

Apocalypse 889

Chapter 889 Spiritual Cuisine 2

“Not bad,” Kisha murmured as she stared at the additional effects listed beneath her spiritual cuisine. A satisfied smile curved her lips; this outcome exceeded her expectations.

It seemed her theory had been correct after all.

Using her Spiritual Silver Flame had indeed elevated the dish, allowing even a simple recipe like shredded pork with cabbage to reach SSS quality. The results spoke for themselves; her cooking had taken a solid step forward on the path of becoming a true Spiritual Heavenly Chef.

“Honey, what are you cooking?”

Kisha snapped out of her thoughts at the sound of Duke’s sickeningly sweet, masculine voice. It made her skin crawl, not from disgust, but from how unnatural it sounded coming from him. Her head turned sharply to the side, eyes narrowing in suspicion.

‘What is this man up to now?’

Duke was giving her his best innocent expression, looking every bit like a starving puppy trying to act cute in hopes of scoring a treat. If he had a tail, it would’ve been wagging furiously by now. He wore his usual cool and serious facade, but Kisha could see right through it. His eyes kept drifting, not to her, but to the wok, brimming with longing and barely concealed hunger.

He didn't say another word, but his face said a thousand: 'Please feed me. Just one bite. I'm dying here.'

Kisha had to fight back a laugh. Her funny bone was definitely getting a workout thanks to this man.

Honestly, she was only now starting to see just how many sides Duke had. Maybe it was because they were finally together, or maybe he'd just become so comfortable around her that all his usual stoicism had gone out the window.

Either way, it was strangely adorable.

Kisha let out a melodious chuckle before pulling a table and chair from her inventory, setting them down gracefully in front of Duke. Then, with practiced ease, she plated the freshly cooked shredded pork with cabbage and served him a warm bowl of rice.

"You're just in time," she said with a smile, setting the dish before him. "I just finished experimenting with the spiritual ingredients, and it turns out they came with some interesting additional effects. This one boosts stamina and spiritual energy regeneration for a whole hour, plus adds a little strength, agility, and even fire resistance."

As she expertly served him a generous portion, she added playfully, "So be my test subject, will you? Let's see how well it works."

Duke nodded eagerly, his head bobbing like a rattle. "I'll gladly help my wife with a taste test, always happy to be of service," he said with a grin, clearly more than ready to dig in.

The moment he placed a strip of the shredded pork and cabbage into his mouth, his eyes widened in surprise. A burst of flavor exploded across his palate. The pork was tender, melting effortlessly with each bite, yet had a subtle crunch thanks to the cornstarch.

It wasn't greasy at all, perfectly balanced by the sweetness and freshness of the cabbage. It was the kind of dish that made him feel like he could devour an entire pot of rice in one sitting.

And so, Duke ate with gusto.

Kisha soon joined him, sitting down with her own portion to taste the result of her cooking. The moment the food touched her tongue, she immediately noticed the difference. This wasn't just about the added effects, though those were impressive. The flavor alone was on an entirely different level. Rich, harmonious, layered, it was the kind of taste that felt almost dreamlike.

She wasn't trying to pat herself on the back, but she had to admit... compared to spiritual cuisine, regular cooking now felt flat, dull, and tasteless.

Before they knew it, both husband and wife were eating with such enthusiasm that, within just ten minutes, they had cleaned the entire plate. And this wasn't a small serving; Kisha had prepared enough for six people, with generous portions.

But together, they polished off every last bite, rice and all.

“Wifey, that was amazing!” Duke exclaimed, leaning back in his chair with a blissful expression. “I feel so warm all over... and the spiritual energy flowing through my body, it’s like a cozy blanket wrapped around my insides.”

He looked completely content, his eyelids drooping as the post-meal drowsiness set in. With his full belly and the comforting effects of the spiritual cuisine, Duke looked like a lazy cat basking in the sun.

Kisha couldn’t help but chuckle, her eyes turning into cheerful crescents as she watched him. After letting him rest a bit, she brewed some matcha tea to aid his digestion, her way of gently nudging him back to work.

While he sipped the tea, she returned to her makeshift kitchen, rolled up her sleeves, and began prepping again. She cut another slice of the spiritual pork and took out a fresh, oversized spiritual cabbage.

From behind her, Duke squinted sleepily at her movements. “Wifey... are you making another batch of shredded pork with cabbage?” he mumbled, his voice slow and lazy from satisfaction.

“Mm. I just want to test something,” Kisha said casually as she began slicing the pork into strips once more. She marinated it the same way as before, then set it aside and moved on to shredding another massive cabbage.

When she finished, she turned toward the stream to wash the cabbage, but paused mid-step.

Duke was still sitting at the table, right where she left him, watching her with eyes full of hopeful anticipation.

Kisha didn't know whether to laugh or cry. There he was, her big, greedy puppy, tail figuratively wagging, patiently waiting for another helping, despite the fact that his stomach was already bulging from the first round. He looked exactly like one of those dogs who could never resist more food, no matter how full they were.

She sighed, shaking her head with a smile. Honestly, how could she say no to that face?

Seeing Kisha's helpless smile, Duke's magnetic eyes crinkled with delight. He looked completely at ease, lounging in her makeshift kitchen like it was his favorite place in the world. Soon, the familiar aroma began to waft through the air once more, but this time, Duke sensed something different.

Curious, he walked over and leaned in, peering over Kisha's shoulder to get a better look.

But just as he moved closer, a sudden boom erupted from the wok.

Both Kisha and Duke flinched, instinctively stepping back. Without hesitation, Duke activated his 'Absolute Zone' and 'Time Manipulation' skills, instantly slowing down the explosion mid-air. Kisha, reacting just as swiftly, triggered her 'Perception' skill, one that offered a similar time-slowing effect, allowing her to process everything with crystal clarity.

Together, they made a quiet but rapid retreat several meters away.

In the next instant, Kisha's makeshift kitchen detonated like someone had tossed a live grenade into the wok. The ground shook. Flames flared. Shattered mud bricks and cooking tools flew in every direction.

Fortunately, the wok itself, crafted from a special alloy personally recommended by 008, held its ground. Built to retain and stabilize spiritual energy during cooking, it was a high-grade tool comparable to the top-tier weapons sold in her system's mall.

Instead of being destroyed, the wok was launched high into the sky like a missile.

Her ladle, made of the same durable material, was also flung away like an arrow. It landed with such force that it embedded itself into the ground, splitting a large rock cleanly in two.

Kisha stared at the wreckage in stunned silence.

"Well," she muttered dryly, "I guess that answers that theory."

"W-Wifey... what just happened?" Duke asked, utterly dumbfounded. He had only leaned in for a closer look, and the next thing he knew—boom. An explosion. He couldn't even begin to form a theory for what had caused it.

Kisha let out a slow breath, brushing soot off her sleeve. "Well... that means the spiritual cuisine failed," she explained calmly. "The spiritual energy within the ingredients went out of balance and detonated in a burst before it could disperse naturally."

Even as she spoke, her eyes flicked toward the ruined firepit, still mildly stunned.

Honestly, she hadn't expected the failure to cause this much damage.

Sure, 008 had warned her that a failed spiritual cuisine could explode, but she'd always assumed it would be a small flare or maybe a puff of smoke, not something that felt like being hit in the face with an RPG. But now, it made more sense.

Maybe it was due to the difference in cultivation levels. After all, Spiritual Heavenly Chefs in Murim worlds were still powerful cultivators with bodies brimming with spiritual energy, strong enough to withstand the occasional kitchen detonation. But she and the people in her world weren't there yet.

An explosion like this could easily take lives.

Her brows furrowed slightly in concern.

She'd have to be more careful moving forward.