

## Gourmet 621

### Chapter 621: One Strike to Kill!

From the nether energy that had created the array, more and more figures emerged. The others were shocked at seeing this scene. The Nether King stood in the middle of the array, with nether energy twirling around him.

It seemed that there were black lightning bolts collapsing and flashing.

“It’s... What is that?” Nangong Wuque gawked in suspicion as he was completely puzzled.

He saw the man get covered in dark energy as though he was about to be pulled into Hell. He was so bewildered.

“Is he the man who used to chat and eat Old Bu’s dishes with me? Is he our Little Ha who sucked the Chili Strips every day? Little Ha doesn’t look like that!”

Nether King stood with his hands clasped behind his back. He looked so tall and majestic. The nether energy twirled around him, giving him the true look of the King of the Netherworld.

Nether King’s eyes moved to the imposing figures standing on the formation, letting out a light sigh.

He put one hand into the other hand’s sleeve, groping. A moment later, he took out several mouthwatering-smelling Chili Strips. Those Chili Strips had red radiance with a nostril-attacking aroma.

As the other people were dumbstruck, he walked to those shadows and handed them the Chili Strips.

His gesture... looked really skilled.

“Those are the Netherworld’s communicators responsible for guarding the Corpse Ghost Teleport Formation. Any creature from the Netherworld that wants to use the teleport formation has to get

the approval from those Corpse Ghosts. Also, a great character in our Netherworld controls them all,” said Nethery.

She was the Netherworld Woman, so she understood the Netherworld’s stuff pretty well.

Someone who could control such big characters like the Corpse Ghosts, in Netherworld, wouldn’t have a position lower than the Nether King’s. Perhaps, he would be even stronger.

Bu Fang nodded although he didn’t know much about the Netherworld.

However, he was a little skeptical when he saw Nether King give away his Chili Strips.

Nether King was too crazy about Chili Strips, but he had decided to give his precious strips away...

Had he just changed his nature?

“What Little Ha’s doing?” Bu Fang turned to Nethery, probing suspiciously.

Nethery’s pupils were deep with twinkling dots. Eventually, she answered seriously, “No idea.”

She didn’t know, actually.

Nobody knew what the Nether King was doing. Only Nether King knew what he was doing. He had to endure the heart-scratching pain to give his Chili Strips to those shadowy figures. He even threw his arms around their shoulders, whispering something.

At this moment, dozens of thousands of people in Heavenly Mist City were gawking at Nether King muttering with the shadows.

Afterward, the shadowy guys began to chew the Chili Strips. While eating, they all gave Nether King the thumbs-up.

The people around were somewhat speechless.

If Nether King hadn't performed his greatly invincible might and killed the Hidden Dragon Royal Court's expert with one palm, from his normal appearance alone, no motherf\*cker would ever know that this fella was actually the peerless expert from the Netherworld.

And now, look at him, he was actually a vagabond who was bribing the gangsters.

Shura Sovereign saw that and his mouth twitched, staying silent.

If Jiao Ya were still alive after that palm, seeing this, he would have vomit blood to death.

He was an impressive-looking expert from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court, a serious man, but he was killed by an indecent Netherworld creature!

His liver would have felt hurt.

After a while, the Corpse Ghosts on the array had finished the Chili Strips. Then, they turned to look at Nethery who was standing still on the city wall.

Those Corpse Ghosts had a red light that shot out of their eyes, and everybody who saw that had to shudder.

What kind of eyes were those!

People could see the mountains of corpses and the sea of blood in those eyes!

When those eyes gazed at Nethery, her soft body shook slightly.

Bu Fang also felt a terrifying pressure tying him! Those Corpse Ghosts were... so frightening!

It seemed Nethery was their target.

However, at the moment the Corpse Ghosts' looks had become sinister the most, Nether King stood in front of them to hinder their lines of sight. The corners of his mouth arched before he grabbed the Corpse Ghosts, sinking into the teleport formation altogether.

While sinking, he waved his hand at Nethery.

After all the Corpse Ghosts had disappeared into the array, everybody could finally exhale in relief.

Bu Fang could see Nethery relax her stiff body. Her red lips parted as she breathed out. Apparently, the Corpse Ghosts from the array had given her a terrible pressure.

Nether King's wave before leaving conveyed some meaning and Bu Fang seemed to get it.

He threw a glance to Nethery then nodded as he looked pensive.

It seemed the Corpse Ghosts from the teleport formation were the natural nemesis of the Netherworld creatures. The Netherworld Woman was scared when she saw them. Perhaps, those Corpse Ghosts would have escorted Nethery, the one that had presumptuously left the secret territory, back to the secret territory or she could be even held custody in the Netherworld.

And if so, Nethery would lose her freedom.

It was obvious that Nethery didn't want it.

And, Nether King had bribed the others to help Nethery out of that situation. She could stay on the Hidden Dragon Continent.

Bu Fang looked at the place where the mysterious array had just disappeared, his eyes twinkling.

"King of the Netherworld... This old fogey is really interesting."

"The Netherworld... I have to go there at least once," Bu Fang mumbled.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Shura Sovereign strolled forward with long strides. He stepped on the broken rocks, then bent forward to pick up the ancient, shiny, God-Slaying Bow which was black in color.

That God-Slaying Bow was a divine weapon from the Heavenly Spring Holy-land of the Hidden Dragon Royal Court.

This divine weapon was used to control the Netherworld creatures. So, when Nether King grabbed the arrow with his bare hands, the Nether energy inside him was stimulated.

However, the Nether King was gone.

Shura Sovereign was scared, but he had gradually calmed down. He didn't know why Nether King had gone... Still, it was what he wanted. And now, he got the God-Slaying Bow, which made him happier.

The Heavenly Mist City's experts stood on the city wall, cautiously watching the Shura Army.

Boom! Boom!

Thunderclaps suddenly reverberated in the sky.

Shura Sovereign soared up with explosions. His evilly handsome face wore an excited smile. He arched his body, with the muscles on his arms bulging like the dragons. He was sending the true energy into the God-Slaying Bow. Meanwhile, a crimson light arrow was being congregated on the God-Slaying Bow. It was shot with horrible power!

When Shura Sovereign drew the God-Slaying Bow, its power became more terrifying!

When the Heavenly Mist City's experts saw this, they all had a grimace, and their faces paled. It seemed their energy was all drawn out.

Pill Palace's Master Luo Danqing was petrified. He was watching this scene with a stern face.

He could never think that they, a force of so many people, had forgotten about the God-Slaying Bow, a crucial item! They actually allowed the Shura Sovereign to obtain the bow!

The Shura Sovereign was like a mighty tiger that had grown wings when he got the God-Slaying bow.

Without the Nether King, how could they subdue the Shura Sovereign, whose imposing manner was getting stronger and stronger?

Would they ask Owner Bu to do that?

It was apparently impossible...

The Overlord Seventh Blades could stop Jiao Ya's God-Slaying Bow because of the boost from the Gourmet Array and the mighty power of the sword technique itself. However, at that moment, Bu Fang didn't have the energy to perform the Overlord Seventh Blades one more time.

His true energy was almost empty, and the energy from the Gourmet Array had been completely consumed. It was like... a dream of a fool to count on the dark horse chef to subdue the Shura Sovereign!

How about Pill Palace's Master Luo Danqing?

The possibility was even lower... When the Palace Master had faced Shura Sovereign with his peak condition, he could be fifty percent sure. However, Shura Sovereign was the winged tiger with the God-Slaying Bow now; of course, he was much more formidable.

The chance that Luo Danqing could subdue the Shura Sovereign was even smaller.

Nobody had any color on their faces since they saw Shura Sovereign with the God-Slaying Bow in his hands, which made him look like an ancient demon. They were all desperate!

Bu Fang couldn't help but frown. If the Shura Sovereign got the God-Slaying Bow, he would be pretty tough!

Without Nether King... Who could cope with Shura Sovereign?

The blood-colored light arrow was complete in the sky. Crimson lightning bolts and thunderclaps expanded around the light arrow. The void seemed to shiver as if it couldn't bear the horrible pressure.

The Shura Sovereign laughed haughtily. While laughing, his eyes scanned the crowd. The light arrow moved as though it was aiming at each of the others.

Once someone got aimed by the God-Slaying Bow, they would have goosebumps as they felt the terrifying danger!

Eventually, as the Shura Sovereign was still laughing, the blood-red arrow was shot out while hissing and roaring. And the light arrow was darting toward... Bu Fang, who was wearing the Vermillion Robe, stood on the Heavenly Mist City's wall!

The Vermillion Robe on Bu Fang's body gently fluttered in the breeze. At this moment, the light arrow from the sky fell with a surging murderous aura!

The Shura Sovereign had decided to kill Bu Fang!

After he got the God-Slaying Arrow, Bu Fang was his first target? Everybody was horror-struck. Without Nether King, this little chef... How could he stop the arrow? Would this dark horse chef be killed this time?!?

Nethery's long, black hair flew in the breeze, and her face was icy cold. At that moment, her eyes had turned completely black. She wanted to try her best to stop the crimson light arrow coming from the sky!

Shura Sovereign's one strike to kill!

Bu Fang furrowed his brows. He reached out to protect Nethery's body. It made him face the light arrow from the sky directly. He took a deep breath, and his face was cold.

One strike to kill?

Funny...

With the Vermillion Robe, Bu Fang was invincible!

Nethery couldn't stop this attack. Anyway, this place wasn't her secret territory.

BOOM! BOOM!

At the moment the light arrow approached Bu Fang, the moment that the terrifying, rippling energy from the arrow had almost pierced and broken his body, Shura Sovereign's complexion changed.

From inside the Heavenly Mist City, a fearful energy fluctuation soared up into the sky!

Chapter 622: Hunt And Kill Lord Dog?

An enormous imposing aura expanded from within Heavenly Mist City, which made the Shura Sovereign, who was hovering in the sky with the God-Slaying Bow in his hand, turn pale with fear.

How could the Heavenly Mist City have such a terrifying aura?

The Nether King had already left, hadn't he?

The light arrow was whistling through the air, threatening to pierce through Bu Fang. The light arrow's energy had stirred up blustery gusts, blowing aside sand and stones on the city wall.

Even with that frightening aura, what could come of it?

Shura Sovereign's deep yet bright eyes shot afar. With the God-Slaying Bow in his hands, he was filled with such confidence that his heroic spirit sprouted from his chest. The light arrow shot with blood-colored lightning flashes coursing through it.

Strong winds blew back Bu Fang's hair.

His eyes were plain, merely staring at the light arrow. However, just that made his entire body feel tight, even to the point where he almost wanted to shudder.

The arrow was truly formidable!

With Shura Sovereign's cultivation base, the arrow shot from the God-Slaying Bow could wound even the Divine Soul Realm experts! If only Bu Fang had the Gourmet Array and his Overlord Thirteen Blades, he may have had a chance to stop it.

However, at that moment in time, Bu Fang had already lost his power to resist.

Buzz...

The formidable aura from inside the Heavenly Mist City arose once again. Everybody was a little shaken, and some thought they had heard some dog barking.

After a while, a dog strolled out of the Heavenly Mist City in an elegant feline gait, out into plain sight.

As it sauntered, the rolls of fat on its body jiggled.

Blacky pranced through the air gracefully like a cat, with each step as wide as an inch.

After two breaths, Lord Dog had already reached Bu Fang and was now standing behind him.

Then, right at that moment, the crimson light arrow arrived.

The drowsy Lord Dog hadn't even opened its eyes fully yet. Apparently, it had been sleeping like a log before rushing there. It opened his mouth, letting out a big yawn. Then, it raised its paw at a speed that was neither fast nor slow.

Its paw rose in front of Bu Fang as it gently swept the blood arrow away.

BOOM!

The blood arrow fell, creating furious ripples in the air and ground!

A lot of the people on the city wall were taken aback. They all took several steps back, all because of that tremendous aura surrounding the area.

They were all filled with panic! However, upon seeing the scene that just unfolded before them more clearly, that panic turned to genuine horror.

The earth-shaking, blood-colored light arrow didn't crush the dog's paw. On the contrary, it was stopped in mid-air, hovering in front of the paw. It couldn't even push forward an inch.

The Shura Sovereign squinted, taking a deep breath.

A dog... A mighty dog!

Shura Sovereign was moved. Was that dog the black dog in the restaurant? The black dog that had killed his Shura Ancient City's experts? Was that a legendary and extremely formidable black dog?

Seeing Lord Dog, Shura Sovereign's eyes began to glow.

Jiao Ya's life revolved around that dog! It was a Netherworld dog, but Jiao Ya had been confident enough to deal with that dog because of the God-Slaying Bow in his hands. Now that he was holding that very bow in his hands, the Shura Sovereign thought that he could finally fulfill Jiao Ya's deathbed behest... Hunt and kill those Netherworld creatures! Perhaps by doing so, he could even earn some favor from the important characters of the Hidden Dragon Royal Court.

About the death of Jiao Ya, Shura Sovereign couldn't care less.

Well, it was his bad luck that he had encountered such a powerful character who had turned him into minced meat with only a palm. The Nether King had made him shiver, indeed.

It was Jiao Ya's misfortune for confronting the Nether King.

Lord Dog said nothing. It yawned while it grasped the arrow with its paw, pinching it. Instantly, the light arrow shattered, sending beams of light flying in all directions. Lord Dog then waved his paw to shoo away the light.

When everything was done, Lord Dog turned to Bu Fang.

“Bu Fang, kiddo, you always make this dog worry...” Lord Dog’s charismatic voice arose, lingering in people’s ears. Even though they were frightened at that moment, upon hearing that voice, their faces turned odd.

The Vermillion Robe on Bu Fang’s body fluttered as its radiance slowly subsided. Seeing Lord Dog, Bu Fang’s anticipation had disappeared.

“I thought I’d sensed the aura of the Corpse Ghosts? Why don’t I see any of those stinky toys here?” asked Lord Dog.

Standing behind Bu Fang, Nethery looked at Lord Dog with his rolls of fat. She answered, “They came out from the teleport formation and took the Nether King away.”

“Hmm? They took that clown away? Why didn’t they take you, the Netherworld woman, with them as well? As far as I know about those smelling things, they would have taken you too.” Lord Dog was skeptical, waving its tail.

Nethery was bewildered. She didn’t know that. Perhaps it was because of the Chili Strips.

It had seemed that the Nether King had bribed those Corpse Ghosts with several Chili Strips. That was the reason why they didn’t bring Nethery away... To think the Nether King’s last gesture toward her had some meaning...

Lord Dog looked at Nethery’s puzzled face, batting its eyes in surprise. That sly Nether King must have had some tricks up his sleeve, though.

“Are those Corpse Ghosts fierce?” Bu Fang asked with a frown.

Corpse Ghosts from the Netherworld sounded horrible indeed.

Fierce?

Lord Dog threw Bu Fang a glance. “Do you think my paw is fierce?” asked Lord Dog casually.

Very good! From the tone of Lord Dog’s voice, the Netherworld’s Corpse Ghosts should be as fierce as a pile of trash.

Shura Sovereign hovered upright in the sky. The energy in his body fluctuated as he felt being disregarded. That dog, from the moment it had appeared, didn’t bat a single eyelid at him. Was it looking down on him? He was so strong that he was hovering in the sky like a dazzling star!

“You dog... You’re far too savage! You truly live up to your name as a Netherworld creature!”

Shura Sovereign’s lips parted and a grin formed on his face. He compressed his aura and the blood-colored soul ladder emerged above his head, radiating.

The Shura Army underneath became wild with excitement the moment they say it.

They clashed their weapons, crying and roaring fervently, with their aura increasing unceasingly.

Roar!

The experts standing on Heavenly Mist City turned ashen-faced. In that instant, the Shura Army had a sufficiently imposing aura, which was even more formidable than the first wave.

Shura Sovereign released his energy through his hands. The God-Slaying Bow bloomed in a brilliant light, emanating terrifying energy.

The muscles of his arms bulged like dragons as he drew the bowstring. Instantly, it boomed deafeningly.

The light arrow floated above the bow and took aim at Lord Dog which was standing in front of Bu Fang on the Heavenly Mist City's wall. The Shura Sovereign grinned, making people sink into their thoughts.

Lord Dog seemed to have finally heard Shura Sovereign's voice or sensed his formidable aura. It lifted its head and looked at the man donned in fighting armor in the sky. The dog's mouth parted, saying, "Bu Fang, kid, who is that foolish weakling?"

The Shura Sovereign's pupils constricted, with his murderous aura becoming thicker than ever before. That black dog was so barbaric! It had dared to curse him?

"You're a Netherworld creature, aren't you? Let His Majesty kill you!" The Shura Sovereign laughed coldly.

A moment later, he released his grip. The light arrow roared and hissed as it sliced through the air. After shooting, several black iron arrows appeared in the Shura Sovereign's hand instantaneously, which he then placed onto the longbow.

"Trying to hunt and kill Lord Dog? Who gave you that courage?" Lord Dog was at a loss for words.

When the light arrow came, even though its power surpassed the previous one greatly, Blacky did the same trick: It rose its paw, patting the arrow.

The arrow was dispersed.

It simply vanished.

Three iron arrows came right after, arranged in a triangle formation, darting toward Lord Dog.

Those iron arrows were sparkling with a dark radiance! Those were Jiao Ya's God-Slaying Arrow! Those iron arrows were specially designed to kill the Netherworld creatures! The light arrow was just a cover for the real hunting and killing strike: the God-Slaying Arrows!

To shoot three God-Slaying Arrows at the same time meant that the Shura Sovereign wanted to have an instant kill!

To kill that Lord Dog!

Lord Dog rose his head, waving his tail. He squinted, looking at the three God-Slaying Arrows.

“Using those toys to kill me? Are you insulting Lord Dog?”

Blacky tilted its head back and opened its mouth. The dog’s mouth opened in just a blink of an eye as if it wanted to devour the sky and cover the earth, to swallow the heavens above!

Chapter 623: Shura Sovereign’s Instant Kill!

Woof!

A deafening and skull-piercing shout rang through the air!

Lord Dog had suddenly opened its mouth as if it wanted to devour the entire world. It did it with such might that it sent shivers down people’s spines. The three iron arrows came roaring, twisting in the sky. They dragged their blazing tails across the sky before brutally bombarding the dog’s wide-open mouth.

Everybody gawked, and their nerves were unbelievably tense as they witnessed that scene.

Those iron arrows were extraordinarily formidable! Previously, even the mighty Nether King had to step back because of those iron arrows. Would the black dog be able to cope with them?

Everybody living in the Heavenly Mist City already knew Blacky from the Cloud Mist Restaurant. It was an extremely terrifying existence that could break the Shura Sovereign’s clone with a single roar. ( .c om )

However, now... what it was facing was the Shura Sovereign, His Majesty, at his peak condition. His fighting competence wasn't something a clone could compare to. As such, everyone was curious about the result of this confrontation.

Shura Sovereign's eyes turned dark and deep, gazing at Blacky's open mouth.

The God-Slaying Arrow shot from the God-Slaying Bow wouldn't be that weak!

Common sense told them that the black dog would definitely die!

However, after a while, everybody found themselves stunned, with mouths agape. All their presumptions were wrong!

The black dog didn't open its mouth to swallow the iron arrows. Its open mouth revealed its thick fangs, which glowed with a sharp radiance.

A deafening bark that shook the people's minds escaped from its mouth.

The bark had created a strong gust of wind, blowing the three iron arrows away. In the void left behind, the three iron arrows lost their form and collided into each other. Instantly, terrifyingly strong blasts echoed throughout the air.

The explosions sent shockwaves toward Shura Sovereign.

He immediately pulled himself together and swayed away from the shockwaves.

This black dog... was so mighty!

Just a bark and the God-Slaying Arrows couldn't even approach it!

Shura Sovereign frowned, scrutinizing the dog. After Lord Dog closed its mouth, it had regained its formerly plump shape. With its tongue sticking out, it seemed like any regular lazy dog.

Lord Dog threw Shura Sovereign a reluctant look, and the dog's mouth pouted as if it disdained the latter. Bu Fang stood behind Lord Dog, who was also pouting and swiveling his eyes at Shura Sovereign. One man and one dog with the same actions. They had almost made Shura Sovereign's lungs explode in rage. ( .c om )

Their eyes for him simply carried too much contempt.

The Shura Sovereign, His Majesty, had never been so humiliated in his life. The flames of anger rose in his heart instantly, and his eyes turned ferocious. He let out a long cry, with his chest arching backward. He grabbed the God-Slaying Bow, drawing the bowstring to its maximum length. Loading more iron arrows onto the bow, he aimed at Lord Dog once again.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The iron arrows dove from the sky, darting toward Lord Dog.

However, Lord Dog had finally lost its patience.

It lifted its shaky paw, swinging it at the hovering Shura Sovereign.

Instantly, a phantom of a giant dog's paw rose behind Lord Dog, possessing a strange eye-catching aura. Then, in the next instant, it pounded on the Shura Sovereign in the sky!

The iron arrows had exploded when the dog's paw hit them. Rapid gusts of wind and energy scattered everywhere. However, they didn't hinder the dog's paw at all. The paw continued moving and pounding brutally, shaking its surroundings!

Shura Sovereign's eyes shrank. He stomped his feet, trying to dodge.

However, he was petrified as he found that the dog's paw had already reached him!

He couldn't dodge!

Boom!

Under the gaze of all the surprised onlookers, the Shura Sovereign was slammed into the ground from the sky, a move so strong it shook the ground.

“You’re really noisy…” Lord Dog said calmly, and its gentle and charismatic voice lingered in the air.

The illusion of the dog’s paw vanished, leaving only the shocking paw mark on the ground.

The Shura Sovereign slowly got up to his feet. The helmet on his head was broken by the dog’s paw, leaving his hair disheveled. He looked somewhat distressed and his power deteriorated quickly.

He clutched the God-Slaying Bow, gritting his teeth, with the flames of anger still rolling in his heart.

That black dog had hit him as if it was slapping a fly.

He looked around and found his army’s excitement extinguished. Each soldier stood frightened, observing the black dog.

Striking the Shura Sovereign to the ground was no different from striking the Shura Army’s spirit straight down. After all, the Shura Sovereign was the origin of their imposing aura. If Shura Sovereign was powerful, their fighting spirit was equally powerful. If Shura Sovereign’s spirit subsided, their spirit subsided altogether…

Seeing the Shura Army losing their fighting spirit, the experts of Heavenly Mist City seemed as though they had been given cardiotonics. Each of them slowly became stirred up.

Even the Pill Palace’s palace Master Luo Danqing was a little frightened when he saw Lord Dog. This dog… what kind of God was it? How could it be so formidable?

Boom!

The Emperor roared indignantly, drawing his sword. The Shura Sword hissed with brutality. The sword’s energy emitted incessantly with a dull rumbling. Disheveled, the Shura Sovereign gazed at Lord Dog. He put the God-Slaying Bow away, as the special tool to kill the Netherworld creatures

had no effect on that black dog! If so, he would have to use his real power to forcefully strike that dog down!

Shura Sword, come!

Both of his hands lowered. In the next moment, the Shura Sword soared upwards into the sky. He tiptoed and leaped up. The armor on his body bloomed with radiance, and his aura shone colorfully like a rainbow.

The Shura Sword's energy radiated in the sky, threatening to tear everything apart.

Luo Danqing's face turned grave upon seeing the scene. He sighed inwardly.

The Shura Sovereign was indeed worth his salt. He was a tyrant with absolutely strong cultivation. Not to mention the fact that his sword will really was intimidating!

The Shura Sovereign—the expert of the Ancient Shura City—was born to fight! The people of the Ancient Shura City were actually a bunch of lunatics and fighting maniacs. The previous Shura Sovereign had the guts to wield the Shura Sword and attack the Hidden Dragon Royal Court. Although he was killed by the Hidden Dragon Royal Court at the end, his bold spirit had made many forces on the Hidden Dragon Continent admire him.

To say that he was crazy was an understatement. The Hidden Dragon Royal Court was acknowledged as the supreme force on Hidden Dragon Continent. Until today, no one even knew how strong the Hidden Dragon Royal Court actually was! They merely knew that it was too deep to explore. Throughout so many years, the Hidden Dragon Royal Court had only acted several times. Regardless, each time they did act, they had left people shaken beyond belief. Apparently, this time, Jiao Ya was a stain on the Hidden Dragon Royal Court's record.

He was an impressive Hidden Dragon Royal Court's expert with peak cultivation and a top-quality weapon, but someone had obliterated him, leaving nothing intact.

If his death were to be reported to the Hidden Dragon Royal Court, it would shake the entire organization.

However, this was not the important part.

At that moment, Shura Sovereign's aura was continually increasing. He wanted to cleave that black dog in two with his sword!

The sword sliced across the sky, slashing toward Lord Dog.

Swish!

A moment later, Lord Dog batted an eye, sending a paw forward. The incoming sword energy exploded instantly. The Shura Sovereign's high-spirited attack was broken in midair instantaneously by that dog's paw!

Boom!

Shura Sovereign was struck onto the ground one more time.

The earth rumbled and cracked.

Everybody stayed put, speechless.

The fighting spirit that had coursed through the Ancient Shura City's experts was simultaneously smashed by that paw. A single paw was all it took to crush all of their will and spirit to attack the city!

This black dog... was simply too scary!

The sword energy shot up into the sky yet again.

The Sovereign leaped up from the ruin on the ground. This time, his armor was all torn, and his eyes burning with the flame of rage. He roared indignantly. Holding the Shura Sword, he dashed relentlessly toward Lord Dog.

Blacky cocked its head, patting with another paw.

A loud thump echoed throughout the air, and the Shura Sovereign slammed into the earth once again.

Ah!

The Shura Sovereign was now covered in his own blood. He rushed out, as his anger had reached the ultimate level. The sword energy twirled around him like a fearsome tornado!

However, Blacky remained indifferent. The exquisite dog's paw rose and patted.

The Shura Sovereign's pupils shrank. He screamed indignantly and continually as he was shoved onto the ground one more time. This time, he didn't even have the strength to resist.

The more he got beaten, the more shaken he became... It was an increasing feeling of helplessness, which transformed into fear. He knew deep down that he wasn't that black dog's equal opponent. The sword energy that he was so proud of couldn't even scratch the dog, let alone kill it.

However, what kept the Sovereign going was his fighting spirit and tenacity etched into his heart.

After getting pounded onto the ground repeatedly, the armor protecting him had been shattered, leaving cuts all over his body. Apart from vomiting blood, his entire body was dyed a crimson red as well.

"Shura Sword! Slash!"

Brutally wielding the Shura Sword, the Shura Sovereign still continued to charge forward! This time, he directly stepped on the city wall.

Boom!

The thick city wall was stomped broken. Sand and stones scattered everywhere.

Shura Sovereign's terrifying aura diffused, leaving people panic-stricken. Standing on the city wall, the Shura Sovereign did indeed prove how formidable he was! His aura was extremely terrifying.

Yet... what had frightened people more was that this intimidating Shura Sovereign was placed in such a pitiful situation. The black dog had managed to drive him into the ground repeatedly.

“Die!”

The Shura Sovereign’s blood-red eyes stared at Lord Dog. On the other hand, Lord Dog’s fat body shook slightly, while a carefree look stood on its face.

Bu Fang frowned, looking at Shura Sovereign, who was now within reach.

Nethery wore a cold face, and she didn’t bat an eye.

Nangong Wuque was frightened, and his legs were shaking as sweat beaded on his forehead...

Although Shura Sovereign vomited blood, his spirit held strong. He held the sword up with both hands, forcefully thrusting it toward Lord Dog. The Shura Sword sparkled with delicate radiance. It bore the intent to stab straight through Lord Dog.

Everybody else exclaimed in fear!

That was Shura Sovereign’s instant kill attack! The attack that could possibly kill the black dog! He had stubbornly resisted the dog’s paw for several times for this single strike!

Shura Sovereign’s sharp eyes shot out beams of light.

All of a sudden, his eyes opened wide as he stared relentlessly forward!

The black dog opened its mouth and bit down on his full-powered sword!

Crack! Crack!

Upon hearing the clear crackling noises, he rolled his eyes and almost tore out his eyelids. The Shura Sword looked like a crispy cookie that had been chewed.

The black dog chewed for a while before spitting out the dregs and pieces of iron.

“This tool doesn’t taste nice at all. It can’t even compare with the Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs!” reviewed Lord Dog.

Shura Sovereign felt like vomiting blood. His Shura Sword! His life-weapon, the Shura Sword! A dog had simply chewed it off!

In that moment, he felt a deep terror emerge from within him as he found the black dog’s aura rocket all of a sudden. It had seemed the sky had just been lowered, pressing him on the ground.

As his eyes were rolling helplessly, the black dog walked gracefully with a feline gait toward him.

The dog then slowly placed its exquisite paw on his head...

Chapter 624: A Claw To Cause The Shura Sovereign’s Head To Explode!

At that moment, the Shura Sovereign could finally sense the smell of death.

The boundless pressure suppressed him, giving him no chance to struggle. He finally understood how terrifyingly formidable that dog was... It was even stronger than the Nether King!

The Nether King could turn Jiao Ya into minced meat with a single palm. The dog in front of him could crush him into pieces, too.

If a dog smashed him into minced meat... It was already too horrible just to think about it. No one could accept that!

In the Shura Sovereign’s eyes, the dog’s paw was slowly approaching his face.

Eventually, it gently stroked the Shura Sovereign’s forehead as if it were caressing him.

A moment later, people took in breaths of cold air.

The entire city wall crackled and exploded, sending chips of rocks everywhere!

However, the Shura Sovereign had only darkness in his eyes. Gradually, he was swallowed by that darkness. The soldiers of Shura Army were dumbstruck, unable to move. They could not comprehend what had just unfolded before their eyes.

The Shura Saintess's face turned ashen. The drumsticks in her hands fell on the ground with a thud. She was aghast as she saw the collapsing city wall and tumbling debris from the distance.

However, those weren't important. The most shocking thing to her was the headless figure falling helplessly onto the ruins of rocks and sand on the ground.

After a heavy "thud" that dispersed the dust, he was buried under a giant pile of rocks.

He was the Shura Sovereign. Their Ancient Shura City's champion! However, in that instant, he was reduced to just another headless corpse. A single stroke to his head and it was off!

It had also meant the worst... the Shura Sovereign was dead! And all due to a single dog!

My God!

The Shura Army's soldiers had their eyes wide open in shock and terror. The simple yet nightmarish scene replayed in their heads repeatedly, sending a chill down their spines. And now... It felt the same. They felt like they had a stone on their chest, suffocating them. Deep sorrow started to rise within their chests.

When their leader fell, they too would fall apart. With the Shura Sovereign dead, the Shura Army had collapsed in an instant. Instantly, the previously high-spirited and brutal army collapsed like a broken dam which caused gushing water to flood everywhere.

All the while, Lord Dog's paw was still held in midair. It sniffed and shook its paw, slowly retracting it.

The black dog threw a glance at the headless Shura Sovereign buried in the pile of rocks, yawning.

“Wanting to kill Lord Dog... You’re far too young to do that,” Lord Dog smacked its tongue then elegantly pounded its feline steps, turning around to return to the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

All of a sudden, an explosion echoed from inside the pile of the ruins.

A jet of light flew out of the rocks, circling the sky. As the radiance eventually dispersed, it revealed a simple, long, shiny-black bow.

It was the Hidden Dragon Royal Court’s God-Slaying Bow. At that moment, the lines on the God-Slaying Bow pulsed with a dazzling light, which was completely out of the ordinary.

Underneath, the Shura Sovereign’s broken body was unveiled, sending people into silence. The champion of the Ancient Shura City was killed tragically just like that. Compared to Jiao Ya’s, being stroked to death by a dog was definitely a more aggrieved death.

A jet of light flashed as the Saintess’ beautiful body leaped to the pile of rocks. In an instant, she had reached the Shura Sovereign’s dead body. Looking at his incomplete body, she could not even breathe as grief shrouded her mind entirely.

She retrieved the Shura Sovereign’s dead body.

With tears in her eyes, she dashed away from the ruin.

The God-Slaying Bow’s radiance bloomed intimidatingly in the air. After a moment, it shuddered and boomed, unfolding into a seven-colored palm.

That palm zoomed across the sky, pounding straight toward Lord Dog. The palm came toward Lord Dog with frightening might. The shock waves it created made people shiver.

How could those terrifying shockwaves appear there? Those were not the kind of energy shockwaves the Shura Sovereign could create! Hold on, that bow had belonged to Jiao Ya, who was definitely dead, from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court!

At that moment, the longbow displayed its skills once more. There was no doubt that it was some Great Expert from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court who was controlling the bow.

The bright-colored palm roared with power, which had almost caused the surroundings to collapse.

“Who dared to kill our fellow expert from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court’s Heavenly Spring Holy-land?!? Do you want to be the Heavenly Spring Holy-land’s enemy?”

The shattered city wall struggled to hold its own against that palm. It could barely hold on as it slowly began to collapse.

However, Lord Dog cocked its head and waved its dog’s tail. An invisible flow of energy emanated from it, which held the city wall together, as firm as stone.

“Heavenly Spring Holy-land of the Hidden Dragon Royal Court!”

Many of the experts had changed visages when they heard the name. The Hidden Dragon Royal Court had many subordinated forces. However, only a selected few of them could use the title “Holy-land.”

The Valley of Gluttony under the Hidden Dragon Royal Court couldn’t even call themselves a sacred place. Just how fearsome was the Heavenly Spring Holy-land?

Some who understood the situation became struck with fear.

As the colorful palm aimed at Lord Dog to pound it once more, the space surrounding it trembled as though it would be torn open.

“Heavenly Spring Holy-land? What nonsense...”

Lord Dog puffed, staying speechless toward that overlord’s voice. It sniffled then opened its mouth to bark. The long bark created gusts of winds in the sky. At that moment, the sound waves subsided and dispersed; the winds had also vanished along with them.

The seven-colored palm was also directly broken, scattering all around.

The longbow hovering in the sky began cracking. And, eventually, after a sharp crackle, it shattered into pieces.

The tyrannical voice had disappeared.

A gentle breeze replaced the strong gusts of wind. It now scattered the yellow sand and caressed people's hair.

They felt like a century had passed...

Lord Dog turned around once more, shaking its fat bottom with its rolls of fat, heading back to the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

As people saw its disappearing figure, they shuddered in fear and respect. To be fearful and respectful towards a dog... If someone else knew about it, they would think those people were actually a bunch of idiots.

Lord Dog had left. It arrived like a boss and left equally like a boss, leaving ruins everywhere in its wake.

The Heavenly Mist City's experts watched the ruins, dazed for a while, before jolting back to their senses.

Luo Danqing batted his eyes and roared. Along with the experts of the Heavenly Mist City, they charged out, heading toward the Shura Army underneath the city wall. With the Shura Sovereign killed, the Shura Army had their spirit sunk to the bottom. They could no longer confront the high-spirited Heavenly Mist City's experts.

As the alchemists stormed toward them, the Shura soldiers began scattering like ants without their colony. The Shura Army was completely crippled!

The Heavenly Mist City's experts were filled with excitement. They all looked high, yelling the word "Kill" which echoed throughout the entire place. Like a sharp lance, they came at the Shura Army, thrusting and slashing.

Bu Fang stood on the city wall, feeling the rising and withering winds blowing his hair. His unconcerned eyes observed the melee underneath where the victory seemed to heavily favor one side. At that moment, his eyes became deep and meaningful.

His Vermillion Robe's sleeves spun when he twirled his arms, turning around to return to his restaurant.

Within the formation of the army, the Shura Saintess was retreating as she fought. Her eyes stared at Bu Fang leaving. She took a deep breath, with her chest shuddering. She decided to leave, too.

However, her eyes bore into Bu Fang with an intent to carve his features into her mind.

What followed was the collapse of the Shura Army. The Heavenly Mist City's experts seized the chance and chased after them. The Shura Army was completely devastated after this battle. The enemy continued declining in numbers. The Heavenly Mist City's experts did not show any signs of weakening. They hunted and chased away all the Ancient Shura City's experts out of the Heavenly Mist City's territory.

Then, in the following days, Luo Danqing, the Master of the Pill Palace had taken his experts to seize the control, rescuing and counterattacking on the fallen Heavenly Shine City and Heavenly Pill City.

However, their counterattack did not really bear fruit.

Although the Shura Sovereign was dead and the Shura Army was scattered, when Luo Danqing attacked the Heavenly Pill City, some expert had continued to hinder him.

He had the abilities to subdue Luo Danqing. Eventually, Luo Danqing decided he had to retreat.

As it turned out, that expert was from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court. The Hidden Dragon Royal Court's experts had arrived, occupying and taking over Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City. They had also taken over all the properties. Furthermore, the Hidden Dragon Royal Court had even sent their alchemists to teach and organize the alchemists in the cities.

Left with no choice, Luo Danqing had to give up chasing after the Ancient Shura City's experts and he returned to defend Heavenly Mist City. At that time, the Pill Palace only had the Heavenly Mist City left.

However, their Star Tower remained. The Pill Palace still had a chance to rise again.

...

Bu Fang returned to the restaurant. He felt exhausted, both of body and mind. Walking into the restaurant, he drew a chair, sat down and exhaled.

Eighty was clucking, extending its neck while walking toward Bu Fang.

Bu Fang gave it a look before reaching out to pick it up and rub its head.

Eighty looked bewildered, clucking. Could you not casually rub the head of an ambitious chicken? Of course, no matter how hard Eighty tried to protest, it was useless.

Shrimpy crossed the distance, gliding through the air to reach Bu Fang's shoulder, and its eyes darted around.

Bu Fang caressed Shrimpy as well. Taking a deep breath, he stood up as he began heading to the kitchen.

Yang Meiji's mammoth-like body descended from the stairs. When she saw Bu Fang, she remained silent. After a while, she nodded to Bu Fang, saying, "Thanks for your support... You've helped save the Heavenly Mist City from the Shura Army's invasion."

Yang Meiji understood that without Bu Fang, the Shura Sovereign would have eventually commanded his formidable Shura Army to tread on Heavenly Mist City.

To Yang Meiji, the Heavenly Mist City was her home. Thus, she thanked him sincerely.

Bu Fang was surprised and stood there looking at Yang Meiji. He hadn't expected any gratitude from her. Giving her a nod, Bu Fang turned around, heading toward the kitchen.

Then, as he was reaching it, the serious tone of the system echoed in his head.

## Chapter 625: Let Go of Sis Nethery!

The system's serious voice resounded, leaving Bu Fang in a daze.

He stopped walking and furrowed his brows.

“Temporary mission: within one month, find two apprentices. Mission reward: a fragment of the God of Cooking Set.”

The system had given him another mission. It had been a while since he completed the last mission so Bu Fang was startled when he was assigned another one on this day.

Find apprentices?

Bu Fang rubbed his smooth chin, and the corners of his lips curled upward. He recalled that the system had given him a similar mission when he was still at the Imperial Capital of the Light Wind Empire. The reappearance of this mission meant the business at Cloud Mist Restaurant had been on the right track, and it was now time for him to leave.

He understood clearly that if he sought to improve his competence, only practicing would not help him much. He needed more revenue. He needed a large number of crystals to increase his power.

Only Fang Fang's Little Store in the Light Wind Empire was not enough, by itself, to help him grow stronger. Although he now had Cloud Mist Restaurant in Heavenly Mist City to supplement Fang Fang's, Bu Fang could still feel that his cultivation was advancing too slowly.

After all, higher competence required a higher turnover. Naturally, Bu Fang could also continue to complete the system's missions in order to collect vitality and convert the reward so as to reduce the required overturn.

This could help him increase his cultivation base pretty fast.

No matter what, if Bu Fang wished to improve his cultivation fast, the revenue he earned would play a big role. Because of this, he understood clearly that he would definitely need to have more branches in the future.

With many branches in operation, his cultivation base would increase at a steady but fast pace.

After acknowledging the system's mission, Bu Fang went to the kitchen. As he walked over to his stove, green smoke curled around his hand, and the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in it. With the glinting knife, Bu Fang began to process his ingredients.

However, he first took some time to practice his knife techniques. Practicing the Overlord Thirteen Blades daily was of vital importance. The layers of blades it produced created a very formidable attack.

Previously, when Bu Fang used the Gourmet Array and the Overlord Thirteen Blades, he was able to resist a Divine Soul Realm expert, even though he himself had only broken the first shackle of the Divine Physique Echelon Realm.

Divine Soul Realm experts and the Divine Physique Echelon Realm experts had different qualities.

A flip of the hand was all it would take for a true Divine Soul Realm expert to subdue a Divine Physique Echelon expert.

Furthermore, Divine Soul Realm experts cultivated the soul ladder. In each step of the ladder they could achieve, they would gain a whole new world!

Clatter!

Bu Fang's arm only seemed to move slightly, but all the ingredients below his knife were cleanly chopped into small pieces.

His knife moved, and the minced ingredients soared into the air, falling directly into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, which he had taken out earlier.

Oil splashed out from the pot, and soon, the smell of cooking oil filled the air.

The true energy in Bu Fang's body surged and entered the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, after which he began to rapidly stir-fry the contents within.

Swoosh!

Blazing hot flames occasionally surged to the ceiling with so much force that one would think that it was about to push the roof off the restaurant.

He tipped the wok, pouring the food into a blue-and-white porcelain bowl. A cloud of steam and a pleasant aroma filled the air.

Bu Fang quick-boiled the pot. After that, he poured a fragrant cooking wine into the food, and a fragrant aroma instantly filled the kitchen. The bowl of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs was finally completed.

He used ingredients of better quality than usual to prepare this bowl of Sweet 'n' Sour Rib. This made the spiritual energy in the dish reach an incomparable level. After making the dish, Bu Fang did not leave the kitchen.

Instead, he began to cook another dish.

After stirring the well-marinated Dragon Blood Rice, he began to fry it in the Black Turtle Constellation Wok. This caused the red-colored Dragon Blood Rice to rise like tidal waves.

Steam gushed out of the wok, and the aroma emanating from the food filled the kitchen.

Eventually, the food was poured into another blue-and-white porcelain tray, filling it completely. After that, Bu Fang put some more into another small bowl for Eighty.

When Bu Fang brought the dishes out of the kitchen, he saw Yang Meiji sitting in the restaurant.

The restaurant was closed at that moment, though.

After cooking, Bu Fang decided to rest. Many things had happened that day. Heavenly Mist City needed time to calm down. The interior of the restaurant was filled with a variety of rich aroma.

Yang Meiji could not help squinting and gulping a mouthful of saliva.

“It smells so good,” Yang Meiji’s murmured as she gazed at the dishes in Bu Fang’s hands with starry eyes. She knew that Bu Fang’s food had always smelled delicious. However, while in the restaurant, she had always exercised restraint by reminding herself that she was doing the alchemic stuff... She was always practicing her alchemy skills...

She hated herself for being too weak. Her grasp of refinement was too low, so she couldn’t help Heavenly Mist City. And when the enemy finally arrived, she was bursting with spirit, but she was powerless to do anything.

Now that the enemy had gone, Yang Meiji could only feel relieved.

When she smelled the fragrant aroma, she felt somewhat hungry.

“Blacky, here’s your Sweet ‘n’ Sour Ribs, and Nethery, here’s your Dragon Blood Rice,” Bu Fang said, serving the dishes to the Netherworld woman and the plump dog; both were already seated at a table.

Eighty stomped its feet hard and clucked vigorously.

Bu Fang gently served the small bowl of Dragon Blood Rice to the little fella.

Eighty wasted no time in pecking at its meal.

Yang Meij, who was sitting far from the group, watched an expression of excitement grace Nethery’s beautiful face when her dish was served. In the next few seconds, however, she grabbed the rice in the bowl with her hands and shoved it into her mouth. Her dining etiquette completely contrasted her exquisite appearance.

In summary, her table manners... were simply too horrible!

Yang Meiji was startled. Her gaze soon switched to Lord Dog. This was an ultimately terrifying dog.

When she saw the dog's paw slap the Shura Sovereign's head off, she finally knew that this plump dog was actually very formidable!

And, right now she was watching that formidable dog eat.

At this moment, however, it was not emanating the overbearing aura it had when it blew Shura Sovereign's head up! It was obvious that the dog was lazy! That lazy dog, who had its long tongue hanging out, seemed to be whispering to the porcelain bowl.

After that, its tongue wrapped around the fragrant Sweet 'n' Sour Rib and pulled it into its mouth, after which it chewed and swallowed.

Between each mouthful, the dog would grin with satisfaction, revealing the bits of shredded meat stuck in the gaps between its teeth.

Yang Meiji's jaw dropped when she saw that. For the first time ever, she felt that her view of the world had changed.

Is that the manner in which legendary experts acts?

Lord Dog, who was happily wolfing down its Sweet 'n' Sour Rib, seemed to sense Yang Meiji's blank stare, and its body stiffened momentarily. Then, it squinted its eyes and directed a sharp gaze at Yang Meiji.

After a few moments, it snorted, rolled its eyes, bared its fangs, and pulled the bowl of Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs closer to its chest, with an expression of extreme caution on its face.

Yang Meiji's mouth twitched.

Is this plump dog trying to protect its food?

Nethery, on the other hand, continued to scarf her food down with her bare hands. Before she began chewing, she made sure to stuff her mouth so much that her pretty cheeks were puffed; however, her gaze never shifted from the bowl of Dragon Blood Rice.

As Yang Meiji watched the group eat, she could not help but want to eat as well.

Hence, her heart began to race.

Bu Fang exhaled gently. He pulled out a chair and leaned in it, relaxing his entire body.

This time, he had taken action, which left him really tired. Furthermore, he had almost used up all the true energy in his body. He cocked his head and expressionlessly looked at the far area of the room. He was wondering who he would make his apprentices.

After he got apprentices, he had to train them until they were able to run the restaurant on their own. However, one month wasn't a long period.

"Who should I look for? That hilariously-stupid Nangong Wuque? Nah, that does not feel right. He is the head of a family, and he doesn't have much free time to practice cooking skills." Bu Fang murmured.

Searching for apprentices—two, to be exact—was now causing him a headache. In hindsight, searching for someone there to become his apprentice was a difficult matter.

Furthermore, even if he found someone, the person might not meet the system's requirements and become his apprentice if they did not have the required cooking talent. Hence, it was not an easy mission to accomplish.

Nethery grabbed her porcelain bowl and licked its interior until it was sparkling clean.

Bu Fang turned and stared at Nethery, who blinked her pretty eyes as she slowly lowered the bowl.

"I will never lick the bowl again," Nethery seriously said.

Bu Fang's gaze made it seem as if she intended to make a move for her Dragon Blood Rice, and this made her anxious. However, Bu Fang had no intention of cutting down the amount of rice he gave Nethery. An idea had popped into his head when his gaze shifted to her. This woman was a Netherworld woman, and she liked to eat. What if he made her his apprentice? Would it be possible?

Looking at Nethery, Bu Fang's eyes glowed brighter. He figured his idea was not a bad one. Perhaps, Nethery could become a good chef. It was said that a foodie had the potential to become an excellent chef, wasn't it?

Nethery was a complete foodie, who ate a lot of rice. She could surprise him, perhaps!

After that, Bu Fang's gaze shifted to Lord Dog. When he caught sight of the layers of fat on its body, Bu Fang no longer desired to look at it. Forget about it. That one was just a gluttonous lazy dog. Eat and sleep, sleep and eat... Only this lazy dog could pull it off so well.

Nevertheless, Bu Fang still thought that it would be possible to make Nethery his apprentice.

His eyes were still sparkling when he stood up from his chair. He tossed his Vermillion Robe aside and sauntered toward Nethery.

He pulled out a chair and sat down beside her, and the corners of his lips curled upward into an evil smile.

"Hey, Nethery..."

When Yang Meiji saw this from a distance, she arched her brows. Why did Owner Bu have such a despicable smile? What did he want Sis Nethery to do?

Although Yang Meiji was confused, she knew she had to do something.

Nethery was really pretty. Did Owner Bu really want to do evil things to her?

Yang Meiji quickly stood up and hurried over to Bu Fang, all the while giving off a terrifying amount of pressure.

“Owner Bu! Let go of Sis Nethery!” Yang Meiji demanded loudly.

At that moment, her heart was brimming with justice!

## Chapter 626: The Familiar Flavor

Nethery battled her long eyelashes, and with an expression of skepticism on her face, she glanced at Bu Fang first before turning to Yang Meiji. Her cheeks remained stuffed, though, and she continued to chew.

Gulp! She swallowed down the mouthful of Dragon Blood Rice. Her red lips, which were now smeared with oil, still looked very luscious!

As soon as Bu Fang sat in front of Nethery, Yang Meiji screamed. This startled Bu Fang, and he turned to look at her in surprise.

With raised brows, Yang Meiji glared at Bu Fang as though he were a pervert.

Bu Fang was puzzled. What kind of look was that?

Why would he, Bu Fang—the one who aimed to become the God of Cooking, thereby reaching the top of the food chain in this fantasy world—become a pervert?

Bu Fang chose not to bother with Yang Meiji, so he turned his attention back to Nethery, who was chewing another mouthful of Dragon Blood Rice.

“Hey, Nethery, how’s your Dragon Blood Rice tonight?” The corners of his lips curled upwards into a smile, which made Yang Meiji shudder.

Upon hearing his question, Nethery nodded.

“Delicious, right? Here, if it’s delicious, you should eat more.” Bu Fang turned around and seized Eighty’s bowl, then he poured the rice into Nethery’s bowl before pushing it back to her.

Eighty jerked its head up and stared in shock, despite the grain of rice stuck on its beak. What had just happened?

Nethery swallowed that mouthful of rice and grinned. Filled with joy, she nodded and scooped out an oily handful of Dragon Blood Rice, which she proceeded to unceremoniously stuff into her mouth.

At another table, Lord Dog was eating its Sweet ‘n’ Sour Rib. The mouthwatering aroma of the dish had already permeated every nook and cranny of the restaurant’s interior.

Chomp! Chomp!

The kid Bu Fang looked to be having some issues on that day. Lord Dog placed its paw on the table and watched Bu Fang between mouthfuls.

Not only had Bu Fang cocked his head to the side, but he also had a boorish smile on his face. These made Lord Dog more suspicious.

Bu Fang’s smile could cause the hair on the nape someone’s neck to stand on end.

“Nethery, ah, if it’s this delicious, would you want to cook it yourself?” Bu Fang’s smile disappeared, and he asked with a serious expression.

As soon as Nethery heard that, she stared at Bu Fang momentarily before shaking her head sideways.

“Nope, I only want to eat.”

“You only want to eat...” Bu Fang repeated, feeling as though an invisible little arrow had pierced through his heart.

“Serves you right. Gluttonous Nethery, you can eat since you were so bold...” Lord Dog smirked when it saw Bu Fang get turned down.

Bu Fang rubbed his nose and turned to Lord Dog. “How about you? Do you want to cook the delicious Sweet ‘n’ Sour Rib yourself?”

“Nope, Lord Dog only wants to eat.”

Lord Dog arrogantly shook its head sideways before picking up a piece of Sweet ‘n’ Sour Rib. The thick aroma of its wine sauce began to permeate the surrounding.

When Bu Fang heard the reply, his lips twitched. What a lazy dog!

Yang Meiji gave a sigh of relief and sat back down.

Owner Bu had only wanted to ask Nethery to... By the way, Nethery was so pretty, and she just wanted to eat. It’s all good, Yang Meiji thought.

Having been turned down twice in quick succession, Bu Fang begrudgingly stood up. Finding apprentices was a really tough business. His ability to deceive was apparently insufficient. However, he could not be blamed because he was just a chef; a nice little chef who did not keep up any pretense.

Bu Fang stood up; although he didn’t want to, he had no choice. These two were just gluttons.

He took his chair to the gate of the restaurant and sat down, watching the last rays of sunlight take their leave.

The sun setting in the west emitted magnificently bright and lustrous rays of light, closely followed by drifting clouds. The scenery was too beautiful to behold. In the horizon, some black birds could be seen flying around. Furthermore, the faint bird singing lingered around.

In Heavenly Mist City, the great battle had just ended, and many people were taking part in the city’s renovation.

Even though the city had a formation array to automatically fix the damaged environment, the repair was still faster with human involvement.

After watching for a while, Bu Fang got bored. After deciding to return to the kitchen to practice his knife skills, he stood up.

However, when he turned around, he saw Yang Meiji's colossal body.

"Why are you here?" Bu Fang asked.

Yang Meiji clutched her belly and smacked her lips. "I'm a little hungry. Owner Bu, can I order a dish?"

Yang Meiji asked Bu Fang with wide, puppy eyes. Her nostrils had already been permeated by the fragrant aromas emanating from the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib and Dragon Blood Rice. They made her heart itch.

As soon as she asked, her belly growled noisily, causing her to feel embarrassed.

Bu Fang was momentarily stunned, but he soon nodded.

"What do you want to eat? Pick a dish, and tell me," Bu Fang said before walking to the kitchen.

At that, Yang Meiji's eyes lit up. She returned to the restaurant and checked the menu on the wall. She quickly chose Red Braised Meat.

She always considered meat the best! Moreover, in the past, her father used meat to cook delicious dishes for her.

Hence, Bu Fang's Red Braised Meat also made her miss her father's cooking.

As Bu Fang walked to the kitchen, something came to his mind, and he stopped just by the door. Then, he turned to Whitey.

Seeing this, Whitey rubbed its round head, perplexed.

Bu Fang blinked a few times before turning around to glance at the huge Yang Meiji, who was just taking a seat. She still seemed lost in thought.

Bu Fang rubbed his chin, and the corners of his lips curled upward. Then, he nodded.

At that moment, Yang Meiji's recollection was interrupted by a chill that had just crawled down her spine, and she hurriedly looked around. As Yang Meiji had chosen Red Braised Meat, Bu Fang stepped into the kitchen.

Bu Fang rolled the sleeves of his Vermillion Robe and took a deep breath.

It was time to show his real technique!

This time around, Bu Fang wanted to cook the best Red Braised Meat he could.

He walked to the kitchen cabinet and began to search it carefully. Eventually, he found the meat of a spirit beast, whose grade was not high. The meat belonged to a popular second-grade spirit beast. He placed the slab of meat atop his cutting board.

Bu Fang gently patted the meat with the spine of the Dragon Bone Kitchen knife, and after twirling the glinting knife moments later, he began to cook. He skillfully diced the meat into cubes and placed them onto a porcelain tray. Each cube of meat had the same size.

After that, Bu Fang took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and cleaned it. He opened his mouth and spouted out a ball of golden Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame which flew to the bottom of the wok. As soon as it got there, the temperature in the wok rose.

Shortly, steam began to rise from the wok.

Bu Fang poured some oil into it, closely followed by some spirit herbs, which he began to stir-fry. After that, he poured the diced meat into the wok. This time, he didn't cook the Red Braised Meat on the menu. Bu Fang had decided to make the dish possess a taste that would make one recall a memory; he had to do that if he wanted to convince Yang Meiji.

Thus, Bu Fang had cooked a simple dish of Red Braised Meat. Using simple dishes like this was the easiest method to touch the heart of others.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The flame rose even higher into the sky. After sautéing, Bu Fang poured in some Spirit Spring Water and let the wok's contents stew.

The food inside the wok bubbled slightly, and a mouthwatering aroma, which made Bu Fang squint, began to permeate the air.

This flavor was... simple and genuine.

...

Inside the Cloud Mist Restaurant's dining area, Yang Meiji, who was already seated at a table, was waiting hopefully.

Eighty had spread open its wings and begun to run around; this was because its Dragon Blood Rice had disappeared before it could dig in properly.

However, what could it do? As a chicken with ambition, all it could do was run around to vent its frustration.

That evil woman! She robbed me of my food!

Nethery's eyes narrowed in satisfaction. She was hopping around the restaurant.

Lord Dog lay beneath the Path-Understanding Tree, fast asleep. A leaf fell from the Path-Understanding Tree and landed on its nose. Without batting an eyelid, it exhaled a forceful breath, and the leaf was blown away.

Soon, a delicious aroma began to waft out from the kitchen.

With a porcelain bowl which was emitting clouds of steam, in hand, Bu Fang slowly walked out of the kitchen. His slender figure walked through the steam that filled the place.

When Yang Meiji spotted him, her eyes lit up.

He finally arrived!

As Bu Fang walked over to Yang Meiji, the corners of his mouth curled upwards into a boorish smile, which made Yang Meiji shudder.

“Old Yang ah, check my dish,” Bu Fang said as he placed the bowl of Red Braised Meat right in front of her.

Yang Meiji furrowed her brows in surprise, but she was also feeling skeptical. What happened to Owner Bu?

However, that thought did not linger in her mind for long, as she swallowed and turned her gaze to the Red Braised Meat in front of her.

The thick aroma emanating from the meat stormed into her nostrils, and she suddenly felt all the pores on her body open up, making her feel even hungrier.

Not only that, but she could also perceive the aroma of a particularly familiar flavor from the Red Braised Meat. This left her feeling stunned, and she just stared at the dish, forgetting to pick up her chopsticks.

“This familiar flavor...” whispered Yang Meiji.

Chapter 627: Owner Bu’s Enticement

A rolling fragrance wafted through the air. Dense white steam rose from the dish, hindering people's vision.

Yang Meiji took a breath, feeling a little stunned. Her pupils shrank as she broke into a smile, with the pores all over her body relaxing.

“What a familiar smell...”

Yang Meiji sniffed. Her eyes reddened even before she dug in. It had been a long time since she had smelled that scent, so she had almost forgotten it. This aroma... she was drowning in it...

“Old Yang, it's your Red Braised Meat. Dig in. I cooked it in a special way today.” Bu Fang drew a chair and sat down. His brows rose as he exhaled lightly.

Yang Meiji pulled herself together. She shakily picked up her chopsticks. She gulped her saliva when she saw the red meat glistening in the light.

She used her chopsticks to grab a meat cube. It was a little tough, but as she held it, the red oily juice oozed and dripped from the meat.

It was so nostalgic... Yang Meiji shivered harder.

She picked up the cube and moved it toward her mouth. The closer it got to her mouth, the more worried she became. She was afraid that when she put the meat in her mouth, it would pale in comparison to the flavor she remembered, betraying her expectations.

However, it was the opposite.

She put a piece of Red Braised Meat in her mouth. As she sunk her teeth into it, the soft feeling of the tender spiritual beast's meat made her feel a shiver.

This feeling was so wonderful! This texture was so nostalgic!

Yang Meiji munched and munched... Crystal clear tears rolled down her face.

She was a little bewildered. She rubbed her face because she didn't know why and when she began to cry. This flavor and the flavor in her memory matched perfectly. The flavor that hid deep in her memory overflowed and filled her mouth. Yang Meiji was now sinking in that piece of her memory.

...

It was a heavy snowy day, where snow swirled everywhere.

A healthy little girl breathed out white air as her little feet stomped on her way home. She narrowed her eyes. Her face blushed because of the cold and the snow.

Although her hair was disheveled, her lively big eyes moved around.

The Cloud Mist Restaurant stood silently in the snowstorm. Although the snow and wind were twirling outside, inside the restaurant, it was so warm and lively.

The food aroma filled the entire restaurant. The diners sat at their tables, smiling brightly. They were talking while picking up their food using the chopsticks.

Oily juice and steam were everywhere.

This warm and enthusiastic feeling surprised the little girl and made her smile.

The curtain in front of the kitchen was pushed aside. A sturdy and tall figure came out of the kitchen, wearing an apron with some greasy spots. Wiping the beads of water on his hands, the handsome man looked at the little girl, smiling.

The little girl opened her eyes, dashing toward the tall man.

She jumped onto him, hugging onto his big leg.

Although the man looked rough, he dedicatedly smoothened her disheveled hair. Rubbing her head, he turned around and got back into his kitchen.

Shortly later, the curtain of the kitchen was lifted again, allowing the redolent smell to attack people's nostrils. The good-looking man was holding a steaming hot dish of Red Braised Meat. The little girl eyed the dish with a look of yearning in her eyes.

After helping herself to a chair, she clumsily grabbed her chopsticks and picked up the cubes. Shortly, her mouth turned oily and shiny.

The little girl was instantly cheered up. She wiped her sleeve over her mouth to clean the red oil juice, which turned her into a tabby cat. The man lovingly looked at her and smiled in a distance. He lifted the curtain and disappeared into the kitchen one more time.

The little girl cocked her head, watching the tall man leave for the kitchen. She smiled in satisfaction and continued to finish her Red Braised Meat dish. She opened her mouth and brought another cube of meat into it.

...

Yang Meiji cried silently, choking on her sobbing. She was eating the meat and crying. Her bean-sized drops of tear rolled continually. The piece of memory in her head had shrouded her. This feeling had pinched her heart. She felt so bitter and sorrowful she wanted to cry.

Bu Fang sat opposite to her, saying nothing. He didn't talk and he didn't want to talk, either.

However, he sighed with emotion. No wonder why this woman got this bulky size. As she had eaten meat every day to grow up, how could she not get fat?!

This woman did have some background story! Bu Fang rose his hands. They were slender and pale, being dyed red in the afterglow. Adoring his own hands, Bu Fang grinned.

These were the pair of hands that could do magic. They could cook food that could touch people's hearts. The magic of gourmet food lay right there. Not only did it satisfy people's physical needs but also their mental and emotional demands.

It's almost impossible to remake the food someone had in their mind. The flavors that lay deep in the memory could never be met a second time in one's life.

Sometimes, good food and moods blended. It's when people couldn't help themselves.

Today, Bu Fang used his special but genuine way to cook the Red Braised Meat because he knew Yang Meiji should have something about Red Braised Meat in her memory.

According to Yang Meiji, the former owner of the Cloud Mist Restaurant was her father, an excellent chef with his famous Red Braised Meat. The Red Braised Meat had always been the flagship dish of the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

That was why Bu Fang had cooked it simply to create such homey taste and feeling.

Although it could be a little different from Yang Meiji's father's Red Braised Meat, it would resonate with Yang Meiji's memory.

"Why is this taste so familiar?! It's like what my father used to cook..." Yang Meiji rubbed her teary eyes, shoving the last piece of Red Braised Meat into her mouth, sobbing.

She looked at Bu Fang, with her eyes emotional and distressed. Although it tasted similar, it wasn't her father's dish. Her father was gone, and the taste in her memory had disappeared.

"It's just a simple Red Braised Meat. I don't know how your father's dish tasted like," said Bu Fang casually.

Yang Meiji lifted her head, frowning, "But this flavor... is really similar."

"It's the power of good food. Don't you think it's magical?" Bu Fang smiled, talking.

Yang Meiji lifted her head after she licked up all the sauce in the plate. She looked at Bu Fang, balling her fingers into tight fists, giving him a serious nod.

"It is!"

Bu Fang arched his brows, grinning again.

“If so, you know how attractive the food is. Do you want to learn how to cook them? Do you want to have the delicacy that has stayed in your memory every day?”

Yang Meiji was bewildered.

Nethery sat on the Netherworld Ship, with her slender, creamy legs dangling over the edges. She was also baffled.

Eighty flapped its wings on the ground, stomping its drumsticks around. It clucked then raised its head.

“Are you asking me to learn culinary skills?” Yang Meiji gawked at Bu Fang disbelievingly.

My god, how could Bu Fang come up with that idea?

Yang Meiji sighed in surprised. She knew her level. She couldn't even cook Egg-Fried Rice. How could she make good food for other people?

If she learned how to cook, she was afraid that she would scare away the little number of customers that were really hard to get for the restaurant. It was really tough to rebuild and regrow the Cloud Mist Restaurant to its current glory.

Thus, after Yang Meiji heard what Bu Fang said, she waved her hand in denial, and her face panicked, “I can't. I can't. I'm not going to learn it!”

Bu Fang exhaled slightly, balling his body on the chair, and his eyes fixed on Yang Meiji's horror-struck face.

“Don't you want to cook this excellent flavor yourself? It's what you've yearned and missed. It's the taste of your father's dishes.”

Yang Meiji turned dull when she heard Bu Fang. Her face twisted as she was so reluctant. Right, she should carry on the Cloud Mist Restaurant...

“But I want to use my ability to do something for the Heavenly Mist City, and what I can do is only pill refining,” answered Yang Meiji.

She did possess innate talents in refining pills. If she wanted to shine, being an alchemist would be her best path. However, at that time, the Heavenly Mist City had become the capital of the Pill Palace where all kinds of alchemists gathered.

Yang Meiji’s talent couldn’t shine among those grandmasters’.

Bu Fang didn’t know that, but he wasn’t flustered at all.

“Although it’s really good to do alchemy, if you want to show your talent, you don’t actually need to do only refining things. If you learn how to cook, you can do that, too,” said Bu Fang. “Yeah, moreover, I’m the champion of the Magical Hands Conference!”

Honestly, Bu Fang didn’t like the title of the Champion of the Magical Hands Conference because it brought him no benefit. The only benefit was that he got the quota to enter the Heaven Secret Territory where he brought home a gluttonous Nether King. Anyway, that greedy fella had already gone back.

Right!

Bu Fang was the champion of the Magical Hands Conference!

Yang Meiji was bewildered. She was moved. If she took her culinary learning seriously, she would be shining, too, wouldn’t she?

She had decided to follow the alchemic path because, at that moment, she thought that cooking offered her no future. At that time, in Heavenly Mist City, all the chefs had changed their profession.

Bu Fang leaned against the chair, raising his brows as he saw Yang Meiji hesitate. He thought he must play his lethal attack. He believed that Yang Meiji couldn’t deny this. If he still had another choice, Bu Fang didn’t want to use this trick.

Exhaling, Bu Fang pulled a stern face as if he was about to discuss something very important. Yang Meiji felt tense and she held her breath when she saw Bu Fang's expression.

Bu Fang looked at Yang Meiji and he said slowly, "Old Yang, you should know that Nangong Wuque comes here to eat every day. If you learn cooking with me, perhaps later Nangong Wuque will eat your food."

If emotion wasn't enough to shake her, let's just do it directly!

No matter what, as Nangong Wuque came there, everything would be fine!

Yang Meiji changed her visage. Listening to Bu Fang, she inhaled, and her eyes started to shine. From a small light dot, they became a brilliant star in her eyes.

A dazzling star!

"I'm in!"

Yang Meiji stood up all of a sudden and she slammed her palm on the table. Without a split second of delay, she shouted her agreement.

Chapter 628: The Second Restaurant In Heavenly Mist City

Hearing Bu Fang's words, Yang Meiji agreed instantly without the slightest bit of hesitation.

Bu Fang's words seemed to knock down the last straw that supported her hesitation. It made her mental defense collapse. Her stubbornness turned into nothingness.

Yang Meiji envisioned Nangong Wuque using the chopsticks to pick up a cube of her Red Braised Meat and putting it into his mouth. This kind of feeling was enough to melt her maiden heart. Thinking about that image, Yang Meiji felt elated.

She thought about Nangong Wuque falling for her delicious food and having to clean his eyes to hold her in his hand. He would chat with her and then they would come to envision the peak of their lives... Yang Meiji was definitely excited and she tightened her huge fists.

Bu Fang's mouth twitched when he saw Yang Meiji's complexion switch to agreement in just a split second. He was speechless.

If he had known that Nangong Wuque was still useful, he would have used him earlier which would have saved him from cooking that plate of Red Braised Meat with so much care and attention.

"You won't regret it!" Bu Fang nodded, talking to Yang Meiji.

"You said that if I cook it, Young Master Nangong Wuque will eat it?" Yang Meiji blinked, looking at Bu Fang with hope in her eyes.

Bu Fang was bewildered and he lightly sighed.

"You better follow me and practice your culinary skills. You'll have a chance to win over Nangong Wuque. I believe in you," said Bu Fang sincerely. He didn't blush and his heart didn't race.

Hearing him, Yang Meiji felt greatly encouraged and nodded immediately.

"Alright, get some rest. We'll start tomorrow, you will learn cooking from me. From tomorrow on, you're the apprentice chef of the Cloud Mist Restaurant." Bu Fang stood up, straightened his Vermillion Robe and spoke word by word. His words seemed dignified.

Yang Meiji squeezed her fists, feeling really excited.

After finishing her dish, Yang Meiji headed upstairs, and her stomping shook the entire Cloud Mist Restaurant.

Seeing Yang Meiji leaving with joy, Bu Fang's mouth twitched.

He turned to Nethery who was sitting on her Netherworld Ship with her slender and creamy thighs dangling over the edge. He tried to force a smile. He came and stopped in front of the Netherworld Ship, facing Nethery.

Sitting on the Netherworld Ship, Nethery now had unexpectedly the same height as Bu Fang who was standing. When their eyes met, Bu Fang looked very serious.

“Nethery, come learn culinary skills from me, you will also have a chance to conquer Nangong Wuque.”

Bu Fang’s eyes brightened. He used Nangong Wuque one more time. Perhaps, it would work again.

While Nethery was swinging her creamy legs with delicate and pink soles, she even wiggled her cute toes. With a cold and calm face, her eyes indifferently glanced at Bu Fang.

“No, I only want to eat.” Nethery’s red lips parted, and her fine, jade-like nose snorted. She said without a bit of hesitation.

Bu Fang was bewildered. This answer was curt enough. She didn’t even need time to think. Although Nangong Wuque was funny and sometimes stupid, his appearance was really good. Anyway, he was the handsome guy that so many girls in the Heavenly Mist City admired.

Nethery gazed at Bu Fang, tucked her tongue out and slowly licked her succulent, red lips.

“Conquering Nangong Wuque doesn’t have any meaning to me. I only want to eat!”

Nethery leaped up and jumped off the Netherworld Ship, standing in front of Bu Fang. Her straight black hair cascaded as she cocked her head and eyed Bu Fang.

“Well then... You can eat. You’re fierce.”

Nethery pouted her lips contentedly. She snorted then hummed some tunes.

Bu Fang exhaled. This woman... She had completely turned into a greedy bum. He hoped she wouldn't be another Lord Dog. No matter what, this lady had a beautiful appearance. If she turned out to be like Lord Dog... It would be a big mistake.

“So, tomorrow, I'm gonna reduce Nethery's Blood Dragon Rice!”

Bu Fang picked up Eighty which was walking around. He rubbed the chicken's head angrily with that thought.

Eighty was completely baffled. Being an ambitious chicken, why was its chicken's head always rubbed? Were they jealous of its beauty?

The twilight vanished as darkness emerged. A crescent moon slowly rose from the horizon, hovering in the sky, releasing its clear but cold light.

Bu Fang closed the restaurant and climbed up to the second floor, returning to his room. He came to the bathroom first to take a shower. Walking out from the hot bathroom, his hair stuck on his skin, which was still letting out white steam.

Leaning against the window frame, Bu Fang looked pensive as the cold night wind brushed past him.

The system requested him to find two apprentice chefs. It wasn't easy to find an apprentice, and furthermore, his or her cooking talent had to be assessed by the system.

Thus, on the following day, Yang Meiji's cooking talent would be tested.

It was a real headache for Bu Fang to choose the second apprentice. Who in the world should he choose?

Nangong Wuque?

Or some other people?

...

Opposite the Cloud Mist Restaurant, a group of people bustled in, purchasing a shop front.

Those people rolled their sleeves up, bringing a heavy, horizontal inscribed, wooden board, coming to that shop.

The lights were switched on inside the shop as the currents of people rushing in and out. They were so busy even though it was really late at night.

Several people had joined hands to hang up the board in the shop front.

A figure walked out of the shop with hands clasped behind his back.

Zhou Tong's hair flew in the night wind. He clasped his hands, grinned, then turned around to check the board behind him.

“Gluttonous Immortal's! Not bad!”

Zhou Tong looked satisfied. His eyes shot sharp looks around. If the enemy was a chef, he would use the chef's way to solve the matter.

You were doing your business in Heavenly Mist City?

“I, Zhou Tong, will open a restaurant in Heavenly Mist City, too... I don't believe that with my first-class cooking talent, I won't be able to compete with your tiny restaurant!”

Although he couldn't defeat that black dog, opening a restaurant wouldn't bother it, right? That black dog wouldn't stomp its feline gait to his restaurant and pat it with its paw, right? Being a civilized dog, talking was more civilized, wasn't it?

The following day would be the opening day of the Gluttonous Immortal's!

Zhou Tong had prepared many dishes. He seemed to see the ten-mile-long street filled up with a queue of people wanting to enter the Gluttonous Immortal's!

“Be careful, pay attention stupid fellow! That chair should be put over there...”

...

Early in the morning, the sunlight tore apart the silent darkness in the sky, shooting sunbeams everywhere.

The rays of light crept onto Bu Fang’s bed. He squinted, slowly opening his eyes. He ruffled his hair and stretched his body on the bed. He was a little tired the day before, but now, he felt better after a deep sleep.

Yawning, Bu Fang tied his hair with a velvet hair tie. He got off his bed and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Then, he put on the Vermillion Robe, descending the stairs.

After a while, he saw an excited Yang Meiji sitting inside the restaurant.

“Owner Bu! Good morning!”

Yang Meiji’s eyes brightened when she saw Bu Fang! She was really excited! Her huge figure jolted up from her seat, as vigorous as a tiger.

Nethery and Lord Dog were already seated at the table. One person and one dog simultaneously turned around to look at Bu Fang, with their eyes shining with hope.

It was time to eat!

Bu Fang looked at the dog and the human figure, and his mouth twitched. He waved his hand at Yang Meiji. The girl hurriedly walked to him.

“Hey system, how is Yang Meiji’s cooking talent?” Bu Fang asked inwardly.

“Yang Meiji, suitable cooking talent. She can be trained to be your apprentice chef.” The serious voice of the system lingered in Bu Fang’s ears after a long moment of silence.

Bu Fang's eyes brightened, grinning as he was really delighted. It was actually amazing that Yang Meiji's cooking talent was suitable! It saved him from exerting more efforts!

"Come. Follow me to the kitchen," Bu Fang waved at Yang Meiji.

"I... I can get into the kitchen?" Yang Meiji looked disbelieving. The kitchen—the land forbidden to outsiders... Could she get in there?

It was so awesome!

She still remembered the scary eyes of the metal puppet in the kitchen. They were sharp and powerful, enough to make her little heart shiver.

Following Bu Fang, she entered the kitchen.

As soon as Yang Meiji stepped into it, she was stunned.

She was stunned because she found that the kitchen in front of her eye was way different from the kitchen in her memory! This kitchen was so bright as if it was radiating light. It had completely changed her worldview now.

In her memory, the kitchen always had the oily smell and greasy spots, and everything was covered in soot.

Bu Fang's kitchen had a light fragrance instead of the oily smell.

That... Was that a real kitchen?

Moreover, what were those strange things? Why hadn't she seen them before?

Oh wow, the cabinets... were too exquisite!

No wonder he didn't allow her to enter the kitchen. This kitchen had changed her point of views.

“Come... I’ll show you around.” Bu Fang didn’t mind Yang Meiji’s surprised face.

In Fang Fang’s Little Shop in Light Wind Empire, when Xiao Xiaolong and Yu Fu saw the kitchen for the first time, their stunned faces weren’t different from Yang Meiji’s now.

After Bu Fang had introduced the stuff around the kitchen to Yang Meiji, she felt more familiar.

“Now, stand there and watch me cook. After that, I will assign you some tasks to practice. From now on, you are the first apprentice chef of the Cloud Mist Restaurant!” said Bu Fang earnestly.

Yang Meiji nodded solemnly.

“Exert more efforts. Try your best to conquer Nangong Wuque,” Bu Fang didn’t change his countenance, tightening his fists.

Yang Meiji felt her inner world burning, and her body was shaking!

Right after that, Bu Fang began his eye-dazzling cooking show.

This time, he didn’t use the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife but the regular chef knives available in the kitchen. He wanted to use the ordinary cooking utensils to show his cooking talent.

Light flashed on the knife, and the chopping sounds reverberated unceasingly. After a short moment, the ingredients were all processed.

Putting them into the wok and stirring them, the smell of oily juice arose with the steam.

As Yang Meiji was taking in the scene passionately, Bu Fang began to stir-fry the ingredients.

That dazzling image made Yang Meiji drop her jaw and she couldn’t pull it up again for a while...

That was cooking... It looked so bold!

At the same time, opposite the Cloud Mist Restaurant, Zhou Tong opened the gates of his restaurant.

He came to the door and watched the long line of people waiting in front of the Cloud Mist Restaurant, smirking. Behind him, groups of people were prepping in silence. He stood with his chest thrust out by the front gate.

Zhou Tong wielded his arm and the red cloth covering the board was pulled down. Finally, the Gluttonous Immortal's was there!

“To beat him! Gluttonous Immortal's!”

Zhou Tong grinned. As soon as he flipped his hand, a rumbling sound burst out in a frenzy!

Chapter 629: Temporary Mission: Defeat the Opposite Store!

Zhou Tong squinted, wielded his arm and pulled down the red cloth. At that moment, the words “Gluttonous Immortal's” were revealed.

Behind him, the array they had prepared earlier exploded, sending many sparks high in the sky. In the blazing light, the air boiled up immediately.

However, it didn't do a thing... Although the diners around were surprised, they were just curious enough to throw a glance at the Gluttonous Immortal's.

Someone dared to open another restaurant in Heavenly Mist City? Did they really think that they could be like Owner Bu?

Zhou Tong was a little embarrassed. He looked around and saw that the others were using the looks they have specialized for the dummies to look at him. He felt a little speechless.

“You retards, you know nothing!”

Zhou Tong was the backup first-grade chef of the Valley of Gluttony. It was their fortune that they could be lucky enough to eat his dishes!

If he didn't need to demolish that disgusting little restaurant opposite his own, would he lower his dignity to open such a restaurant?

Well thought!

Today, even though those people were still skeptical, how could those retards understand this backup first-grade chef of the Valley of Gluttony?

Anyway, Zhou Tong just flipped his sleeves while he scanned that stupid crowd, then returned to his kitchen. He intended to make some delicacies to attract the diners.

It would be truly hard to defeat the opposite shop without using his real skill. No matter what, he knew that Bu Fang's Cloud Mist Restaurant was the favorite spot in this Heavenly Mist City, as it got a large number of customers.

When Zhou Tong walked out of the kitchen, he had already put on the Valley of Gluttony's special chef robe.

He brought a pan and a kitchen knife to the door and heated up the pan.

The ingredients were brought behind him.

In his frying pan, oil boiled and bubbled, releasing the heat.

The fiery-red kitchen knife in Zhou Tong's hand flew around like a sharp lance, as dazzling as a flaming broom with a sparkling tail. The ingredients were cut into small pieces by the fiery knife.

Zhou Tong was so skillful. Moreover, his action was lively and as smooth as running water. It gave people a good sense of beauty.

After he finished cutting the ingredients, he sharpened the fiery-red knife and put it away.

Right then, he poured wheat powder full of spiritual energy, which was made of spirit wheat, into a big porcelain bowl and added some water.

Zhou Tong didn't mind the steaming heat. With true energy covering his hands, he began to perform a special technique. The cool kneading technique had dazzled people. True energy twirled around him as if it was gently dancing.

It was a professional technique to treat the dough in the Valley of Gluttony. Every chef there had to learn everything in a strict system. The Valley of Gluttony had a professional culinary school to train the chefs. Every chef of the Valley of Gluttony had graduated from that school.

Both Wen Renchou and Zhou Tong used to be the students there. Furthermore, some of the students in that school had even reached the level of a first-grade chef.

When he was done with the dough, Zhou Tong exhaled. He raised his head to check around. Many people were attracted by his performance. They were curious to see what he was cooking.

He mixed the cut ingredients and pinched some dough to make a little meatball. Then, he threw it into the frying pan.

The oil in the pan boiled. Steam and bubbles came in a scorching gold hue. At the moment the meatball was thrown into the oil, the fry-pan began to sizzle. Hot oil spurted, and hot steam rose higher and thicker.

A delicious aroma permeated the place immediately. That aroma made the diners' eyes brighten as they were so surprised. Many people had turned around to watch. That restaurant... didn't seem ordinary.

...

While Yang Meiji watched Bu Fang pour the wine sauce onto the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib, she was so excited and respectful. Seeing Bu Fang's smooth flow and the way he used the true energy in his cooking, Yang Meiji was more thrilled. She had always thought that cooking was much easier than refining pills.

However, as she was watching Bu Fang cooking, she knew it required lots more than when she did the alchemic practices. It was truly a profession that required both knowledge and techniques! It was not simpler than refining pills!

Bu Fang had a faint smile when he saw Yang Meiji's excited face. He took out one hefty black kitchen knife from a box, handing it to Yang Meiji.

Gripping the knife and feeling its weight, Yang Meiji also felt her true energy somehow suppressed.

"Grab your knife. See the ingredients over there? It's today's task. You have to cut all of them," said Bu Fang casually.

Then, he brought the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib and the Dragon Blood Rice to the two gluttons outside. He walked out of the kitchen.

Yang Meiji held the kitchen knife, feeling her muscles slightly stimulated. This hefty knife was somehow scary. It was absorbing her energy. How could it be so magical?

Holding the knife, Yang Meiji walked to the station Bu Fang had asked her to take. Waiting for her was a... small mountain of radishes.

He wants me to cut the radishes?

For all day long?

Bu Fang stepped out of the kitchen, serving two rolling-steaming dishes with thick food fragrance.

One person and one dog were ready at their table. Their eyes brightened immediately.

After he placed the Sweet 'n' Sour Rib and the Dragon Blood Rice in front of Lord Dog and Nethery, these two bummers immediately dug in.

However, after a while, Nethery found the difference.

She lifted her head, with her long hair draping on her forehead. Her pretty eyes stared dead at Bu Fang.

“Bu Fang, why is my Dragon Blood Rice dish so small today?” asked Nethery seriously.

Bu Fang wiped the water on his hands before walking over to the bronze gate. Opening the gate to let the sunshine flood in, he felt himself immerse in the cozy warmth. It felt so good and comfortable.

He didn't turn his head around, talking casually, “You're a girl. You shouldn't eat much. It's not good if you get fat like that lazy dog.”

Nethery snorted as she was a little irritated. Lord Dog loosened its grip on the porcelain tray, lifting its head with a puzzled face, while its mouth had dabs of wine dressing.

Did someone just talk ill about Lord Dog?

When the bronze gate opened, it meant that business began for the day.

However, Bu Fang was skeptical when a thick aroma attacked him at the moment he opened the gate.

It smelled so good... It seemed to possess something fragrant that made people get intoxicated in it.

Eh?

Bu Fang rose his brows, standing by the door to inhale the fragrance. At that day, the numbers of customers had obviously reduced a lot. Many people used to be squeezing and pushing over there.

What's going on?

Bu Fang was suspicious. He looked and found a spot where people gathered. He could feel the heat and the fragrance from there.

Someone was cooking there?

Looking at that spot, could there be a freshly opened restaurant?

Anyway, Bu Fang still had a lot of customers to take care of. Bu Fang's reputation in Heavenly Mist City was still big enough, so a brand new restaurant couldn't crush him yet. Thus, Bu Fang didn't mind it much.

After standing and watching for a while, he turned around to get back to the kitchen.

Nangong Wuque arrived.

He came in with a cautious face. Seeing Bu Fang, he strode forward.

"Old Bu! Someone opposite is making trouble!" Nangong Wuque lowered his voice and talked to Bu Fang.

"Oh," Bu Fang was unconcerned.

Being a young man who wanted to become the God of Cooking that stood at the top of the food chain in the fantasy world, how could Bu Fang be afraid of competitors?

If someone wanted to make trouble, Bu Fang shall allow him to do anything he wants.

"Get in line. We're about to open. If you want to eat anything, tell Nethery." Then, Bu Fang left to the kitchen.

Nangong Wuque looked at Bu Fang leaving with a respectful expression on his face.

Serves him well as Old Bu! He's too bold and does not fear any opponent!

Nangong Wuque found a seat and ordered a bowl of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup. It was so satisfying to have a bowl of Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup every day.

Outside, the food fragrance became thicker, rolling and filling people's mouths and nostrils. Many diners lining outside the restaurant felt stirred up and attracted by such a fragrance. They turned around and went to the opposite restaurant.

The newly-opened restaurant was called Gluttonous Immortal's.

A group of people was standing in front of the restaurant, happily eating the yellow, fried meatballs. When they sunk their teeth into the meatball, a thick steam would rise as the stuff inside slightly vibrated. The delicious and mouthwatering fragrance made people gulp their saliva. A short moment later, a crowd gathered and packed the restaurant front, bustling.

Zhou Tong was satisfied while watching the scene.

Indeed, as Zhou Tong had taken action, why wouldn't they be able to finish off that little chef from the opposite store. No matter what, he was the backup, first-grade Chef of the Valley of Gluttony. A random dish of his could easily become the flagship one.

"It's just the first move. There're more surprises for you!" Zhou Tong looked at the Cloud Mist Restaurant and found the reduced number of diners there. He couldn't help but grin.

The diners were leaving Bu Fang's restaurant, but some stayed.

Zhou Tong's target was to destroy the Cloud Mist Restaurant, which meant he wanted to make them have no customers or just a few.

Otherwise, how could it be called "defeat"?

Zhou Tong was really confident. As he was graduated from the Valley of Gluttony, where the competitions were always too harsh, he understood the rule of competition. It was as easy as flipping his hand to crush that little store.

Bu Fang walked out of the kitchen. He furrowed his brows because he could see clearly that the number of diners in the restaurant had reduced by half. they were undoubtedly attracted by the restaurant opposite them.

Bu Fang drew a chair to sit in front of the restaurant. The heat in that new restaurant hadn't subsided yet. It was still very hustling and bustling. He watched for a while, but his face didn't change. Nethery stepped toward him with her sparkling feet. She stood by him, with her long black hair draping around her shoulder.

Bu Fang turned around, looking at Nethery.

She glanced at him, giving a slight snort, then walking away.

Apparently, this woman was still mad at Bu Fang because he had reduced her portion of Dragon Blood Rice.

Bu Fang's mouth twitched. This woman...

However, at the moment Bu Fang was watching Nethery leave, the familiar voice of the system arose in his head.

“Temporary mission: Being the young man who wants to become the God of Cooking on top of the food chain in this fantasy world, the prestige of the God of Cooking can't be trespassed. To any provoker, you must strike back ruthlessly. Within three days, you have to defeat the opposite restaurant. Mission reward: Paper-Wrapped Fish recipe.”

Chapter 630: You're Terrific!

The system's serious voice lingered in Bu Fang's head, making him a little perplexed.

Another “temporary mission”... He hadn't even completed the previous one!

The system was so willful. Sometimes, missions came one after another. Sometimes, when he didn't have any missions, he could be so bored that his balls ached.

However, regarding this temporary mission, Bu Fang found it interesting. At least, he was really interested in the reward.

“Paper-Wrapped Fish? It’s a famous dish anyway. I wonder if the system would give me a different recipe for the dish.” Bu Fang thought about it. He balled himself on the chair, grinning.

He didn’t think about the reward. As the missions hadn’t been completed yet, the reward was now just a drifting cloud in the sky.

Defeat the opposite store... It was also a restaurant. If Bu Fang wanted to destroy it, he did need to think more carefully about his approach.

From the fragrance that wandered in the air, the chef opposite wouldn’t have had bad cooking techniques. The fragrance was so thick, and it carried a lot of spiritual energy. Bu Fang couldn’t help but squint.

Indeed, the current mission wasn’t easy at all.

If they chose the Heavenly Mist City to open a new restaurant and it was even opposite his restaurant, they did have some abilities.

Anyway, it was obvious that they opened the restaurant there to compete with Bu Fang and the Cloud Mist Restaurant. The other party was too obvious with the purpose to destroy Bu Fang’s restaurant. That was why the system gave him such a difficult current mission.

“You? Destroy me? I’ll destroy you...”

Bu Fang exhaled. It seemed like it was time to show his real techniques.

...

Inside the restaurant, Yang Meiji opened her eyes wide, which were bloodshot now. She looked scary indeed. She rolled her sleeves up, showing her arms with thick muscles. She was holding a kitchen knife, but her mouth was trembling.

Next to her were piles of sliced radish. She had cut them neatly, which wasn’t bad at all.

Yang Meiji had thought that she would have the chance to cook when she became Bu Fang's apprentice chef. However, she could never think that she had to learn how to cut and slice first.

Moreover, she had to hold a heavy knife that continually absorbed her true energy to cut these things. This kitchen knife was so poisonous!

Yang Meiji felt her entire arm stiff like a block of lead. It was heavy and hard to move. She was already dizzy even though she had only sliced one-third of the radishes. She thought that if she continued cutting, she would die. She would become the first chef ever that died while cutting radishes...

She doubted that she got cooking talent. Owner Bu... Did he lie to her?

Low footsteps sounded outside the kitchen.

A moment later, Bu Fang came in. He clasped his hands behind his back, sauntering with his face emotionless. After he got into the kitchen, Bu Fang checked the mountain-like pile of radishes, which were like fragments of bricks, and then Yang Meiji, who was panting as if she was going to die in the next minute.

"Do not stop. Continue to cut all those cooking ingredients," asked Bu Fang.

He came to Whitey and patted its fat belly. Whitey's violet eyes twinkled.

Whitey strode to the pile of sliced radishes and opened its belly. A black hole appeared, sucking all the cut pieces.

Yang Meiji dropped her jaw seeing the iron puppet swallowing her work. Then, its violet eyes twinkled again before it supported its belly and went away. She was dumbstruck during the entire process.

Is that chunk of iron a monster? She had been laboring half of the day to cut the radishes, and it drew all of them into its belly like that?

"Don't look at it. From now on, whenever you practice your knife cutting skill, Whitey will help you clean it up," said Bu Fang.

Bu Fang's words had woken Yang Meiji from her dumbstruck state. She turned around to look at him. He rose his finger, pointing at the pile of radish, signaling that Yang Meiji should continue her task.

Yang Meiji was speechless. She picked up the hefty kitchen knife and continued to slash the radishes. One slash. Chop. The radish was halved. One more slash. The radish was cut open...

"Practice well. If you don't make half a step, you can't reach one thousand miles. If you want to be a good chef, you need to practice a lot." Bu Fang clasped his hands, talking casually, "After you're done with cutting practice today, I'll assign you a new task."

Yang Meiji rolled her bloodshot eyes at Bu Fang.

You... I want to give up!

Yang Meiji wanted to speak her thought out loud. However, as soon as she thought that Nangong Wuque would eat her food with satisfaction, she became elated.

For the handsome and charming Nangong Wuque... it was not laborious at all! Yang Meiji, you must try your best!

Yang Meiji exhaled, and she suddenly felt full-spirited.

"Don't worry. The next task will be very easy," said Bu Fang seriously.

Yang Meiji glanced at Bu Fang. Only ghosts would buy it!

...

The night slowly came. The sky dimmed out until the afterglow faded, leaving only some twinkling light.

After one day, the Gluttonous Immortal's was still a hot spot. However, the customers were leaving.

After Zhou Tong saw off the last diner, he exhaled in relief.

Simply fearful... Those stupid people!

Zhou Tong succeeded. The Gluttonous Immortal's brisk business was beyond his expectation.

However, it was good. As he was able to suppress the Cloud Mist Restaurant on the first day, it wouldn't be far from being destroyed.

Zhou Tong asked the waiters to finish up cleaning tableware. Then, he took off his chef coat, leisurely striding toward the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

He rose his head, squinting with an immeasurable smile.

He walked to the restaurant's front where Bu Fang had just stood up from his chair while yawning. Bu Fang was about to close the bronze gate.

"You kid, you know how fierce the Valley of Gluttony is! Any chef can open a restaurant and crush the restaurant you have worked so hard for it. Don't you think it will be sad? Do you think you will feel desperate?" Zhou Tong clasped his hand, while his face showed his content.

That was the first day the Gluttonous Immortal's went into business. However, their opening event had taken almost half of the Cloud Mist Restaurant customers.

When the reputation of the Gluttonous Immortal's was spread out, the numbers of diners in his restaurant would crush the one from the other store.

Anyway, that was not Zhou Tong's ultimate purpose. He actually wanted to destroy that restaurant to take back their dignity. He wasn't dumb. If he didn't know Bu Fang's situation, he wouldn't do a Chef's Challenge with him.

Wen Renchou was a precise example for him. He had used the name as a traveler from the Valley of Gluttony to initiate a Chef's Challenge with the other. In the end, he was defeated under the other's kitchen knife.

This time Zhou Tong had come with an intention of defeating Bu Fang and capturing him directly. He wanted to torture Bu Fang turn him into a bloody mess.

However, he didn't know that this little chef actually had a background. He couldn't do anything to harm Bu Fang.

“You shouldn't think that you're invincible after using cooking skills to defeat a chef from the Valley of Gluttony. This time, I come to make you close your restaurant! That stupid Wen Renchou couldn't be compared with me! I'll make you feel what's so-called despair!” Zhou Tong sneered.

Bu Fang stood up from his chair, indifferently looking at Zhou Tong trying to be cool.

Indeed, the people from the Valley of Gluttony was making a scene.

At the moment Bu Fang inhaled the fragrance, he reached his conclusion.

Bu Fang was a little irritated. Why were those people from the Valley of Gluttony so stubborn? He had just finished off a guy called Wen Renchou and now a guy named Zhou Tong showed up. This Zhou Tong had opened a restaurant opposite his Cloud Mist Restaurant, aiming to defeat it.

Of course, the Cloud Mist Restaurant wasn't the first branch of Bu Fang's little shop. But now, someone came to challenge him. Bu Fang couldn't endure it.

He would screw him directly!

“You opened the restaurant opposite to us?” asked Bu Fang.

“Yeah, are you scared?” Zhou Tong smirked, “It's no use getting scared... This chef wants to destroy you!”

“Hey, you're terrific,” Bu Fang said with an emotionless face.

Terrific your head...

Zhou Tong was dumbstruck for a moment. Then, he was enraged. Why didn't this kid have any countenance? Why Zhou Tong suddenly had the mood to punch someone?

However, Zhou Tong's flame of anger slowly subsided. He gave Bu Fang a cold smile, turned around and left without leaving a word.

"Well, just let him run wild for several days. When time comes, I will use my secret dish... I'm sure everybody will be ignited. Then, the Gluttonous Immortal's will become the number one restaurant in this Heavenly Mist City!"

This Cloud Mist Restaurant... should be closing soon!

Bu Fang saw Zhou Tong stroll away. He didn't have any emotion but he was frowning.

"Indeed, they want to break the Cloud Mist Restaurant... Well, if so, I don't need to be polite."

Bu Fang didn't talk straight to the point, rising the corners of his mouth.

After a while, there was a loud bang as the bronze gate of the restaurant was closed. After closing the restaurant's door, Bu Fang entered the kitchen.

Inside, Yang Meiji was so tired she almost collapsed. A high pile of sliced radish was as tall as Yang Meiji herself.

Whitey, who was standing in the corner, opened its belly to suck the sliced radish in. After Whitey had collected all the pieces of radish, Yang Meiji slumped, sitting on the ground.

She panted, with her arms shivering.

"Are you done practicing your cutting skill? Good... The next task is very easy. Get up here. You will cook a broth to use tomorrow," said Bu Fang.

“Broth?” Yang Meiji’s eyes brightened. She bolted up immediately. If she cooked some soup, Young Master Nangong could have it on the following day, right? It was really fast that he could enjoy her cooking already!

Bu Fang eyed Yang Meiji, and his face was dead serious. He shook his hand and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok flew out, swelling in the air. He parted his lips and spurted a gold flame, which increased the temperature in the kitchen immediately.

After Bu Fang was done with these things, he came to the cabinet and carefully chose some materials, presenting them on the table.

As Yang Meiji was an alchemist, she was familiar with the medicinal materials. The moment she saw Bu Fang taking those materials out of the cabinet, the hopeful smile on her face froze.

“These... How could I make some soup with these herbs? How could Young Master Wuque drink that kind of soup?!?”