

## Apocalypse 890

### Chapter 890 Crop's Grade

After this experiment, Kisha was finally certain that using her Spiritual Silver Flame significantly increased the success rate of cooking spiritual cuisine and even elevated the quality of the dish. This discovery confirmed just how versatile and powerful her spiritual flame was. It wasn't just useful for battle or crafting, it was now a game-changer in the kitchen as well.

With this realization, Kisha was confident that she could now cook any spiritual cuisine with a success rate close to 90%, which was nothing short of extraordinary.

Knowing this made her feel truly blessed. Despite being targeted by the Constellations, her luck in this life had soared, making things flow far more smoothly than before. With her luck stat now over 600 points, it wasn't surprising that she kept stumbling into treasures and fortunate encounters.

The thought alone made her grin from ear to ear.

After finishing that batch of cooking, Kisha opened the map interface of her Territory space and shifted her focus to the sea. There, she initiated an automatic harvest of some spiritual baby octopus.

It wasn't her first time using this feature; she had discovered it even before realizing she could enter and exit the Territory at will. Back then, she assumed she could only anchor her Territory on specific plots of land and mark them as hers. It wasn't until later that she realized she had access to an entire island she could allocate in the real world.

Using this harvesting feature, she could input detailed parameters for what she wanted, such as weight, length, width, and other specific conditions. But despite the convenience, Kisha and the others still preferred to harvest resources manually.

The main reason was that this auto-harvest function was exclusive to the Territory's owner. More importantly, gathering resources by hand provided a different kind of experience and sense of accomplishment.

Kisha only used the feature when absolutely necessary. Grant, Mike, and the rest of the Wyatt family were all hardworking and dedicated. If she made a habit of relying solely on the auto-harvest, it might make them feel useless, as if their efforts had been unnecessary from the start. She didn't want to dishearten them.

Besides, the human touch mattered. Personally tending to her Territory ensured everything was done with care and precision. And Kisha had always believed that excellence came not just from ability, but from intention.

After harvesting the spiritual baby octopus, Kisha also retrieved some spiritual vegetables from the Territory Space's warehouse, where Marcus had been diligently storing all the spiritual crops and spiritual ingredients they had harvested from the land.

This particular warehouse wasn't linked to any delivery system, so everything stored inside simply accumulated, untouched and unused. But now that Kisha had finally found a way to make good use of the stockpile, she wasn't holding back anymore.

After placing all the ingredients on the table and cleaning up the earlier mess, Kisha began prepping again, much to Duke's surprise. "Wifey, are you cooking me another meal?" Duke asked, almost forgetting that the last dish had exploded right in front of him.

Kisha hadn't expected Duke to have such a gluttonous side, but perhaps it wasn't just about the food. After all, spiritual cuisine was unlike normal meals; it not only nourished the body but also tempered spiritual energy and aided in cultivation. In short, it was a cheat code in the form of food.

Simply eating it could boost one's cultivation thanks to the spiritual energy infused in every dish. In fact, the shredded pork with cabbage had just doubled the spiritual energy she could cultivate in a day, silently sitting in front of the Spiritual Spring, on top of its additional effects.

Kisha didn't answer Duke and simply continued with her preparations, peeling a spiritual potato in silence. Without asking further, Duke quietly stepped in to help, taking charge of washing the vegetables.

Kisha noticed that he wasn't rushing or carelessly handling them; in fact, he seemed to understand that spiritual ingredients required delicate treatment, as even the slightest mishandling could affect the final outcome of the dish.

Seeing Duke carefully wash each vegetable with such caution, almost as if a single mistake might lead to another explosion like before, made Kisha smile, her eyes crinkling in amusement. She realized Duke had misunderstood the true reason the earlier dish had exploded, but she didn't correct him. Instead, she simply let him help in his own way.

After he finished washing the vegetables, Duke also picked up the blackened pot and the ladle that had embedded itself in the ground. He scrubbed both thoroughly twice, just to be sure they were completely clean, before moving on to tidy up the rest of the mess. Although Kisha had already cleaned earlier, she had only taken care of the shattered condiments and scattered ingredients, leaving the rest for Duke to handle.

The two of them worked in quiet coordination, a husband and wife with a natural, unspoken understanding. Watching Duke move around the kitchen so smoothly put Kisha at ease. She resumed peeling and slicing the vegetables while the spiritual baby octopus swam calmly in the salt water nearby.

After she finished prepping the other ingredients, Kisha turned her attention to the baby octopus. She carefully removed their beaks and rubbed their tentacles with coarse salt to get rid of the scales on their suction cups.

By the time she was done, Duke had already finished rebuilding the mud stove. He even used his fire ability to harden the structure, making sure all the moisture from the mud was dried out both inside and out.

When he was satisfied with his work, he patted the dust off his trousers and stepped aside, watching as Kisha placed the pot back on the newly reinforced stove. She gave him a smile, and Duke couldn't help but feel his appetite stir again. Maybe it was the physical activity that helped his digestion, or maybe it was just the anticipation of his wife's cooking.

Kisha didn't waste any time. She summoned her Spiritual Silver Flame and began heating the wok. Once it was hot, she added some processed vegetable oil, extracted from the spiritual vegetables she had refined earlier, along with the soy sauce she processed. She only had one bottle of it since she was still experimenting with recipes.

As the oil shimmered, she tossed in minced garlic and chili, sautéing them until the fragrance wafted into the air. Then, she added the cleaned baby octopus, expertly stirring and tossing to coat everything evenly.

When the octopus began to turn a rich reddish hue, she added the vegetables, followed by a splash of oyster sauce. After a few more tosses to ensure everything was perfectly cooked, she turned off the spiritual flame.

Duke, who was watching from the side, swallowed hard as the rich aroma of the baby octopus drifted toward him, mingling with the sweet, earthy scent of the vegetables and the savory tang of oyster sauce.

It was a simple dish, yet the fragrance alone stirred his appetite to life, making his stomach growl in anticipation. But it wasn't just his hunger; it was his spiritual energy, quietly awakening and pulsing within him in response to the spiritual ingredients being cooked.

Despite his craving, Duke remained wary, still haunted by the memory of the earlier explosion. He inched closer to Kisha, both drawn in by the mouthwatering scent and bracing himself just in case something went wrong again. His stance was half-defensive, half-hopeful, hovering near her as if ready to shield her, or maybe just grab the dish and run.

But no explosion came. Instead, everything went smoothly. Kisha gracefully lifted the wok and poured the finished dish onto a clean plate. The vibrant colors, the glistening sauce, and the intoxicating aroma made Duke's mouth water even more as he stood frozen for a moment, utterly captivated.

Then, Duke rubbed his hands together eagerly as he looked at Kisha. He didn't say a word, but his actions spoke volumes. Seeing him like this, so unlike his usual composed self, Kisha couldn't help but chuckle and shake her head in amusement. It was clear: Duke had fallen head over heels for the spiritual dish and simply couldn't get enough of it.

So, she let him be. With a small smile, she served him a bowl of freshly cooked rice and watched him settle excitedly at the table. This time, the rice she prepared wasn't ordinary; it was a recently harvested

spiritual rice. Its grains had a faint bluish hue, resembling polished jade, and its fragrance was divine, almost as if it could be savored on its own without any accompanying dish.

Kisha had cooked it using the water from the spiritual spring and under the steady warmth of her Spiritual Silver Flame in an earthen pot. The result was rice infused with a rich and potent spiritual energy, so intense it practically shimmered in the bowl.

She also discovered that spiritual crops were classified by grades, starting from the lowest—Grade D—followed by Grades C, B, A, S, SS, SSS, and so on. The lowest grade, Grade D, contained only a faint trace of spiritual energy, barely distinguishable from ordinary crops, with just a faint flicker of glow. These low-grade crops typically appeared in the early stages, back when the crops were just beginning to absorb spiritual energy.

However, with the continuous development of her Territory Space and the recent upgrade, the baseline quality has improved significantly. The lowest grade crops now began at Grade C, and the majority had already reached Grade B.