

Gourmet 591

Chapter 591: A Staring Contest Between Lord Dog and the Nether King

Bu Fang simply disregarded whatever the Nether King had just said.

He slowly placed a Chili Strip into his mouth and nonchalantly chewed on it. As he swallowed the Chili Strip, waves of true energy spread across his body and entered his four limbs. He was instantly rejuvenated and showed no signs of weariness.

Bu Fang circulated his true energy and finally managed to dig a hole out from inside the black dragon's stomach. He quickly made his way out.

His cultivation base was still relatively weak and that was why he used up nearly eighty percent of his true energy within his energy core when he dug a hole through the black dragon's stomach.

The Chili Strip's taste was extremely wonderful. Moreover, the effect of the dish was even better.

Nonetheless, it was this dish that bewitched the Nether King. The Nether King seemed to have fallen in love with the Chili Strip and the thick aroma coming from the dish intoxicated him.

However, the Nether King didn't have any money on him... He could only watch helplessly as Bu Fang nonchalantly devoured all the remaining Chili Strips. Bu Fang didn't even leave a single one behind.

Gulp.

The Nether King felt as if someone was teasing him and he was no longer able to resist the urge. He turned around to look at the distant Jiang Ling. When Jiang Ling realized that the Nether King was looking at her, she became worried as she looked at the Nether King with a vigilant gaze.

"Milord... Stop thinking about it! You still owe me twenty thousand crystals!" Jiang Ling grunted furiously.

The Nether King's handsome face revealed a hint of reluctance.

“How can you be so calculative at such a young age? When did this king mention anything about not paying you?!”

It looked like relying on Jiang Ling for crystals would not work anymore... Nonetheless, the Nether King didn't give up. He turned his gaze and looked at Nethery.

“What the hell are you looking at? I don't need any crystals to eat those Chili Strips,” Nethery said coldly.

The Nether King instantly felt crestfallen. It was as though a formless arrow had mercilessly pierced his heart.

Rumble!

The earth suddenly shook violently. The small pond behind the waterfall began to tremble vigorously. The partition in the middle of the waterfall started to widen and the waterfall separated into two halves.

A pitch-black cave emerged from behind the waterfall.

There was actually another cave inside this valley!

Everyone was flabbergasted by what was playing out in front of them. In the next moment, cheers reverberated throughout the crowd.

“This is actually the inheritance of a major power! Such a tremendous stroke of fortune!”

Everyone began to exclaim in excitement.

A mystical energy fluctuation came from that pitch-black cave.

All the individuals surrounding the waterfall were going mad from excitement. Each of them shot out their true energy into the cave behind the waterfall simultaneously.

Even though the expert didn't care about the True Dragon Fruit or the Dragonification Tree, how could they keep their calm in front of the inheritance of a major power? No one knew what was hidden within the inheritance of that major power. Regardless, it would definitely be something excellent!

This tremendous stroke of luck was an opportunity which belonged to everyone!

Bu Fang was genuinely shocked by the scene which unfolded in front of him. He turned his curious gaze toward the cave and saw a maniacal individual dash directly into the waterfall. He was still dazed by the fact that such a well-hidden place actually held the inheritance of a major power.

Both the black dragon and Dragonification Tree were vital in activating the entrance to these remains. With the black dragon dead, the inheritance automatically appeared in front of them.

"Little one, why don't you make your way to the remains? You might even find something good in there!" The Nether King glanced toward Bu Fang as he instigated.

However, the Nether King was going to be disappointed again as Bu Fang had absolutely no interest in the inheritance of whatever major power that was.

Previously, he was forcefully abducted into the grave of the Supreme Blade Tyrant. It was never his real intention to get involved in the inheritance of major powers. Compared to digging up graves, Bu Fang would rather be in his restaurant, cooking up dishes like the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

"Not interested," Bu Fang said coldly as he stored his True Dragon Fruit.

He tapped Whitey's belly gently and he glanced toward the valley with a scheming look. The valley was filled with rich spiritual energy and many flourishing rare and exotic herbs. Some spiritual herbs were of incomparable value and could not be wasted. Bu Fang sighed and clapped his hands together after choosing some precious herbs which were of use to him.

"Nethery, let us leave," Bu Fang warmly said.

Nethery was confused. Was it true that Bu Fang had no intention to enter the inheritance ground? It was the inheritance of a major power!

“Okay.” Nethery chose not to question Bu Fang any further so she nodded her head. She simply made her way over and activated the Netherworld Ship. As the mysterious Netherworld Woman, Nethery was all up and ready to leave this mysterious place at a moment’s notice; as long as she had her spiritual vessel, no teleportation array was needed.

“Leave? Where are you going to go? Little lass, you can’t just leave the remains like this. Those old fellas in the Netherworld ruins were already unhappy when you left without a single word,” the Nether King frowned as he overheard the conversation between Bu Fang and Nethery.

As she was a Netherworld Woman who was banished, Nethery had to bear the burden of numerous curses. Only when the effects of these curses faded away would she be able to return back to the Netherworld.

Before that, the Netherworld Woman would have to stay and sail aimlessly within the mysterious land on a spirit vessel.

Even though he was the Nether King, the ruler of the underworld, he was still unable to overwrite the curse of the banishment. Moreover, those old fellas were not to be trifled with.

Nethery turned around and gave the Nether King an expressionless stare.

“We must get back to Bu Fang’s restaurant. There are many Chili Strips there,” Nethery said with a serious tone.

“You can leave. This unpleasant land is really boring. We need to feel the warmth of our home. Come on, let us leave together, we are going in the same direction anyway,” the Nether King’s silky black hair fluttered behind him as he said to Nethery melancholically.

Bu Fang’s mouth twitched. Was this really the Nether King? Was this really the ruler of the Netherworld? Why did he not have the temperament of a great man? He was an even bigger clown compared to Nangong Wuque. One could only imagine what would happen if the two of them were placed together.

“Mi... Milord, are you just going to leave like that?” Jiang Ling was dumbfounded.

Just leaving like that? Were they not even going to take a look at the remains? The major power spent a ton of effort just to set up these remains and they were going to leave just like that?

That was an enormous opportunity!

Jiang Ling was going mad... She clearly longed for the opportunity.

“Milord, I’ve already missed a stroke of luck previously. I definitely cannot miss another lucky chance!” Jiang Ling’s face turned solemn as she seriously addressed the Nether King.

Previously, for the sake of summoning the Nether King, she missed the inheritance of the Supreme Blade Tyrant. Now that another huge opportunity was laid out in front of her, there was no way she was going to let it go.

The Nether King, who was already onboard of the spirit vessel, seemed to have felt Jiang Ling’s persistence and said solemnly to her, “I understand. Fight for it with all your heart! Go and seek the fortune which belongs to you! As for your twenty thousand crystals... I shall return it to you the next time we meet!”

If the Nether King didn’t add the last line, there was a chance Jiang Ling would be touched by his words.

Nonetheless, Jiang Ling’s aim wasn’t this...

“Milord... You promised to give me a lucky chance. I will definitely look for you when I am back!” Jiang Ling leaped away with four chains of true energy floating behind her. Her silky white hair covered Jiang Ling’s face as she began to leap toward the remains.

The Nether King watched as Jiang Ling slowly disappeared from his sight. He released a long and melancholic sigh.

“Youngsters nowadays... So playful.”

Rumble!

A frightening amount of energy came crashing down from the heavens. The dense true energy fluctuations in the area were instantly overshadowed. A figure slowly descended from the skies and shot straight toward the remains.

It seemed as though the inheritance this time was indeed extraordinary. Even an esteemed existence like the figure in the sky was alarmed.

Moreover, another powerful existence was alerted as well. A majestic red sword light streaked through the heavens, destroying everything that was in its path.

Atop the flying red sword stood a man emitting an extraordinary aura as he shot toward the remains.

There were others who arrived on hawks and there were some who came on foot. Nonetheless, the aura emitted by these individuals was overwhelmingly terrifying.

Bu Fang was somewhat shocked and confused by such a scene.

“Mark my words... It’s a tremendous loss if you do not grab onto this opportunity. Look at all the exalted individuals that went into the remains. Are you regretting it now?” The Nether King questioned Bu Fang.

However, Bu Fang remained silent as he calmly shook his head. All the exalted figures had an aura that far surpassed anyone Bu Fang had ever faced. There may very well be someone at the Divine Soul Realm.

Facing powerful individuals like them, Bu Fang had a rather negligible chance of getting anything out of that place. Since there was a near-zero probability for him to attain a stroke of fortune, Bu Fang naturally chose not to go for the remains. He might as well head back to his restaurant earlier to prepare a pot of Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

Swoosh!

The spirit vessel slowly moved through the skies.

Nethery stood at the front of the Netherworld Ship with her silky black hair fluttering about behind her. She spread her arms wide as formless energy started to circulate around the vessel.

The Netherworld Ship's speed increased at a shocking pace. In the next moment, a spatial tear appeared in the skies and the Netherworld Ship shot into it.

...

Two round, crescent-shaped moons hung quietly in the night sky.

A spatial ripple appeared in the sky and a pitch-black vessel emerged from the tear in space. However, in the next instant, the space surrounding them returned back to its tranquil state.

Buzz...

A huge wave crashed in all directions as the Netherworld Ship hovered in the sky above the land.

"Phew! Such a nostalgic feeling! Although the spiritual energy here is a lot more diluted compared to the Netherworld, the air here is still as refreshing as always. It really makes me more clear-minded." A look of nostalgia appeared on the Nether King's face as he stood on the Netherworld Ship.

Nethery, Bu Fang, as well as the enormously sized Whitey, jumped off the Netherworld Ship and landed on the ground with a "boom". The land trembled slightly.

Not far away, the moonlight lit up the Cloud Mist Restaurant and it seemed as though the entire restaurant was dressed in a layer of white clothing.

Bu Fang squinted his eyes while he looked at the restaurant. A sense of belonging surfaced within his heart. He truly enjoyed this feeling.

Compared to the secret realm that was filled with countless treasures and dense spiritual energy, Bu Fang still loved his little kitchen.

He opened the gates and walked toward the store.

Nethery waved her little hand and the Netherworld Ship instantly flew into the restaurant. It landed beside the Path-Understanding Tree. A ringing sound was heard as the Path-Understanding Tree swayed furiously. Leaves began to fall like snow and fell onto Lord Dog's nose.

Lord Dog sneezed as the leaves tickled its nose. The large black dog lazily opened its sleepy eyes as it stared at Bu Fang, who was walking into the restaurant. Moonlight was reflecting off Bu Fang's robe and he looked pretty amazing. However, Lord Dog didn't care about how Bu Fang looked and it quickly transmitted a thought into Bu Fang's head. "You brat, you are finally back."

Outside the shop, the Nether King, who was floating in the air, seemed as though he felt something and his eyes snapped open. His ears twitched and his handsome face began to tremble. He took a deep breath and looked into the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

A deep glow appeared in his eyes and it seemed as though he was able to see through everything in the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

Under the Path-Understanding Tree, Lord Dog felt something as well and quickly raised its head. It looked toward the Nether King who was hovering outside the restaurant.

A man and a dog began to probe each other with their eyes.

"Hmmm? It's actually that old fart?" Lord Dog mused to itself.

The Nether King actually let out a sigh of relief.

"This old black dog is actually as round as a ball. There is no way it's that shameless dog with no integrity."

Chapter 592: A Worthless Nether King

With regards to the appearance of the Nether King, Lord Dog felt more suspicion than surprise. After yawning, Lord Dog lay down once again to continue its nap.

After the Nether King consoled himself, his face returned back to one which was full of melancholy. The Nether King landed behind Nethery and made his way into the restaurant. Once he entered the restaurant, he began to look around curiously. The interior of this restaurant was indeed somewhat clean. Not a speck of dust could be seen. Moreover, the air was filled with the fragrance of several dishes and the Nether King's nose involuntarily twitched.

The Nether King sat down on a chair he found and kept on looking around.

Suddenly, his gaze fell onto the sleeping Lord Dog who was lying right beside the Path-Understanding Tree.

"Tch, this fat black dog is really too fat. It's like a lump of meat... It seems more like an eyesore. Compared to that liar of a dog, the liar is indeed much more handsome." The Nether King commented on that black dog as he fondled his chin.

The Nether King stood up with his hands behind his back as he walked toward Lord Dog. As he walked closer to the latter, he closely scrutinized it. A while later, the Nether King actually gave a slight nod.

"I will have to admit, although this dog is indeed much chubbier, he still has a slight resemblance to that liar of a dog. Even his aura resembles the one from that liar of a dog... How incredible!" The Nether King tilted his head to the side and said to Bu Fang, who was about to head over to the kitchen.

Bu Fang looked at the Nether King from the corner of his eye and didn't bother with him any longer. If that retard wanted to mess with Lord Dog, so be it.

After all, he was the Nether King. His skin should be much harder to break. It should be possible for him to survive Lord Dog's scratch.

Bu Fang walked to the entrance and closed the bronze gate. After closing the restaurant, Bu Fang started to walk toward the kitchen.

The Nether King was used to Bu Fang's cold attitude since long ago. That little brat called Bu Fang must have been jealous of the Nether King's good looks.

The Nether King squatted down and extended his hand toward Lord Dog's head.

"Hmmm, although it's pretty fat, it feels good to touch this dog," the Nether King praised as he continued to caress Lord Dog's head. That spotless and supple dog fur had a unique texture.

Nethery sat on the Netherworld Ship as she swung her snowy long white legs. She raised the corners of her lips as she looked at the Nether King. It was as though she was looking at an imbecile.

Was this old fella mentally handicapped?

Eventually, Lord Dog lazily opened its eyes and a sigh escaped its lips. Lord Dog looked at the Nether King from the corner of its eye and finally spoke:

"Hey old fella, if you don't stop what you are doing right now, don't blame me for what happens next." A soothing yet attractive voice filled the place.

The Nether King was stunned and his eyes started to bulge.

Oh shit... this... This fat dog was actually that damned lazy dog?! How could he possibly get this fat?

Nethery was speechless. This old fella actually didn't recognize Lord Dog.

Lord Dog was similarly speechless as it quickly sent its claws toward the Nether King's face.

The Nether King immediately let out an anguished cry.

"You lazy dog! If you attack someone's face, your kids will receive bad karma! You're definitely jealous of this king's good looks!" The Nether King shifted his body in a split second to dodge Lord Dog's claw.

Rumble!

Space started to tremble and a loud rumble filled the air. The powerful claw that Lord Dog used caused the area around it to twist and fall apart. Anyone could see how incredibly strong Lord Dog's move was.

The Nether King felt a chill go down his spine. If that attack actually landed on its face, there was no doubt that his face would be disfigured. This lazy dog was still as lazy as before!

"Eh? You old fella actually came with your true body and not a clone?" Lord Dog said coldly as he licked the paw which barely missed the Nether King. He looked at his paw which he was so proud of.

"Lazy dog, you had better stop calling me an old fella. I'm still very young!" The Nether King straightened his robe and reprimanded Lord Dog with an ugly expression on his face.

Lord Dog rolled his eyes and said, "Shameless old fella, you are already tens of thousands of years old. Why are you trying to act like a youngster now? Don't you feel embarrassed?"

"You fat and lazy dog! You are already as fat as a ball, why aren't you dead yet?!" The Nether King rebutted furiously.

"What? I'm plump, not fat! Do you have something to say about it? Do you want to fight? How about we settle this outside!" Lord Dog glared at the Nether King as it rose to its feet. The fats on its body started to jiggle around.

"Fight? Do you think that this king is afraid of you? If this king doesn't help you lose one kilogram of fats today, this king will abandon his surname!" The Nether King's silky black hair swayed behind him as he commented.

This old man was really crazy!

Lord Dog snorted as he glared coldly at the Nether King.

A man and a dog stared at each other with fire in their eyes. It was as though they were fighting a battle through their gaze.

Nethery continued to rock her pretty legs back and forth as she watched the scene in front of her expressionlessly.

Eighty shook its chicken ass around as it walked back and forth. It looked at the scene where a clown fought with a dog with bulging eyes.

However, just as the atmosphere reached its peak, a fragrant smell drifted out of the kitchen.

Lord Dog and the Nether King's eyes shone brightly. Lord Dog's nose twitched for a moment and it turned away from the Nether King with a nonchalant expression on its face. It walked past the Nether King with elegant steps.

Once Lord Dog found a spot, it immediately slammed the table with its dog paw.

The Nether King laughed coldly as his silky black hair fluttered. That lazy dog backed out! However, the Nether King also began to sniff the air and smelled a rather thick aroma drifting around. This smell caused his whole body to stiffen up.

Twisting his head, the Nether King tried to find the source of the smell. He saw a skinny figure walking out from inside the kitchen.

Bu Fang held two porcelain plates in his hand.

Hot air started to spread out and it was accompanied by the aroma of the dish.

"Blacky, Nethery, come and have your meal," Bu Fang said calmly.

He walked to the table and placed the dishes on it. A plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and a plate of Dragon Blood Rice was served.

"This plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs is for Blacky, the Dragon Blood Rice is for Nethery." Bu Fang mentioned.

Nethery and Blacky were already in position. With a look of anticipation on their faces, they stared at Bu Fang.

The sweet and intoxicating aroma from the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs spread across the whole table. The ribs were glistening with a layer of gem-like radiance and anyone would become tempted when they looked at it.

Lord Dog extended its tongue and sucked in a deep breath. Its eyes shone with excitement. Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs were much better... Although the Chili Strips were good as well, it wasn't healthy for him to eat too many of them.

Nethery stopped talking since a long time ago and her palm reached toward the Dragon Blood Rice. She started eating like a barbarian.

The Nether King was utterly stunned by the scene before him. What in the world was going on? What the hell was happening? What were the two of them eating? Why did it seem so appetizing?

Munch munch...

Lord Dog's fats jiggled all around uncontrollably as it stuffed its face with the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs. It chewed crazily on the ribs and a blissful look appeared on its face. It was as though Lord Dog was in heaven!

While Lord Dog was chewing on the ribs, it glanced toward the puzzled Nether King. A mocking smile appeared on its face.

Gulp.

The Nether King swallowed his saliva as he looked at the plate of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs with a yearning expression. He could no longer stay calm after looking at the way Lord Dog and Nethery ate.

"Young man... What about me? Do you have anything left for this king? Since they have food to eat, you should give this handsome king something to eat as well, right?" The Nether King revealed a warm smile as he looked at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang was stunned. He looked at the Nether King as though he was looking at a retard.

“Just order whatever you want to eat. You can ask Nethery. The menu is on that wall and the price is fixed. No bargaining,” Bu Fang said.

Bu Fang turned around and made his way to the kitchen. Bu Fang went out of his way to make Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs for Lord Dog and Dragon Blood Rice for Nethery. Now, it was time for him to prepare a Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

Bu Fang didn’t doubt that his completed dish would determine whether he advanced in rank or not.

The Nether King stared at Bu Fang as he gradually disappeared into the kitchen. The Nether King’s lips twitched. He turned around to look at the menu which was on the wall. As soon as he laid eyes on the menu, his eyes widened to the size of saucers.

“Such an annoying kid!” Wasn’t a Chili Strip one thousand five hundred crystals? Why the hell did you sell it to this king for twenty thousand each? You took advantage of me!” The Nether King felt as though he had been exploited again and again.

With bloodshot eyes, the Nether King stared closely at that menu.

That’s right!

On the menu, the Chili Strip was listed for one thousand five hundred crystals. One thousand five hundred crystals!

The Nether King felt miserable. Was he too naive? How else would he explain the fact that he spent twenty thousand crystals to buy a single Chili Strip? Not to mention it was the price after he used his looks to dazzle Bu Fang.

What a loss! He had been utterly defeated!

“Youngsters nowadays are really too mischievous!” The Nether King felt extremely miserable and he could hardly breathe.

Nethery seemed to be used to such a scene as she remained expressionless when looking at the indignant Nether King.

As Nethery slowly chewed on the Dragon Blood Rice, she coldly asked, “Hey old man, what do you want to order?”

“Is it possible for me to put it on credit? I’ll use my looks as a guarantee that I will definitely pay the crystals I owe you...” The Nether King stared at Nethery’s mouth which was covered with oil before looking at the fragrant Dragon Blood Rice. He swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

“Can you eat your looks?” Nethery rolled her eyes and commented.

The Nether King felt as though his heart had been pierced by a formless arrow.

At this moment, Bu Fang casually walked out of the kitchen.

He held a small porcelain bowl in his hand.

“Eighty, come have your food. I almost forgot about you,” Bu Fang said calmly.

Eighty, who had been sitting on the floor as a bystander this whole time, upon hearing that its food was ready, merrily let out a chirp and stood up. It dashed toward Bu Fang’s legs and looked at him with a happy look in its eyes.

The Nether King looked helplessly at this scene.

Looking at the little chicken eating away happily at the Dragon Blood Rice, a million black fat dogs dashed through his mind.

He was actually inferior to a chicken.

“Hm? Have you thought of what to order already? The prices are very reasonable. We are not out to cheat your money. Please relax and order,” Bu Fang said seriously.

Snicker.

As he gazed into at Bu Fang's solemn eyes, the Nether King felt as though he was going to vomit a mouthful of blood.

...

Never did the Nether King think that he would ultimately still get to eat the Chili Strip. Even though he didn't have any crystals with him, he still had many other exotic treasures in his possession.

Bu Fang was stunned when the Nether King took out a can made of black ore was used to store some kind of spirit liquid. He allowed the Nether King to exchange it for Chili Strips.

It was the first time Bu Fang encountered someone who used spirit liquid to exchange for food. Bu Fang took the liquid from the Nether King and he was instantly overwhelmed by the thick spiritual energy and sour smell.

"This is actually a heavenly treasure of the Netherworld, the Black Spirit Plum Juice. Although it's not very valuable, it will still be able to enhance one's physique and strength when consumed," the Nether King introduced the liquid.

One shouldn't underestimate the can of Black Spirit Plum Juice. One had to know that it was tough to harvest this Black Spirit Plum Juice. Even for experts at the peak of the Divine Physique Echelon, it was still difficult to harvest it.

That was because there was a beast, called the dark serpent, guarding every single piece of Black Spirit Plum. The dark serpent came from the Netherworld and it was extremely difficult to deal with. Only the Nether King would be bored enough to harvest so many Black Spirit Plums and make them into juice.

In the Netherworld, this kind of Black Spirit Plum Juice was considered very valuable! The Nether King felt heartache when he took out this treasure.

Bu Fang had a sip of this Black Spirit Plum Juice. His gaze became deep and a light flashed through his eyes. The unique taste of the Black Spirit Plum Juice filled his mouth and entered his stomach. Bu Fang instantly became more alert.

The taste made Bu Fang think of a rather exquisite juice from his previous life.

“Isn’t this just a cup of concentrated plum juice...” Bu Fang muttered to himself.

Finally, he allowed the Nether King to exchange it for a dish.

The Nether King held a Chili Strip in his hand and he brought it close to his nose. He took a deep breath and tears nearly filled his eyes when he thought about how difficult it was to obtain this Chili Strip.

Lord Dog and Nethery rolled their eyes when they saw the Chili Strip in the Nether King’s hand. Both of them burped with satisfaction and went back to rest under the Path-Understanding Tree.

They completely disregarded the intoxicated Nether King.

As for Bu Fang, he took the Black Spirit Plum Juice back into the kitchen. He planned to transform this juice into a delicious cup of Sour Plum Juice.

Also, Bu Fang started to prepare the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

Chapter 593: Sour Plum Juice VS Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup

Bu Fang brought the Black Spirit Plum Juice that he got from the Nether King back into the kitchen.

He filled the porcelain bowl that he prepared beforehand with the juice he obtained from the Nether King. The Black Spirit Plum Juice was obsidian in color and had a sour smell that assaulted one’s nose. It was also a unique smell. It smelled somewhat like the Sour Plum Juice in Bu Fang’s previous life.

However, the smell was a lot more potent.

That was why after Bu Fang tasted the Black Spirit Plum Juice, he recalled the Sour Plum Juice from his previous life. This Black Spirit Plum Juice could also be made into Sour Plum Juice. Bu Fang became a little intrigued. If he succeeded in making it into Sour Plum Juice, it would definitely be a drink exclusive to him.

Within his restaurant, there were very little choices for drinks. There was nothing else other than wine. If he was able to add a fruit-punch type drink into the menu, wouldn't that be great?

Smoke swirled around Bu Fang's hand as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared. He then placed the wok on the fireplace and spat out a golden-colored flame.

The golden flame dug into the bottom of the wok, and the temperature began to shoot up at a terrifying rate. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok was instantly heated up.

After Bu Fang poured the Black Spirit Plum Juice into the wok, he reduced the intensity of his Ten Thousand Bestial Flames and began to slowly cook the juice.

Bu Fang then took out many ball-like spirit herbs from his dimensional storage. These spirit herbs were all found by Bu Fang when he was in the Heaven Secret Territory. Although the medicinal effect of these herbs wasn't that strong, they weren't weak either. Thus, they were perfect for making Sour Plum Juice.

The selection of spirit herbs was actually a rather tedious task. Bu Fang looked around for quite a while before choosing a flower-type spirit herb. He used his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife to slice up the spirit herb before adding it into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

Of course, Bu Fang didn't only use a single type of spirit herb. He used other spirit herbs that looked like branches and some small red spirit fruits as well.

After these ingredients were added into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the spirit herbs within began to boil unceasingly.

Rumble...

The Black Spirit Plum Juice began to boil quickly as it emitted bubbles filled with sour gas.

Bu Fang then took a large spirit fruit out. It was the size of a human head.

He cracked open the spirit fruit and the transparent juice within it slowly flowed out. When it entered the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the clear fluid started to dilute the Black Spirit Plum Juice.

The original obsidian color of the Black Spirit Plum Juice gradually became more and more transparent.

After the addition of the spirit fluid, Bu Fang began to increase the intensity of his Ten Thousand Bestial Flames. Instantly, the Sour Plum Juice in the wok began to boil even more furiously. Waves of hot air kept gushing out and the sweet and sour gas rose up into the sky.

Bu Fang took a deep sniff and a blast of sweet and sour gas dug into his mouth. He started to salivate non-stop.

“Not bad. The combination of sweet and sour is perfect. It’s enough to intoxicate them but not enough to cause them to choke. Moreover, it isn’t too bland either,” Bu Fang praised. He had to admit that this Black Spirit Plum Juice was indeed good stuff.

The Nether King should have taken this good stuff out earlier. If he had done so earlier, Bu Fang would have definitely given him his Chili Strip. A Chili Strip in exchange for the Black Spirit Plum Juice... What a wonderful trade.

Bu Fang knew when to take the Sour Plum Juice out of the wok. It was based on the shade of red of the juice in the wok. The Sour Plum Juice that had left the wok wasn’t considered finished either. Bu Fang had to make it a little sweeter in order to enhance the savory and delicious taste of the Sour Plum Juice.

In fact, adding honey at this step would be the best option. However, Bu Fang didn’t have any honey with him at the moment. Therefore, he could only add in rock sugar which the system had provided him with.

Swoosh.

Hot air rose continuously.

Bu Fang then poured the cooked Sour Plum Juice into a porcelain bowl. Looking at the ruby-colored Sour Plum Juice, he felt extremely satisfied.

However, he wasn't planning on drinking it straight away because if the liquid was too hot for consumption, the taste would be seriously affected. The best place to drink it would be in a cold place. The sour taste would be so enticing that one's pores would shrink.

Bu Fang left the liquid at one side to cool while he went ahead to prepare his Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

"Compared to the ordinary Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup, it's much harder to cook the heaven-grade version. The quality of the ingredients has to be high and the spirit energy required to cook the dish is much higher. It will be very difficult for me to control the spirit energy when cooking the dish..." Bu Fang thought deeply as he cradled his chin.

After pondering about it for a long time, Bu Fang finally retrieved the ingredients from his system storage space.

An obsidian-colored True Dragon Fruit appeared, emitting waves of faint spirit energy as if a real dragon was moving around within the fruit. Some of the rare spirit herbs were taken out too, along with some of the high-grade spirit beast meat. The black flood dragon, guardian of the True Dragon Fruit, had a massive chunk of meat sliced off its body by Bu Fang. Black flood dragons were classified as high-grade spirit beasts. Naturally, the quality of its meat was perfect for cooking the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

Bu Fang had also taken out his treasured phoenix egg. However, after scrutinizing his phoenix egg, he ultimately decided to store his egg back. He felt that if he used a phoenix egg to cook the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup, he would be wasting a heavenly resource.

One by one, Bu Fang took out the ingredients required to cook the dish. All of these ingredients were of very high quality. If anyone saw the ingredients Bu Fang was going to use, they would definitely be shocked.

“Hmm... I still need a chicken leg. Should I borrow one from Eighty?” Bu Fang pondered for a moment while looking at all the prepared ingredients.

Bu Fang then turned around and walked out of the kitchen.

Outside of the kitchen, Eighty was mustering all its energy to pick up all the individual grains of rice from the porcelain bowl.

Not too far away, the Nether King was enjoying the taste of the Chili Strip as he slowly sucked on it in his mouth. Nethery had long retreated back to the Netherworld Ship in order to rest.

Eighty was still happily eating away the Dragon Blood Rice. Previously, it thought that it was extremely unlucky that it had to stay in the restaurant. It never expected that the restaurant actually had so many pleasant surprises prepared for it.

Unknowingly, Eighty started to gain weight. However, it was acceptable. As a chicken with aspirations, how could it not gain some weight? It was fine to be fat and plump!

As a chicken, I am proud of how fat I am!

Eighty twerked its little chicken butt and let out a few clucks. It quickly went back to the bowl of Dragon Blood Rice.

Suddenly, Eighty's body stiffened up. Raising its head, it slowly turned around and saw Bu Fang looking at it with two gleaming eyes, and there was a greedy look on his face.

That stare... Eighty was too familiar with it!

As a chicken who was able to live for such a long time, Eighty was familiar with the look in other people's eyes. In the past, Nangong Wuque also gave Eighty a similar stare. Before long, one of Eighty's wings was taken away.

Since then, Eighty had etched that terrifying gaze into its memories!

Why was Bu Fang looking at it with a similar gaze?

What in the world did he want to do?

Cluck?!

Eighty glared at Bu Fang as it swallowed the grain of Dragon Blood Rice. It looked vigilantly at Bu Fang as Eighty slowly walked backward.

“Don’t worry, isn’t Dragon Blood Rice delicious? I’ll give you an extra serving tomorrow...” Bu Fang forced a gentle and friendly smile upon his stiff face.

Something wasn’t right!

Eighty’s chicken crown shook gently as it slowly raised its wings.

“That... Be good Eighty, just lend me one of your chicken legs for a while,” Bu Fang said in a serious tone. His twisted facial expression caused Eighty to feel chills down its spine. All of Eighty’s feathers stood straight up.

Lend him a chicken leg?! I knew it! You are just like the other humans! You are evil!

How could Eighty borrow Bu Fang a chicken leg? A chicken needed its legs to run. They had to run in order to survive. If Eighty really gave up a single leg, wouldn’t Lord Eighty be easy to catch? It might as well place itself on a plate in order to feed the humans.

Cluck! Eighty was dead set on keeping its legs!

Eighty stared intently and began to spread its talons. It dashed away like a mad chicken. With a flap of Eighty’s mighty wing, feathers flew all over the place.

Eighty, run for your life!

Bu Fang was dumbfounded by what he saw. Eighty was running away while shaking its little chicken butt. It bounced around and took large steps. Eighty jumped over the head of the Nether King, who was still eating his Chili Strip.

Wasn't it just a chicken leg? What's the big deal? Bu Fang pouted his lips in dissatisfaction.

He gently shook his head, giving up on his conquest for Eighty's chicken leg. He then turned around and made his way toward the kitchen.

"Eh? Where did all these chicken feathers come from?"

The Nether King contemplated about what happened for a brief moment before turning his attention back to the Chili Strip. He didn't bother about anything else.

...

Bu Fang returned to the kitchen. After considering his options for a moment, he ultimately made do with a relatively low-grade chicken leg. Although it couldn't be compared to Eighty's leg, it could always be paired with the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife made a few dramatic twirls in Bu Fang's hand.

Soon afterwards, Bu Fang grabbed the True Dragon Fruit. With a clean slice, he removed the outer skin of the fruit. The kitchen knife then began to move around quickly and anyone would be dazed if they looked at how Bu Fang handled it.

The True Dragon Fruit's skin was removed by Bu Fang systematically.

A clean hack by Bu Fang opened the True Dragon Fruit into two halves. A stream of golden fluid flowed out of the core of the fruit.

Bu Fang used the porcelain bowl which he prepared beforehand to catch all the golden fluid.

The Black Turtle Constellation Wok was ready to cook all the spirit beast meat that Bu Fang had prepared for it. Placing the meat he had prepared into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, Bu Fang pushed down the black dragon meat to the bottom.

The black dragon meat's skin had already been ripped off by Bu Fang. With the kitchen knife, he made web-like incisions in the skin, allowing the skin of the black dragon meat to soak up more flavor.

After some time, Bu Fang poured the golden fluid from the True Dragon Fruit into the wok before throwing in the True Dragon Fruit. He placed the chicken leg into the wok as well.

Bu Fang had also prepared a type of deep-sea spirit abalone meat in the middle of the wok and he surrounded it with the other ingredients.

After all the preparations were made, Bu Fang grabbed a golden-colored lid to cover the wok. The Buddha carved on the lid was filled with smiles and had a ball-like stomach. The smile on the face of the Buddha was filled with warmth and zeal.

Bu Fang poured in some Spirit Spring Water and closed the lid.

After he filled the wok, waves of bright golden Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame began to burn away at the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. Even everything was done, Bu Fang did not immediately use his mental energy to control and guide the spiritual energy within the wok. Instead, he went to retrieve the already cooled Sour Plum Juice at the side. He placed it into the cabinet which was like an icebox in order to further chill it.

When the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup was completed, a bowl of deliciously chilled Sour Plum Juice would be ready for consumption as well.

As all the preparations were completed, Bu Fang went back to the stove and inhaled a deep breath.

The Shura Tower in front of his chest seemed as though it was able to resonate with Bu Fang's strong mental energy as it started to rise up gradually.

Bu Fang's waterfall-like mental strength suddenly burst forth with vigor.

Buzz...

Bu Fang's eyes immediately became grave and a solemn expression appeared on his face. This process was the hardest part when preparing a pot of Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall

Soup. When the grade of the ingredients was extremely high, the chef's mental strength would be consumed at a much quicker rate as well.

...

Within the restaurant.

The Nether King finally finished the last piece of Chili Strip.

He licked his lips in satisfaction and a yearning look appeared in his eyes. Was that it? It's all gone?

He wasn't satisfied yet!

After sucking his fingers which tasted like Chili Strips, the Nether King released a helpless sigh.

"Although this young man has a rather unpleasant attitude, I must admit that the taste of this Chili Strip is really one of a kind. It's extremely delicious..." The Nether King said helplessly.

He had a headache once again. How was he supposed to go about exchanging treasures for Chili Strips on the following day? Should he continue to use his Black Spirit Plum Juice? He didn't even know if that young man would accept it this time.

Suddenly, the Nether King's nose started to twitch and his eyes started to glow. He turned around and glanced at the kitchen. He started to walk toward the kitchen with huge strides.

"It smells so good! What is this smell? How can it be so fragrant! It's like someone is using their small hands to caress my heart!" The Nether King felt astonished as it was his first time smelling such a fragrant smell.

Just as he was preparing to make his way into the kitchen, an enormous figure moved to stop him.

Whitey's purple eyes shone with a deep glow as it waved its huge arms and said, "This is an important kitchen; outsiders are not allowed."

The Nether King was stunned. He was actually barred from entering such a small kitchen?

“Stop playing around, punk. It’s just a little kitchen. I want to see what kind of dish the kid is preparing in there,” said the Nether King with a smile. He lightly tapped on Whitey’s round belly.

Whitey’s eyes shone with a deep glow and it remained in its place.

The Nether King pursed his lips and helplessly took a few steps back. He walked further and further away from the kitchen.

However, in the next moment, the Nether King’s mouth twitched and a trace of light flashed through his eyes. He shot toward the kitchen at an extremely high speed.

Whitey was overwhelmed by the sudden movement and failed to block the Nether King.

The Nether King felt extremely pompous regarding his actions. However, in the next moment, he felt a sense of danger as his heart clenched and chills went down his spine.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle!

As if thunderbolts were falling from the heavens, the Nether King who almost made his way into the kitchen froze in place. There was a bewildered expression on his face.

Chapter 594: This Young Brat, So Unruly Even When Cooking

The sudden appearance of lightning was unexpected. Even the Nether King was utterly caught off guard. Those lightning bolts had a faint violet glow as they came crashing down majestically. Even the air beneath them almost got destroyed; one could see how strong the thunderbolt was.

The Nether King would never have expected that thunderbolt of this level would strike him in this small restaurant.

At this moment, the Nether King's heart jumped. His body moved from instinct. A wave of dark energy gushed out as he tried to block the thunderbolt from hitting him.

Lord Dog, who was still sleeping heartily under the Path-Understanding Tree, immediately opened its eyes with a ferocious momentum and glanced toward the kitchen entrance. Its eyes contained a hint of solemn contemplation. Lord Dog's stern expression was due to that terrifying thunderbolt. Even a figure like Lord Dog had to be wary of it. As for what Lord Dog was thinking about, it was related to the Nether King's action.

This old fellow with an underdeveloped brain...

Although there were times when Lord Dog was intrigued by Bu Fang's kitchen, it knew its boundaries and would never try to barge into it. It was afraid due to the feeling it got from Bu Fang's kitchen. Lord Dog felt that the kitchen was an extremely dangerous place. The level of danger it sensed was something that even dozens of Nether Kings standing in front of it wouldn't match up to.

This autistic Nether King actually wanted to test out his skills and charge into the kitchen during his first visit. Was he tired of living?

You just had to eat, that's all! Why did you have to be so stupid and charge into the kitchen?

Rumble!

The Nether King moved and charged directly into the lightning bolt. Nonetheless, even his robust physique couldn't handle the thunderbolt's destructive capabilities. A loud boom sounded along with him tumbling down and onto the floor.

His hair was all over the place. Smoke rose into the air as the Nether King's eyes were in a daze with his mouth wide open. His whole body was in a miserable state and he felt as though he had become a roasted chicken.

He gave a few dry coughs and finally inhaled in a breath of cold air. He sat up and looked at his torn and charred skin. He uncontrollably swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

This lightning bolt was actually that terrifying... It was even comparable to his tribulation lightning.

If it was anyone else other than the Nether King who received this thunderbolt, that person would have long been a pile of ash on the ground.

As the Nether King, his cultivation level was unfathomably high and his body was nearly invincible. He was an existence who could look down on the entire Hidden Dragon Continent!

However, he surprisingly got beaten into this miserable state in this small restaurant...

It was utterly embarrassing.

The Nether King's cracked skin was healing at a rapid pace. Before long, it was as good as new.

He looked toward the direction of Bu Fang's kitchen and a question surfaced in his heart. What the hell was that array? There was, in fact, a grand formation just right outside the kitchen's entrance? This level of array... What the hell was the origin of this young man?!

Curiosity filled the Nether King's heart. He initially thought that this youngster was just another ordinary chef in this Hidden Dragon Continent, but with the appearance of this array, the Nether King instantly knew that this young man wasn't all that simple.

No wonder that lazy dog would want to stay in this restaurant. There was actually a catch to it!

When he thought of that lazy dog, the Nether King felt absent-minded for a brief moment. He looked over and saw a look of ridicule on the lazy dog's face.

The Nether King's face instantly turned as red as a tomato. Goddammit! I got ridiculed by this lazy dog!

The Nether King awkwardly gave his messy hair a pat and wiped away the dark spots on his face. A smile appeared on his face, and he showed off his white teeth to Blacky. Those glistening white teeth were a huge contrast to the Nether King's charred face, further emphasizing the white color.

“Retard.” Lord Dog snorted smugly as it saw the miserable state the Nether King was in. Lord Dog rolled its eyes before yawning and mumbling a few words to itself. Before long, Blacky went back to sleep.

Lord Dog didn’t know who or what was behind Bu Fang. Nonetheless, he knew that an existence who was able to lay down such a terrifying formation was definitely not simple.

Moreover, what did that powerful existence have to do with it? Lord Dog’s only responsibility was to eat the Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs!

The aroma diffusing out from the kitchen was getting thicker and thicker. A special rhythm came out of the kitchen.

Buzz...

At the second floor, Eighty slowly made its way down as it shook its little chicken butt.

Lord Dog once again opened its eyes and a flash of light shot through them.

“Bu Fang, this brat... Did he invent a new dish? This smell... It smells like something good.” Lord Dog appraised in its heart.

The Netherworld Ship shook as a beautiful and well-proportioned pair of legs emerged from it. Nethery’s eyes were wide open as she sat on the edge of the ship and swayed her legs as she looked in the direction of the kitchen.

Without a doubt, this sudden surge of aroma caused them to feel somewhat restless.

...

Inside the kitchen...

Bu Fang’s forehead was filled with large beads of sweat as this was by far the most difficult dish he had ever prepared.

As the Shura Tower hovered in the air, it emitted rays of intense light. It was obvious that Bu Fang was pushing the Shura Tower to its limit. That strong mental strength caused his surroundings to become slightly more viscous and the air surrounding Bu Fang started to flow at a slower pace. Beads of sweat dripped down from Bu Fang's forehead to his chin and fell to the ground drip by drip.

Under the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame was blazing vigorously. The flame lit up the scene as a blistering heat wave soared into the sky. The Heaven Alps Spirit Water also began to boil incessantly. The blistering vapor gushed upwards unceasingly like a mushroom cloud that was about to burst through the ceiling.

Within the hazy mix of water vapor, a smiling Buddha could be seen crossing his legs. Radiance was suffused in his smile, showing a face of affection and warmth.

Bu Fang inhaled in a deep breath as his gaze became heavier; he continued to activate his mental force as he controlled the energy in the pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

After all, his cultivation level was still quite low. It was difficult for Bu Fang to prepare this pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. Almost all of his mental energy was used up at a staggering rate. Bu Fang's face turned as pale as a sheet of paper.

Suddenly, he extended one of his hands and with a wave, a long and hot Chili Strip appeared in it. He stuffed it into his mouth like how a barbarian would and began to chew at it savagely.

Although beads of sweat still accumulated under his nose, Bu Fang's complexion had no doubt turned a lot better.

Just like that, Bu Fang went into a trance as he cooked the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

Outside the kitchen, a Buddha's voice began to fill the air. The solemnness on the Nether King's face became increasingly apparent.

What the hell was this young brat cooking? Why was it causing such a big commotion?

Nethery also became slightly absent-minded as she looked into the kitchen.

Lord Dog wasn't actually bothered by it at all. It simply yawned and lay down on the floor. However, it was obviously waiting for Bu Fang to complete the dish as it didn't go back to sleep.

No one got any sleep that night.

Through the dark starry night, the crack of dawn slowly appeared.

The glimmer from the starry skies gradually dimmed. Rays of sunshine shot in from the horizon as if they were swords made from light, cleaving past the darkness that ensued the night, breaking the heavy night sky.

Within the Cloud Mist Restaurant, the blistering flow of energy finally settled down.

The Nether King retracted his gaze and turned around after a whole night of scrutinizing.

"It's finally over... What exactly is that dish? He really knows how to make people wait... Youngsters nowadays... They are so unruly even when cooking a dish."

Within the kitchen, Bu Fang's hands were completely limp. He took two steps back and leaned against the wall while breathing heavily.

Bu Fang looked at the seemingly ordinary Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup within the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and a slight smirk appeared on his face.

The Buddha present on the lid was emitting a ruby-like glow as if it was going to come alive any moment, and the smile the face of the Buddha seemed as though it was moving.

A faint and consistent glow would appear on the Buddha from time to time, enhancing its liveliness.

Bu Fang straightened his body and shook the fatigue away. The true energy in his body had almost been completely used up. He slowly walked toward the cold cabinet. Upon opening it, he saw a big porcelain bowl filled to the brim with Sour Plum Juice sitting quietly.

He grabbed a transparent crystal glass and filled it with Sour Plum Juice.

Chilled Sour Plum Juice was immensely cooling. Water droplets were starting to form on the surface of the crystal glass due to the low temperature of the liquid inside it.

When he looked at this cup of Sour Plum Juice, Bu Fang let out an audible gulp and felt extremely thirsty. He then began to drink the cup of juice voraciously.

Gulp.

As that chilly Sour Plum Juice, accompanied by its sour and sweet taste, entered his mouth, Bu Fang felt as all his pores shrink. He felt a comfortable feeling bursting forth within his body.

That icy Sour Plum Juice flowed down his mouth through his throat and into his stomach, and Bu Fang subconsciously narrowed his eyes as a blissful expression appeared on his face. That was a feeling which couldn't be described with words. It was so soothing that his heart felt as though it was fluttering in the air.

“Awesome...”

When Bu Fang emptied the cup, he let out a sigh of satisfaction while his lips formed a contented arc. He felt extremely comfortable.

He allowed the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup to sit longer within the Black Turtle Constellation Wok as he took the Sour Plum Juice out of the kitchen. In the instant he stepped out of the kitchen, many pairs of eyes fell upon him.

Bu Fang blinked a few times and drank a sip of the Sour Plum Juice. He then frowned for a bit and seemed a little confused when he saw the many pairs of eyes looking at him. Bu Fang's gaze fell onto the Nether King and he looked at the latter's hair which was standing straight. He mused to himself, “When did this fella change his hairstyle?”

However, Bu Fang wasn't bothered by it at all. He simply shook the crystalline cup in his hand lightly as he said calmly, “Come, have a taste of this drink. I made this from your Black Spirit Plum Juice.”

Something made from Black Spirit Plum Juice? The Nether King was intrigued.

He saw the blood-red liquid in Bu Fang's hand and thought to himself. "This thing was concocted from the Black Plum Spirit Juice?"

Bu Fang left the jar of Black Spirit Plum Juice on the table and poured one cup of it for the Nether King.

"Wow. It's so cold." The Nether King grasped the cup firmly and was astonished by the feeling it gave him.

Not far away, Nethery had already made her way over without anyone noticing. Her long eyelashes moved as she stared intently at the Sour Plum Juice in the jar.

"What is this?" Nethery asked curiously.

Bu Fang knew Nethery's intention the moment she opened her mouth. He didn't reply to her at all but only automatically poured a cup of Sour Plum Juice for her.

Nethery received the Sour Plum Juice with a bright glow in her eyes; that cooling sensation made her feel somewhat weird.

She then sipped a small mouthful of it and her eyes started to shine brightly. It was as though a ray of light was shot out from her eyes.

"It's delicious," Nethery said merrily and immediately after speaking, she continued to sip a few more mouthfuls of the Sour Plum Juice. Her eyes beamed with satisfaction.

"This is Black Spirit Plum Juice?!" An expression of shock filled the Nether King's face as he gulped down the Sour Plum Juice. He looked at Bu Fang with a weird expression on his face.

How could this flavorful drink be the Black Spirit Plum Juice that was so sour and bitter?! Was this youngster lying to him?

"This is, in fact, the Sour Plum Juice... Hm, it was made using the Black Spirit Plum Juice that you provided me with. Don't you want to eat Chili Strips? If you provide me with Black Spirit Plum

Juice every day, I will give you three Chili Strips, free of charge,” Bu Fang commented expressionlessly as he looked at the Nether King.

The Nether King’s body shook uncontrollably as he heard this. His heart was fluttering with excitement!

“Ha ha! Brat, you are finally learning how to behave properly! Deal!” The Nether King patted his chest confidently as he drank all the remaining Sour Plum Juice in a single gulp.

A satisfied smile appeared on Bu Fang’s face. Suddenly, his expression changed and he turned around to make his way into the kitchen.

“Give me a moment, the really good stuff is going to be ready soon.”

Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup... Finally, it was going to be completed.

Chapter 595: Flattening the Pill Palace

The aroma that filled the entire kitchen stimulated the Nether King and Nethery’s taste buds.

Even Blacky, who had been lying on the floor all this time, stood up with its fats jiggling around. It then proceeded to the dining table with cat-like grace. Its eyes were wide open and radiated rays of anticipation. Of course, Blacky’s gaze was fixed on the kitchen.

A dish that emitted such an aura was definitely not going to be ordinary. The spirituality hidden within the fragrance as well as the delectability of the ingredients were perfectly matched. It was just like a meticulously drawn painting.

Nethery took a seat at her designated spot as she held a cup of chilled Sour Plum Juice with both her hands. She narrowed her eyes blissfully as she took continuous sips from the cup. This cup of Sour Plum Juice instantly captured Nethery’s heart.

The Nether King's demeanor was totally unlike Nethery's. He, with a head of spiky hair, gulped down the entire cup of Sour Plum Juice barbarically. He let out a deep burp at the end.

The restaurant turned silent for a moment as Bu Fang made his way into the kitchen.

Everyone was anticipating fervently for the next dish that Bu Fang was going to bring to the table.

Soon, from within the shadows of the kitchen, a figure gradually emerged with a huge jar in his hands. The lid of the jar had a friendly-looking Buddha who had an amiable smile on his face. The Buddha had rays of light circulating around him, and it made him seem alive and animated.

Just by staring at it, everyone seemed as though they heard a soft Buddhist chant, and thus they felt a sense of enlightenment.

The fragrance suppressed within the jar escaped from the crevices, and although it wasn't very dense, it was still rather rich and intoxicating.

Slam!

Bu Fang placed the piping-hot Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup on the table.

The Nether King and the others all looked curiously toward that pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. They were shocked in their hearts and had a lot of questions. So what was the good stuff that was stored within the large pot?

Nethery looked at the pot suspiciously. She remembered that Bu Fang had already made this dish in the past. She took a small sip of Sour Plum Juice. Her eyelashes twitched as she raised her head to look at Bu Fang, "Isn't this just a pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup?"

"Correct, it is. However, it is not just an ordinary pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup," Bu Fang said with a serious tone. "Buddha Jumps Over The Walls Soup can be categorized into two different grades, namely, the Mortal-Grade and Heaven-Grade. The ones which I prepared in the past were all Mortal-Grade. Even though the ingredients were pretty good, they are still considered substandard. However, this pot of Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup is made with the best ingredients," Bu Fang explained solemnly.

With so many high-grade ingredients mixed into the soup, the spiritual energy would definitely be extremely chaotic. To be able to cook it successfully, Bu Fang definitely had a hard time. He spent an entire night to prepare this dish.

Bu Fang was exceptionally well versed in cooking with true energy. It required one to combine mental force and true energy to control the flow of true energy within the dish. The chef also had to ensure that the texture and taste were up to standard. The chef would have to face enormous exhaustion of mental force, true energy, and physical strength.

Even before Bu Fang finished cooking his Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup, he already had his true energy completely depleted. Fortunately, he went ahead and consumed a Chili Strip. Otherwise, he would probably be too weak to even stand.

After cooking, Bu Fang had a refreshing cup of chilled Sour Plum Juice to rejuvenate himself.

Undeniably, Bu Fang had to spend a massive amount of energy and strength to prepare this one pot of Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. Seriously, this dish was no joke!

“Remove the lid... Let this king have a taste!” The Nether King licked his lips as he commented.

Bu Fang glanced at him, not speaking a word. From within his energy core, a wave of true energy gushed out and covered his entire hand. Bu Fang flipped the lid open with his palm which was covered with true energy.

The Buddha on the lid looked as if it came alive.

The moment the lid was opened...

Beneath the Buddha, a rainbow-colored gas began to rise at a rapid pace. It was as though they were the clouds which the Buddha was sitting on.

After the dispersal of the gas, countless golden rays radiated out of the lid toward the sky, actively dispersing any gas that was still lingering around. It was a rather exciting scene.

Buzz...

A wave of spiritual fluctuation began to spread out and everyone's heart started to flutter.

An aroma that was as vast and rich as the sea began to spread out, completely overwhelming everyone in the store. The Nether King was covered by the warmth and fragrance of this aroma. Intoxicated, he could not help but shut his eyes in bliss.

The sweet aroma gushed out like a tsunami. Nethery stopped sipping her Sour Plum Juice as she took in a deep breath of the fragrance of the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

Lord Dog extended its tongue out and began sniffing merrily at the fragrance.

At a corner, Eighty's little chicken butt shook uncontrollably and its wings slowly started to spread out. Its head tilted to the side as it looked in the direction of the savory smell. Eighty felt as though it was rising to the heavens.

At the same time, this aroma began to spread out of the restaurant and it filled the skies.

It was already morning. The owners of the elixir stores around the restaurant were already preparing for work.

However, as the fragrance began to fill the area, customers from the elixir stores halted their actions and simultaneously glanced toward the direction of Bu Fang's restaurant.

"Oh my, it smells so good! Is Owner Bu cooking up a new dish?"

"Eh? This aroma... is Owner Bu finally back?"

"Excellent! I can finally taste Owner Bu's food once again!"

...

The diners were all rather exuberant as they began to move in the direction of the restaurant. They were eager from the bottom of their hearts. The restaurant was closed for quite a while since the sale of three Chili Strips. The restaurant was extremely quiet for a period of time.

Now that something was happening again, the diners were naturally excited!

Owner Bu was the champion of the Magical Hand Conference. The dishes he made had already defeated many alchemists and he had already turned into a legend in Heavenly Mist City. Everyone wanted to know what this Owner Bu was like.

...

The rays of light gradually weakened, but the aroma still filled the area.

The Nether King opened his inebriate eyes and looked anticipately toward Bu Fang,

“Hey little one, quick... Quickly give this king a bowl!”

Nether King began to salivate like a hungry wolf as the aroma assaulted his nose. How could it be this fragrant?! He had never smelled something so aromatic in his entire life! When he was in the Netherworld, he never got the chance to eat something of this caliber.

Lord Dog and Nethery stared at Bu Fang with a serious expression on their faces.

Bu Fang’s lips curled upwards. These reactions were within his expectations. The Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup definitely had an unstoppable charm. After utilizing so many high-grade ingredients, the effects of the dish were indeed extraordinary.

Bu Fang brought over a porcelain bowl and scooped out some of the soup.

This Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup was somewhat thick. It had a brownish shade to it and emitted a unique fragrance. The fragrance was a blend of many unique aromas; it was truly extraordinary.

The steam began to swirl about round and round.

Swoosh.

The restaurant was completely silent except for the audible sound of people swallowing their saliva.

Bu Fang picked up a piece of black dragon meat and placed it into a porcelain bowl, passing it to Nether King, who was seated closest to him. The Nether King was shaking with excitement as he received the bowl. Bu Fang continued to serve the food, unaffected by Nether King. A portion for Nethery, and lastly, a portion for Blacky.

After serving everyone their food, Bu Fang also prepared a portion for himself. How could he not try this Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall he had spent so much effort on?

Eighty looked from afar with its little eyes, noticing that Bu Fang had entirely disregarded this little chicken. It dragged its little chicken feet as it ran to Bu Fang's side. It clucked all the way there.

Bu Fang glanced sideways at Eighty, smirking coldly. Who would give a damn about this little chicken?

"Cluck cluck cluck?" Eighty raised its chicken wings and feathers flew all around.

"What are you making noise for; you are just a mere chicken. You still want to eat meat?" The Nether King said to Eighty drunkenly as he merrily sipped on his bowl of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. His face became as red as a lobster.

Eighty flapped its wings and gave the Nether King a deadly glare.

Bu Fang still continued to ignore Eighty. This petty chicken didn't even want to spare him a chicken leg. It actually wanted to eat the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup? Bu Fang was still thinking about whether he should reduce Eighty's portion of Dragon Blood Rice!

Eighty still had no idea of the horrible fate that was about to befall itself as it continued to cluck merrily away at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang used a pair of chopsticks to pick a piece of black dragon meat up.

The tender black dragon meat was covered with a mesmerizing fragrance and it looked a little like squid meat. However, it was still much more fragrant and had a much better texture.

Bu Fang bit into the meat and the tender and springy taste erupted in his mouth. Spirit essence burst forth and the thick and rich spiritual energy erupted within his mouth. Bu Fang's eyes twitched briefly. That piece of black dragon meat was tender beyond words. Accompanied by its wondrous elasticity, bouncing about within the walls of the mouth, how could one bear to swallow it?

Gulp. He swallowed it.

Bu Fang let out a breath of hot air and took another bite. He then drank a mouthful of the thick broth. The soup seemed to possess layers upon layers of different flavors brought about by the many ingredients within. The many different tastes and fragrances mixed together harmoniously, creating a delectable texture.

Paired with the black dragon meat, all of the ingredients complemented each other. It took one's palate on an amazing journey.

Lord Dog extended its tongue into the porcelain bowl and began to lick up the soup within it. It licked merrily as a blissful feeling appeared in its eyes. With a roll of its tongue, it picked up a piece of extremely tender black dragon meat and gulped it down. Slurp, slurp.

As the meat entered its mouth, Lord Dog became content.

Lord Dog let out a sigh of joy.

The Nether King poured the final drop of soup in the porcelain bowl into his mouth. He licked his lips, reminiscing the indelible taste that he had just experienced. His red face turned a shade darker.

"Little one, come and give this king another bowl," the Nether King said with a warm smile as he looked at Bu Fang.

The three people and one dog happily munched away as though eating was the only thing that brought them joy. Everyone had their mouths full and their faces turned red from delight.

After finishing a piece of meat, all of them let out a burp which contained spirit essence.

Outside of the restaurant, diners had already formed a long line. The fragrance that came from within the restaurant caused them to involuntarily gulp down several mouthfuls of saliva.

Nangong Wuque immediately made his way there after hearing about Bu Fang's return to Heavenly Mist City. Not only him, but even the likes of An Sheng rushed back and she couldn't wait to try Bu Fang's food again. All of them had already turned into slaves of Bu Fang's delicacies. A sense of anticipation rose in the hearts of the crowd.

The restaurant's bronze door suddenly rumbled as it gradually opened.

A fragrance that was getting richer and thicker by the minute slowly diffused out, causing everyone to subconsciously inhale a deep breath.

...

Somewhere away from Heavenly Mist City, under the morning sun, a cloaked figure stood upright as he gazed toward the grand Heavenly Mist City. Staring at the towering buildings in the city, he revealed a smile.

As he waved his hand upwards, a jade talisman flew in front of him.

True energy rushed into the talisman and it exploded like fireworks. It turned into a savage-looking beast with a mouth so big that it seemed as though it was about to swallow the heavens.

The savage looking beast quickly disappeared, leaving behind a hazy and indistinct figure.

"Senior Apprentice, I am Wen Renchou, an adventurer for this mainland expedition. I chanced upon information regarding the Netherworld and I am here to make a report," Wen Renchou said seriously.

That shadowy figure contemplated for a moment and said, "News regarding the Netherworld?"

"Yes!" Wen Renchou confirmed.

“I never thought that there would really be information regarding the Netherworld. Very well, I shall dispatch some manpower there to further confirm the news. Where is your current location?” The shadowy figure said.

Wen Renchou’s eyes shone brightly as he replied, “I am at the Pill Palace and I’m standing outside Heavenly Mist City right now. The lead is inside the city and I’m about to enter the city to check it out.”

However, after the shadowy figure heard Wen Renchou’s location, a weird voice escaped his lips, “Inside the Pill Palace? Hm... That madman Shura Sovereign has already left the Hidden Dragon Royal Court. That crazy man was saying that he was going to flatten the Pill Palace, so you had better take caution.”

Wen Renchou gasped. He was shaken by the news. The Shura Sovereign wanted to flatten the Pill Palace?

The Shura Sovereign was indeed a madman. He actually publicly announced his plan to flatten the alchemists’ sacred territory... Did the Ancient Shura City want to go to war with the Pill Palace?

Chapter 596: You Are the Retard Invited by the Lazy Dog!

It was early in the afternoon.

Queues were getting longer and longer outside of the restaurant. Everyone focused on the restaurant with anticipation in their eyes and they hoped that the tightly shut bronze gates would open soon.

Everyone was discussing among themselves fervently, and they were full of anticipation for Owner Bu’s dish. The aroma which filled the air caused them to be extremely intoxicated.

Nangong Wuque sniffed incessantly as he leaned against the bronze gates, attempting to peer through the crevice between them. Nonetheless, he was unable to see what was behind the gate.

Rumble...

A deep sound began to ring louder and louder.

Before long, the bronze gate gradually opened.

Nangong Wuque's face that was glued onto the gate's crevice shook for a moment. He quickly took a step back and there was a burning desire in his eyes.

Bu Fang was perplexed by Nangong Wuque's gaze that was brimming with anticipation.

"Long time no see." Bu Fang greeted Nangong Wuque with a slight nod.

Nangong Wuque smacked his lips as he slowly made his way to Bu Fang's side, teary-eyed.

"Old Bu! You are finally back! I was going to starve to death!" Nangong Wuque exclaimed helplessly.

During the few days that Bu Fang spent in the Heaven Secret territory, Nangong Wuque didn't have a chance to eat anything other than the Chili Strips. He would quiver whenever he thought of the many delicacies that Bu Fang had cooked.

"Hmm? Didn't I get Nethery to sell off all the Chili Strips? Didn't you buy some?" Bu Fang questioned him suspiciously as Nangong Wuque appeared to be too overjoyed by his reappearance.

"That's correct... Sister Nethery did sell me some Chili Strips. However, cough cough." As Nangong Wuque was about to say something, his sharp eyes caught on to the beautiful, long-legged Nethery who was slowly walking closer and closer. Her penetrative gaze glared right into Nangong Wuque's heart, causing him to shiver with fear.

Nangong Wuque felt a chill over his scalp.

Sister Nethery, you are crossing the line here!

Nangong Wuque fell silent under the immense pressure of Nethery's icy cold glare. He began to tear up.

Bu Fang had some questions. However, he did not have the chance to voice them out. Nonetheless, he was a hundred percent sure that something fishy was going on.

Either way, Bu Fang could not be bothered by it. After ushering the queue into the restaurant, he departed for the kitchen.

"If you guys want anything to eat, send your orders to Nethery." Bu Fang's voice echoed out calmly from the kitchen.

The diners were already aware of how things rolled in Bu Fang's restaurant, so none of them seemed surprised as they proceeded on to place their orders systematically.

The Nether King let out a satisfied burp filled with the fragrant essence from the pot of Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup as a look of contentment filled his face. His eyes beamed merrily as he strolled around the restaurant.

Lord Dog lay back lazily beside the Path-Understanding Tree to take a nap after eating its fill.

The Nether King finally understood how this dog turned so fat. Eat, sleep, rinse and repeat... Was this lazy dog trying to become a pig?

The Nether King gave Lord Dog a sidelong glance as he straightened his back, then he swung his arms as though he was doing an after-meal exercise.

Many diners in the restaurant looked at the Nether King. Most of them were suspicious of this retard with a bomb-like hairstyle. Did Owner Bu recruit another newbie? Was this bomb-haired clown a waiter? He looked too dim-witted to be one.

"Hahaha... Old Bu, is this a newbie you just recruited? Why is his hair all standing straight up? He looks like a broom!" Nangong Wuque found a seat and laughed as he saw the stuffed Nether King strolling around lazily.

The actions of the Nether King were really too hilarious. Even those around him couldn't hold back their laughter anymore.

The Nether King was stunned. What the hell? What were they laughing at?

Especially that red-haired fellow... Who did you say look like a broom? Your whole family had broom heads! He was the Nether King! King of the Netherworld! He was a legendary existence, okay?!

The Nether King's face darkened. He narrowed his eyes, giving Nangong Wuque a side glare as he sat down next to him. It was as if the Nether King was trying to assert his dominance through his majestic gaze.

"Brother, that hairstyle of yours is really unique, don't ever change it," Nangong Wuque said warmly as he flipped his fiery-red hair back and hooked onto the Nether King's shoulder.

The Nether King was taken aback. As he was shocked, Nangong Wuque continued to blabber on.

"Hey brother, since you are new here, you probably won't know much about Owner Bu's restaurant. What dish is cheap and good? What dish has the most aromatic smell? What dish has the best texture? You have to know what combination of dishes will allow you to burst forth with ecstasy!" Nangong Wuque said confidently, as though he was full of experience.

The Nether King was immediately intrigued. He had already tasted many of Bu Fang's dishes. However, the Chili Strip was still irresistible to him.

Nethery grimaced as she glanced over at the clownish duo with sinister smiles across their face.

As though they could feel Nethery's penetrative gaze, Nangong Wuque whispered as he peered over and raised his head bit by bit, "Brother did you see that big sister? You better be wary of this vicious woman. Previously, this young master fought three hundred rounds against her in the Netherworld Ship. Even this young master's unparalleled handsome face was suppressed. She is extremely terrifying. You better be careful around her."

This piece of trash was actually able to fight against the little netherworld girl for three hundred rounds?

The Nether King was shocked. He stared at Nangong Wuque in astonishment as though he had discovered a new continent.

Nangong Wuque snorted, flipping his fiery-red hair.

“Although this king is not that educated, you had better not lie to me. With your trashy cultivation level... That netherworld girl can slay you with just the lift of her finger,” Nether King said with disbelief.

Nangong Wuque’s eyes shrank. This brother was not easy to fool. However, in the next moment, Nangong Wuque had collected his thoughts and continued sprouting nonsense, completely stunning the Nether King.

Youngsters nowadays were atrocious!

“That’s right my brother, how do I address you? I am Nangong Wuque, the current clan leader of the Nangong clan in Heavenly Mist City!” Nangong Wuque said smugly.

We were finally asking for names now?

The Nether King broke into a smile and said coldly with eyes filled with vanity, “I am the Nether King, Er Ha! People call me Lord of the Netherworld!”

“Nether King Er Ha? What a weird name. How about I call you Little Ha from now on?” Nangong Wuque said. He started seriously considering the name as he caressed his chin.

The Nether King looked at Nangong Wuque expressionlessly.

Little Ha? How about I “Ha” your sister?!

He was the Nether King... The prominent and majestic Nether King of the Netherworld! You dare to call this king Little Ha?! Are you sure you aren’t a retard invited by that lazy dog?

A thick yet soothing aroma scattered out from the kitchen.

A skinny figure gradually emerged from the kitchen with piping hot dishes in his hands.

Bu Fang walked toward Nangong Wuque and placed a portion of the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup in front of him.

“Ohh... Old Bu’s Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup, how nostalgic! ” Nangong Wuque smacked his lips and said to the Nether King. “Hey, Little Ha, Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup is the star dish of Owner Bu’s restaurant. Although other dishes are extraordinary as well, Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup has the best texture!”

The Nether King’s face turned gloomy as he snorted with rage.

“This king is the Nether King. If you call this king ‘Little Ha’ again, I will destroy you,” The Nether King said coldly.

“Little Ha, stop fooling around, stop acting like a stranger!” Nangong Wuque laughed as he removed the lid from the pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. Nangong Wuque smacked his lips and prepared to eat as a burst of fragrance emerged from the pot.

“Owner Bu, come and serve me one more Chili Strip. Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup accompanied by Chili Strips... Such a perfect match!” Nangong Wuque requested from Bu Fang and he seemed as though he suddenly remembered something important.

Bu Fang frowned slightly. With a wave of his hand, a hot yet delicious-looking Chili Strip appeared.

Nangong Wuque grabbed over the Chili Strip and gave it a firm bite. He then gulped down a mouthful of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. After chewing for some time, he let out a mouthful of hot air.

The hot gas surged toward the Nether King’s face, causing his mouth to twitch with fury.

Bu Fang gave the Nether King a cold look and said, “Little Ha, please leave after you are done eating. We can’t have anyone loitering around when the restaurant is in operation.”

Little Ha? Who the hell is this Little Ha? This mischievous bunch of kids!

No random people loitering around! The Nether King was so enraged, he could puke blood.

Youngsters nowadays. such a fickle-minded bunch!

“Oh! Little Ha, so you are not Old Bu’s new waiter? I’m telling you, with Sister Nethery around, they won’t need a broom-head like you around. You don’t have a place to stay? It’s okay. After this big brother finishes eating, I’ll bring you to the Nangong estate to look around. We have tons of rooms there!” Nangong Wuque said as he bit into the Chili Strip and chugged a mouthful of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. As he spoke, he placed a slice of broth-drenched chicken meat into his mouth and chewed.

The Nether King smacked his lips as he looked at the unique combination of dishes. It could actually be eaten like this... Young people nowadays really knew how to have fun!

However, young man, can you stop exhaling your breath towards this king? This king might accidentally kill you in a fit of anger!

Bu Fang grinned. They looked as if they were having a couple’s fight. Why bother? He turned around and went back to his kitchen.

Although Bu Fang had been awake since the previous day, he wasn’t tired at all. After eating the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup, he was full of energy.

Nethery’s face looked even more charming and irresistible after eating the Heaven-Grade Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup, and many people admired her looks.

“Little Ha! Do you not have enough crystals to eat Old Bu’s Dishes? Fear not... This brother will bring you to make a fortune in a little bit. This crystal thingy... This young master will help you earn it in no time!” Nangong Wuque commented excitedly as he exhaled a mouthful of fragrance from his mouth which was filled with Chili Strips and Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup.

The Nether King let out a sigh. For Chili Strips, this king shall tolerate him!

...

Within the great Heavenly Mist City's transport array, a ray of light descended and a cloaked figure instantly appeared within the array.

With his hands behind his back, Wen Renchou coldly swept his gaze across his surroundings. He had never been to Heavenly Mist City in the Pill Palace before. It was his first time there.

The Pill Palace was disgustingly rich. The buildings in the city were extremely tall and it was tall enough to leave most people in awe.

Wen Renchou casually took his time to walk out of this transportation array. Naturally, his goal for this trip was to locate Bu Fang.

However, according to his sources, the Pill Palace was known for alchemy. No one would know a minor chef like Bu Fang... It might be a little troublesome to try and locate him.

Wen Renchou frowned as he contemplated on how he should go about searching Bu Fang.

The self-proclaimed Nether King, as well as that Netherworld Woman, were both important clues regarding the Netherworld. Because of this, he had to find Bu Fang at all cost.

"The Shura Sovereign had just returned from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court and he actually claims that he wants to flatten the Pill Palace. Did he experience a breakthrough in his cultivation? Maybe he found a strong helper from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court?" Wen Renchou pondered precariously as he strolled around.

Nonetheless, these were all irrelevant to him. His only job was to locate that little chef named Bu Fang.

Wen Renchou got depressed whenever he thought of Bu Fang. That bratty chef's culinary skills were not any weaker than his. If he were to be discovered by those old demons in the Valley of Gluttony, Wen Renchou would definitely find himself facing Bu Fang again.

Luckily for Wen Renchou, that bratty chef was mixing around with dwellers from the Netherworld.

Wen Renchou let out a snicker and continued to roam around aimlessly as he randomly pulled a passerby over to inquire about Bu Fang.

Who knew that after Wen Renchou asked about Bu Fang, the passerby's expression would suddenly experience a dramatic change!

Chapter 597: Imparting Values To Bu Fang

The change in expression of the passerby caused Wen Renchou to be completely stupefied.

His eyes radiated with a bright glow like stars in a starry night sky. It was extremely eye-catching.

What the hell?!

What kind of reaction was that?

Wen Renchou frowned as he glanced at the passerby.

“Are you here to find Owner Bu? You are probably not from Heavenly Mist City... Are you from some other pill city? Of course, Owner Bu is the number one master chef in the Pill Palace. People will fight against each other just to taste his food. You are not the first guy to ask me about him,” the passerby squinted his eyes and said smugly.

Wen Renchou was speechless. He had completely no idea why this guy was so proud of himself... All he wanted was to do was ask about Bu Fang's location.

Wen Renchou had initially thought that Bu Fang would be a nobody within the Pill Palace. Little did he know that Bu Fang would be so famous. Bu Fang's reputation was so good that even a random stranger he talked to had an air of arrogance when discussing Bu Fang.

The number one master chef of the Pill Palace... The name was indeed overbearing.

When he heard someone claim that Bu Fang was the number one master chef in the Pill Palace, Wen Renchou squinted his eyes. His mouth started to twitch involuntarily. As the successor of the Valley of Gluttony, Wen Renchou was affected by this comment.

Although Wen Renchou had a culinary showdown with Bu Fang at the inheritance ground of the Supreme Blade Tyrant, it wasn't a complete one. The victor was not determined yet.

Bu Fang's innate gift was indeed powerful. However, as a disciple of the Valley of Gluttony, Wen Renchou was confident in beating Bu Fang. After all, Valley of Gluttony was a paradise for chefs. As long as Wen Renchou was their disciple, he would not allow anyone to claim the status of the number one master chef. This was a matter of pride and dignity for a disciple of the Valley of Gluttony.

Therefore, his goal for this trip was not only to retrieve intelligence about the Netherworld, but also to defend the pride and dignity of the chefs from the Valley of Gluttony.

Even though the stranger was still blabbering on, Wen Renchou had already stopped listening. He took a deep breath and stared into the horizon. Then, he interrupted the stranger and said coldly, "Stop chattering and tell me about Bu Fang. Where is he? I am going to teach him a lesson on how to be a chef."

The stranger instantly stopped talking and looked toward Wen Renchou in disbelief.

"You... You are here to challenge Owner Bu?" The stranger took a deep breath and gave Wen Renchou an astounded look.

Owner Bu was the champion of the Magical Hand Conference. He had managed to defeat countless other prodigious alchemists and rose to the top as a chef. This fellow here, how dare he challenge Owner Bu?

When he heard how the passerby spoke to him, Wen Renchou felt somewhat annoyed. He frowned and stared coldly at the passerby.

"As I've said... I am not here to challenge him. I am here to give him a lesson on the culinary arts."

...

The small store was operating as usual and customers walked in and out of it.

The Nether King was eventually dragged out by the passionate Nangong Wuque. The former wanted to earn some crystals in order to purchase different varieties of Chili Strips. He left with Nangong Wuque under the promise that he would definitely get his fair share of crystals. Finally, the last customer left the restaurant.

Bu Fang slowly strolled out of the kitchen as the glowing sun, a crisp circle in the bloody sky, slowly got engulfed by the cold starry night. He pulled a chair to the doorstep and curled up on it while gazing into the starry night sky.

Stars filled the night sky and each of them had a vivid glow, shining as brightly as ever. A few stars streaked brightly across the starry night, dragging tails of stardust behind them.

After resting for a while, Bu Fang stood up. He stretched his neck lazily and let out a dreadful yawn. Upon shutting the bronze gate, he moved on to the second floor, settling for a sound rest.

White steam filled the bathroom and glistening water droplets clung onto Bu Fang's skin as he took a warm shower. He shook his head, splattering droplets of water from his hair everywhere.

Bu Fang walked out of the bathroom with his silk-like hair dripping with water and hot vapor rising from his body. Bare-chested, wearing only a bathrobe, he walked to the window and relished the gentle night breeze. He let out a soft sigh, feeling more carefree than he had ever been.

After his hair dried, Bu Fang made his way into his bed. He hid beneath the blanket and moments later, a string of rhythmic yet delicate breathing could be heard.

...

Heaven Secret Territory.

There was a series of loud booms and a man's illusory figure streaked past the skies, dyeing it a bloody red.

Inside a grand hall, many alchemists were sitting cross-legged as they sensed the fluctuations in the air, at peace with the true meaning of alchemy.

Suddenly, all the alchemists opened their eyes and simultaneously glanced in the same direction.

A ray of light shot toward them and struck viciously into the heart of the hall. An enormous might could be sensed from within the ray of light. Each and every alchemist present went into a state of vigilance. As the ray of light started to disperse, everyone got a glimpse of the figure inside the light. Following that, they released a breath of cold air.

“Fifth Elder?!”

All the alchemists exclaimed in unison!

The man had his life hanging by a thread and was coughing out blood profusely. They realized that he was no ordinary man; he was the pillar of the Heaven Secret Territory’s Pill Palace, a god-like existence!

How was the Fifth Elder gravely injured? Who within the Heaven Secret Territory had the ability and guts to harm the Fifth Elder?

Everyone started thinking about it but they were unable to think about anything.

“Didn’t Fifth Elder go to explore the newly discovered remains? Why is he injured?”

“Did something unusual happen within the remains?”

“Even Fifth Elder was left in such a terrible state... How can others possibly survive?”

As if they had all thought of the same thing, everyone began to chatter non-stop. They stared at each other with terrified expressions in their eyes. There was actually such a horrifying existence within the Heaven Secret territory!

The manager of this alchemist's meeting hall came over with an intricate medicinal box. He uncovered the box and retrieved an elixir that was glistening with a faint glow. The patterns on the elixir ebbed and flowed as if it was alive.

It was a seven-mark spirit pill!

The Fifth Elder's weakened look disappeared immediately after he took the elixir.

At the same time, the whole Heaven Secret Territory exploded with the news.

The piece of terrifying news swept across the whole Heaven Secret Territory like a hurricane.

Many savage beasts, emitting terrifyingly thick black energy had appeared in the ancient remains. These terrifying beasts charged out of the waterfall remains and started a massacre! Countless powerful individuals were slain and these mutated beasts had even gravely injured the Pill Palace's Fifth Elder. The remains were like an opened Pandora's Box, with innumerable demons flooding out with the intent to kill.

Within the Heaven Secret Territory, numerous powerful individuals formed an alliance. They journeyed together toward the waterfall remains, determined to seal that wretched spring.

A murderous aura scattered across the initially peaceful Heaven Secret Territory. It had become a terrifying battlefield, overwhelmed with killing intent and bloodshed.

Of course, none of this had anything to do with Bu Fang.

The first ray of light from the sunrise beamed in through the window and landed on Bu Fang's face, causing him to feel an itch across his face.

Bu Fang stretched his waist nonchalantly as he sat upon his bed. After letting out a sleepy yawn, he folded his blanket neatly, then went for a quick rinse, wore his Vermillion Robe and headed downstairs.

Upon reaching the kitchen, Bu Fang began practicing his knife and cutting skills. The glistening knife light flashed within the kitchen as copious ingredients were tossed up and cut skillfully.

Bu Fang spat out a mouthful of Ten Thousand Bestial Flames, heating up the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. He then proceeded to prepare some Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Dragon Blood Rice.

A thick aroma diffused across the restaurant, and anyone would involuntarily take a deep breath.

Both Blacky and Nethery became even more lethargic after eating their breakfast. Lord Dog went back to take a nap beside the Path-Understanding Tree. Nethery wandered around the restaurant with her long seductive legs. Eighty, the chicken with its head in the clouds, continued to sway its little chicken butt as it ran around aimlessly.

The restaurant's gate was finally opened.

Before the gate was even opened, Nangong Wuque and the Nether King were both idling outside, eager to rush in. Behind them stood an enormously long queue of diners.

The Nether King walked in proudly. With his head tilted upwards and chest stuck out, he traded his Black Spirit Plum Juice with Bu Fang for three Chili Strips. He then tilted his head forty-five degrees upwards as he flashed the few pieces of crystals in his hand.

"Just order whatever you want from Nethery." Bu Fang rolled his eyes while addressing the Nether King.

Why the hell was he showing off his crystals? What a retard.

The restaurant began to operate as per usual.

Not far away, a clothed figure gradually approached. He glanced at the queue and involuntarily inhaled a deep breath of cold air. This little chef had some skills. There was no other explanation as to why there would be such a long queue outside his restaurant.

Alas, Wen Renchou was not there to queue for food. He strolled toward the kitchen with his hands behind his back. He was there to teach Bu Fang how to be a chef. So naturally, he did not come with peaceful intentions. He was there to wreak havoc.

He arrived at the interior of the restaurant and the unique atmosphere left him astounded for a moment.

Hmm? Isn't that man there the self-proclaimed Nether King? He was indeed in the restaurant!

As Wen Renchou entered the restaurant, he turned his head and saw the Nether King stuffing his mouth while seated on a stool. Holding a Chili Strip in each hand, the Nether King sucked and chewed on them at the same time. The scene was exceptionally odd.

Wen Renchou's face turned black as he glared at this clown who claimed to be the Nether King. Had he no shame?

Nethery glanced expressionlessly at Wen Renchou as she sashayed past, carrying trays of delicacies.

"Please queue up if you want to dine here. Otherwise, we will take it that you are trying to stir trouble," Nethery said coldly.

Wen Renchou's mouth twitched for a moment and revealed a calm smile.

"I am indeed here to stir up some trouble. I am here to ask Bu Fang for some pointers on the culinary arts... I'm also here to teach him some values!" Wen Renchou said in an overbearing tone as he swept his gaze across the crowd. He initially thought that the crowd would be shocked and intrigued. Alas, he found out that he was utterly mistaken.

He realized that everyone there gave him a look of mockery.

Nethery continued to serve her dishes to the diners.

A deathly silence ensued...

Wen Renchou's face momentarily switched from green to a tomato-like red.

As a traveler from the Valley of Gluttony on a mainland expedition, Wen Renchou had actually been despised by an entire group of diners... This was absolutely humiliating!

Whitey's violet eyes shone with a bright shimmer as it walked out of the kitchen. Its gaze fell onto Wen Renchou.

"Troublemaker detected. They shall be stripped as an example to others." Whitey chanted monotonously as if Wen Renchou was already labeled as a troublemaker.

Wen Renchou was perplexed. Strip? Strip what?

Within the kitchen, a figure slowly made his way out. Bu Fang was briefly astonished as he wiped off the mess on his hand and coincidentally saw the arrogant Wen Renchou standing in the middle of the shop.

"Why are you here? Do you want to order some food?" Bu Fang questioned.

Wen Renchou's eyes squinted with fascination as he saw the man himself. He then said smugly, "Naturally, I am not here to order food... I am here to seek some pointers from you regarding the culinary arts. I'm also here to teach you some values!"

Bu Fang blinked indifferently a few times while facing this tyrannical Wen Renchou.

"Oh, you are here to challenge me? Please adhere to the rules and queue up." Bu Fang commented coldly.

After finishing his sentence, Bu Fang made his way back into the kitchen and continued to prepare dishes.

Wen Renchou was utterly speechless. His mind was racing incessantly. He was there to teach Bu Fang some values! He wasn't there to challenge him...

Under the scrutinizing gaze of the crowd, Wen Renchou felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Chapter 598: Wen Renchou, Chef Battle with Bu Fang

The mountain range crumbled and the earth cracked in Heaven Secret Territory as a thick layer of smoke and bloody scent filled the entirety of this realm. Corpses filled the lands and blood flowed like rivers.

Most of the experts were in terrible condition.

After the huge fight, those beasts that originated from the ancient remains were forced to retreat. However, the experts paid an enormous price to do so as many of them had been slaughtered by the beasts. Blood and gore filled the field.

The Fifth Elder's white robe was covered in dust and dirt while fatigue and exhaustion were slowly revealed upon his face.

One of the experts walked up and questioned the Fifth Elder, "Elder, we finally found out about the origin of those beasts."

"Really? So what is the origin?" The Fifth Elder asked as he coughed and held his chest.

With a grave look on his face, the expert replied, "Mainland has already contacted us. They looked through multiple sources according to our description of the beasts and finally, news came from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court.... These beasts might be from the Netherworld!"

"Netherworld?!" The Fifth Elder's eye shrank as his face turned ugly.

...

Wen Renchou stared at Bu Fang as he walked into the kitchen. A cold breeze gently blew past him.

He was completely ignored...

He was a traveler from the almighty Valley Of Gluttony and Bu Fang actually ignored him. Did that kid really think that he was granted permission to be so arrogant just by cooking up a few dishes in the soul sea of the Supreme Blade Tyrant? Valley of Gluttony's true skills had yet to be put to display. How could a minor figure like him possibly comprehend their ability?

The diners were all staring mockingly toward him. Blood gushed toward Wen Renchou's face as his exasperation became more apparent. Regardless of his approach, Bu Fang still insisted that he queued up. Wen Renchou felt helpless as if he was punching a lump of cotton candy.

"You had better queue up obediently, Lord Whitey is not someone you can afford to offend." Nangong Wuque smiled while picking up a piece of chicken from the pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. He placed it into his mouth with a joyous expression on his face.

The Nether King gave a nod of approval as he ate a piece of Chili Strip and drank a sip of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. It was such a beautiful feeling.

Wen Renchou glanced skittishly toward the Nether King. Wen Renchou was actually not afraid of the puppet at all. However, the person he was afraid of was the Nether King. He was simply too overpowered. It was no wonder Wen Renchou was intimidated.

If it was not for the Nether King, Wen Renchou would probably have attacked.

Chefs were not only skilled in the culinary arts. Every single one of them had to possess a strong cultivation base in order to match their culinary arts. Only when one had a strong enough cultivation base would he be able to make top-grade dishes. Moreover, this also allowed them to secure rare and valuable ingredients.

That was why in Valley of Gluttony, every chef was in fact, a relatively powerful individual. Wen Renchou had even reached the peak of the Divine Physique Echelon Realm. He was completely fearless when facing a puppet.

However, for individuals as unfathomable as the Nether King.... Wen Renchou still had to keep his guard up.

After staring at the Nether King who had been eating delectably, Wen Renchou took a deep breath and left the shop to queue.

As he endured his embarrassment in the queue, Wen Renchou's rage and resentment had been building up non stop. He swore that once the opportunity appeared, he would definitely teach Bu Fang a lesson. It was definitely going to be a serious lesson...

While harboring his grudge, the gaze of Wen Renchou gradually became more and more sinister.

As time gradually passed, those in the queue slowly made their way into the restaurant. Diners at the front had been unceasingly making their way into the restaurant and faces of contentment could be spotted at every corner of the place. Upon seeing this scene, the ragged-looking Wen Renchou began to frown.

Regardless, this still had to be classified as a successful restaurant. A chef that was able to produce looks of contentment on their diner's faces was beyond doubt a wonderful chef!

Valley of Gluttony's teachings had always been as such. However, these teachings were actually seen on a mere mainland's minor chef. How inconceivable.

The blazing red sun was slowly setting.

The queue in front of Wen Renchou was gradually disappearing.

Finally... It was Wen Renchou's turn.

His heart was filled with trepidation, he was already anticipating and predicting the amount of humiliation and disgrace Bu Fang would suffer when he lost. However, as he stepped into the restaurant and swept it with his scrutinizing gaze, a figure emerged from the kitchen.

After wiping his hands, Bu Fang said coldly, "We are closed for the day, please come earlier tomorrow."

After hearing his announcement, the diners were all aghast and disappointed. However, they were clear of Bu Fang's rules, thus, they didn't make a fuss out of it.

Only Wen Renchou was left alone looking bewildered by the situation.

What was going on? What did he mean?

What kind in the world was this little chef playing at?

He queued patiently for half a day and suddenly, Bu Fang said that business had ended? What happened to the trust between humans?

“Boss Bu... Since it’s time, how about we carry out a culinary contest right now?” Wen Renchou asked coldly.

Bu Fang calmly glanced sideways at him and started to remove hair stuck beneath his hair netting. Strands of silky black hair were released and Bu Fang felt a lot more comfortable.

“Challenge me? Come find me during our working hours tomorrow,” Bu Fang spoke calmly. He turned around and walked back into the kitchen.

Rage was evident on Wen Renchou’s face as he stared coldly at Bu Fang’s back.

“Are you scared of me? Why are you hiding from me? You don’t want to spar with me because you lack confidence! You know that you cannot beat me!” Wen Renchou shouted toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang froze in place and turned around. Everyone was startled. How could someone be so shameless...

“I am the predecessor from the Valley of Gluttony. I started cooking when I was three years old... I got my cooking license at the age of fifteen! When I was twenty, I received the Valley of Gluttony’s third-grade chef’s title. I received the title of a second-grade chef at the age of thirty! You are a merely small cook in a restaurant. How can you possibly match up to me?” Wen Renchou exclaimed smugly.

Wen Renchou’s words stunned Bu Fang and he stood in place for a moment.

The information which Wen Renchou revealed seemed to contain a huge amount of details. The Valley of Gluttony that Wen Renchou said seemed to have a very complete system of ranking chefs.

Truth be told, Bu Fang had already guessed about the fact after he arrived in the mainland of the Hidden Dragon Continent. After all, there were so many different varieties of rare ingredients in this land. How was it possible for the chef profession to not prosper?

Furthermore, there was still the existence of the Valley of Gluttony. With accordance to what Wen Renchou said, Valley of Gluttony had a complete ranking system for chefs! It had to be a paradise for chefs!

Apprentice cook, third-grade, second-grade... all of them seemed amazing.

Wen Renchou's culinary arts was indeed very robust. It might be the best which Bu Fang had seen so far. However, according to Wen Renchou's description, he was merely a second-grade chef! What about those above the second-grade? Could they be first-grade chefs?

Their culinary arts would definitely not be any weaker than Bu Fang's.

Bu Fang pondered about it deeply and a sense of determination began to surface within his heart. He aimed to become a divine chef standing above all in this world. Hm... After all, it was just a feeling in his heart. Bu Fang glanced sideways at Wen Renchou and said coldly, "If you want to challenge me, then come earlier tomorrow. We are closed for today..."

"You..." Wen Renchou was enraged! Was he trying to chase him away? He was there to ask for pointers as a fellow chef, not as a diner! Who the hell wanted to queue for food like an idiot?

"Regardless of your decision, I am definitely challenging you to a spar! I've got to teach a bratty chef like you a lesson!"

Wen Renchou's energy began to fluctuate and an ice-blue knife embroidered with blue sapphire stones appeared within his hand.

The atmosphere in the restaurant instantly became a lot tenser as if a fight was going to break out any moment now.

Whitey's purplish eyes shone brightly and suddenly turned gray. A robotic voice escaped its mouth, "Troublemakers shall be stripped as an example!"

Boom!

In the next moment, Whitey shot out toward Wen Renchou, causing him to take a few steps back. His face grew solemn while musing to himself that this puppet was indeed extraordinary.

Nangong Wuque and the Nether King were at the sidelines eating melons together with the crowd as they watched the scene play out in front of them with excitement in their eyes.

Wen Renchou began to grow anxious as he fought against Whitey.

Moreover, he was feeling goosebumps all over his body. Nethery at a distance was showing off her snowy white pair of thin legs as she gazed coldly toward Wen Renchou with her dark and cold eyes.

If Nethery were to give Whitey a hand, he would really suffer!

Bu Fang calmly glanced at the scene playing out as he made his way into the kitchen.

Nangong Wuque, who had a glimmer in his eyes, turned his head toward the Nether King who was still eating the Chili Strip and said, “Little Ha, do you know lord Whitey’s alias? They call it the Crazy Clothes-Stripping Demon. It loves to strip people and it seems unstoppable. How many people do you think fell to the Crazy Clothes-Stripping Demon? All of them were stripped naked...”

The Nether King was still eating merrily away at the Chili Strip. With a smug tone, he said, “Crazy Clothes-Stripping Demon? It does sound pretty strong... How about stripping someone for me to see?”

Lord Dog felt speechless as it listened to their conversation. It simply just readjusted his position and continued its nap below the Path-Understanding Tree.

Under the persuasion of Nangong Wuque, the Nether King actually started to pay attention to the so-called Crazy Clothes-Stripping Demon.

A streak of black energy flew out toward Wen Renchou as he struggled to defend himself against Whitey’s relentless attacks. That black energy then landed on Wen Renchou’s leg, causing his body to become stiff and he eventually lost his balance.

Whitey’s robotic eyes glittered as it noticed an opportunity. It slapped the bright ball head of Wen Renchou.

Wen Renchou began to tremble in fear as the slap landed on his head.

Rip!

Rip! Sounds of clothes being torn began to fill the air. It was absolutely overbearing! A crisp and clear sound was heard throughout the restaurant.

Nangong Wuque was stunned. Even the Nether King was astonished by what happened... Looking at the slash across Wen Renchou's body as the clothes on his body disappeared, his snowy white skin was revealed. With a loud boom, Wen Renchou landed outside the store, stirring up a cloud of dust.

Wen Renchou's face instantly became bright red as he felt utterly humiliated.

As someone from the Valley of Gluttony, when had he ever been humiliated like that? Rage welled up in his chest and he began to tremble in anger.

Whitey's robotic eye shone as it blocked the entrance with its mountain-like build.

Both the Nether King and Nangong Wuque were contemplating intensely as they scrutinized Wen Renchou's physique.

Wen Renchou was exploding with embarrassment and anger and his eyes turned red. With the ice-blue sapphire knife in his hand, he stabbed viciously toward his own palm. Fresh blood splattered everywhere as the space around him began to fluctuate with a unique energy.

"I, Wen Renchou swear upon the heavens that I will stake in my dignity and honor for this spar of culinary arts against Bu Fang!" Wen Renchou announced at the top of his lungs.

In the next moment, an enormous blood-red predatory beast emerged behind Wen Renchou. It viciously bit down and swallowed him before fading away into the void.

Buzz...

A pact had been made. Bu Fang and Wen Renchou were tied together by an invisible connection between them.

Within the kitchen, a thought began to surface in Bu Fang's mind as he stood there, petrified. Within his mind, the system's solemn voice appeared:

“Valley of Gluttony's Chef's Challenge will not be rejected by the master. Once the chef's vow is activated, both parties must compete with their culinary arts. The loser will lose their culinary skills and will never be able to cook again!”

Chapter 599: Chef's Challenge Theme: Fish

Bu Fang never expected that the system's voice would suddenly appear in his mind.

Chef's Challenge... What was that? Furthermore, he was not allowed to refuse it? It sounded pretty damn impressive...

“Hey, system, what is this Chef's Challenge?” Bu Fang asked seriously. He frowned, halting whatever he was doing.

Bu Fang had no idea as to how Wen Renchou looked like when he shouted with all his might. Bu Fang was bewildered, having received this challenge to a Chef's Challenge. Moreover, it could stimulate a reaction from the system... It was definitely something extraordinary.

“The Chef's Challenge is a battle for honor between chefs. Letting their dishes do the talking, chefs stake their honor and their path in the culinary arts to compete against one another. The victor will then have the authority to strip the right of cooking from their opponents, forcing them to retire their kitchen knife and driving them out of the world of culinary,” the system said in a solemn tone.

The way the system delivered the message caused Bu Fang to feel chills down his spine. Goosebumps appeared all over his body. That was pretty terrifying... Stripping them of their rights to cook, plundering their opponent's kitchen knife... This Chef's Challenge was indeed vicious!

Stripping the right to cook from a passionate chef that loved the culinary arts was such a horrendous thing to do.

Bu Fang had never expected such a disaster to befall him.

Challenging him to a Chef's Challenge... Wen Renchou had to be insane!

"System, according to your explanation, shouldn't this Chef's Challenge require the consent from both parties in order to be carried out? Why don't I have any liberty to reject it?" Bu Fang questioned.

"If Master wants to be the God of Cooking at the top of the food chain in this world, you shouldn't harbor any fear or uncertainty in your heart. You should always press forward and not repudiate any Chef's Challenge that is directed at you. Just do it!" The system said convincingly.

Bu Fang felt enlightened after musing for a moment. If he wanted to become the God of Cooking, how could he be afraid of something like that? If he pulled out due to his fear of losing the right to cook, it would leave him mentally scarred. His path to being the God of Cooking would be blocked forever!!

Neither the system nor Bu Fang would allow this to happen.

The glow in Bu Fang's eyes turned solemn.

...

Outside of the restaurant, Wen Renchou roared at the top of his lungs. An invisible and formless energy radiated out from him.

Those alongside Nangong Wuque were appalled. They thought something huge had happened. However, when they looked around curiously, nothing seemed to have occurred.

"This bastard... He actually dares to taunt others. A Chef's Challenge... sounds pretty damn impressive..." Nangong Wuque mumbled to himself.

The Nether King frowned. His silky, jet-black hair had already recovered and shone with an ebony glow. His cultivation level was much higher compared to Nangong Wuque. Therefore, even though Nangong Wuque was unable to sense it, the Nether King had acutely felt the ripples in the air.

Particularly that illusory figure behind Wen Renchou, whose aura gave the Nether King a vague sense of familiarity.

The Nether King felt that he had come across this aura somewhere before. He pondered with a Chili Strip stuffed in his mouth. Nonetheless, he brushed it off since he couldn't think of anything.

Blacky, who was laying beside the Path-Understanding Tree, also opened its eyes as it looked toward the faint aura gradually dissipating from Wen Renchou's body. Blacky's brows twitched for a moment before mumbling to itself, "It's an aura coming from that thing..."

Within the shadows of the kitchen, a skinny figure slowly emerged, making its way out of the darkness. As the lights began to scatter, a face familiar to everyone was gradually unveiled.

Everyone was stunned.

Owner Bu? Why did he come out? Didn't he say that the store was already closed for the day?

Bu Fang and Wen Renchou made eye contact.

Wen Renchou's mouth lifted into an arc, revealing a predatory smile.

"You are finally out... I was beginning to think that you didn't dare to accept my challenge! Seems like you indeed have the guts."

Bu Fang walked towards the gate and gave Wen Renchou a vacuous gaze.

The crowd was beginning to feel the tension in the air.

Not long after, Bu Fang gave a soft sigh.

“What is the point...”

“Since the Chef’s Challenge has already begun, you can stop with the pretentious acting now... Tomorrow, I will be here on the dot. Bu Fang, you had better prepare for the Chef’s Challenge! As the initiator for this Chef’s Challenge, the theme for tomorrow’s battle shall be decided by me. It’s going to be fish! For your own sake, you’d best be ready!” Wen Renchou said coldly.

Wen Renchou then left the Cloud Mist Restaurant. Clutching his waist, he walked away as though he was a cripple.

The crowd was dead silent as they watched Wen Renchou disappear into the distance.

Bu Fang stood at the restaurant’s entrance, looking seriously at Wen Renchou’s disappearing figure. He then licked the corner of his lips after a long while.

Nangong Wuque was utterly discombobulated. He was completely clueless about the conversation between Bu Fang and Wen Renchou.

“Old Bu, what exactly is this Chef’s Challenge? It sounds pretty damn badass...” Nangong Wuque asked as he stared at Bu Fang.

Bu Fang turned over and gave him a sidelong gaze while saying coldly, “A Chef’s Challenge is rather similar to a martial artist’s duel to the death. However, the catch is, the loser doesn’t lose his life. Instead, they will be stripped of their right to cook, never to be a chef again.”

What?!

Astonishment ensued the crowd. So that was a Chef’s Challenge?! It was, in fact, the first time everyone heard of it. Stripping a chef of his right to cook... was just too cruel!

“Old Bu, what if you lose... Doesn’t that mean that you can’t cook anymore? Doesn’t that mean I won’t be able to eat that delicious pot of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup anymore?” Nangong Wuque said timorously as he clutched his chest.

The Nether King was seated at the back, with a Chili Strip in his mouth. He also clutched his chest and said uneasily: “That’s right... If you lose, won’t this king be unable to eat that delectable Chili Strip? This definitely won’t do... This king shall go and destroy that punk!”

“Once a Chef’s Challenge begins, the two parties will enter a covenant. Neither of them is allowed to harm their opponent. Disobeyers will be punished severely,” Bu Fang said.

The Nether King was flabbergasted by this information. He felt somewhat helpless and proceeded to chew the Chili Strip.

“Sigh. Truth to be told, I didn’t want this either.” Bu Fang sighed helplessly as he walked toward the kitchen. “Isn’t it much better for everyone to cook harmoniously...”

The Nether King and Nangong Wuque gave each other an awkward look and began to leave the restaurant.

The Chef’s Challenge of the following day would be a battle for the chef’s honor. The two of them suddenly felt a tinge of excitement and anticipation rising from their hearts.

Wen Renchou’s face was extremely gloomy after he returned to his inn. He found a discreet place and quickly donned his clothing. Luckily he had prepared several sets of clothes for this mainland expedition. Otherwise, a naked adventurer from the Valley of Gluttony being the center of attention would be extremely embarrassing!

Wen Renchou sat on a chair in the inn as he began to pour a cup of tea for himself.

His accommodation was one of the best within Heavenly Mist City. The boiling tea leaves emitted waves of aroma, causing him to be mildly intoxicated by it.

After sipping the tea...

Wen Renchou began to think about the dish he had to prepare for tomorrow’s battle.

The theme he gave was fish. Of course, it was the ingredient he had the most confident in.

Back then during the inheritance of the Supreme Blade Tyrant, although he was humbled by Bu Fang's victory, he refused to admit defeat as he knew that his own specialty was in fish-type dishes. This Chef's Challenge concerned his future and honor as a chef. It was of paramount importance for him to display his true skills.

With a wave of his hand, a ripple of chilly air radiated out. A frosty, ice-crystal kitchen knife appeared in his hands.

Wen Renchou's face unveiled a hint of euphoria as he gently caressed the freezing knife, casually running his fingers down the blade.

...

Hidden Dragon Continent, Central Mountains.

In the valley surrounded by the mountain ranges sat an enormous glistening lake. The lake water glowed with a sapphire-blue hue.

Surrounding the lake were rings of skyscrapers.

Within one of the buildings, a pair of eyes unfurled. It was an old man with white hair and a face full of wrinkles. That old man gave a dry cough and stood up. He then strolled toward the window in a leisurely manner.

Swoosh! A distant noise was heard. A figure pushed open the gate and walked in with a respectful manner.

"Teacher, junior apprentice's name appeared on the Tablet of Gluttony. He probably challenged an outsider to a Chef's Challenge," that figure said.

The old man very steadily took a breath, frowning slightly. He then glanced afar at the enormous glistening lake without saying anything. He finally spoke after a long while and his voice was somewhat hoarse, "Such insolence, how dare he initiates a Chef's Challenge. If he loses... he will only embarrass our Valley of Gluttony!"

Anger could be heard from his voice and an unspeakable horror could be felt from it.

As if the air was trembling, the respectful figure behind the old man shook slightly.

“Teacher... In the outside world, how is it possible for junior apprentice Wen to lose? All of Hidden Dragon Continent’s elite chefs are gathered in the Valley of Gluttony, how can an ordinary outsider chef be a threat to junior apprentice...” the figure commented casually.

The old man slowly turned around, with his silvery white hair fluttering lightly.

“Do not belittle anyone... You can leave now. If that brat, Wen Renchou, loses, you shall leave this valley to fetch that fella back. Also, try your best to recruit the chef that defeated Wen Renchou. This jade talisman here is a Ten-Thousand Mile Transmission Talisman. Take it.” With a wave of the old man’s hand, a brown jade talisman flew into the hands of that figure.

That figure’s face changed slightly. Did the teacher predict something? Why was he so sure that junior apprentice Wen would lose? Was it even possible for an outsider to have culinary skills equivalent to that of a first-grade chef? How monstrous of a talent would that be?!

“You can leave now,” the old man said as he gestured his hands.

That figure left immediately.

With a hand supporting his back and another behind his back, the old man turned to face the huge lake while his eyelids shut gradually.

“Who did Wen Renchou meet this time? Even the spirit of the Tablet of Gluttony activated by the Chef’s Challenge oath hasn’t been able to engulf the opponent. It’s as if an unfathomable power is in its way. What in the world is going on?”

...

The Shura City, located in the western regions of Hidden Dragon’s continent, was a desolated place. Yellow sandstorms filled the skies as terrifying bug beasts flooded the deserts, causing hysterical ripples of energy to spread out in all directions.

Suddenly, the savage sandstorms came to a halt. All the bug beasts went into the ground, afraid to release even a hint of their aura.

Deep within the yellow desert, numerous black figures materialized. Clad in armor, all of them were bloodthirsty and robust individuals.

The Shura Saintess was also wearing a set of protective armor. Solemn-faced, her seductiveness was enhanced exponentially as the armor she wore was exquisite in outlining the curves on her body.

Her revealing and provocative legs were glistening like jewels. Not even the howling sands could detriment their tenderness.

However, the Shura Saintess didn't look so happy at the moment. Uneasiness could still be detected from her expression.

"Sovereign, are we really going to attack the Pill Palace?" The Shura Saintess asked the seemingly ordinary youth beside her.

That youth could only be described using the word "perfect". His fiery red hair fluttered unceasingly and his violet pupils seemed unfathomably profound.

"Those who offended my Ancient Shura City shall be purged. Regardless of whether it is the Pill Palace or that chef possessing the Shura Tower. All of them will definitely die," that handsome youth said as his lips curled upwards.

Chapter 600: Second-Grade Chef, Wen Renchou!

At dusk, the skies were drizzling.

Rustle...

This lethargic weather caused the air to harbor a chilly intent.

Bu Fang opened his eyes and got out of his bed. After he finished rinsing himself, he left his room and made his way into the kitchen.

Even though the Chef's Challenge between him and Wen Renchou would be beginning soon, there wasn't a hint of distress in Bu Fang's eyes. He just gave his sleepy and seemingly heavy head a little massage, followed by a big yawn. Afterwards, he began to practice his knife skills.

He first prepared the usual Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs and Dragon Blood Rice for the two gluttons in the restaurant. He went back into the kitchen to practice his knife skills a little bit more before he sat down to ponder about the dish he wanted to cook for the battle.

"Fish-related dishes... Which dish should I use to battle against Wen Renchou?" Bu Fang pondered about it seriously.

Since it was a Chef's Challenge, Wen Renchou would definitely not use dishes that he wasn't a hundred percent confident in. There was no way he would challenge Bu Fang with something he was unsure of. This was, after all, a battle for a chef's honor and future.

The loser would be stripped of his kitchen knife and rights to cook. How cruel!

"Drunken fish? Steamed fish? Fish Head Tofu Soup? Grilled fish?" Bu Fang fondled his chin as he dwelled upon it. Of course, there were endless other fish-related dishes. Up till now, Bu Fang had cooked numerous varieties of fish-related dishes. He was able to bring out many dishes for this competition.

After thinking for a long time, Bu Fang raised his brows as he had a revelation that he might as well try a new type of dish.

A dish that had been ridiculously famous in his previous life began to surface in his mind. Bu Fang's heart moved while his eyes beamed and his lips curled upwards. That was definitely going to be the dish.

Due to it being a Chef's Challenge, the system was actually able to provide Bu Fang with the necessary ingredients free of charge. He was somewhat shocked. Was the stingy system finally letting up?

Bu Fang was in a state of shock when an enormously luscious Divine-Physique-Echelon Fish landed in front of him as it flapped its fins around. Just because of how strong this fish was, the plumpness and spiritual energy contained within the meat would be of top-notch quality.

Bu Fang squeezed the fish's tender yet succulent body a few times. He then examined its blade-like fish scales which carried an aura of sharpness.

After meddling with the fish for a while, Bu Fang began to prepare this fish. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared as it displayed a flowery stance. The knife chopped down viciously, making a perfect cut. The light from the blade was shimmering with extreme intensity and it was really blinding.

...

The drizzle gradually died down.

Along with some moisture in the air, this kind of drizzle was rarely seen even during the summer.

Regardless of whether it was raining or not, the queue in front of the restaurant's gate remained as long as before. Everyone was queuing expectantly, waiting for that bronze gate to open up.

However, things were slightly different from before. There was a hint of excitement on their faces and there was some uneasiness hidden under that as well. This was because they had received news regarding today's Chef's Challenge between Owner Bu and another ridiculously strong chef.

They were also not familiar with the term "Chef's Challenge". Nonetheless, they still found it somewhat awe-inspiring. Those that had some understanding regarding the pros and cons of this Chef's Challenge felt a little worried for Bu Fang.

Still, up to that day, Bu Fang had yet to lose to anyone, and not even the Pill Palace's top-tier alchemists were a match for him. After all, they were alchemists, not chefs.

This time, he had finally found a chef as an opponent... Moreover, his opponent seemed like a reliable and experienced chef. He even knew about the rarely known term, "Chef's Challenge".

Rain poured down from the sky, drenching the clothes of many.

A rumble was suddenly heard from the distant street.

A shadowy figure approached slowly. Everyone's pupils shrank involuntarily as they saw the figure carrying a gigantic and luxurious fish behind his back. The fish was still alive and its mouth was still gaping open. It was still gasping for breath. Its scales were scintillating rays of light within the rain, shimmering with an overwhelming glow as though it was a bright star shining in the night sky.

"He is here!"

"That man over there is the chef who challenged Owner Bu to a Chef's Challenge!"

"Oh my, such a well-upholstered fish! What kind of fish is it?!"

...

Many were amazed by the sight of that fish as they inhaled in a deep breath.

The Nether King and Nangong Wuque were both looking at that plump and luscious fish with their mouths wide open.

"That fish is comparable to a Divine Physique Echelon beast that had broken through three supreme-being shackles. It's called the Timeless Cod Fish. Legend says that it can spit out a whole territory, and the people can even live there!" Nangong Wuque exclaimed in shock.

The Nether King felt curious as he looked suspiciously toward Nangong Wuque and said, "Why are the kids these days so knowledgeable?"

"However, fishes like this have remarkably tender meat when cooked properly. It also pushes one's control over their flame to the limit. If one were to be careless in handling their flame, it would cause the fish's meat to lose its tenderness." Nangong Wuque continued to comment.

The Nether King got even more shocked and asked, "How do you know about this. Aren't you an alchemist?"

Nangong Wuque snorted unhappily, “Although I am an alchemist, I also have the heart of a cook. Since I’ve eaten Old Bu’s dishes, I started to research on food... Aren’t they competing with fishes? I merely flipped through the relevant notes on fish once.”

Just as these two were conversing, the bronze gate of the Cloud Mist Restaurant opened slowly.

A swoosh was heard.

Everyone’s gaze unanimously turned toward that opening bronze gate as a figure walked out of the restaurant.

Bu Fang then lazily stretched his waist as he swept his gaze calmly across the crowd.

“Good morning everyone,” Bu Fang greeted.

“Owner Bu, we support you! You will definitely win this Chef’s Challenge!”

“Owner Bu you better win this challenge! I haven’t had nearly enough of the dishes you cooked!”

“Owner Bu, do you want to continue your business for today first? If you lose, we will never get to taste the dishes you food ever again...”

Bu Fang’s expression turned dark... What kind of encouragement was that? What do they mean for him to do business first? Did they doubt him so much?

The crowd made way for Wen Renchou as he gradually strolled in with the Timeless Cod Fish behind his back. Water splashed as he stepped on the floor surface which was filled with puddles of water.

Wen Renchou was rather excited. His muscles were all shivering with anticipation... He felt as though he finally got the chance to repay Bu Fang for the humiliation he suffered.

Bu Fang walked out and stood at the open ground in front of his restaurant.

The bosses of various elixir shop had voluntarily relocated their shops and they opened up a huge space suitable for the two chefs to have their battle.

The atmosphere turned tense immediately. Even the rain had turned mercilessly bone-chilling.

The Nether King's handsome face revealed a solemn expression. With a gesture from him, a barrier of light appeared, blocking out the pouring rain.

The rain became heavier as the rainwater struck against the light barrier, splashing and emitting splashing sounds which echoed louder.

Everyone held their breaths as they scrutinized the two chefs who were the center of attention right now.

Buzz...

A metal table appeared. Wen Renchou tossed the Timeless Cod Fish onto the metal table and a loud blast rumbled through the air, startling the audience around them.

"Fish is the theme for today's Chef's Challenge. I wonder if Owner Bu is prepared for the challenge... I hope you will not disappoint me," Wen Renchou said smugly.

A blue radiance appeared on Wen Renchou's palm. The surrounding temperature began to fall rapidly and a sharp ice blade appeared in his hand. The Crystal Cleaver began to move swiftly, slashing across the ingredients. Fish scales began to shoot outwards as though they were flying knives. Wen Renchou's action was as smooth as water and it startled the crowd. This chef was definitely no weaker than Owner Bu!

A sense of anticipation appeared in the heart of the audience members. They were eagerly waiting for the battle to start. Perhaps, that would be an intriguing Chef's Challenge.

A kitchen knife flashed past, beheading the fish as it revealed the white and succulent meat.

Wen Renchou raised his head and stared at the flabbergasted crowd. His lips curved into an arc and an arrogant expression appeared on his face.

As the crowd cheered him on, his kitchen knife flashed and a rip was heard. The kitchen knife was already in the fish's abdomen area and with the next stroke, the blade dragged all the bones out of the fish.

Bu Fang was slightly bewildered by Wen Renchou's knife arts. He was indeed pretty good... What was this Wen Renchou's foundation? That was the true ability of a second-grade chef from the Valley of Gluttony.

A flat obsidian-colored wok emerged as it hovered high in the sky. It was obviously not an ordinary wok, but an extraordinary one.

With a snap, a ball of fiery red flames burst forth and drilled into the base of the wok. A second later, the wok began to produce incessant amounts of smoke.

Many pieces of spirit wood flew into the air as a blue sword light streaked through the sky. The pieces of wood were instantly chopped up into smaller pieces and they entered the bottom of the wok.

A medicinal fragrance emerged from the wok and it filled the sky, causing the crowd to sniff vigorously like animals who went hungry for days.

The Nether King was somewhat intrigued by this scene. It was his first time seeing a battle between chefs... Such a unique battle caused him to anticipate the ending and he was extremely excited.

Wen Renchou made use of the time while the wood was burning and emitting an intoxicating aroma to prepare the fish. He did not choose the entire fish. Instead, he chose the most delectable and luscious part of this fish. The best part of this fish was the delicious-looking piece of meat which had a ring shape.

Using his fingers, he carefully held his icy kitchen knife. Wen Renchou's finger then began to move in complex ways as it pressed against the fish meat at lightning speed. It was as though he was massaging it with utmost care. That kind of handling technique caused one to be dumbfounded. After massaging the fish meat, he tossed the fish high up in the air.

He waved his hand and a pot of alcohol emerged. With a single flick, the pot of alcohol imploded aggressively, causing streaks of glistening alcohol to burst out, filling the air.

Under Wen Renchou's precise control, the alcohol thoroughly integrated itself into the fish meat.

The Crystal Cleaver that was spinning on one of his fingers flew up the next moment and landed on the body of the fish. That relentless battering caused the alcohol to seep deep into the fish. The meat of the fish which was hovering in the sky seemed to be glistening under the light.

After the alcohol had completely entered the fish, Wen Renchou activated the true energy in his body and began to siphon up all the alcohol hidden within the fish's meat.

Swoosh.

The fish's meat then fell into a lump of flour that was prepared in advance. He evenly coated the flour around the meat.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle!

Once it entered the pot, the sizzling sound and fragrance instantly erupted violently.

The crowd inhaled a deep breath of air as they observed Wen Renchou's series of actions which showed off his perfect control over his dish. Wen Renchou really wanted to go all out against Bu Fang.

That elegant and flawless control, that voguish knife arts... All of Wen Renchou's skills caused the bystanders to feel stupefied.

"This is really terrifying... Old Bu is really in danger this time!" Nangong Wuque said with his eyes wide open.

The Nether King then said casually, "If Old Bu uses that Chili Strip, he will certainly dominate that piece of crap..."

However, unlike the crowd that had unsettling looks on their faces, Bu Fang had a very calm attitude toward everything which was happening.

His hands flashed with a bright glow and a table appeared in front of him. A lush and delectable fish then appeared from thin air and landed on the table with a loud boom.

Bu Fang exhaled softly. He then clasped his hands together as his mouth moved slightly.

“West Lake Sweet ‘n’ Sour Fish... Come forth!”