

Read Gourmet of Another World

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Chapter 11: Why Are You Not Afraid of Me When I Am So Awesome?

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According to the grading system of the Hidden Dragon Continent, the first grade was the lowest cultivation level. This level of cultivation was incapable of any influence within the imperial city.

However, what Bu Fang was puzzled about was how he suddenly obtained true energy.

Was it because he completed the system mission? His first mission was to obtain his first customer, but the reward was only the improved version of Egg-Fried Rice and a fragment of the God of Cooking set. There was no mention of true energy.

"System, will I gain true energy and become stronger just by completing missions?" The baffled Bu Fang asked.

The system solemnly replied, "The host's true energy cultivation level is related to the amount of crystals earned. After a monetary transaction is completed, the crystals will be converted into cultivation level based on the conversion ratio. The host can monitor his cultivation level and conversion ratio in the character panel.

"The current system level is at one star and the crystal conversion ratio is at ten percent. When the system level reaches two stars, more functions will be unlocked: more furniture can be used and customers may bring their own ingredients.

"The host earned twenty two crystals today. According to the conversion ratio, two crystals worth of energy have been gained. The true energy level is equivalent to that of a first grade Warrior."

Bu Fang was speechless, he had no idea that crystals had such a purpose. However, after he gave it a thought, he realized it was natural. In the first place, crystals were a necessity to cultivators. They could increase their cultivation level by processing it. The conversion by the system was only a shortcut for Bu Fang.

"Eh... In that case, does that mean I can become stronger just by earning crystals?" An awkward smile slowly appeared on Bu Fang's face.

"In order to become a second grade Battle-Master, ten crystals are needed. Third grade Battle-Maniac needs a hundred crystals. Fourth grade Battle-Spirit needs a thousand crystals. Fifth grade Battle-King needs ten thousand crystals," The system announced.

Bu Fang was completely speechless.

"Fine, there's a long way for me to go."

"By the way, what did you mean by customers may bring their own ingredients?" Bu Fang curiously asked.

"The host can use the ingredients brought by the customers to create dishes and the price is determined by the rating of the dish given by the system," The system solemnly explained.

"So that's what it was." Bu Fang's eyes slightly lit up. It was a rather considerate functionality and a method the system was using to develop his ability to earn crystals. Unfortunately, his current system level was still not enough. In this fantasy world, there were plenty of excellent ingredients for him to use. If customers were allowed to bring their own ingredients, he would surely earn a lot of crystals.

In order to increase his system level, he needed to complete the missions given by it. The latest mission: please make a profit of at least a hundred crystals and a thousand gold coins within a week.

Mission progress: 22/100, 100/100

Bu Fang sighed inwardly, knowing that it was another mission that was far from completion.

As an excellent chef, he needed to ensure that he had enough sleep. After Bu Fang exited the system panel, he slowly closed his eyes and went to sleep. The sound of even breathing could be heard after a while.

The next morning.

Bu Fang got up on time. After washing up, he began his daily cooking practice. Once he finished practicing all of the dishes that he learned, Bu Fang opened the store while yawning.

The big black dog was still lying in front of the store. It was as if it had always been lying at the same position, without ever moving. Bu Fang was slightly astonished by it as well.

"Good morning, Blacky," Bu Fang expressionlessly greeted.

The big black dog rolled its eyes and ignored him.

Bu Fang was not embarrassed either. He walked back into the kitchen and placed the Egg-Fried Rice made during his practice into a bowl. When he returned, he stood in front of Blacky while carrying the bowl.

"It's time to eat, Blacky," Bu Fang said.

As the lazy Blacky smelled the fragrance from the bowl, it immediately became energetic. With its pink tongue hanging out, its eyes were filled with expectation as it stared at the bowl in Bu Fang's hands.

Bu Fang was furious as he thought, "This gluttonous dog completely changes its attitude when there's gourmet food, then it regresses the moment it finishes eating.

"What happened to the bond between men and dogs?

"Doesn't he understand that it is very important to please me, the chef? He will only get a steady stream of gourmet food if I am pleased!"

There was nothing Bu Fang could do about this gluttonous dog either. After he placed the bowl in front of Blacky, it started to gobble down the food while shaking its tail.

Bu Fang pulled a chair over and curled up on it. He lay there comfortably while waiting for customers to show up.

It was another beautiful and simple day.

At that moment, a group of menacing people were flocking around the main street of the imperial city.

Sun Qixiang dressed in colorful clothes was leading the group. Being one of the three most famous playboys in the imperial city, everyone on the main street avoided him while fearfully looking in his direction.

Sun Qixiang was very satisfied with the way they looked at him, "That's right! That's how you should look at me! You should be afraid of me when I am so awesome!"

"Follow me! If I don't smash up that little restaurant by today, my surname isn't Sun!"

After getting stripped and thrown out of the restaurant the day before, Sun Qixiang had nightmares throughout the night and could not sleep properly. Which was why early in the morning he gathered all of the servants under his family's employment to get even with Bu Fang.

It was the first time that Sun Qixiang had to experience such an embarrassing situation, he would not be able to rest easy as long as Bu Fang was not dead.

That day, Xiao Yanyu was staying at home. After eating the improved Egg-Fried Rice the previous day, her true energy level increased and she had to go into seclusion. That was why only Xiao Xiaolong was heading toward the little restaurant.

However, just when he reached the main street, he saw Sun Qixiang bringing over a hundred men to thrash the restaurant.

"Oh my heavens! I still want to eat Egg-Fried Rice! What the hell are you doing!" Xiao Xiaolong was angry, where would he find Egg-Fried Rice that was delicious and would increase his cultivation level if the restaurant was gone?!

As the group of over a hundred men majestically went past the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant and walked a few dozen meters more, the surroundings became silent.

The alleyway that was usually deserted became crowded with people that day.

Sun Qixiang's men were all holding sticks while coldly looking toward the little restaurant in the alleyway.

"Damn it! How dare a little restaurant in a god forsaken place bully our young master! It is practically begging to be smashed!"

At the restaurant's entrance, Bu Fang was comfortably curled up on the chair while squinting his eyes as the warm sunlight enveloped his lazy figure.

The big black dog was lying nearby with its tail shaking as it gobbled up the food within its food bowl.

"I've come to smash your store!" Sun Qixiang arrogantly pointed at Bu Fang with his paper fan and coldly shouted. He believed that Bu Fang would be afraid since he brought so many people.

If Bu Fang did not get down on his knees and beg for mercy, he would not spare him!

It was terribly quiet in the alleyway. After Sun Qixiang finished shouting, his expectation of Bu Fang begging for mercy did not come true. The latter remained curled up on his chair, basking in the sunlight.

All of the servants were staring at Sun Qixiang.

Sun Qixiang felt stupid and did not think that he would be ignored like this.

He was extremely furious and felt as if Bu Fang had just slapped him a few times in the face.

"Smash it! Smash everything you see! Tear down this little store! Damn it, I want this brat to know what happens to someone who offends me!"

Chapter 12: Troublemaker, You Will Be Stripped as an Example to Others

Xiao Xiaolong was worriedly standing at the entrance of the alleyway. He could not get through as there were too many people within the alleyway and there were many spectators as well.

Whether it was in another world or on Earth, there would always be onlookers. It was the natural behavior of humans. However, among the ones watching there were many that had no idea what was going on. They only gathered due to their herd mentality.

While Xiao Xiaolong was thinking about how to get past the crowd, he felt someone tapping on his shoulder and turned his head in surprise.

A handsome and imposing young man was looking at him. He was wearing an exquisite long robe and a hat woven from golden threads. He also had a belt with strange dancing beasts sewn on it around his waist and a piece of jade was hanging from it. He was exuding an air of gallantry and nobility.

When Xiao Xiaolong saw the man, his expression changed and both his eyes and mouth widened in surprise.

"Third... Third..." Xiao Xiaolong stuttered for a while but was still unable to say it.

The young man lifted up his hand to stop Xiao Xiaolong from speaking, then he faintly nodded and said, "You can just call me third young master. What are you looking at? Why are there so many people gathered here?"

"Third young master, that Sun Qixiang is tyrannizing someone again." Xiao Xiaolong breathed a sigh of relief and was still feeling a little agitated. The identity of the young man in front of him was extraordinary.

"Sun Qixiang? Is that the playboy son of the finance minister, Sun Qing?" the third young master thought for a while before he replied.

Xiao Xiaolong nodded, then joyfully asked, "When did the third young master returned to the imperial city? I did not know at all... Does my sister know?"

The third young master chuckled and said, "I was specially summoned back this time, so there isn't much fanfare. Even Yanyu doesn't know, so there's no way that you would."

Xiao Xiaolong awkwardly fidgeted his body and embarrassedly smiled while blushing.

The young man glanced at the crowd once more, then walked forward while saying, "Xiaolong, keep up with me. Let's get closer."

Then the young man squeezed into the crowd, or to be more accurate, he walked into the crowd. That was because with every step the young man took, an invisible force would split apart the crowd in front of them.

"A fifth grade Battle-King is amazing, even a human wall can't stop him!" Xiao Xiaolong enviously muttered while watching the elegant third young master and hurriedly followed after him.

The two of them quickly made it to the front of the crowd and were just in time to witness the scene of Sun Qixiang ordering his men to smash the store.

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The warm sunlight was shining on Bu Fang's body, making him feel slightly lazy. Even though over a hundred men in the alleyway were clamoring to smash his store, the owner was behaving strangely calm.

He was genuinely calm and not worried in the slightest.

The calm expression on Bu Fang's face was also enraging Sun Qixiang. At his order, several dozen men menacingly charged toward Bu Fang.

When Xiao Xiaolong saw this, he was immediately slightly anxious and wanted to intervene.

However, he was confused when the young man beside him pulled him back.

"Young master, why are you stopping me?"

"That shop owner seems to be quite confident and he doesn't seem afraid at all, so I am curious about his trump card," the young man gently smiled and said.

Bu Fang was seated in the store as around a dozen men charged toward him. As one of them stepped into the shop, he viciously swung his stick at Bu Fang's head.

These servants had already committed many wicked deeds under the orders of Sun Qixiang and would not have any psychological burdens as they were already used to it.

"Bang!"

The stick that was being swung was sent flying as it somersaulted through the air and fell onto the floor with a clatter.

The attacking servants immediately paused as they stared at the robot standing in front of them with fear and bewilderment in their eyes.

Whitey's mechanical eyes were blinking while its plump body was blocking any attempts against Bu Fang and its entire body was glimmering with a metallic luster.

Whitey was a robot that the system created to manage the security of the store and waste disposal. Usually, there were no customers, so there were no security issues. However, since over a hundred men came to cause trouble, Whitey had to step out and stop them.

"Fighting is prohibited in Fang Fang's Little Store. Those who violate the rules, shall be stripped to make an example to others."

The mechanical voice came out from Whitey's mouth, it sounded slightly comical as it echoed throughout the alleyway.

The group of servants were speechless. "Where did this hunk of metal come out from? It actually dared to block the way of over a hundred men?"

Even though the average cultivation level in the group was weak, with the strongest only being a first grade Warrior, there were still a lot of them.

Although there was quite a difference between the strength of a Warrior and a Battle-Master, when there was a large enough difference in the numbers, Warriors could still overwhelm Battle-Masters.

Since the puppet-like robot in front of them did not have any true energy circulating within its body, they were not worried at all.

"That's the hunk of metal, tear it to pieces now!"

When Sun Qixiang saw Whitey, his eyes turned red and he was instantly furious. "How dare it even mention stripping!"

Having received the order from Sun Qixiang, the servants charged toward the store once more.

However, the next scene made them all stop. The servant charging at the very front was thrown out and his clothes were torn off instantly, leaving only a loincloth to cover his private parts.

Then the second, and the third...

One by one, the servants that charged into the store went in with their clothes but were thrown out without them and their almost naked bodies landed in the alleyway.

"How filthy." One of the female onlookers was blushing and covering her face with her hands. However, her hands were wide open and her eyes were looking through the gaps between her fingers... Her face was completely red.

As Sun Qixiang watched his naked servants flying out of the restaurant one by one, his face was almost purple from anger.

"You bunch of idiots! Don't you know that you should all charge at once?! Why would you go in one by one!"

His enraged voice immediately woke up the servants. They looked at each other and immediately charged toward Whitey while brandishing their sticks. Five of them charged into the narrow store at once, but the results were the same.

No matter how many people went in, the same amount of people flew out. All of their clothes were collected by Whitey and stored into his stomach as trash.

In the blink of an eye, over a hundred men were wailing on the floor.

Sun Qixiang's legs were trembling and was unable to comprehend what just happened...

Even a third grade Battle-Maniac would need to go the other way when encountering over a hundred men. He could never imagine that a little restaurant in such a god forsaken place would have such a powerful iron puppet.

Bu Fang was calmly sitting behind Whitey the entire time as he expressionlessly watched the scene unfold.

He only lazily stood up and yawned after all of Sun Qixiang's servants were defeated.

As Bu Fang stood at the entrance of the little store, he looked down at the sullen Sun Qixiang and faintly said, "Whitey, strip that guy as well. This guy affected my mood to cook today, I'll be annoyed if he doesn't receive some punishment."

"Understood!"

The mechanical voice of Whitey sounded out. Sun Qixiang's expression changed and he immediately turned around to run away. However, Whitey's arm suddenly separated from its torso, flying over tens of meters to grab onto Sun Qixiang's clothes and pulled him into the store.

"Troublemaker in Fang Fang's Little Store, you will be stripped as an example to others," Whitey said with a mechanical voice.

Sun Qixiang wanted to cry as he felt that he was wronged. "Aren't you the one who dragged me into the store?"

"Bang!"

Sun Qixiang's naked body once again flew out and landed into the alleyway. Over a hundred naked bodies huddled together, forming a beautiful... landscape

"Oh... This scene is too filthy!" That female onlooker was still looking through the gaps between her fingers as her face blushed...

Sun Qixiang was too embarrassed to stay there. He brought over a hundred men to take revenge, but the result was...

It was a tragedy.

The large group of men that majestically arrived went back in an even more majestic manner, with nothing on them. This incident created a great ripple within the imperial city. As they went through the main street, it caused countless onlookers to gather around them and even caused a brief breakdown in the pedestrian traffic.

The crowded alleyway soon started to empty and the crowd dispersed. The only ones left were people attracted by the store.

"There was actually a restaurant in this alleyway? Even though I've been living in the imperial city for so many years, I didn't know about this!" a woman exclaimed in surprise.

"It looks like this restaurant has some backing, otherwise they wouldn't dare to strip young master Sun!" an old man remarked.

"That robot is very cute! Let's go in to see it!" A bunch of young girls were actually charmed by Whitey.

And so, a lot of people stepped into the store out of admiration.

Bu Fang had returned to the kitchen and was expressionless, but his mouth widened in amusement.

"I hope they don't get frightened by the price of the dishes."

Chapter 13: Is It Egg-Fried Rice or Egg-Fried Elixirs?

It was the first time that Fang Fang's Little Store was this lively.

Thanks to the nude streaking of over a hundred men, Fang Fang's Little Store became well-known around the neighborhood. Even though everyone was complaining about the remote location of the restaurant, they still entered out of curiosity.

A woman stepped into Fang Fang's Little Store while carrying a child with a runny nose. The hygiene in the cramped store was very clean, while the immaculate surface of the table showed the attentive nature of the shop owner. The ambiance was set up in a hospitable manner, in order to provide comfort to the customers.

Just from the decoration, you could tell that it was a high quality store.

"Oh my, shop owner, what do you sell here? Your store's decoration is really impressive, it's comparable to the suites at the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant!" the woman said as she wiped off the mucus of the child in her arms and rubbed it off on her clothes.

Bu Fang was expressionlessly staring at the woman's hands.

"You sound as if you've been to places like the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant! Stop bragging, woman!" the old man disdainfully snorted.

The woman was instantly aggravated by his words. She placed her child down and put her hands on her hips. She was staring at the old man with wide eyes and was ready to duel the old man in a battle of wits.

"Excuse me, customers. If you're looking to order, the menu is right behind you. If you're looking to duel, please do it outside." Bu Fang simply said, interrupting the great battle that was about to occur between the two neighbors.

The woman coldly snorted, only stopping since she remembered that it was someone else's store. She turned to look at the menu while still muttering under her breath, "I can tell that you're not a bad lad and I know that running a business isn't easy, so this old lady will help out a little. I'll order a serving of..."

The woman suddenly stopped talking and was staring at the menu in disbelief as the corner of her mouth twitched violently!

The old man was puzzled by her behavior, so he turned his head toward the woman and saw her expression. When he followed her gaze, he almost vomited blood.

"Oh my god! A bowl of Egg-Fried Rice costs a crystal? A plate of Stir-Fried Vegetables costs a hundred gold coins?! Why don't you go rob a bank or something?!" The old man was so shocked that his beard almost fell out from his trembling.

The woman's plump body was trembling as well as she said with a piercing voice, "Lad, this is unethical! With this kind of price, who would dare to eat here?!"

The old man and the woman who were originally adversaries suddenly joined forces against Bu Fang.

Meanwhile, he remained indifferent and expressionless.

"There's a reason for the prices. If you're eating, then please make an order. If you're not eating, then please leave."

As someone aiming to become the God of Cooking, Bu Fang had his pride.

The woman looked at Bu Fang as if he was insane, then she quickly left with her child in tow. The hunchbacked old man shook his head as he walked out of the store.

Bu Fang was not surprised by their reactions as it was all within his expectations. The price of the dishes meant that he would lose a lot of customers, since not everyone could afford the terrifying prices.

Most of the people that entered the store reacted the same way as the woman and left while grumbling.

The crowd disappeared as quickly as it appeared.

The lively Fang Fang's Little Store returned to its former desolate state and no one wanted to spend any money there.

Xiao Xiaolong brought the young man into the little restaurant.

He was looking slightly excited. "Since my elder sister isn't here, I think I should have enough crystals to eat a bowl of improved Egg-Fried Rice."

Since the improved version of Egg-Fried Rice required the customer to be at least a third grade Battle-Maniac before they could order, it was obvious that this dish would be extraordinary. Previously, the ordinary Egg-Fried Rice helped him to advance past a bottleneck, surely the improved Egg-Fried Rice would have better effects!

"Xiaolong, so you are saying that the Egg-Fried Rice in this restaurant is delicious?" The young man stood with his hands around his back as he gave off an aura of excellence. He glanced around the store and simply said.

"That's right! Third young master, the Egg-Fried Rice here is the most delicious I've ever eaten! Even my family's chef... No! Even the Egg-Fried Rice cooked by your family's chef is far inferior to this restaurant's!"

As Xiao Xiaolong recalled the taste of Bu Fang's Egg-Fried Rice, he dreamily squinted his eyes and a satisfied expression appeared on his face.

The third young master was slightly surprised, he did not expect Xiao Xiaolong to give such a high evaluation. His family's chef was not an ordinary chef, and yet, the Egg-Fried Rice made by a store in such a remote location was superior?

The third young master's interest was suddenly piqued and he turned to look at the menu.

That ridiculously high price that was intolerable to ordinary people caused the third young master to be slightly astonished. He raised his eyebrows and a look of disbelief appeared on his handsome face.

"The Egg-Fried Rice is paid for with crystals? And the improved version costs ten crystals? There's also a minimum requirement for cultivation level as well?"

The price and rules on the menu completely changed the way the third young master saw the world, he never knew Egg-Fried Rice could be sold for such an expensive price.

"Third young master, trust me. My elder sister ate the improved Egg-Fried Rice yesterday and she had to go into seclusion today! Her cultivation level improved by a small grade!" Xiao Xiaolong said.

"Oh? Is that so?" The third young master was amazed. Xiao Yanyu was already a fourth grade Battle-Spirit, so how could a single bowl of Egg-Fried Rice help to increase her cultivation level?

Would it still be Egg-Fried Rice? Should it not be egg-fried elixirs?

"Shop owner, I would like to have the improved Egg-Fried Rice. My cultivation level meets the requirement, there's no need for testing." The third young master gently said to the indifferent Bu Fang who was standing nearby.

"I want a bowl of improved Egg-Fried Rice as well!" Xiao Xiaolong hurriedly said, but his words were interrupted by the third young master.

The third young master narrowed his eyes and petted Xiao Xiaolong's head with a gentle smile on his face. He said, "Xiaolong, how many crystals did you bring?"

The expression on Xiao Xiaolong's face froze. "Why are these words so familiar?"

"Te... Ten crystals!"

"Hmm, then it's enough."

Xiao Xiaolong sullenly looked at his peony sachet, now in the third young master's hand. He felt as if ten thousand invisible arrows had pierced into his chest.

"I'll treat you next time." The third young master smiled and said, "I forgot to bring money today."

Xiao Xiaolong's eyes were filled with tears. "Why is it so difficult to eat a bowl of Egg-Fried Rice?"

"Shop owner, I want a portion of Dry-Mixed Noodles and one of Stir-Fried Vegetables."

Bu Fang expressionlessly nodded.

"One serving of improved Egg-Fried Rice, one serving of Dry-Mixed Noodles and one serving of Stir-Fried Vegetables. Alright, please wait a moment," Bu Fang repeated the order, then went into the kitchen.

Xiao Xiaolong and the third young master sat down at a table. The third young master was very pleased with the elegant environment.

"I didn't know that such an elegant restaurant like this existed in the imperial city, I am surprised that we didn't notice it before. Hmm? Where's the puppet that fought against the hundred men?" The third young master looked around.

He had a deep impression of Whitey, he was amazed by the intelligence displayed by the puppet.

On the Hidden Dragon Continent, sects were commonplace while empires were the reigning power. Only empires were recognized, while both Orthodox and Heterodox Sects were not.

The current emperor of the Light Wind Empire, Emperor Changfeng, had been reigning for over seventy years. He forcefully conscripted members of sects into his army. The sects that accepted the conscription were scattered into various troops, while the ones that did not abide were attacked.

The Light Wind Empire was founded over a thousand years ago. It was founded when the power of the sects were at its peak and they fought constantly. After over a thousand years of development, the sects were slowly weakened under the influence of the empire. After two failed "Sect Uprising" attempts, they were completely suppressed by the empire.

On the current Hidden Dragon Continent, there were only a few hundred sects left. Compared to the golden age where there were tens of thousands of sects, it was in a wretched state.

Of the few hundred sects that still survived, there were only ten sects that still struggled against the empire.

The third young master had once met a declined sect that spent their time researching the art of puppetry and had already reached a superb level. He was thinking whether the puppet in this store was related to that sect.

However, there was quite a difference between Whitey and the puppets from that sect, as there was no true energy circulating within its body. Thus, the chances of Bu Fang being a remnant of that sect was low.

Just when he was thinking about the issue, a burst of fragrance drifted out from the kitchen.

The smell was like a piece of silk sliding across his face, causing the third young master to suddenly open his eyes as it triggered his appetite.

"It smells good!" he exclaimed.

Xiao Xiaolong was already immersed in the sea of fragrance, and his eyes became hazy.

The third young master felt that the smell itself was already comparable to dishes cooked by his family's chef and might even be better.

After a while, Bu Fang stepped out of the kitchen.

He was expressionlessly carrying a blue and white porcelain bowl and the top part of the bowl was shrouded in a rich fragrance.

"Here's your improved Egg-Fried Rice, please enjoy your meal."

Bu Fang placed the bowl in front of the third young master and simply said, then he returned to the kitchen.

The third young master took in a deep breath and a burst of fragrance traveled through his nasal cavities into his body. It triggered his appetite as a wave of hunger assaulted him.

The rich fragrance gathered above the top of the bowl. As he pierced the surface of the Egg-Fried Rice with his spoon, the gathered fragrance dispersed like an explosion of an aroma bomb.

The resulting explosion of the aroma bomb immediately rushed toward the third young master.

Chapter 14: I Am a Prince, Why Don't You Become My Chef!

As the third young master scooped the Egg-Fried Rice into his mouth, the rich flavor immediately enveloped his taste buds. It was like the pearl-like rice grains were jumping around in his mouth. The smell of the rice mixed with the eggs was like a cloud that clustered around his body, giving him the feeling of being immersed in a sea of fragrance.

The third young master was captivated as he had never tasted such a delicious Egg-Fried Rice before. He thought that Xiao Xiaolong was right about the fact that his family's chef could not make Egg-Fried Rice that tasted this good.

After swallowing the first spoon of Egg-Fried Rice, the second spoon immediately entered his mouth. In front of delicious food, the only thought left in his mind was to devour it. The greatest respect a person could show to a chef was to completely immerse themselves in the food.

As Xiao Xiaolong enviously watched the scene, his appetite was already triggered. The richness of the smell of the Egg-Fried Rice was simply unbelievable. It was like the smell was gathered together, then was released at once.

Bu Fang was indifferently watching the third young master devour the food as the corner of his mouth widened into a smile. In front of delicious food, a person's identity did not matter. Even an emperor would be captivated by delicious food. He did not know the identity of the third young master and he was not interested either. At that moment, he only knew that the third young master was his customer and that was enough for him.

Soon Bu Fang returned to the kitchen. He expertly took out the dough and kneaded it, then he pulled it into noodles and soaked it inside hot water. The cooked noodles were then placed into a bowl filled with seasoning that was already prepared. Using chopsticks to mix the noodles with the seasoning, a bowl of piping hot Dry-Mixed Noodles was ready.

After the Dry-Mixed Noodles was done, Bu Fang did not serve it immediately. Instead, he took out a bundle of vegetables from the freezer.

The vegetables were turquoise green and the leaves were lush and shiny. There were even water droplets on it that had not dried off yet. The droplets reflected the light and emitted warm rays.

"These vegetables are wild Purple Ling Vegetables picked from the mid mountain area of Mount Tiandang[1]. It has to receive sunlight for three hours and an hour of moisturizing from the mountain rain everyday. The soil needs to be watered with the water from the crater lake in Mount Tiandang. In order to preserve its vitality and nutrients, it should be harvested early in the morning when the dew has not disappeared yet."

The system's explanation of the vegetable instantly appeared in Bu Fang's mind. He was startled by how fancy it sounded, it was no wonder that a plate of Stir-Fried Vegetables could cost a hundred gold coins.

Mount Tiandang was a well-known mountain on the Hidden Dragon Continent. At the very top of the mountain, there was a crater lake. The water in the crater lake was actually full of spirit energy that was gathered from the world. If a person were to drink the water, it would augment the meridians in their body and their cultivation level would increase.

It was not the first time that Bu Fang prepared this dish and he had already reached a miraculous level when it came to cooking it after practicing so many times.

When Bu Fang removed the vegetables from the frying pan and placed them on a plate, it looked the exact same way before he started cooking it, like it had not been stir fried at all.

The truth was that it was only able to retain all of its moisture due to Bu Fang's meticulous control of the heat when cooking.

He carried both the Dry-Mixed Noodles and Stir-Fried Vegetables out of the kitchen and placed them in front of Xiao Xiaolong.

"Your Dry-Mixed Noodles and Stir-Fried Vegetables, please enjoy your meal," Bu Fang expressionlessly said.

Xiao Xiaolong's eyes immediately lit up as he grabbed the bowl of Dry-Mixed Noodles and started to gobble it down. He had been enduring his hunger since he saw the third young master eating.

By the time Xiao Xiaolong started eating, the third young master had already finished his meal. The quantity of the Egg-Fried Rice was too little, so it was quickly finished. However, even though the quantity was not much, the quality was good!

"It's delicious!" The third young master resisted the urge to lick the bowl clean and gave a thumbs up to Bu Fang.

"Shop owner, your Egg-Fried Rice is excellent. I am sure the ingredients are not ordinary as I can feel the spirit energy within the Egg-Fried Rice. As I was eating, I could

actually feel my true energy level increase. Even though the increase wasn't much, it is already hard to come by for me."

The third young master continuously gave praises. The fact, that a fifth grade Battle-King like him was able to experience a small amount of increase, had already proven that the Egg-Fried Rice was extraordinary.

"If I didn't guess wrongly, the egg used is from a fifth stage demonic beast, the Deep Sea Foal Eagle!"

Bu Fang looked at the third young master in surprise as he did not expect him to be able to guess the origin of the egg.

"Improved version of Egg-Fried Rice: The egg used is the first egg laid by the fifth stage demonic beast, Deep Sea Foal Eagle. Due to the nourishment and impact by sea energy from the deep sea, the egg contains a rich amount of spirit energy. The rice used is the Wuchang Monarch Rice from the Southern Wastelands. Its grains are plump and it is full of nutritions. It is chosen as the royal tribute to the emperor."

"I knew it." the third young master thought as a gentle smile appeared on his face. He was correct, the egg was from the fifth stage demonic beast, Deep Sea Foal Eagle. He once tasted the egg before, but it was not made into Egg-Fried Rice. He ate it as fried eggs, but the rich flavor that it produced was still unbelievable.

On the other hand, the third young master paid no heed to the rice since he was familiar with it. He also noticed the plate of Stir-Fried Vegetables that Xiao Xiaolong ordered and clearly remembered that it cost a hundred gold coins.

It was not cheap, so he was curious about what was so special about it.

"Is there anything special about the vegetables?" The third young master curiously asked.

"These vegetables are wild Purple Ling Vegetables picked from the mid mountain area of Mount Tiandang. It is picked early in the morning to preserve the spirit energy," Bu Fang replied.

When the third young master heard that they were Purple Ling Vegetables, he realized the reason for the price.

Purple Ling Vegetables was a type of expensive vegetable that could only grow in extremely strict conditions. However, it was an excellent ingredient as it was nutritious and would augment the meridians in the body.

If it was Purple Ling Vegetables, then a hundred gold coins would be considered cheap.

"Is it that formidable?" Xiao Xiaolong's mouth was covered in oil from the noodles. When he heard the conversation between Bu Fang and the third young master, his eyes lit up as he muttered to himself.

Swallowing the noodles in his mouth, Xiao Xiaolong picked up the lush and raw-looking Purple Ling Vegetable leaf with his chopsticks.

"Is this really cooked?" Xiao Xiaolong skeptically asked.

He was only certain that the leaf was cooked after he took a sniff and smelled a light fragrance coming from it.

He placed the leaf into his mouth and a crunching noise sounded out as he lightly bit down. Xiao Xiaolong's eyes immediately widened in surprise. He felt as if a cold stream was emanating from inside his mouth. The stream tasted of light sweetness and enveloped his taste buds, refreshing him. It flowed down his esophagus and entered his stomach, then expanded into his four limbs. The feeling was indescribable, it was like countless beauties were massaging his body with their soft hands.

"Is this really vegetables?!" Xiao Xiaolong was shocked. It was his first time eating this kind of Stir-Fried Vegetables and he could not describe how he felt at the moment.

"This dish of Stir-Fried Vegetables is a test of a chef's skill. It needs to retain all of its moisture and nutrients, which requires the chef to be extremely proficient at controlling the heat and grasping the right timing," The third young master commented, then swallowed his saliva.

Bu Fang nodded in agreement. The third young master was correct. Stir-Fried Vegetables was the most demanding in terms of skills among Bu Fang's dishes.

"May I have the pleasure of knowing your name?" The third young master suddenly stood up and gently smiled at Bu Fang.

"My family name is Bu, my given name is Fang," Bu Fang was startled and replied in a straightforward manner.

"I see, so you're Owner Bu. I am very impressed by your culinary skills. I'll be honest with you, I am Ji Chengxue, the third prince of the Light Wind Empire." The third young master faintly smiled as the confident aura of a royalty emanated from his body.

Xiao Xiaolong was stunned. "Why did the young master suddenly reveal his identity?"

"Oh." Bu Fang expressionlessly looked at Ji Chengxue, while thinking, "So this fellow is a prince. A prince... Is that something impressive?"

When Ji Chengxue saw that Bu Fang was not surprised by his identity, he was slightly bewildered.

"Would Owner Bu be interested in becoming my personal chef? Rest assured that your salary will be satisfactory, how about a hundred crystals per month?" Ji Chengxue said with a smile. He believed that Bu Fang would not reject such an offer.

It was the dream of many chefs in the empire to become his personal chef because it was a chance to instantly achieve fame and recognition.

Besides, a salary of a hundred crystals per month was even higher than what the imperial chefs received.

Xiao Xiaolong was stunned once more by the third prince's unethical actions. Was he trying to headhunt Owner Bu? How was he going to find delicious Egg-Fried Rice that raised his cultivation level in the future?!

"Owner Bu, you need to hang on! You can't give in to temptations!" Xiao Xiaolong shouted in his mind.

Bu Fang expressionlessly looked at the confident third prince, Ji Chengxue, while the latter was expectantly looking at him.

"Oh... You want me to become your personal chef?"

"That's right!"

"Sorry, but you're not qualified."

Under Ji Chengxue's expectant gaze, Bu Fang simply replied.

[1] Mount Tiandang (天蕩山) - This is an actual mountain in China.

Chapter 15: What a Distinctive Group of Nouveau Riche

The expectant gaze of Ji Chengxue suddenly disappeared and the expression on his face froze.

"He... He actually rejected me!"

Ji Chengxue could hardly believe it. As the third prince of the empire, there were many people who would like to be associated with him. In spite of that, his personal invitation was just cruelly rejected.

More importantly, the reason for the rejection was...

"You're not qualified."

As Ji Chengxue recalled Bu Fang's words and that expressionless appearance, he felt as if an invisible arrow had pierced into his heart.

However, Ji Chengxue was an astute person. Even though he was rejected, he did not display any signs of anger and only lightly smiled.

"That's right, I... really am not qualified," Ji Chengxue dismayingly exclaimed, as if something had stirred in his heart.

Emperor Changfeng of Light Wind Empire had three sons. The first prince, Ji Chengan was conferred as the crown prince ten years ago. While the second prince, Ji Chengyu was conferred as a king. Only the third prince, Ji Chengxue, had somehow earned the displeasure of Emperor Changfeng and was only a general in the army.

Even though the position of a general was highly respected, it was quite shabby compared to the first and second princes.

"Third prince..." When Xiao Xiaolong saw the depressed look on Ji Chengxue, he wanted to say something but was interrupted by Ji Chengxue.

"Owner Bu, even though you're not interested in becoming my chef, have you ever thought of entering the imperial kitchen and becoming the personal chef of the emperor?"

"I may not be qualified, but the emperor should be qualified," Ji Chengxue said with a chuckle.

Bu Fang glanced at Ji Chengxue and knitted his eyebrows. "Is this guy an idiot? Was I not clear enough?"

"I am not interested in becoming anyone's personal chef, not even the emperor's. If you want to eat my food, then come to my store. Queue up if there's someone ahead of you and pay up when you've finished eating."

Bu Fang was someone aiming to become the God of Cooking, how could the future God of Cooking restrict himself by becoming anyone's personal chef.

Ji Chengxue became silent. He could understand when Bu Fang refused to become his chef. However, he thought it was unbelievable that Bu Fang would refuse to become the chef of the emperor.

Was it not the dream of all chefs to enter the imperial kitchen and cook for the emperor?

Then what was Bu Fang's dream?

"The improved version of Egg-Fried Rice costs ten crystals. Please pay up, thank you," Bu Fang expressionlessly said, he was tired of speaking with the prince.

"Yours is two hundred gold coins," At the same time, he turned to Xiao Xiaolong and said.

Ji Chengxue meaningfully glanced at Bu Fang and gave him ten crystals. Xiao Xiaolong paid his bill as well and then both of them left the store.

A little store that was only ten square metres and did not even have a signboard with a big black dog lying at the entrance. A slim and tall chef with unyielding principles and a mysterious puppet as his assistant, while having perfect culinary skills and high-grade ingredients of unknown origins... Fang Fang Little's Store exuded mysteriousness.

After Ji Chengxue exited the store, he glanced back and the corner of his mouth curled up. "How interesting."

After collecting the tableware and washing them up, the store became deserted once more. Bu Fang was once again sitting next to the lazy Blacky and basking in the sun.

However, the existence of the store was publicized thanks to the little incident with Sun Qixiang. News of the exorbitant dishes in the store had also circulated throughout the imperial city due to the overreaction of his neighbors.

"Have you guys heard about the bizarre restaurant in that alleyway!"

"Are you talking about the blackhearted restaurant that's selling a bowl of Egg-Fried Rice for ten crystals?"

"Is the owner an idiot? Why would anyone eat there with that kind of price? If any of his Egg-Fried Rice actually sells, I will eat all of the biscuits in my biscuit stall!"

...

There would always be some wealthy people in the world with different pursuits from ordinary people. Even the way they viewed things was different as well.

Bu Fang's peace did not last long as several figures stepped into the store. He was lazily curled up on the chair as he glanced at the group of obese men that had just arrived.

These obese men were all wearing luxurious silk clothings and their coarse fingers were adorned with gold rings. They wore jade amulets around their necks and their belts were embedded with emerald jades.

"What a distinctive group of nouveau riche," Bu Fang thought to himself.

"Shop owner! I heard that the dishes in your store are very expensive and that they're even more expensive than dishes from the Immortal Phoenix Restaurant! We believe that the more expensive something is, the better the quality will be. If your dishes can satisfy our palate, then the price isn't an issue," The leader of the group, an obese man dressed in luxurious clothes and accessories, said in a loud voice.

As they crowded into the little store, they astonishingly took up most of the available spaces. Bu Fang expressionlessly stood up and asked, "What do you want to eat?"

The leader glanced at the menu and his eyes narrowed. Even this affluent group of obese men sucked in a breath of cold air when they saw the price of the Egg-Fried Rice.

"Good, your store is as incredible as expected! Give me a bowl of improved Egg-Fried Rice!" The obese man said.

"Here's a friendly reminder, you need to be at least a third grade Battle-Maniac to eat the improved Egg-Fried Rice. Don't order it if your cultivation level is not up to par," Bu Fang simply said.

"Our elder brother is known by people in the imperial city as 'Qinggong Iljima^e[1]', how could his cultivation level be lower than Battle-Maniac! You just have to cook the food!" The other obese men started to clamor.

Bu Fang's expression did not change but he covertly glanced toward the obese man, and thought, "With a figure like that, how could there be any relations to Iljima^e?"

In the end, this group of obese men ordered three servings of improved Egg-Fried Rice, four servings of ordinary Egg-Fried Rice, seven servings of Dry-Mixed Noodles, and seven servings of Stir-Fried Vegetables.

Even for someone as calm as Bu Fang, the corner of his mouth was twitching as he thought, "As expected of people with such body sizes, they really can eat!"

To be able to eat was a blessing. Bu Fang liked people who could eat well.

He entered the kitchen and focused all of his energy into cooking. After a while, a rich fragrance drifted out of the kitchen and enveloped the store.

"This smells so good! I've never smelled anything as good as this!" This group of obese men intoxicatedly narrowed their eyes and inhaled deeply.

They were looking forward more and more to the dish.

As the group of obese men was waiting for their orders, a tall and elegant figure approached the entrance of the store.

When Zhao Ruge saw the mountain of flesh within the store, the expression on his face immediately changed.

"Why is there so many people?" Zhao Ruge was slightly surprised.

"Fatty Jin? I can't believe it." Zhao Ruge quickly recognized one of the obese man in the group.

Jin Fugui, also known as Fatty Jin, was a famous nouveau riche in the imperial city. His family had monopoly over a crystal mine, so he was very rich.

The other fat men were also rich and famous people within the imperial city.

"Why are these fellows eating at this kind of store? Don't they feel that this isn't the type of place that they should be eating at?"

"Get out of the way, let me go in." As Zhao Ruge's paper fan lightly touched one of the obese man, the obese man's body trembled and opened up a path.

Using this open path, Zhao Ruge squeezed into the store and coincidentally encountered Bu Fang, who had just came out of the kitchen with a bowl of Egg-Fried Rice in his hands.

The rich fragrance was like silk wrapping around Zhao Ruge, enveloping him within the aromatic explosion.

"Shop owner, hurry up and serve the dish! We can't wait any more!" Fatty Jin impatiently shouted as the flesh on his face trembled violently.

"Here's your improved version of Egg-Fried Rice, please enjoy your meal," Bu Fang put down the bowl and simply said, then he turned around to return to the kitchen.

Zhao Ruge woke up from his stupor and was surprised by Bu Fang's culinary skills, "No wonder Yanyu was lured into this place; his cooking skills isn't ordinary."

"Wait, prepare my improved Egg-Fried Rice first," Zhao Ruge demandingly said to Bu Fang.

"Hey! Beanpole! Don't you know about first-come, first-served?" When one of the obese man saw Zhao Ruge trying to jump the queue, he was immediately annoyed and loudly shouted at him.

Zhao Ruge disdainfully glanced at the obese man, then he coldly laughed and said, "Why would I need to be served after you? Who the hell are you to question me?"

"Damn it! I'm so angry!" That obese man was immediately enraged. "I am the owner of Fairview Square! Who the hell are you, brat?!"

"I am Zhao Ruge." He simply said.

Zhao Ruge, son of the Minister of the Left, was extremely noble. Once he announced his name, the obese man was immediately speechless and was staring at him with wide eyes.

Then the obese man bitterly glanced at Zhao Ruge with a face filled with reluctance.

"Fine... Your father is more capable than me, I won't compete with you."

[1] Iljimaee is a fictional character, also known as the Korean Robin Hood. He is well-known for his agility and skills, similar to those of a ninja.