

Read Gourmet of Another World

Chapter 81: This Black Dog Is Really Arrogant!

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"Who?! Who's there?!"

When Hun Qianyun heard the extremely haughty voice, the spirit fire within his eye sockets suddenly swelled up and his aura became even more terrifying. He scanned his surroundings to find the owner of the voice.

However, he was completely unable to find anyone who had the confidence to say those words among those present. The customers within the store were all cowering before his glare. That mysterious person was definitely not hiding among them.

Bu Fang knitted his eyebrows together with a gloomy expression on his face. The ground littered with the chicken soup was emanating hot air. The hot air was naturally dissipated as the cold wind blew, accompanied by the rich fragrance of the chicken soup.

"Killing intent toward the host has been detected. Protection mode activated."

A mechanical voice rang out as a gigantic white figure swiftly rushed out of the store and landed next to Bu Fang with a loud noise. Whitey stood straight while giving off a red light with its mechanical eyes.

"A puppet?!" Hun Qianyun could not find the owner of the voice, so he gave up on searching. He was slightly surprised when his eyes shifted toward Whitey who appeared next to Bu Fang.

Even though Hun Qianyun had heard of the the store's deeds, he had never really put in the effort to find out more. He only knew that the store was very powerful and could repel the seventh grade Battle-Saint, Xiao Meng. However, he did not know the source of its strength. From the looks of it... could this puppet be the reason?

Blacky slowly approached while striding like a cat. When it realized Whitey was standing next to Bu Fang, it rolled its eyes and stopped moving.

"You killed my customer and ruined my dish... Unforgivable!" Bu Fang took a deep breath. His eyes focused onto Hun Qianyun and became somewhat cold.

"Hmph! What an arrogant tone... This old man shall test the capability of this store of yours today!" Hun Qianyun sneered as he took a step back. As he waved his withered arm, the gigantic simulacrum of the King of Hell suddenly moved.

As the black mist surged, the simulacrum raised its hand and a black spear appeared once more. Black mist was encircling the spear while the energy violently fluctuated.

With a loud tearing sound, the simulacrum of the King of Hell forcefully threw the spear. It rapidly headed toward Bu Fang's position while whistling through the air. It was as if the air was being torn apart.

Whitey's mechanical eyes were flashing as its figure moved in front of Bu Fang. It raised up its gigantic mechanical arms and threw a punch toward the black spear flying toward them.

A powerful explosion rang out and a squall was instantly created. The entire alleyway seemed to be enveloped by the black mist. Within an instant, the alleyway was completely engulfed.

The customers staying within Bu Fang's store were all startled by the terrifying noise. However, the surprising thing was that the black smoke unexpectedly did not drift into the store. It was as if the smoke was isolated by a layer of protective membrane.

Hun Qianyun sneered as he watched from a distance. Even a seventh grade Battle-Saint would suffer if they tried to receive the attack of the King of Hell's Void Spear head-on. What could a mere puppet do?

Boom!

Within the black smoke, only two sources of red light could be seen. Suddenly, they turned into a cold purple color. A gust appeared and completely dispersed the black smoke.

Once the black smoke completely dissipated, the scene of the aftermath was revealed. When Hun Qianyun saw the scene, he was extremely shocked and the spirit fire within his eyes wildly palpitated.

Whitey's entire body was releasing a metallic luster, and its mechanical eyes had turned into a cold purple color. Both of its arms were crossed in front of its body, which seemed to have blocked the King of Hell's Void Spear from before. There was actually no trace of damage on Whitey at all.

Bu Fang was indifferently standing behind Whitey. He was expressionless as he looked at Hun Qianyun without any signs of worry or fear on his face.

"Combat mode activated!" Whitey's mechanical voice became even colder. Its purple eyes seemed to be overflowing with killing intent.

With a humming sound, purple-eyed Whitey's figure shot out in an instant. Its speed was almost impossible to be captured by the naked eye. A stifling feeling suddenly assailed toward Hun Qianyun.

Hun Qianyun angrily snorted as he held out his withered hand. Borrowing the power of the simulacrum of the King of Hell behind him, he controlled the black energy to encircle his body and sent a palm strike toward Whitey.

As the two of them collided together, an intense energy shockwave leaked out and cracks appeared on the walls of the alleyway, as if they were going to collapse from the energy collision.

Hun Qianyun's expression suddenly changed. If they continued fighting with this level of power, the soldiers patrolling within the imperial city as well as experts would be alerted. He needed to finish things quickly!

"Hurry up and finish off the owner! I'll stall the puppet!" As an old-timer, Hun Qianyun naturally knew about capturing the ringleader first to capture the bandits. The puppet was obviously trying to protect Bu Fang. Once Bu Fang was dead, the puppet would lose its protection target and stop moving.

The six Battle-Kings standing behind Hun Qianyun understood his intentions as well.

The King of Hell's simulacrum was heading toward Bu Fang step by step. As the gigantic simulacrum moved, the alleyway was almost bursting from the seams.

Bu Fang indifferently watched as the simulacrum approached. He patted Ouyang Xiaoyi's head and made her hide inside the store. With the store's protection, she should be safe.

"Is this brat seeking death? Why is he not running away even though he's facing the King of Hell's simulacrum controlled by us?" one of the Battle-Kings controlling the magic array said in surprise.

"He's probably so frightened his legs went weak and he has no strength to run away! Once the King of Hell's Soul Rending Array is activated, it's equivalent to a seventh grade Battle-Saint!" another Battle-King said with a chortle.

"Why isn't that brat pissing himself in fear yet? How could a third grade thrash like him withstand the intimidation aura of a Battle-Saint?"

.....

Bu Fang completely ignored the mocking words of the Battle-Kings. The so-called intimidation aura of a Battle-Saint was completely ineffective to him. Thanks to the existence of the system, he was completely unaffected by any intimidation aura and he was completely unworried about his own safety.

Blacky slowly approached while striding like a cat, as it gracefully and refinedly stopped between Bu Fang and the King of Hell's simulacrum.

As Blacky raised its head and looked at the gigantic simulacrum of the King of Hell formed with black energy, a trace of disdain flashed in its eyes.

"Shoo shoo shoo... Where did this big black dog come from! Get out of here!" A Battle-King speechlessly looked at the dog sitting between Bu Fang and them. He was utterly dumbfounded as he hurriedly tried to chase Blacky away.

They could not feel even a trace of spirit energy on this dog and its appearance was quite ordinary as well. It looked just like a commonplace dog. It was no wonder this Battle-King was unable to recognize it.

"You idiot... Are you talking to this lord dog?" Blacky haughtily raised its head as a gentle and masculine voice filled with mockery rang out.

The six Battle-Kings were stunned... Their thoughts went into disarray for a moment.

"What the! Is this dog really... speaking?!"

"You idiot... Did you just tell this lord dog to get lost? Are you tired of living? Do you really think you can heckle this lord dog just because you have this King of Hell knockoff?" Blacky continued and said.

"This big black dog that became intelligent is really arrogant!" The six Battle-Kings were immediately riled up. A mere dog actually dared to act arrogantly in front of them. It was simply too unforgivable.

"Damn dog! If I don't cook you up today, I'll follow your surname!" A bad-tempered Battle-King was unable to bear it any longer. He angrily shouted and immediately created a black spear with the King of Hell's simulacrum.

The spear was sent piercing toward Blacky with a whistling sound.

"You actually dare to call this knockoff the King of Hell's Void Spear? Its power is no better than an embroidery needle... Even this lord dog wouldn't use it for scratching an itch," Blacky said as it rolled its eyes.

As the black spear brutally collided with Blacky's head, Blacky's ears slightly flapped and the spear immediately broke into pieces. It turned into black energy and dispersed into the air.

The bodies of the six Battle-Kings froze. What happened just now? Were they seeing things...?

"Even though it isn't that damned old man from the underworld, this lord dog still hates this thing. Since you bothered this lord dog's nap, all of you... shall die," Blacky indifferently said as it stretched out an exquisite and cute paw. The paw slowly flew toward the King of Hell's simulacrum.

Bu Fang slightly raised his eyebrows. From his point of view, during the moment Blacky extended his paw, it instantly expanded into a gigantic paw that covered the sky.

Blacky glanced at the King of Hell's simulacrum underneath the paw and disdainfully snorted, then the paw gently descended.

Chapter 82: Drawing from the God of Cooking Set, the Imperious Kitchen Knife!

There were no startling explosions or violent squalls.

Underneath Blacky's paw, that simulacrum of the King of Hell immediately broke into pieces and silently dissipated.

During the moment Blacky struck, the minds of the six Battle-Kings almost shattered from fear. They could not gather even the slightest courage to resist as they endured the terrifying aura.

A harmless-looking dog turned into a murderous Yama in the blink of an eye. This change caused the six Battle-Kings to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

With a breaking sound, cracks appeared throughout the magic array and then it exploded into pieces. The six Battle-Kings were vomiting blood from their mouths while kneeling on the ground. They wanted to run away but their bodies refused to obey.

Crunch!

As Blacky's paw completely landed, the sound of bones being crushed rang out and the ground slightly shook for a moment.

At a distance away, Hun Qianyun was so scared that his soul was about to fly out. "God damn... So, the most terrifying thing within the store is not this purple-eyed puppet in front of me, but the big black dog lying in front of the entrance?!"

"Where exactly did this store come from? A single dog's paw smashed the King of Hell's Soul Rending Array into pieces and squashed six Battle-Kings to death... What exactly is the big black dog's cultivation level? Is it actually a ninth grade supreme spirit beast?"

"A ninth grade supreme spirit beast is... guarding the door? Are you fricking kidding me?"

Hun Qianyun was feeling so depressed he wanted to vomit blood. He could not help but regret his actions. He must have bumped his head when he decided to antagonize the store. In the first place, the mission was already completed... However, he courted disaster when he aimed to get rid of the store at the same time.

Now, it was a situation where he went for wool and came home shorn, losing six Battle-Kings instead. Oh... There was a chance that he might even die there as well.

Blacky's paw gradually restored back into its original exquisite size once more. It disdainfully shook its paw, then glanced toward Hun Qianyun and rolled its eyes. It strided like a cat toward its usual position, lay down and went back to sleep.

Bu Fang seemed to be already well aware of Blacky's personality. It was not the first time that this lazy dog had immediately went back to sleep after showing off.

Ouyang Xiaoyi was standing within the store with her hands holding onto the door frame. Her large eyes were glittering as she looked toward Blacky with eyes filled with adoration.

"Blacky... is really awesome! I wonder what breed of dog is it?"

Blacky's closed eyes moved and slightly opened. When Blacky noticed a pair of glittering eyes staring at it, it immediately snorted and turned over its head.

"Don't keep staring at this lord dog. This lord dog is not interested in human lolis... Bark."

Bu Fang expressionlessly walked a few steps toward the large crater caused by Blacky. It was in the shape of a dog's paw and a faint trace of black energy was rising from within.

Within the large crater, the bodies of six Battle-Kings were completely squashed into meat paste. They were definitely done for...

At a distance, Hun Qianyun's strength immediately fell after losing the King of Hell's Soul Rending Formation's support. After dropping out of the Battle-Saint level, he was completely not an opponent for the purple-eyed Whitey. After getting struck by a punch, he was brutally flung into a wall of the alleyway and buried underneath a pile of rubble.

Whitey's eyes were flashing purple and filled with a cold killing intent as it headed toward Hun Qianyun.

Suddenly, a gigantic lump of spirit fire rose from the pile of rubble. A figure was enveloped within the fire as it dashed away and instantly disappeared into the distance.

When Hun Qianyun realized the current situation was irreversible, he used one of Soul Sect's secret technique to escape. The price of using this secret technique was great, and he only used it since he had no other choice. Otherwise, he would be beaten to death by the purple-eyed Whitey.

With its target gone, Whitey went into a daze for a few seconds. It raised its mechanical arms and scratched its bald head. Then the purple color in its eyes subsided and they became red once more.

Looking at the messy alleyway, Bu Fang pursed his lips. From the looks of it, he would have to ask the crown prince to repair the alleyway when the latter came over or he would not be able to continue his business.

Xushi's corpse had already mummified. His soul was completely incinerated and his skin had shriveled up.

Bu Fang lightly sighed while feeling somewhat helpless. He was dumbfounded and could only let the crown prince resolve it himself.

When the customers hiding within the store saw that the combat had ended, they bid farewell with Bu Fang and hurriedly left. Finally, only Bu Fang and Ouyang Xiaoyi remained in the store.

After a while, the imperial city's patrol squads arrived one after another. Xiao Meng had a sullen expression on his face as he arrived at the alleyway filled with debris.

"The battle seemed to have been quite disastrous," Xiao Meng thought as he looked down from the sky. When he saw the large pit in the shape of a dog's paw, his pupils constricted as he fearfully glanced toward Blacky who was lying at the entrance.

He was slightly startled when he saw Xushi corpse and helplessly sighed.

He sent someone to inform the crown prince and then began to clean up the battlefield.

"This dog paw is truly overbearing. To be able to directly squash six Battle-Kings into meat paste... Their identities can't even be confirmed." Xiao Meng was somewhat unable to react.

When Xiao Meng saw the Sage Herb Phoenix Chicken Soup spilled all over the ground, he was able to deduce the general situation and his eyes became somewhat cold.

"From the way Xushi died, this should be caused by the Soul Sect's technique. Are the sects involved with the struggle between the crown prince and King Yu? This isn't a good thing," Xiao Meng softly muttered.

After a while, the crown prince hurriedly arrived with his subordinates. When he saw the chicken soup spilled onto the floor and Xushi mummified corpse, he could not conceal the sorrow on his face. He clenched his teeth while his facial muscles trembled.

He silently retrieved Xushi's corpse and promised Bu Fang to repair the damaged alleyway. Then the groups left one after another.

The alleyway became low profile once more.

Of course, that was only true if you do not look at the broken pieces of quartzite flooring everywhere and the large pit in the shape of a dog's paw...

After Ouyang Xiaoyi left the store and headed back to the Ouyang manor, Bu Fang closed up the store and ended the business for the day.

Just as he finished closing up the store, the system's solemn voice rang out within his mind.

"Congratulations to the host for earning over four thousand crystals. For completing a short term objective, you shall soon receive a system reward. The system reward is being released..."

Bu Fang was startled for a moment, then the corners of his mouth curled up and a smile appeared on his deadpan face. He finally managed to level up...

It took him so much time to earn four thousand crystals. It was not easy, but he was able to endure it.

After completing the short term objective, he could level up and obtain more strength. Even though his fighting capability was very weak, his cultivation level finally caught up and that was enough.

"Young man who aims to become the God of Cooking, congratulations for completing a short term sales mission. You've taken another firm step toward your objective of becoming the God of Cooking. Reward: cooking method of the Red Braised Meat, training method of the Big Dipper Carving Technique, and one fragment of the God of Cooking set."

"Congratulations to the host for gathering four fragments of the God of Cooking set. One part of the God of Cooking set will be randomly drawn."

"Commencing random drawing. Drawing is in progress..."

"Drawing completed. Congratulations to the host for obtaining the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking set)."

The succession of words from the system overwhelmed Bu Fang. However, once he calmed down and combed through the information, he soon clarified everything.

"The dish obtained this time is Red Braised Meat?" When Bu Fang heard the system announcing the name, he could not help but lick his lips as he fantasized steaming pieces of rosy meat contained inside a claypot. The glittering grease was making him feel gluttonous. Red Braised Meat... was one of his favorite dishes.

The appearance of a carving technique was a pleasant surprise to Bu Fang as well. He had always been weak at carving. Now, it was a good chance to make up for this shortcoming.

However, the greatest surprise was the God of Cooking set that he had been looking forward to for a long time...

"Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife... Is it a kitchen knife made from dragon bones? What an imperious name."

Chapter 83: Levelling up and Unlocking New Functions

Host: Bu Fang

True Energy Cultivation Level: Fourth Grade (Has already achieved the ability to manifest true energy outside of the body. As the God of Cooking in the fantasy world, make use of your Battle-Spirit level of true energy to reform ingredients. Work hard, young man.)

Cooking Talents: Yet to be unlocked

Skills: Level One Meteor Cutting Technique (90/100), Level One Big Dipper Carving Technique (0/100)

Tools: Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking set)

God of Cooking overall rating: Junior Chef (Capable of using true energy to cook and process ingredients. Started learning cutting and carving techniques. The road to becoming the God of Cooking has already opened for you. Work hard, young man.)

System Level: Four Stars (Conversion ratio is at fifty percent. The host is permitted to carry out the capture of ingredients.)

Bu Fang concentrated and examined the system panel that appeared in his mind. As he completed the missions, the system's level eventually advanced to four stars and the conversion ratio reached fifty percent as well.

This would also mean that his levelling speed would increase substantially. However, reaching fifth grade Battle-King would require ten thousand crystals. Since the system's energy conversion ratio was fifty percent, he would need to earn twenty thousand crystals to level up...

Twenty thousand... There was no expression on Bu Fang's face. He was dumbfounded. With the current price of his dishes, how much time would it take for him to achieve a turnover of twenty thousand crystals?

"Forget it, thinking about stuff like this is pointless. I might as well study the newly levelled system."

"System, what is 'The host is permitted to carry out the capture of ingredients' supposed to mean?" When Bu Fang saw the last piece of information, he was quite puzzled and could not help but ask the system.

"Before four stars, the ingredients used by the host are all provided by the system. After four stars, the host can choose to capture the ingredients by himself. The system will set the price of the dishes cooked using ingredients captured by the host," the system solemnly replied.

Eh... Ah? Bu Fang was stunned for a moment. How was a chef with no fighting capability like him supposed to capture ingredients by himself?

"The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife from the God of Cooking set has a suppression effect on most ingredients. I believe the host can do it. Work hard, young man!" the system said.

Bu Fang felt that this was a serious issue that he must thoroughly understand, so he continued to clarify the doubts in his mind. "System, where am I supposed to go to capture ingredients? Around the empire?"

"The system will provide the teleportation function. The host can be sent to the gathering location of ingredients within the Wildlands."

It seemed really formidable by the sound of it, but was there really no problem with sending him to the gathering location of ingredients? Bu Fang was insecure about the entire matter for some reason.

Just when Bu Fang was thinking about these problems, the true energy within his body suddenly started to seethe. His eyes slightly lit up as he knew this was the sign of a breakthrough.

The difference between a third grade Battle-maniac and a fourth grade Battle-Spirit was presence of the true energy vortex within the dantian. This true energy vortex was equivalent to the soul of the true energy. It controls all of the circulation of the true energy within the body, so the fourth grade was called Battle-Spirit.

At that moment, Bu Fang felt a warm feeling continuously emanating from his dantian. The true energy within his body was rapidly gathering in that location and slowly forming a vortex. When Bu Fang inspected the interior of his body, he saw a true energy vortex that resembled the milky way spiraling within his dantian.

There was no expression on Bu Fang's face, but the trace of happiness in his eyes could not be concealed. He held out his hand and waved it in the air. As he exerted his will, a burst of true energy surged out from his true energy vortex. After becoming a Battle-Spirit, Bu Fang became more proficient at controlling true energy.

After playing around with true energy for a while, Bu Fang got used to the changes of the true energy and his joyful mood gradually calmed down as well. Then he directed his attention toward the God of Cooking set.

"System, what about the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife? How do I take it out?" Bu Fang asked.

"The system is currently delivering the item. Please do not urge," the system solemnly replied.

Bu Fang was immediately silenced and he did not know how to respond either. However, a speck of light soon appeared in the space in front of him and started moving around until a mysterious magic array was drawn in the air.

With a humming sound, something seemed to be slowly emerging from the magic array.

Roar!!

Bu Fang was staring at the magic array. Suddenly, a deafening cry of a dragon sounded out, startling him, and rocked his eardrums.

Within the magic array, a pitch-black kitchen knife slowly emerged and was floating in the air. A small golden dragon was bellowing while encircling the kitchen knife. The dragon's cry came from the mouth of the divine dragon's simulacrum.

An intimidating aura instantly enveloped the store. Bu Fang's body and mind felt heavy, as if he was facing a towering mountain. It was almost difficult to breathe.

Outside of the store, Blacky was having a small rest when it suddenly opened its eyes. Its expression was grave and extremely alert as it looked into the store.

However, it seemed to have thought of something. With a roll of its eyes, it lay down and went back to sleep.

The golden divine dragon's simulacrum swiftly flew out and instantly bit Bu Fang's wrist. Bu Fang felt a slight pain at his wrist and a drop of bright red blood flowed out from the wound. The drop of blood was then enveloped by the divine dragon's simulacrum and slowly flew toward the kitchen knife.

Lastly, Bu Fang's blood was swallowed by the kitchen knife. The pressure that was like a towering mountain instantly dissipated and the divine dragon's simulacrum disappeared as well.

On the wrist that was bitten, a simplified version of the divine dragon's image appeared. Bu Fang's mind seemed to have formed a link with the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife. With a single thought, he would be able to store the kitchen knife within the image on his wrist.

"The Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife (God of Cooking set) has been delivered. Would the host please accept the delivery," the system simply said.

Bu Fang's eyes became focused as he grabbed hold of the plain and unadorned Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife floating in the air. A harmonious feeling suddenly spread from the depth of his heart. With a flick of his finger and a snap of his wrist, Bu Fang easily performed a extremely magnificent knife flip.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth widened into a smile as he held the kitchen knife. As expected of the God of Cooking set, it was easy to use.

At first, Bu Fang assumed that the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife would be a very gaudy kitchen knife made from golden dragon bones. He did not expect its actual appearance to in fact be an unassuming stainless steel kitchen knife.

"Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife: A part of the God of Cooking set. It is made from the bones of the golden divine dragon and possesses the intimidating aura of the divine dragon. The aura has a suppression effect against all spirit beasts and has an execution effect on all spirit beasts under seventh grade. The host can change the form of the kitchen knife by expending half of your true energy. The kitchen knife has an spirit energy boost effect when processing ingredients, and prevents the loss of an ingredient's spirit energy," the system said.

"It can change its form as well?" Bu Fang was slightly surprised. "It's part of the God of Cooking set after all. It's extraordinary as expected. I shouldn't regard this kitchen knife the same way I regard other kitchen knives."

Furthermore, Bu Fang suddenly thought, "The system is allowing me to head toward the Wildlands to capture the ingredients. The biggest reason should have something to do with obtaining the God of Cooking set."

With this Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife around, he could execute any spirit beast under seventh grade. Even with his fighting capability, he was invincible while facing any spirit beast under seventh grade as long as he was holding this kitchen knife.

"After the system levelled up to four stars, I managed to gather four fragments of the God of Cooking set and obtained the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife... Right after, I was permitted to capture ingredients by myself. What a coincidence that everything perfectly fell into place." Bu Fang chuckled.

Personally capturing ingredients was an essential training for a chef. Only by having an in-depth understanding of the ingredients, would a chef be able to invest more emotions into the ingredients and cook even more delicious dishes.

Bu Fang had always understood that the system was only there to assist him. It only opened the door leading to the path of becoming the God of Cooking. In order to become the God of Cooking standing at the summit of the fantasy world's food chain... Bu Fang still needed to continue working hard. Practicing his cutting and carving techniques were all for the sake of that goal.

After clearing his mind, Bu Fang became expressionless once more. The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife was rapidly spinning on his palm. Then, as his eyes became focused and exerted his will, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife transformed into a wisp of green smoke and flowed into the mark on his wrist.

"I'll try out the dishes unlocked by the system first. Red braised meat... The red braised meat provided by the system should be unusual," Bu Fang muttered after storing the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

Chapter 84: Cooking Red Braised Meat with True Energy Culinary

Bu Fang did not expect the Red Braised Meat to be the dish unlocked this time. He still remembered the taste of the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant's Braised Spirit Pork. Even though Bu Fang found many flaws in the end, he had to admit the taste was pretty good.

As a chef, it was impossible for Bu Fang to not have tasted Red Braised Meat before and he was quite familiar with its cooking method as well. However, he did not immediately get started as the system's Red Braised Meat might have a different cooking method.

Bu Fang called out the system's description of the Red Braised Meat.

"Cooking method of Red Braised Meat: The use of true energy culinary is required during the cooking process. It tests the host's control over true energy as well as the handling of ingredients. The meat used is from the fifth grade spirit beast, Heavenly Punishment Deer, from the Wildlands. The meat has a rich aroma, but easily spoils and becomes inedible if the host makes a mistake during the handling process."

The cooking method provided by the system for the Red Braised Meat was indeed different from the ordinary method. Bu Fang was somewhat surprised that true energy culinary was actually required during the cooking process. Would all of the dishes unlocked in the future require the use of true energy culinary?

Furthermore, the meat used for this dish was actually venison instead of pork, which was the traditional ingredient for this dish. This was also greatly out of Bu Fang's expectations.

Bu Fang stopped in front of the cupboard and opened it. A chunk of reddish venison was placed inside. It might be due to the fact that this venison was from another world, but its subcutaneous fat was slightly thicker than other venison that Bu Fang had seen before and was somewhat similar to pork. However, there would definitely be a difference in the tenderness of the two kinds of meat.

A strange fragrance was emanating from the venison. It was a type of fragrance that did not evoke a person's appetite, but would induce them to smell the aroma.

Bu Fang took out the venison and carefully placed it on the chopping board. As he exerted his will, the pitch-black Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand.

The kitchen knife spun around in his hand for a while, then Bu Fang scraped the surface of the venison and removed a layer of miscellaneous fat. Next, he brought out some spring water and soaked the venison for a while.

After hitting the venison with the back of the knife, Bu Fang expressionlessly lifted up the kitchen knife.

There was only one thing to note when handling the Heavenly Punishment Deer, it was being fast while ensuring the smoothness of the slices. This would allow the fragrance and the spirit energy within the venison to coexist in harmony and prevent the meat from becoming astringent.

This was the first time that Bu Fang used the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, but there was no sense of ineptness in the slightest. The speed of his hands were very fast as he sliced the meat. With his Level One Meteor Cutting Technique close to culmination, this was not difficult for him.

Ton ton ton ton!

The clear sound of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife making contact with the chopping board resounded inside the kitchen. Within a short while, the chunk of venison was sliced into pieces. Each piece was smoothly cut and the handling was almost perfect.

Bu Fang poured the boiling spring water into a bowl with the venison. The pieces of venison were completely immersed in hot water.

Then Bu Fang began the preparation for other matters. This time, he did not fill the wok with oil since he could use the venison's grease. If he added oil, the different smell of the oil would affect the taste of the dish.

Letting the wok heat up, Bu Fang waited until the temperature was just enough to scald his hand. He then removed the venison that was blanched in hot water, and extracted the moisture from each piece of venison using true energy before throwing them into the wok.

As these pieces of venison entered the wok, a sizzling sound rang out and a rich fragrance continued to exude from the venison.

Bu Fang was not bewitched by the aroma. He took out a block of brown sugar prepared by the system, crushed it into powder form and turned his attention to the wok.

When grease started seeping out from the venison, Bu Fang poured the brown sugar into the wok and started stir-frying with a wok spatula.

There was a certain rhythm with Bu Fang's stir-frying. This was from his experiences as a chef.

Once the brown sugar melted into syrup form and enveloped each piece of venison, the venison that was originally whitish turned bright red in color. The meat was emanating a rich fragrance without restraint, which had completely enveloped the kitchen.

After pouring spring water into the wok, Bu Fang placed a lid over the wok. At that moment, he became serious as well since the true energy culinary portion of the cooking process was up next.

He circulated the true energy vortex residing within his dantian and directed his true energy into the wok to enclose each piece of venison.

The bubbling sauce within the wok was causing the pieces of venison to wobble, and the subcutaneous fat of the venison was glistening like jade. The venison was continuously releasing a meaty aroma along with a rich fragrance.

Once the sauce within the wok had mostly evaporated, Bu Fang withdrew his true energy. He removed the lid of the wok and began stir-frying. The sauce that was much thicker than before completely enveloped each piece of venison.

After adding salt and soy sauce, the meaty aroma finally stabilized. The meaty aroma was accompanied with a rich fragrance while intertwined with a sweet scent... Just by smelling this aroma, Bu Fang felt a sense of hunger and was salivating.

Taking out a blue and white porcelain plate, Bu Fang poured the Red Braised Meat onto the plate. The new dish was successfully completed.

Even though true energy was needed during the cooking process, Bu Fang was far more proficient compared to the previous time when he cooked the Sage Herb Phoenix Chicken Soup. It might have something to do with his breakthrough.

As Bu Fang carried the plate of Red Braised Meat out of the kitchen and into the dining area, he was suddenly startled.

The reason was Blacky was already sitting at one of the tables with blinking eyes as it stared in Bu Fang's direction... More precisely, at the plate of Red Braised Meat in Bu Fang's hands while letting its tongue hang out.

The corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitched. "This lazy dog, it's already eager to eat from smelling the aroma of meat. However, the fragrance of the Red Braised Meat is indeed extremely enticing. It's even superior than the Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs."

Bu Fang took out another plate and placed it in front of Blacky before he started scrutinizing the plate of Red Braised Meat. Or perhaps calling it Red Braised Venison might be more appropriate.

White steam was rising above the Red Braised Meat. The rind of the venison was rosy. The next layer of fat was white and not greasy. The final layer of lean meat was crystal clear and beautiful.

After giving one piece to Blacky, Bu Fang picked up another piece of Red Braised Venison and put it in his mouth.

The flavor of this dish was very unique. Once the meat passed through his lips, the faint sweetness of the sauce blossomed in his mouth. Immediately, he subconsciously bit down on the venison's rind. The flavor of the meat exploded like a bomb and instantly enveloped his mouth and taste buds. With a slurp, the entire piece of venison slid down his throat. However, an urge to eat another piece immediately sprouted within his heart.

In this manner, Bu Fang consecutively ate half the plate of venison, but he was still unsatisfied and completely unable to stop himself. It was as if he could not taste the flavor of the meat each time and he wanted to try once more.

Blacky was also gobbling down the meat with narrowed eyes filled with satisfaction. And so, the man and the dog soon finished off the entire plate of meat.

Satisfiedly curled up on a chair, Bu Fang breathed out a mouthful of hot air.

Blacky returned to its position at the entrance and cozily went back to sleep. Sleeping immediately after eating... That was indeed Blacky's style.

"After using true energy culinary, the taste of the venison was simply too good to describe! The Heavenly Punishment Deer's scent and the aroma of the meat had completely fused together! This flavor created a sort of uncontrollable and completely unstoppable feeling!" When Bu Fang recalled the taste of the Red Braised Meat, he could not help but stick out his tongue and lick his lips.

After resting for a while, Bu Fang placed the plate into the automatic dishwasher and headed for his room with a satisfied mood.

It was undeniable that sleeping after eating was sometimes a type of happiness.

However, just as Bu Fang reached the door to his room, the system's voice resounded within his mind once more.

Abrupt Mission: Would the host please get ready to proceed with your first ingredient capture by tomorrow. The ingredient capturing teleportation will take place the day after tomorrow.

(How would you see a rainbow without experiencing a thunderstorm? Young man, use your kitchen knife to subdue all ingredients.)

System reward: Rice Noodle Roll Cooking Technique

Chapter 85: The Emperor Past His Prime

"An abrupt mission?"

A surprised expression appeared on Bu Fang's face as the system's voice resounded within his mind. The abrupt mission this time came faster than he expected. He was already given one even though he recently levelled up.

"Proceed with the first ingredient capture... Only one day of preparation time is given."
Bu Fang knitted his eyebrows together. "Isn't one day a little too sudden?"

"System, if I am going to capture ingredients in the Wildlands, what's going to happen to my store? Are we closing down?" Bu Fang puzzledly asked.

"The time limit for the host to capture the ingredients is only two days. If a suitable ingredient is not captured within two days, the abrupt mission will be deemed a failure and ten percent of the crystal conversion ratio will be deducted as punishment. During the two days, the store will be temporarily closed for business," the system said in its usual aloof tone.

Bu Fang nodded. He was starting to understand this abrupt mission better. However he was also becoming more nervous since ten percent of the energy conversion ratio would be deducted if he failed... This was no different from gouging flesh from his heart.

The energy conversion ratio was extremely important toward Bu Fang's levelling progress. It was not easy for him to increase the value to fifty percent. If he was deducted ten percent from failing the mission, he would have to cry himself to sleep.

After giving a big yawn, Bu Fang returned to his room and laid down on his bed. After a while, the rhythmic sound of breathing resounded within the room.

...

The crown prince palace.

The crown prince's expression was gloomy as he tightly clenched his fists. His fingernails were digging into the flesh of his palms. It was clear how angry the crown prince must be feeling at the current moment.

"Ji Chengyu... You actually dare to collude with sects from outside the border! You're courting disaster!" Ji Chengan's face was ashen as he stared at Xushi's mummified corpse with eyes filled with unconcealable sorrow.

Xushi had been following him for many years and had always been his most capable subordinate. However, he was now dead from Ji Chengyu's evil scheme. Even though the crown prince had no proof that King Yu colluded with sects from outside the borders, anyone with a discerning eye would be able to guess that King Yu was the culprit.

"Ji Chengyu... Despite your claims of never making a mistake, you made such a big mistake this time. If even I could guess that you colluded with the sects, do you really think someone as wise as father wouldn't be able to tell? Do you really think father has gone senile?"

A trace of mockery suddenly appeared on the crown prince's gloomy face. The joy in his eyes was becoming more and more apparent.

"Like I've said... You're courting disaster!"

The crown prince's cold laughter, filled with repressed anger and killing intent, resounded within the palace.

...

King Yu's manor.

King Yu was leaning on the armrest of a sandalwood chair with one leg resting on the other, while lightly hitting his knee with his hand. His eyes were calm as water as he looked into the distance.

His expression was serene and his emotions were indiscernible. However, it was this composure that made him seem even more terrifying.

At the doorway, a stooping figure entered with tottering steps, as if a burst of wind was enough to knock him over.

Hun Qianyun's aura was extremely weakened and had almost fallen to the level of a Battle-King. Evidently, the secret technique he used to escape caused great harm to his body.

"This useless old man... greets King Yu." Hun Qianyun seemed to have become even thinner. He was nothing but skin and bones. The two lumps of spirit within his eye sockets had also become very dim.

"Tsk, tsK tsK. Looks like our Soul Sect head elder's injury isn't light. It's almost as if I could crush you with a single finger." The corner of King Yu's mouth curled up as he mockingly looked down toward Hun Qianyun and lightly gestured with his finger.

The spirit fire within Hun Qianyun's eyes trembled for a moment and his body slightly tensed up. A faint trace of pitch-black energy began to encircle his body.

"King Yu, what's the meaning of this? Even though this useless old man is severely injured... The mission was successfully completed. Is there a need for King Yu to destroy the bridge after crossing the river?"

King Yu glanced at him and indifferently replied, "That's right, you completed the mission. However, you also created a huge problem for me. Do you really not know?"

"I only needed you to ruin that Sage Herb Phoenix Chicken Soup. After you killed my brother's men, you just needed to destroy the corpses and avoid leaving any evidence.

But... Why did you provoke that mysterious store?" King Yu's tone suddenly became cold. As he stood up from his chair, his upright body was releasing an intimidating aura.

The aura of someone belonging to the upper class came crashing down on Hun Qianyun.

Hun Qianyun sighed within his mind. As expected of Emperor Changfeng's son, King Yu was impressive. Even though his strength fell short, his aura was not weaker than Hun Qianyun's in the slightest...

However, Hun Qianyun was actually not too worried. At the current moment, King Yu would not dare to have a falling out with the Soul Sect, so the probability of King Yu planning to kill him was low.

Sure enough, King Yu's aura soon dissipated as he indifferently swept his gaze over Hun Qianyun.

"I'll let you off this time. However, you should know that there's a limit to my patience. If you screw up the next mission, then it won't end with just taking a hike," King Yu indifferently said as he held his hands behind his back, while true energy which nearly tore the air apart encircled his body.

Hun Qianyun took a deep breath. King Yu was already a peak-level fifth grade Battle-King. He was only one step away from becoming a sixth grade Battle-Emperor.

After Hun Qianyun withdrew, King Yu was the only person left within the palace.

He raised his hand and a lump of true energy gathered on his palm. Then, he suddenly crushed it...

"My dear brother, you're probably celebrating right now from discovering my weak point. But... so what? If father really wants to execute me, then this son will just have to... revolt."

...

Xiao Meng passed through the Gate of Heavenly Mystery. When he turned around and looked at the towering Great Hall, he helplessly sighed.

Even someone as willful and bold as Emperor Changfeng lost to time in the end. After campaigning against the sects for over a hundred years, his own son actually colluded with the sects to destroy his final hope of prolonging his life... It was really ironic.

"As long as you don't become a supreme being, you're still a mortal in the end..." With a solemn expression on his face and his eyebrows knitted together, Xiao Meng lightly sighed as he left.

Within the Great Hall, the elderly emperor was sitting on his throne. As he continued coughing, his aura became even weaker. A trace of lethargy seemed to have appeared on his face.

Lian Fu's face was filled with worry and sorrow as he watched the emperor.

"Your Majesty... Should I get the imperial physician to have another look?" Lian Fu asked.

The emperor waved him away. His eyes were somewhat cloudy, but the air of superiority around him had not diminished in the slightest.

"My lifelong wish has always been to wipe out the sects and bring peace to the empire. The existence of the sects will always be a latent danger," the emperor said in a hoarse voice with an indifferent tone. "Now, my wonderful son actually colluded with the sects for the sake of obtaining the throne. Don't you think this is rather ironic?"

"This old face of mine is feeling hot from embarrassment."

Lian Fu did not say anything as he respectfully stood on one side with a solemn expression.

The emperor was trembling as he stood up. As he started chuckling, his harsh laughter resounded within the Great Hall.

"I am Emperor Changfeng, the great emperor who wiped out hundreds of sects. Even though I am past my prime, I still can't let my own son embarrass me like this. Sons should give their fathers the fear and respect they deserve... He'll understand this soon enough."

The faint voice, filled with mad arrogance and confidence, resounded within the Great Hall and then gradually dissipated.

Lian Fu's expression became even more respectful as he bowed and watched the emperor's disappearing figure.

...

The next day, early morning.

Bu Fang opened up the store as usual. However, he had to tell Xiaoyi that the store would be temporarily closed for two days. Otherwise, she would come to the store as always and find the entrance closed.

Fatty Jin and his buddies arrived and the empty store became a little livelier. With his sharp eyes, Fatty Jin discovered the new dish, Red Braised Meat, and his eyes immediately lit up.

"Owner Bu, this new dish is a bit expensive... It actually costs a hundred crystals. That's not cheap at all." The price of the Red Braised Meat slightly extinguished Fatty Jin's excitement. After all, even a nouveau riche would still feel the pain of spending a few hundred crystals per day.

"The new dish won't disappoint you. Trust me," Bu Fang expressionlessly replied.

Fatty Jin narrowed his eyes and stared at Bu Fang for a long while before deciding to order the Red Braised Meat. The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled up as he turned around and entered the kitchen.

When he walked out of the kitchen with the plate of the overwhelmingly fragrant Red Braised Meat, Xiaoyi had already arrived at the store.

At the entrance, an elderly and familiar figure was slowly stepping into the store.

"Owner Bu, the characters on your signboard are not as good as my penmanship," the elderly man said with a chuckle.

Chapter 86: My Objective for Opening the Store Is.... Very Simple

The elderly person who stepped into the store was none other than the current emperor, Ji Changfeng.

Ji Changfeng's complexion was somewhat pallid. He looked extremely delicate, just like an elderly person with one foot in the grave. The air of superiority that belonged to an emperor was missing.

"I saw the signboard hanging above the entrance. The characters look like they were engraved using a template. The lack of energy makes it extremely awkward to read. Even though it looks good on the surface, it won't be able to withstand a thorough assessment. It's inferior to my penmanship," the emperor said with a chuckle as he held his hands behind his back.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows. He was not surprised that the emperor came to his store, but he did not expect him to arrive at such an early hour.

The signboard at the entrance was provided by the system. At that time, Bu Fang rejected the emperor's offer for a signboard only because the system was going to

provide one. Now it seemed... the signboard provided by the system was not that impressive.

"System, the emperor said the characters on the signboard you provided are poorly written," Bu Fang said to the system.

The response was a short moment of silence before the system's solemn voice rang out, "The characters on the signboard are replicates of the handwriting of the Light Wind Empire's number one calligraphist. There is no problem. As for the lack of energy mentioned by the emperor, the system is unable to answer."

Bu Fang nodded. The signboard provided by the system's ability was definitely not ordinary. However, the characters might have been lacking in energy since they were replicates.

No longer interested in this topic, Bu Fang expressionlessly asked, "Your Majesty, are you here today to eat?"

The emperor sat down at a table, waved him away and said, "There's no need to hurry. I have some questions that I need you to answer."

"Hmm? What sort of questions?" Bu Fang asked.

"I am afraid there won't be any more chances if I don't ask them right now." The emperor's body slightly trembled as he coughed. Then he raised his head and seriously looked at Bu Fang with murky eyes. "Not only are you the master of a supreme spirit beast as well as a puppet equivalent to a seventh grade Battle-Saint, you're also capable of cooking dishes filled with spirit energy... Owner Bu, who exactly are you?"

"What's your objective of staying within the imperial city of the Light Wind Empire?"

Bu Fang slightly raised his eyebrows as he stared at the emperor. Both of their gazes silently collided in mid-air.

After a long while, Bu Fang expressionlessly replied, "I don't have any objectives. I simply want to run a small restaurant."

The emperor's expression froze and he shook his head while giving a wry smile. "Impossible. The strength of your store is comparable to the entire Light Wind Empire. There's no way you would open a restaurant just to run it. If you don't want to say it, then I won't force you. However, I hope you would give a proper answer for my last question."

"Speak," Bu Fang replied.

The emperor lightly coughed while holding his chest, then raised his head and asked, "You're not someone from the sects, right? You won't do anything that would threaten the empire, right?"

This question was his true purpose for the visit. As an emperor—even an emperor that was about to pass away—he could not tolerate an unknown factor that he could not control to exist within his empire.

However, with the existence of the supreme spirit beast, the emperor did not even have the slightest confidence in destroying the store. He could only settle for the next best thing. He wanted to be at ease by finding out the true purpose of the store.

Nonetheless, the truth was Bu Fang opened a restaurant within the Light Wind Empire's imperial city to earn crystals in a low-key manner and raise his cultivation level. It was all in order to become the God of Cooking who stands at the pinnacle of the fantasy world's food chain. His objective... was really that simple.

"Don't worry, that won't happen." The corner of Bu Fang's mouth widened into an awkward smile as he solemnly replied the emperor.

The emperor was surprised for a moment. Then smile appeared on his wrinkled face and later turned into a big laughter.

"Owner Bu, I feel much more relaxed after hearing your words. I am feeling happy, so I'll have all of the dishes today. This might be the last time I'll be able to enjoy a meal here."

After the emperor finished laughing, he took a deep breath and clapped his hands as he said.

Lian Fu, who was waiting outside, walked into the store while pinching his thumb and middle finger together. He respectfully stood behind the emperor with eyes filled with worry.

Bu Fang nodded, then went into the kitchen.

After a while, a rich fragrance wafted out from the kitchen. The emperor narrowed his eyes and became somewhat captivated from smelling the aroma.

"After living for so many years and eating so much delicious food, Owner Bu's dishes are still the most captivating. Unfortunately... I only met Owner Bu at my final moments. I wonder if this is a reward from the heavens or a punishment," the emperor softly muttered to himself.

Xiaoyi obediently carried out the dishes and placed them in front of the emperor. The emperor chuckled as he stroked her head with an expression filled with tenderness.

After eating and drinking to his fill, the emperor left the store with Lian Fu following behind him. While standing at the entrance, Bu Fang lightly sighed as he watched the emperor's elderly back figure.

...

"Xiaoyi, you don't have to come for the next two days. I'll be going out to do something, so the store will be temporarily closed for two days." Once the business hours had ended for that day, Bu Fang expressionlessly said while patting Ouyang Xiaoyi's head.

"Ah? Smelly boss, are you going to the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant to cause trouble again?" Ouyang Xiaoyi excitedly raised her head and looked at Bu Fang. Her lively eyes were filled with excitement.

Bu Fang's complexion slightly darkened. "Who told you I'll be causing trouble just because the store is taking a break... I have something important to do for the next two days."

"Sigh... Alright, if smelly boss still wants to go to the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant, you must definitely invite me as well! You were really handsome when you slapped their owner in his face!" Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes narrowed into slits as she waved around her tiny fists and said with a grin.

"I was only speaking the truth. I did no such thing like slapping his face. Also, you should make use of these two days to properly cultivate. I hope that your cultivation will improve when I return. In the future, the requirement for eating my dishes will be even higher," Bu Fang said.

The moment cultivation level was mentioned, Ouyang Xiaoyi's eyes lit up. She held out her hand like she was showing off and said, "Smelly boss, take a look! My cultivation has already reached the intermediate level of third grade Battle-Maniac!"

Bu Fang glanced at Ouyang Xiaoyi's smug expression and expressionlessly said, "Is that fast? Even though you've been eating so many of the store's dishes that are filled with spirit energy, your cultivation progress is still so slow. This proves that you've been slacking off. Look at me, I am already a fourth grade Battle-Spirit."

"Smelly boss, you're really annoying... Forget it, this young lady is going back! Hmph!" Ouyang Xiaoyi snorted in exasperation as she turned around and left the store while puffing out her cheeks.

After Ouyang Xiaoyi left, Bu Fang squatted in front of Blacky. He was stroking Blacky's soft and immaculate fur as he said, "Lazy dog, I won't be around for the next two days. You'll have to look for food on your own."

Blacky lazily opened its eyes. When it heard Bu Fang's words, it immediately snorted and rolled its eyes.

Bu Fang went back into the store and he took out a piece of wooden board with the words: Business is temporarily suspended. After hanging up the wooden board, he closed up the store and went back into the kitchen.

"System, since I'll need to find the ingredients by myself in the Wildlands, will you be providing condiments?" Bu Fang asked.

"They're not provided," the system coldly replied.

Bu Fang seemed to have already predicted the system's response. He softly replied, "Oh." Then he took out a large piece of cloth and placed salt, soy sauce, pepper and other condiments onto the cloth. Along the way, he grabbed a large wok, that was filled with kitchen knives, spatula and other kitchen tools. He was going to pack them as well...

"...The purpose of heading to the Wildlands is to capture ingredients and not to go for a picnic. Would the host please understand the main content of the mission. Condiments can be brought along but cooking tools, except for equipment from the God of Cooking set, are not allowed," the system solemnly said.

Bu Fang's body suddenly froze while in the middle of packing, then he expressionlessly let out a sigh. "Wouldn't I need to cook the ingredients after capturing them? How would I bring out the delicious flavor of the ingredients to the maximum without cooking tools?"

This time, the system could not even be bothered to reply Bu Fang...

In the end, Bu Fang only wrapped a few condiments within the cloth bundle and went back to his room to replenish his sleep.

The next day, as the first ray of light brightened the horizon, Bu Fang was woken up by the system's beeping.

"Would the host please pay attention. The teleportation array will be activated in five minutes. Please prepare for the teleportation."

Bu Fang was surprised for a moment. As he raised his head, he realized a speck of light had appeared above his head and was rapidly drawing a mysterious magic array.