud roar resounded throughout the sky.

"Heavens... It's a furnace explosion!"

"What the hell... Goddess An's furnace... How the heck did it explode?"

"This... Does this mean that Goddess An lost?"

...

The audience members were shocked. As they watched the fiery flames, which was emitting a blinding light, surge out of the crumbling furnace, they were so shocked that they could not close their mouths.

Many in the audience were witnessing a furnace explosion for the first time in their lives. They knew that whenever alchemists competed against the dark horse chef, the archenemy of all alchemists, their furnaces would explode. However, after personally witnessing it for the first time, their hearts shuddered!

Even Sorceress An Sheng's furnace exploded when she competed against Bu Fang... Just how strong was he? Was he trying to charge into the heavens?

The audience instantly awoke from their reveries and watched the scene playing out on the stage with wide eyes.

Instantly the atmosphere became awkward.

The true energy fluctuations pulsing Sorceress An Sheng's body faded away as she stretched out her slender fingers. She untied her hair tie and shook her head, causing the hair to flutter about behind her.

"Ai... He deserves his reputation as the public enemy of the alchemists. How is anyone supposed to refine elixirs when they are surrounded by such a fragrant aroma?"

Sorceress An Sheng pursed her lips, raised her head, and looked at Bu Fang, who was standing opposite her, with an expression of unwillingness.

The smoke blowing over from Bu Fang's side of the stage made her somewhat curious. Was this what Bu Fang referred to as his noble dish?

Wasn't it just barbequed meat? How could it be considered noble and luxurious?

Although his dish was just some barbequed meat skewers, the aroma wafting from it was really potent.

Sorceress An Sheng's lips began to tremble. She crossed her arms in front of her chest and leaped toward Bu Fang's side of the stage.

"Cough cough cough..."

The chief judge's expression was pitiful. When he saw a huge cloud of smoke cover him, he waved his hand once, and the smoke was blown away; only pitch-black dust particles were left behind, covering the ground.

He coughed a few times, and his eyes became teary.

However, the chief judge was someone who had broken through three shackles of the Supreme-Being realm, so how could a furnace explosion injure him? Although he was attacked when he was not expecting it, it only took a single thought for his true energy to revolve around him, protecting him from the explosion.

Even though he wasn't injured at all, his appearance was a mess. He felt awkward standing there after being in the blast range of a furnace explosion.

Sorceress An Sheng crossed her arms and looked at the chief judge. His black hair had been scorched and was standing upright, and the breaths he let out still contained black smoke. She shot him an apologetic look that contained a trace of mockery, then she flew over to Bu Fang's platform. When she arrived, she stood on her tiptoes, with an expression of curiosity on her face.

"This lass..." The chief judge did not know whether to laugh or cry. Seeing as her furnace had exploded, she could be considered to have lost the competition.

This was the first time he had seen someone lose so gracefully. She even slapped her furnace, which had been on the verge of exploding, toward the chief judge! It was really too excessive!

Did the judge provoke you?

Was it easy to be a judge?

An Sheng did not seem to care whether she lost or not. Instead, she had rushed over to Bu Fang's bronze platform and stared at his dish. Her shiny eyes were fixed on the food!

"This is your noble and luxurious dish?" Sorceress An Sheng asked, with a peculiar expression on her face.

Bu Fang was just putting the finishing touches to his dish when he heard her speak. With an expression of disbelief on his face, Bu Fang raised his head and spotted An Sheng in front of him.

"Why are you here?"

Bu Fang was somewhat suspicious. Shouldn't this woman be refining her elixir? Why had she rushed over to his bronze platform?

He looked past her, directing his gaze to her bronze platform, but saw that it was empty. Standing close to it was the chief judge, who was covered in soot. He was looking over at both competitors with an incredulous expression on his face.

"Oh... Looks like your furnace exploded." Bu Fang looked at An Sheng with a weird expression, and the corners of his lips curled upwards. The smile looked forced.

Sorceress An Sheng hollered, "So what if my furnace exploded? Are you looking down on me? As an outstanding alchemist, I need to gain a wealth of experience. Suffering a few furnace explosions mean nothing to me. I'm going to be the queen of alchemists... Don't make a fuss of a small furnace explosion," An Sheng said, with a nonchalant wave of her hand.

An Sheng's gaze was fixed on the meat skewers Bu Fang placed onto a plate. The excessive fragrance and the glow emanating from the dish caused An Sheng to involuntarily swallow a mouthful of saliva. It was too fragrant... It looked really delicious.

...

"What is this lass doing?"

Grand Master Gu He stifled a bitter smile as he looked at An Sheng, who had run over to Bu Fang's bronze platform, with a stunned expression.

Her furnace exploded? This lass actually blew up her furnace... Grand Master Gu He's cheeks began to tremble. He felt a stinging pain on his face and it felt like someone gave him a slap.

The grandmasters beside him quickly looked over. When their gazes settled on Gu He, he felt extremely uncomfortable.

"Cough cough... This lass likes to mess around. Her furnace usually explodes, even when she refine pills in the Pill Tower. It's nothing too unusual. it's fine once you get used to it..." Grand Master Gu He coughed dryly as he explained. Although he had managed to think of an excuse, his face was flushed red with embarrassment.

However, his heart was filled with shock. It was impossible... How could her furnace explode? Although she was playful, her skill at alchemy was pretty good. Her mental strength was sturdy, as well... It should not be possible for her furnace to explode.

Unless... Unless she was affected by something.

Could it be that chef?

Gu He's heart was thrown into disarray as he watched his precious disciple, who was squatting in front of the opposite platform, look at Bu Fang's dish with eager eyes.

He felt as though his precious female disciple was about to get abducted.

"It should be because of that chef... You all should be able to smell the fragrance in the air. It's really extraordinary... It's this old man's first time perceiving such an intoxicating fragrance," Grand Master Xuan Ming exclaimed with shiny eyes.

The other grand masters agreed with him.

"We are sitting so far away from the stage, yet the aroma wafting over is already so fragrant. The lass, An Sheng, is crocheting so close to that chef's bronze platform, and the aroma should be much stronger there. The aroma is strong enough to cause distractions... After she was distracted, she became unable to control her pill fire properly, causing it to explode."

Grand Master Yao Guang shared his deductions as he stared at Bu Fang. It was the first time his expression had turned serious.

This chef... was no ordinary chef!

The chef had already emerged victorious in this match! As long as his dish was able to reach the standard of a one-mark spirit pill, he would be able to advance to the next round.

...

"Take a few steps back, and keep your distance from me. Right now, we are competing against each other," Bu Fang calmly said as he shot a glance at An Sheng.

After saying so, his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife began to rotate, and with a flick of his wrist, he began to pick up the skewers atop on the iron mesh.

Bu Fang placed porcelain plates onto the table and put the skewers in the plates. He firmly pulled the bamboo skewers used to skewer the ingredients, causing them to pour into their respective plates.

The seasoning tray flew over and hovered in front of Bu Fang, and he grabbed a handful of seasoning and calmly sprinkled them onto the dish. His actions were precise and looked extraordinary.

He carved some fresh spirit herbs into beautiful shapes and placed them into the porcelain bowl. His dish, barbequed supreme beast meat, was done.

He repeated the same process for the other ingredients and placed them into porcelain bowls, with the same style.

"Don't touch it... These are my dishes for the competition," Bu Fang calmly said when he caught An Sheng's hand inching toward a porcelain bowl.

The hand stopped dead in its tracks, and An Sheng pursed her lips and began to holler at Bu Fang.

"Isn't it just a taste? Your dish caused my refinement to fail, yet you won't even let me taste your dish... You are going too far!"

Bu Fang only gazed at her expressionlessly; he was unmoved.



"I thought you did not care that your furnace exploded? Furthermore, the reason your furnace exploded was that you got distracted. This shows that you did not concentrate hard enough. You still need more practice," Bu Fang replied.

Bu Fang wiped his wet hands and turned toward the chief judge, who was still standing close to the other bronze platform, and said, "My dish is ready. You can start judging it now."

The chief judge was still really depressed, but when he heard Bu Fang's words, he awoke with a start. With a face stained with soot, the chief judge walked toward Bu Fang's bronze platform.

Sorceress An Sheng looked at the chief judge's singed hair, which was still emitting black smoke, and felt embarrassed, then a dry laugh escaped her lips.

The chief judge turned to look at her with an expression of grief. This lass...

However, his sadness quickly dissipated when his gaze landed on Bu Fang's dishes, which were atop the chef's bronze platform.

As he looked at the dishes, light flashed in his eyes.

He involuntarily took a deep breath...

"What is the name of this dish?" The chief judge asked Bu Fang, in curiosity.

This time, there were too many dishes. There were nine porcelain bowls filled with different ingredients. The only similarity between these dishes was the way they were cooked.

There was a mysterious connection between the nine dishes, and spirit energy pulses could be felt around the nine porcelain bowls. It was as though there was an invisible storm between them. It gave off an extremely mysterious and wonderful feeling!

"These dishes do not have a name; You can call them... Barbeque Skewers," Bu Fang calmly said to the chief judge.

After saying so, Bu Fang reached out and grabbed the giant signboard, which he had placed down in front of his bronze platform earlier, raised it with one hand, and began to advertise his Cloud Mist Restaurant, with a serious expression on his face.

...

The chief judge was somewhat speechless... He was doing another advertisement.

An Sheng's hand closed around her mouth, and she giggled. She had suddenly found Bu Fang pretty cute.

When the audience heard Bu Fang's advertisement, they began to chuckle. This time, their laughter was not filled with mockery. They laughed because they considered Bu Fang someone interesting.

The restaurant which belonged to a chef who defeated Sorceress An Sheng... A trace of anticipation appeared in their hearts.

The chief judge waited for Bu Fang to complete his advertisement before picking up a pair of chopsticks. He could not wait any longer to taste Bu Fang's dish.

The aroma covered the entire arena. These dishes which had such irresistible aromas... How delicious would they taste?

However, before the chief judge was about to dip his chopsticks into a porcelain bowl, a faint voice resounded throughout the arena.

"Chief judge, bring the dish up here. We will personally judge this round."

From the judicators seats, Grand Master Xuan Ming's gaze was fixed on the nine glowing dishes. The other grandmasters sat up straight with serious expressions on their faces. They eagerly nodded their heads at Grand Master Xuan Ming's instruction.

The chief judge was shocked. He raised his head to look at the judicators sitting upright in their chairs, and his heart shook.

They were really shameless! Evaluate the finished products have always been the judge's job!

Chapter 517 Thousands Are Watching You... Eat Barbecue Skewer

The judge had never ever met such shameless people!

He was supposed to be the one who would taste the dishes. Why were these big bosses fighting with him for the chance to taste the dish? Were they there to bully people?

The head judge felt bitter and disheartened. He wanted to cry...

However, he couldn't go against them. They were experts who had broken through the fourth shackle and the real hosts of this round of the competition of Miracle Hand Conference. He was just a little head judge...

This was really disheartening.

The color on his face became darker... The head judge felt as though he forgot to check his luck before leaving his house. Maybe that was the reason he was so unlucky.

As for the little brat, An Sheng, she shoved at him her furnace when it was about to explode. He became covered in soot from the explosion. Just as he thought that he would be able to taste Bu Fang's delicacies, that shameless big breast An wanted to take away his rights to taste them...

What in the world was going on right now?

Grand Master Ming Xuan's serious voice was heard throughout the competition venue. The audience was instantly stunned. As members who had witnessed multiple seasons of the competition of Miracle Hand Conference, they naturally knew that those works which the judicators wanted to taste would be something extraordinary.

In the past, it was only during the competition of the top 10 that the judicators would want to taste the works. However, no one expected that, in the competition of the top 100 today, these alchemy masters would want to taste Bu Fang's product!

Even though they weren't tasting elixirs, it was enough for the audience to be shocked.

The audience members from Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine city were even more shocked. It was because they were watching the competition through a screen. They didn't know about the strong fragrance which covered the entire area.

When they saw that Sorceress An Sheng let her furnace explode, they were astonished. When they saw that Goddess An actually ran over to the opponent's bronze platform with a tempted expression on her face, they were stunned.

Even at the end, the grand master alchemists all chose to taste his dish. All of them felt as though their view of the world had been altered.

What in the world was happening? Wasn't this supposed to be the stage of alchemists? Why did they feel as though the stage was made for the chef?

A chef managed to cause Sorceress An Sheng's furnace to explode. She was someone who had the abilities to enter the top 10! He even attracted the attention of the grand master alchemists and they wanted to taste his dishes. Some people who didn't know that this was the competition of the top 100, they would think that it was a competition among the top 10 alchemists.

From the time the Miracle Hand Conference was established, the top ten competitors received the most attention. Back then, it was a real battle between geniuses. The focus was on the citizens of the Pill Palace. However, this round today was really weird!

"Is that guy... going to win?"

"Goddess An Sheng actually exploded her furnace... Wuwu... My goddess!"

"Lost! She lost! My goddess actually lost! She actually lost to a bizarre chef!"

...

The audience was astonished, especially those from Heavenly Pill City. They were depressed and their hearts ached.

Meanwhile, at the central plaza of Heavenly Mist City...

The audience was shaking with excitement.

The grand master alchemists were about to taste that underdog chef's dishes?

Could it be that the underdog chef had finally attracted the attention of those grand master alchemists? That's right.... Even Sorceress An Sheng's furnace exploded! It wasn't a small matter...

"Serve it... We'll give it a taste." Grand Master Xuan Ming looked at the head judge and he ordered.

A serious expression hung on their faces. The surrounding grand masters nodded their head solemnly. They looked like they had discovered something huge.

The head judge felt as though something was wrong. The expression on the judicator's face didn't seem right.

Could it be that there were some mysteries hidden in the dish?

The head judge didn't say a single word as he picked up two plates. A thick aroma started to spread out and it assaulted his nose. All the pores on his body opened up and his mouth started to water.

This was really aromatic! Too bad, he couldn't eat it...

Swallowing his saliva, the head judge carried the dish as he walked carefully to the judicator seats with mixed feelings.

After thinking about it for some time, Sorceress An Sheng winked at Bu Fang and said, "Let me help too!"

Bu Fang glanced at this woman but didn't say anything.

An Sheng was instantly elated. After winking at Bu Fang, a huge smile blossomed on her face. She snickered as she carried two dishes up the judicator seats.

The other dishes were carried by other judges.

Grand Master Gu He looked at his female apprentice as his face turned black.

"This lass only has so much self-discipline... She is such an embarrassment!"

It's just a dish... Was there a need to behave like this? You are my apprentice, the apprentice of Grand Master Gu He!

As the dishes were carried over, the aroma became thicker. The dishes were glowing, and it seemed as though light was bursting out from it. The grand masters gasped uncontrollably.

It was no wonder that An Sheng's furnace exploded! The closer they got to the dish, the stronger the aroma became! The fragrance shook their souls. There was something special about the aroma and there was a hint of spiciness. The spiciness was more attractive to their souls.

Before they started eating, they were already shocked.

The nine dishes were placed onto the bronze countertop in front of them, forming a circle.

With his face still black from soot and his head still smoking, the head judge stood by the side. He looked at the dishes in front of him with an eager expression.

An Sheng stood at the side with a curious expression. She almost wanted to eat it just now... Luckily, she stopped. If she didn't, she was afraid that her teacher would deduct her allowance crystals.

Don't look at that old man who was always smiling... In fact, he was extremely evil!



Grand Master Gu He suddenly felt that his nose was a bit itchy. Looking around in confusion, his gaze landed on An Sheng who was staring at him with a smile.

This lass actually still dared to smile!

Grand Master Gu He glared at her and grumbled.

An Sheng stuck out her tongue and made a funny face. Turning her head, she looked away from him.

Grand Master Xuan Ming, Grand Master Guang Yao, and several other grand masters with their arms behind their backs, stood up from their seats and walked in front of that bronze countertop. With some seriousness in their eyes, they began to walk around the bronze countertop.

"The spirit energy drawing at each other.... There is a chain connecting spirit energy from one dish to another, entangling them. The energy waves are working together without clashing with each other... Interesting!"

Grand Master Xuan Ming said after he took a deep breath.

With a serious look on his face, Grand Master Guang Yao stared at the dish and said, "Did the chef say that this dish was called 'Barbeque Skewer'? This isn't a single dish anymore..."

"That's right! In our alchemist world... there is a similar way to make elixirs! It's called an elixir array!" Grand Master Gu He said.

The three grand masters continued to exclaim as they discovered that these spirit energies drew at each other at a mysterious wavelength. This was similar to the high-end technique of making elixirs. It was something like an elixir array.

Elixirs arrays were based on the principle of drawing energy from the various spirit herbs and using it to complement each other. This would activate the connection between the energy emitted by each herb and the maximum effect of the herb would be drawn out.

It was a kind of high-end technique!

They didn't think that they would get to see this kind of technique coming from a chef!

Even masters at their level might not even be able to use such a technique! It wasn't because they were incompetent, but because the technique required an extremely large amount of soul force!

With their mental force, they could barely make it happen. However, none of them tried it yet.

"Let's give it a taste... What if it was a fluke?" Suggested one of the grand masters.

Everyone nodded their head. A while later, Grand Master Xuan Ming grabbed the Violet Bamboo Chopstick and picked up a piece of juicy, aromatic, and steaming hot grilled meat.

"Munch..."

When he sank his teeth into the grilled meat, the head judge and An Sheng who were standing nearby almost opened their mouth as well. They swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Grand Master Xuan Ming's eyes instantly became as wide as saucers. After chewing for some time, he stopped.

His white beard began to shake and his skin started to flush red. It was so obvious that anyone could see Grand Master Xuan Ming's skin go red.

"Xuan Ming... How... How is it?"

Grand Master Gu He asked urgently.

Munch Munch!

All of a sudden, Grand Master Xuan Ming started to chew even faster. In the next moment, the piece of grilled meat disappeared from his mouth and went into his stomach.

He glanced at Grand Master Gu He without saying another word and grabbed another piece of grilled meat. He started chewing the meat at twice the speed.

This...

Everyone was at a loss of what to do for a moment. They were completely shocked!

"No way! Xuan Ming, you old fart! You want to hog it all for yourself?"

Master Gu He widened his eyes and finally discovered something wrong. Grabbing his beard, he glared at Grand Master Xuan Ming.

Master Xuan Ming just glanced at him coldly and didn't bother replying. Picking up another piece of meat, he stuffed it into his mouth.

Munch munch...

The clear and crisp sound of chewing was heard throughout the whole central plaza. The head judge, An Sheng, and even the audience... were floored.

Grand Master Gu Hu pouted his lips and picked up a pair of Purple Bamboo Chopsticks, then picked up a piece of spirit ginseng. In a flash, he placed it into his mouth. Grand Master Gu He, Who didn't think much about it, suddenly had an expression of shock appear on his face.

In the next moment, the speed of his chopsticks increased to an insane level. He didn't say a word as he continued to eat.

The speed at which he stuffed the spirit ginseng into his mouth had obviously increased.

Looking at each other, the other grand masters began to eat as well. They didn't speak a word to anyone as their chopsticks flew across the porcelain plates. Instantly, on the stage, in front of thousands of people, the five most respected alchemists started to eat barbeque skewer without caring about their image.

As they ate, all of them were panting due to the chili sauce Bu Fang brushed onto the food. Their faces were all red and they would occasionally whip their beard around. They would stick out their tongues and lick their lips

An Sheng was shocked and the head judge stood there with a pout on his face.

Masters... Your image! There is a projection array covering this arena! The entire Pill Palace will be able to see how you eat!

"Wah! Teacher! Leave me a piece!"

An Sheng looked at the five old farts who were eating happily and as she smelled the aroma in the air, it became difficult for her to hold herself back.

Shouting at her master, she grabbed a pair of chopsticks and joined in the war for food.

"You brat! Your master is currently grading the spirit energy in this dish. Do not fight with me!" Gibbered Master Gu He as he chewed on some food in his mouth. He was surprised when he saw An Sheng pounce over.

An Sheng didn't care about whatever the old fart was saying.

Testing the dish? Testing the effect? Do you think that I'm a three-year-old kid? I have personally tasted Owner Bu's cooking skills and I definitely know how delicious it is! Old fart, You want to scare me off? No way!

Munch munch!

Picking up the remaining half of the spirit ginseng, An Sheng instantly stuffed it into her mouth. Grand Master Gu He glared at her with bloodshot eyes.

He really had no way of dealing with this female apprentice of his... In the next instant, his chopsticks shot toward Grand Master Xuan Ming's grilled meat.

"Old fart Gu He! You dare to take my food? I, Xuan Ming, will duke it out with you!" With his lips red and swollen from the spiciness, Grand Master Gu He furiously glared at Grand Master Xuan Ming.

...

In front of millions of people, the five grand master alchemists and Sorceress An Sheng ate barbeque Skewer as they fought with each other over food.

The audience was shocked. Their mouths were open and a look of astonishment was plastered on their faces.

This scene, with the help of the projection array, was shown to every corner of the Pill Palace...

## Chapter 518 This Judge Is Depressed

The scene appeared weird and sluggish.

The screen seemed to be a little strange, and those people who did not know better thought that there was something wrong with the projection array, which had been set up to broadcast this year's Magical Hand Conference.

Five grand master alchemists... Five highly respected grandmasters were gorging on skewers in front of everyone. Not just that, they were also snatching skewers from each other, right in front of the audience.

The flushed expressions they had while they ate was extremely embarrassing!

There were many alchemists who couldn't control themselves and smacked their foreheads.

Duan Yun was somewhat speechless as he watched his senior sister An and his master snatch food from each other. Was it really that good? I am extremely embarrassed to be your junior brother and apprentice!

Bu Fang, however, seemed not to care at all. It was as though this outcome was within his expectations.

He had chosen to do a barbeque skewer in this round of the competition because he wanted to experiment. Originally, one had to cook each ingredient separately when making barbeque skewer. Although that was the most original way to make it, it was extremely easy for the spirit energy in the dish to dissipate.

Bu Fang had managed to obtain some inspiration from the Gourmet Array. It made him realize that if he combined the barbeque with the Gourmet Array, they would complement each other.

As such, Bu Fang used crystals in place of charcoal to prepare the barbeque. Using his immense mental force, Bu Fang controlled the direction of the spirit energy, and it did not manage to leave the dish. The spirit energy was smooth and steady under Bu Fang's control.

Furthermore, the disparity in the grades of the ingredients Bu Fang chose was not far off from each other. Even the amount of spirit energy in the ingredients was almost the same, and this resulted in an amplification of the fluctuation of spirit energy.

This was actually the key to setting up a Gourmet Array. Bu Fang's barbeque skewer could be considered a simplified version of the Gourmet Array. Although it wasn't anything too amazing, the effects were great. According to Bu Fang's estimations, the effect caused by the combination of the nine dishes would be equal to a two-mark spirit pill.

Being able to use ingredients on the same grade as supreme beast meat to create a dish with the same effects as a two-mark spirit pill....was a horrifying thought beyond the imagination of the alchemists.

To the surprise of the audience, Bu Fang didn't pack up his instruments; instead, he remained at his bronze platform and continued to place skewers to barbeque on the iron mesh covering the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

Is he still cooking?

The audience recovered from their reveries and subconsciously turned their heads to look in the direction of Bu Fang's platform.



This chef... Has he not achieved victory already? Why is he still cooking? Could it be that... he is addicted to grilling meat?

Of course, Bu Fang was not cooking because he was addicted to grilling meat; he was cooking because he did not wish to let his ingredients go to waste. He had prepared two portions of ingredients before the competition, and he would not waste them.

As such, Bu Fang continued to cook, and in just a short while, fragrant aromas filled the air again. It continued to spread and soon reached the audience.

On the judicators' table, the five grandmasters had eaten till their faces turned red. They kept gasping for air and exhaling breaths of hot air.

Bu Fang brushed some Abyssal Chilli Sauce onto the skewers, and although it wasn't a huge amount, it still made the skewers pretty spicy. If a skewer wasn't spicy, what would be the point of eating it? Wouldn't that be the same as eating salted fish?

"Wu... There is no more left?"

When the last piece entered Sorceress An Sheng's mouth, the other six looked at each other; they had no idea what to do.

Suddenly, their noses began to twitch, having perceived a fragrant aroma in the air. A light flickered in their eyes, and they all turned to look at the stage.

That was when they spotted smoke rising in the sky as Bu Fang barbequed another batch of skewers.

The chief judge, who was supposed to stick close to them, had fled over to Bu Fang's platform at a time unbeknownst to anyone. The area around his bloodshot eyes was still covered in black soot as tears dripped down his cheeks.

Bu Fang felt that something was off... Was this chief judge retarded? Why was he standing within the surging thick black smoke?

Could it be that there really were people in this world with a smoke fetish?

"Cough cough cough..." The chief judge coughed as he looked at the supreme beast meat Bu Fang was barbequing.

Bu Fang was stunned for a moment, but the corners of his lips soon curled upwards. He reached his hand out and randomly pulled out a stick of skewered meat. The supreme beast meat pierced by the skewer was golden and had oil dripping from it. It also emitted a dense aroma that reached the chief judge.

The chief judge's eyes instantly lit up!

He immediately felt like crying. Sure enough, Bu Fang was the person who treated him the best!

The chief judge reached out his hand to grab the skewer, but his entire body suddenly froze.

A figure instantly appeared in front of him with a flicker and grabbed the skewer meant for him, and with a loud chomp, the figure bit into a large chunk of golden spirit beast meat, which was dripping oil.

"You have pretty good techniques for a chef, and the food is really good. Its taste really makes this old man unable to extricate himself! It's much more delicious than the Multi-Taste Fasting pill!" Grand Master Gu He held the skewer in one hand as he spoke, with a smile on his face.

It was as though he completely didn't notice the chief judge behind him, even though the chief judge was covered in black soot.

Sorceress An Sheng appeared in front of Bu Fang and stared at the eggplant-like spirit herb on the iron mesh. Bu Fang used the brush to smear the spirit herb with Abyssal Chilli Sauce.

A dense fragrance surged from the finished barbeque, and it filled the area instantly. Sorceress An Sheng couldn't help licking her lips. It complemented her charming appearance, even though she was filled with anticipation at that moment.

As the chief judge watched more people appear in front of him, his face gradually turned black.

He reached out his shivering hand slowly, and the edges of his mouth trembled. As he watched Grand Master Gu He chomp down on the supreme beast meat, he felt his heart shatter. He was so depressed, it became difficult for him to breathe.

The chief judge bit his lips and took a deep breath, but he began to choke and cough because smoke went up his nostrils. It made tears begin to stream down his face once more.

The audience was somewhat speechless... Why were they still eating?

This competition had originally started out seriously. Why did it suddenly turn into a farce?

When they saw Sorceress An Sheng eating with a joyful expression on her face, the audience began to wonder why she had not expressed any sadness after her defeat.

"Alright... There are no more ingredients, so I'm knocking off now."

After the last skewer was snatched by a grand master, Bu Fang's bronze platform was finally empty; he was finally done with the barbeque. He clapped his hands together and breathed a sigh of relief.

He wiped his wet palms and put away the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and his other items, then turned and calmly looked at the grandmasters, who had all eaten till their faces were red.

"That is it? You don't have any more food? Come on... Keep barbequing skewers." Grand Master Gu He glanced at Bu Fang in shock. His voice was laced with unwillingness.

"There are no more ingredients... Also, I don't feel like barbequing anymore." Bu Fang looked at Grand Master Gu He out of the corner of his eyes, then his lips curled upwards.

Had this old man become addicted?

"There are no more ingredients? I can provide ingredients... I have a stalk of divine spirit herbs here. You can grill that," grand master Gu He said.

An Sheng, who was eating a meat skewer, began to choke. A few dry coughs escaped her lips, and she was left speechless after hearing her master speak without integrity.

Those were third-grade divine spirit herbs.

Using them to barbeque? How was he able to think of something like that?

"Oh... Take it out, and I'll take a look." Bu Fang's interest seemed to have been roused. He did not possess many divine spirit herb, so this was a chance for him to widen his horizons.

Grand Master Gu He was shocked. A burst of dry laughter escaped his lips, and he quickly waved his hand in dismissal and said, "This old man can see that you are tired after this round of the competition. Next round... I'll take them out in the next round."

Bu Fang's lips curled upwards, but he did not mind it too much. After packing up his stuff, he grabbed his advertisement board and looked at the several old men in front of him.

"Does this mean that I won this round?" Bu Fang calmly asked.

They looked at each other and nodded their heads in affirmation.

The taste of Bu Fang's barbeque was excellent, and its effects were remarkable. The skewers were barbequed using a method similar to the "pill array", and its effects were comparable to a two-mark spirit pill. This left them greatly shocked.

"Our little friend wins this round... However, there is something this old man doesn't understand. Is our little friend an alchemist? The method you used to cook this barbeque... It's very similar to a peculiar technique used by us alchemists," grand master Xuan Ming said in a serious tone of voice as he stared at Bu Fang.

The surrounding spectators were shocked. No one expected grand master Xuan Ming to ask this question so suddenly. Hence, they all turned to look at Bu Fang, with serious expressions on their faces.

"I'm not an alchemist... I'm just a chef," Bu Fang replied expressionlessly.

After he'd said that, he turned around and left the stage with his large signboard.

Grand Master Xuan Ming and the rest were not convinced. How could a chef grasp a method even they didn't dare to use?

The retreating figure of Bu Fang carrying the huge signboard on his back became more and more mysterious in their eyes.

"This chef... is an interesting person." Grand Master Gu He laughed and stroked his beard as he stared at Bu Fang's retreating figure.

"Wu... Owner Bu is very interesting," An Sheng said, joining in on the conversation even though her mouth was filled with food.

Grand master Gu He turned and stared at her. "This lass dares to speak? After losing this round you won't be able to enter the top 50! I'll cut your allowance of crystals for three months! Humph!"

Sorceress An Sheng's eyes bulged as though she had been struck by a lightning bolt.

"Alright; chief judge, you should announce the results of this match... The other matches in the competition of the top 100 will continue," Grand Master Xuan Ming said to the chief judge, after giving Bu Fang's figure one last deep glance.

However, the chief judge did not reply to him. His face was extremely black, and his expression was murderous. His nostrils flared as he stood in place as though he was stuck.

Snatching my food... This judge is depressed right now!

Chapter 519 You Want Something Aromatic? I'll Give You Something Smelly!

Although the chief judge was a little depressed, he didn't stay that way for long. Under grand master Xuan Ming's stern gaze, he unwillingly took a deep breath and in the end, solemnly declared that Bu Fang was the winner of the round.

Sorceress An Sheng's furnace had exploded in the middle of her refinement process; that was the reason she lost the competition. As for the dishes cooked by Bu Fang, after the judicators had eaten them, they determined that they had the same effects as a two-mark spirit pill. As such, the victor was Bu Fang, without a doubt.

Below the stage, the members of the audience were a little shocked. This result was not something one could imagine.

Sorceress An Sheng... She was one of the top ten genius alchemists from Heavenly Pill City! Who knew she would be defeated in the matches between the top 100.

This was simply... It was simply unimaginable!

The audience got a bit rowdy. They had long since known that Bu Fang's opponent for the matches between the top 100 was Sorceress An Sheng; as such, they one-sidedly supported Sorceress An Sheng. However, Bu Fang's actions during the match were akin to ruthlessly slapping their faces a few times.

He had shown them what it really meant to be a dark horse. He had shown them what it really meant to be the public enemy of the alchemists!

With only a wok and a knife in his grip, he had destroyed many alchemists, forcing his way into the top 50 of the Magical Hand Conference.

A chef had created a miracle, all on his own!

As the audience watched Bu Fang's receding figure, carrying his giant signboard with him, they found themselves speechless for a few seconds. In the next instant, however, they erupted into cheers. The bright lights flickering in their eyes made evident their incomparable excitement.

Contrary to the excitement-filled atmosphere in Heavenly Mist City's central plaza...



Those spectating the match all the way in the Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City were in a daze. They looked at each other in confusion and raised their heads to once again confirm the event that they had seen unfold within the projection array, and their hearts lurched. The winner of that match... was actually the chef.

Goddess An actually lost? She had even lost after putting up a comical performance for this match of the top 100.

Previously, they all mocked Bu Fang, in a variety of ways, but at that moment, they all felt the sides of their faces burn; why did it feel like someone had slapped them?

This chef...

Heavenly Mist City... Cloud Mist Restaurant!

Many people still remembered Bu Fang's advertisement; this was because, after winning his matches, the comedic manner in which Bu Fang advertised made everyone watching to etch the name "Cloud Mist Restaurant" deep into their minds.

This chef actually came from this restaurant? This would be interesting...

Suddenly, they all found themselves looking forward to Bu Fang's next appearance. They did not know how far this miraculous chef would go in the Magical Hand Conference.

Should he barge his way into the top 10, it would make for a good show to watch.

...

Nangong Wuque's nostrils flared, and his arms hugged his chest; with a haughty expression on his face, he glanced at the naysaying alchemists beside him; they were at a loss for words, struggling to stay on their feet with their now jelly legs.

"Do you see that? What was that about being a chef? What right do you guys have to look down on a chef? Old Bu was able to destroy Big Breasts An, advancing into the top 50. If you were to compete against Big Breasts An, would you be able to win? Bunch of trash."

The faces of the naysaying alchemists turned red, and identical feelings of rage began to bubble in their hearts.

When they sported Nangong Wuque's arrogant expression, they gritted their teeth, for they wanted nothing more than to beat this little rascal up.

You aren't the victor of the match, so why are you showing off?

"Hmph... He was simply lucky. If Goddess An's furnace didn't explode, the victor wouldn't have been so easily determined!" One of the naysaying alchemists glared at Nangong Wuque before turning to look at Bu Fang, who was slowly walking toward them, with his advertisement board in tow. The alchemist took a deep breath, and then he decided to leave the place; he was too embarrassed.

As Nangong Wuque watched the alchemist retreat, the corners of his lips curled upward. "You don't know anything. Can any random person cause Big Boobs An's furnace to explode?"

"Aiya, Old Bu, you did well! I knew that you would win! That Sorceress An Sheng, other than slightly bigger breasts, there is nothing scary about her. Look how accurate my predictions were; I did say you would be the one who would win!" Nangong Wuque said, with a smile so wide that it seemed as though a flower was about to bloom on his face.

Bu Fang, however, only glanced at him expressionlessly. Was this guy shameless?

Who was the person that said being able to participate in the competition was all that mattered?  
Who was the person that said being able to meet Big Breasts An was already enough?

Bu Fang had no idea how to deal with Nangong Wuque's shamelessness.

After greeting Bu Fang with his shameless words, Nangong Wuque led Bu Fang to another arena.

"Old Bu, look at how much spiritual encouragement I've given you... In the next match, you should cheer for me as well! Watch how I'll destroy Lin Sanpao!"

Nangong Wuque whipped his hair and laughed.

Nangong Wan, who was in the audience stands, lowered her head and massaged her temples. Watching Nangong Wuque's wretched display, especially his smile, had left her feeling really embarrassed.

Bu Fang did not refuse Nangong Wuque because the matches of the top 100 would finish today, and after the competition, the competitors would have to pick their opponent for the competition of the top 50.

As such, for the time being, Bu Fang could not yet return to the restaurant to open for business.

Watching Nangong Wuque's compete... was not too bad.

Nangong Wuque's match was to be held in the fifth arena. Nangong Wuque himself had donned his loose-fitting alchemist robes and walked forward with a vigorous momentum. In just a few steps, he arrived on the stage.

Standing opposite him was a handsome and spirited young master, who had a white face and looked slightly feminine.

This person was the Lin Family's young master and Nangong Wuque's lifelong enemy—Lin Sanpao.

Hehe... Sanpao was a nickname. His real name, however, was Linque, and he was the disciple of one of the three-cloud alchemists in Heavenly Mist City. His alchemy skills were pretty excellent, and he had been enemies with Nangong Wuque for the longest time.

However, against Nangong Wuque, Lin Sanpao had lost more matches than he had won; this was because Nangong Wuque used to have a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame.

But on that day, Lin Sanpao was brimming with confidence. A Nangong Wuque without a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame... was nothing but trash!

This was Bu Fang's first time watching a serious match between alchemists. The two alchemists on stage were no ordinary alchemists; they were both gifted, brilliant, and looked cool showing off their alchemy skills on stage.

Flames surged into the sky, and pill energy filled the area. Roars resounded all through the arena as both alchemists competed against each other.

Boom!

The glow of the flames reflected off Lin Sanpao's soft face. With a dignified expression, he waved his hands, and his alchemic flames surged into the sky, while the flames within his furnace raged. The resounding roars it generated made it seem as though a fire dragon had been born.

When Nangong Wuque glanced at Lin Sanpao, who was completely focused on his refinement, his eyes narrowed, but the corners of his lips curled upwards.

Every time Nangong Wuque looked at this sissy, he would feel uncomfortable. Do you think you will be able to ride atop this big brother's head because this big brother lost his Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame? Your manner of thinking is childish and naive...

Nangong Wuque casually flipped his hand, and a piece of medicinal ingredient, which was as black as ink, instantly appeared.

This medicinal ingredient was a black tuber. The body of the black tuber was covered with dense lines, making it resemble a dragon's beard. It was very mysterious.

Suddenly, Nangong Wuque pulled out a small towel and tied it around his nose and mouth, covering both. His appearance... now seemed a little wretched.

The audience was stunned.

Naturally, Nangong Wuque was not a stranger to them. After all, Nangong Wuque was a genius Alchemist from Heavenly Mist City, and his skill at alchemy was excellent. But right now, what was he trying to do by covering his mouth and nose?

The judge in charge of the fifth arena was a little puzzled. He could not discern the reason behind Nangong Wuque's actions.

"Huh? Is that Fine Golden Stalk? Why did he take it out? What is he going to do with it?"

"Fine Golden Stalk... Can it be used to refine pills? He took it out just to amuse us, right?"

"What in the world... Isn't the juice of the Fine Golden Stalk extremely smelly? What is Nangong Wuque trying to do?"

...

Several alchemists had recognized the black tuber in Nangong Wuque's hand, causing them to express their curiosity audibly.

Bu Fang was slightly stunned; he didn't recognize the Fine Golden Stalk. However, from the conversations of the surrounding alchemists, the Fine Golden Stalk seemed like something extraordinary.

Nangong Wuque's eyes narrowed, and a ball of alchemic flames instantly erupted in his hand, and the scorching heat enveloped the Fine Golden Stalk in a few moments.

Buzz...

In only a short amount of time, the Fine Golden Stalk was almost fully liquified by Nangong Wuque's alchemic flames.

Nangong Wuque threw the almost-fully liquified Fine Golden Stalk into his furnace, and his eyes widened. From afar, a creepy smile could be seen on his face.

Nangong Wan, who was sitting amongst the audience, smacked her forehead. At that moment, she strongly wished to deny the fact that she knew Nangong Wuque.

A barely discernible wave of foul odor began to waft out from the alchemy furnace. The odor wasn't dense, but it soon began to permeate the surroundings; its smelly odor became perceivable.

Soon, the smelly odor in the air became dense. The odor reminded the audience of Stinky Tofu freshly out of Bu Fang's wok, and it caused their expressions on the faces of everyone watching to gravely change.

The judge was the first one affected by the odor. When he perceived it, he began to choke, and his face turned black. What in the world was that smell?

Fine Golden Stalk... Did Nangong Wuque smash his head against a wall? How could something like that be made into an elixir?

The odor soon enveloped the entire arena.

Bu Fang was also unable to endure it any longer and frowned. This smell... It greatly resembled the stench of excrement. He considered highly unlikely that Nangong Wuque would actually take out something like that.

Nangong Wuque, who had covered his mouth and nose before taking out the Fine Golden Stalk, looked at Lin Sanpao and began to laugh maniacally, causing his eyes to turn into crescents.

"Oh ho... You're actually already trying to coagulate the elixir? Indeed, your improvements are huge..."

Nangong Wuque's eyebrows twitched as he raised his palm. True energy surged out of that palm, and in an instant, the stench surged out with a fierce momentum, blowing toward Lin Sanpao's bronze platform.

The glow of Lin Sanpao's furnace illuminated his face, highlighting its feminine and tender nature.

He was completely serious because the match was an opportunity for him to get rid of his past shame. After all, he had been suppressed by Nangong Wuque in the past. Today, however, he finally had the chance to counterattack; how could he not cherish this opportunity?



Time to coagulate the elixir! This one-mark spirit pill would be enough to destroy Nangong Wuque!

When Lin Sanpao thought about how he was able to turn the tables on Nangong Wuque, his heart brimmed with excitement. Just that thought was enough to leave him slightly agitated!

As he focused all his attention on coagulating his elixir, a wave of smelly odor ferociously charged at him. The stench soon reached the fearless Lin Sanpao, catching him completely unaware. The stench began to permeate his side of the stage. A fierce wind carried the stench along with it and instantly drilled into Lin Sanpao's nostrils.

How smelly was the Fine Golden Stalk?

Who cared about how smelly it was? What they knew was that it was extremely smelly... to the point of being unreasonable. Its stench was comparable to the Stinky Tofu's stench.

Lin Sanpao directly vomited...

He was a clean freak, and he had always kept himself clean. He loved to be neat and tidy. Before he left this residence, he would always wash thoroughly with warm water, then he would spray some perfume on himself.

He wanted to smell good!

And Nangong Wuque knew that this sissy loved to smell good. As such, Nangong Wuque produced something that would make Lin Sanpao stink!

Suddenly, an urge to cry overwhelmed Lin Sanpao. The stench was really too smelly; it was unbearable!

The instant his concentration wavered, the result of the match was determined. Lin Sanpao's furnace exploded!

In one of Bu Fang's previous match, the moment he took out the Stinky Tofu, he was met with the booms of consecutive furnace explosions.

And now, in this round, Nangong Wuque had taken out the Fine Golden Stalk. If Lin Sanpao's furnace didn't explode, whose furnace would explode?

Boom!

With a loud blast, Lin Sanpao's elixir, which was almost finished, turned into ashes. His alchemic flames shot into the sky as the sound of an explosion resounded in the ears of everyone present.

Lin Sanpao was extremely depressed, and his face, which used to be white, had turned black after the explosion. His clothes were now tattered, baring his white, tender skin.

"Hahahaha! Old Bu's method really is effective!"

Nangong Wuque laughed loudly after glancing at Lin Sanpao, whose furnace had just exploded.

The judge was stunned, and the audience was at a loss for words...

Even the judicators, who were seated at the high stage, had no idea what to say.

"This kid... Who hired his clown? Is he here to provide comedic relief?"

"If his elixir doesn't meet the standard, kick him out for me! Don't even think of advancing!"

Chapter 520 Bu Fang's Opponent in the Top 50

"If Nangong Wuque's spirit pill does not meet the standard, don't even think of qualifying."

Grandmaster Xuan Ming, who was sitting at the high stage, was enraged, and he coldly gazed down at Nangong Wuque.

As the representative of Heavenly Mist City, he, naturally knew who Nangong Wuque was. In fact, Nangong Wuque could be considered half his apprentice, hence their relationship was not that bad.

However, today, he found Nangong Wuque's actions disappointing. As an alchemist, if he did not have enough power to win without using underhanded tricks, would there be any meaning to his victory?

In this little chef's matches, the only reason alchemists' furnaces exploded was because the alchemists got distracted by the aroma of his dishes; on top of that, the dishes were excellent and had outstanding effects. This little chef was truly formidable.

But what about you, Nangong Wuque? There was no need to use Fine Golden Stalk. This brat, you definitely did it on purpose.

As Grandmasters at alchemy, how could they not tell what Nangong Wuque had been thinking of?

"Nangong Wuque! I will kill you!"

Lin Sanpao, who was crestfallen, had only gotten a hold of himself after some time. However, he was now covered in soot, and his clothing had been reduced to tatters. He was so furious that he stomped the ground hard and trembled with rage.

Nangong Wuque glanced at Lin Sanpao, then the corners of his lips curled upwards, into a devilish grin. The grin was captured and broadcasted by the Projection Array. When the members of the audience saw it, some gasped, while some others stared at Nangong Wuque in awe.

Not only was Nangong Wuque already very handsome, but he also had a lot of fans; and now, this devilish grin of his had incited gasps from many members of the audience.

However, what more people were concerned about was how he was going to solve the upcoming problem.

Would Nangong Wuque's loss of the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame have caused him to lose to Lin Sanpao? Was that why he used such a dirty tactic to win?

As Nangong Wuque's red hair fluttered in the breeze, he smiled. He raised a palm, and his mental force began to surge; then, he made a swiping motion at this furnace.

Suddenly, the heat waves emanating from the furnace parted, and the stench in the air surged back into the furnace, leaving the air odor free...

"Eh? The odor disappeared?"

"Interesting... Could Nangong Wuque really have done all that on purpose? Just because he wanted his opponent to accidentally blow up his furnace?"

" Isn't... isn't this a little despicable?"

...

Many alchemists had noticed the weird turn of events and began to discuss amongst themselves.

Nangong Wuque, on the other hand, was focused on refining his spirit pill. Not long afterward, a thick fragrance began to waft out of his furnace.

A round ball of herbal liquid hovered within the furnace, withstanding the heat of his alchemic flames, and then it began to condense into a spirit pill.

Buzz...

Nangong Wuque soon put out the alchemic flames, and a pitch-black spirit pill floated out of the furnace and landed atop his palm.

The spirit pill was still warm and seemed to be shimmering.

Two strips could be seen moving on the surface of the spirit pill; hence, the pitch-black spirit pill was actually a two-mark spirit pill!

Lin Sanpao was stunned and in denial. How could it have been possible for Nangong Wuque to refine a two-mark spirit pill? This guy... did he not lose his Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame? How was he still able to refine spirit pills?

In the past, Nangong Wuque had relied on his Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame to refine two-mark spirit pills, but today... he was actually able to refine that spirit pill with just his ability...

The judicators on stage were all surprised. Grandmaster Xuan Ming narrowed his eyes, but he did not say any more than he already had.

The talent that this brat, Nangong Wuque, had shown did not disappoint him.

Although he no longer had a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame, he was still able to refine a two-mark spirit pill using his own abilities.

The judge used the jade array to test the spirit pill, and after that, he finally announced the winner of that match—Nangong Wuque.

The audience erupted into cheers.

So, Nangong Wuque did not use a dirty technique because he was not strong enough to beat Lin Sanpao on his own; he used it just so he could annoy Lin Sanpao.

They all now understood it clearly. Lin Sanpao was a neat freak, who always wanted to remain spotless, but Nangong Wuque had other plans for him; he wanted Lin Sanpao to get smeared by that disgusting stench.

He had done so to antagonize the opposing party, Lin Sanpao, disgusting the other to the very end!

Nangong Wuque's red hair fluttered in the breeze as he played with the pitch-black spirit pill for a while, then he glanced at Lin Sanpao; and with a flick of his wrist, Nangong Wuque sent the spirit pill flying toward Lin Sanpao.

"Don't believe in my abilities? Then, have a taste of this spirit pill."

Lin Sanpao raised his hand, catching the pitch black spirit pill in mid-air. When he looked at it closely, he spotted the two golden marks on the spirit pill, which left him taken aback.

It could really be made... Lin Sanpao heaved in a deep breath.

He raised the spirit pill to his nose and gave it a sniff. He could perceive a slight fragrance wafting out of it.

Lin Sanpao gritted his teeth and tipped the spirit pill into his mouth.

Crack! The spirit pill cracked open.

Suddenly, Lin Sanpao's pupils dilated.

Pleh!

As soon as the spirit pill entered his mouth, the stench, which Nangong Wuque had suppressed during refinement, surged outward once more.

The judge looked in disgust at Lin Sanpao, who had crouched and was puking his guts out; at this, the judge could only shake his head and sigh.

You actually dared to put a spirit pill which had been made with Fine Golden Stalk into your mouth? You are either naive or just gullible.

When Nangong Wuque saw the state that Lin Sanpao was in, he burst into laughter. He did not stop laughing as he walked down the stage.

When Bu Fang looked at Lin Sanpao, who was still puking, he felt pity for the latter. Although Stinky Tofu was smelly, its taste was quite delicious; however, this was not the case with spirit pills. Pills that gave off a disgusting stench during refinement would taste horrible when eaten.

...

More time passed, and soon, the competition of the top 100 was finally over.



Two crescent moons hung in the sky, bathing the ground beneath with cold, white light.

Back at Heavenly Mist City's central plaza ground, the contestants who had advanced stood at the first arena's stage, waiting.

Bu Fang was also on the stage, with his huge signboard on his shoulder and an indifferent expression on his face.

Duan Yun, who had also advanced, made his way toward Bu Fang and Nangong Wuque, and the three of them conversed with each other.

Fifty contestants had sailed through the competition of the top 100, advancing to the next round.

They were now the top 50. Many curiosity-filled gazes were directed Bu Fang's way.

As a chef—the only chef in the Magical Hand Conference—he had managed to make it all the way to the top 50. This feat was an unbelievable accomplishment!

Furthermore, the chef did not seem to have reached his limits, yet. With such strong showings from the chef thus far, charging into the top 10 did not seem impossible!

This chef, who had now proven himself to be a formidable opponent, caused the alchemists to feel a sense of danger and pressure.

For alchemists, losing to a chef was something really embarrassing.

Even Sorceress An Sheng had lost to him. However, she was thick-skinned and paid her loss no mind, but they were different from her; the moment they lost to the chef, they would be subjected to jeers from everyone watching.

Therefore, the alchemists who were looking at Bu Fang were doing so solemnly.

"Okay; the competition of the top 100 has ended. Every contestant here will participate in the competition of the top 50. As per usual, the matches will start three days from now, so you all have three days to prepare for the next round. Now, you will draw lots to determine your opponents for the next round," announced Grand Master Xuan Ming, who had stepped off the warship and was now walking on air, with his hands behind his back.

His robes fluttered, making him appear saint-like, and the gaze he directed at the contestants contained a hint of strictness.

The contestants straightened their backs and nodded. The top 50 was not their final goals; they all aimed for... the top 10!

Buzz...

Grand Master Xuan Ming landed on the stage, and a talisman appeared in his hands. As soon as the talisman emerged, it began to emit a bright light, like a lighthouse in a pitch-black night.

The judge took out multiple talismans and gave one to each contestant.

Grand Master Xuan Ming's true energy began to surge, in order to activate the talisman, and this caused the light being emitted from the talisman to glow brighter.

A buzz resounded through the arena, causing the audience to hold their breaths in anticipation.

Suddenly, names instantaneously appeared on the projection array's screen in the sky. The letters were shimmering.

The names were to be paired in order to determine the contestants' opponents for the next round.

Bu Fang looked at the glowing talisman in his hand, watching a name appear on it: Xiong Shi.

Xiong Shi? Is this person famous? The name was quite weird...

Bu Fang was stunned.

When Nangong Wuque, who was standing beside Bu Fang, took a look at his own talisman, he took a deep breath, and his gaze turned complicated.

Bu Fang spotted the change in Nangong Wuque's expression, so he looked down at the name on Nangong Wuque's talisman.

"Yang Meiji? Hmm? That tall woman?" Surprised, Bu Fang asked, with raised eyebrows. Even he considered this an impossible coincidence.

"Yep... It's her; the woman who took away my Heaven And Earth Obsidian Flame." Nangong Wuque smiled bitterly. Maybe it was fate that assigned Yang Meiji as his opponent for the next round.

"I wish you luck," Bu Fang said, solemnly.

Duan Yun, who was also standing with them, furrowed his brows when a name appeared on his talisman. As expected, when it came to the competition of the top 50, no opponent would be weak.

He was to face a strong alchemist from Heavenly Pill City, who was just as good as Duan Yun was in alchemy. Hence, Duan Yun had no confidence in emerging victorious.

"Owner Bu, who did you draw?"

Duan Yun and Nangong Wuque asked simultaneously and looked down at the talisman in his hand.

When they spotted the name on the talisman, they gasped.

"Hmm? What? Is this person really famous?" Bu Fang asked, surprised at their reaction.

Owner Bu... honestly, your luck is not great. In the competition of the top 100, you were matched against Big Breasts An; and now, in the competition of the top 50, you have been matched against

Crazy Xiong... Are you here just to take down potential top 10 candidates?" Nangong Wuque asked, with a peculiar expression his face. "Or, have you offended a Grandmaster alchemist, making them purposely try to cause trouble for you?"

Duan Yun also looked at Bu Fang with pity. "Owner Bu, this Crazy Xiong is more difficult to handle than Senior Sister An. Also, you need to be careful; Crazy Xiong is called 'Crazy' because he is willing to do just about anything to win."

Xiong Shi... such an honest-sounding name; was its owner really as scary as these guys had said?

When Duan Yun saw that Bu Fang's opponent was Xiong Shi, his mood improved. His opponent, in comparison, was much weaker.

In this round of the Magical Hand Conference, which contestant would garner the most attention? It would most definitely be the public enemy of every alchemist—Bu Fang.

The moment the matched name list for the competition of top 50 appeared on the projection array, the audience looked up at it, searching for Bu Fang's name.

When they saw the name beside Bu Fang's, a collective gasp resounded throughout the arena.

In the distance, a burly figure turned his head over, looking over at Bu Fang, with a gaze flickering like lightning.

"The public enemy of alchemists? I initially thought that this competition of the top 50 would also be boring, but it will be interesting, instead! Seeing as he was able to defeat Sorceress An Sheng, he must be somewhat strong."

