

Gourmet 481

Chapter 481 Get Lost, Or... Die.

Nangong Wuque left after a while. As he was now the patriarch of the Nangong Family, there were many affairs he needed to take care of. He had only come to the Cloud Mist Restaurant because he was worried that Nangong Wan would end up provoking the Netherworld woman.

Since everything seemed fine, then he had to leave quickly.

Bu Fang didn't see Nangong Wuque off; he remained sitting in his original position whilst lost in thought. According to Nangong Wuque, it would be impossible for Bu Fang to spread his restaurant's name by depending solely on the Nangong Family. Therefore, he absolutely had to participate in the Magical Hand Conference.

However, how could he participate? Where would he apply for it?

When Bu Fang awoke from his reverie, he looked at Nangong Wan, who was sitting beside him cheerfully eating her dish, and said, "How do I sign up for the Magical Hand Conference if I wish to participate? Where do I apply?"

Nangong Wan put down the jar. Her face had become rosy after being blown by the Buddha Jumps Over The Wall Soup's steam, making the lassie look even more beautiful and charming.

"Owner Bu, do you really want to participate in the Magical Hand Conference?"

Nangong Wan believed that Bu Fang's chances of succeeding were quite slim, for Owner Bu was only a chef, not an alchemist. Therefore, how was he supposed to compete against the high-grade Spirit Pills refined by high-grade alchemists?

"Indeed... I want to spread the name of my store," Bu Fang decisively said.

It seemed like he was serious about it.

When Nangong Wan saw Bu Fang's decisive and firm look, she knew that it would be impossible for her to make him give up; thus, after hesitating for a while, she chuckled sweetly.

"If you want to participate in the conference, then you must participate as someone with a special gift, not as an alchemist. Those in Heavenly Must City that wish to apply can do so at the southern part of the city. If you wish to go there, then you must go early tomorrow morning," Nangong Wan said with a faint smile.

I must go to the southern part of the city? The Heavenly Mist City had a place set up for the registration of...

Since Bu Fang didn't know where he should sign up, he didn't reject Nangong Wan's proposition. He nodded in reply.

"Okay. Let's go together tomorrow morning."

When Nangong Wan heard Bu Fang's reply, her beautiful eyes instantly lit up. She took out countless high-grade crystals from her bosom, handed them over to Bu Fang, and cheerfully left the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

After Nangong Wan left, the store's opening hours came to an end.

Bu Fang stood up and closed the bronze gate. He collected the jars on the table and went into the kitchen.

Nethery's pitch-black eyes were still watching Bu Fang; only when he disappeared into the kitchen did she avert her gaze.

Blacky, who was beside her, was sleeping soundly.

She stood up and returned her chair to its place before casually waving her hand. The Netherworld Ship instantly appeared and fell heavily on the ground, giving rise to a strong wind that blew at Lord Dog's fur, causing it to flutter.

Lord Dog, who had been sound asleep, opened its eyes and glared at Nethery, who had already mounted on the Netherworld Ship.

Lassie, let this Lord Dog sleep.

When Bu Fang entered the kitchen, he practiced his cutting technique for a while. He was slowly progressing in the Overlord Thirteen Blades Technique after practicing it daily. His slow progress was a sharp contrast to how swiftly he learned the Meteor Cutting Technique.

Bu Fang had no means to deal with this, but he knew that he should not be hasty in such a matter.

An excellent chef and a veteran chef could stay in his kitchen for dozens of years, and he would use his whole life and time to practice his cutting skill and culinary arts.

Really good cutting techniques were only learned over a long period of time.

After Bu Fang had practiced for a while, he returned to his room and took a bath, then he lay on his bed and slept with stable and calm breaths.

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Two bright moons emitting cold lights adorned the sky of this pitch-black night. Their lights were like veils draped over the world.

Dozens of people clad in black robes quietly entered into the district where the Nangong Family was selling Multi-Taste Fasting Pills.

Every one of these people wore a mask, and their facial features could not be seen. However, the auras emanating from them were extremely powerful.

The person who led them was a Divine Physique Echelon expert emitting a strong world pressure.

"This place is filled with properties belonging to the Nangong Family. We should act according to the Lord's instructions and destroy all the stores here, preventing them from doing any business tomorrow."

"Understood!"

All the black-robed men answered at the same time.

They quickly shot out, dispersing. They moved about in groups of two.

A surging true energy erupted, followed by an explosion as an elixir store was destroyed. Crushed rocks flew in all directions and fell to the ground, littering it.

Another black-robed man jumped and swung his blade, sending forth a tyrannical blade energy which cut an elixir store in two.

This district had dozens of elixir stores, and they were all destroyed.

During the explosions, the low-grade elixirs within some storms scattered about, and the lot was stepped on and crushed by a black-robed man.

Two black-robed men who were speeding along suddenly stopped upon discovering the presence of a restaurant.

"This isn't an elixir store? How could such a big restaurant be here?" The two black-robed men looked at each other, wearing identical confusion-filled gazes.

"Should we destroy this... restaurant? Is there still anyone inside it or not?" One of the black-robed men asked.

They began to hesitate because they destroyed the other elixir stores because they knew that no one was inside them. After all, every evening, their owners would take all their valuable elixirs with them and return home.

As for this restaurant, they could not be sure of this. The owner may still be inside.

"Who cares... If this restaurant is one of the properties belonging to the Nangong Family, then we will have achieved great merits."

The other black-robed man clenched his teeth and coldly replied.

After that, they stopped hesitating. Their true energies erupted, and their gazes became sharper. Then, the two of them charged at the restaurant.

Hum...

They sent out a tyrannical Blade Energy and a mighty Sword Energy. Their attacks were very imposing; they intended to directly destroy the restaurant with that attack.

However, the two black-robed men were left dumbfounded; even after waiting a short while, they did not see the restaurant get destroyed. In fact, it was as if their attacks had just been an illusion. The restaurant was still intact and undamaged; not even a single brick missing from it. The restaurant seemed quite towering and imposing.

"Let's try again." The two black-robed men glanced at each other and nodded.

They attacked again, with extreme coordination. This time, they had put all their strength into their attacks. A formless giant blade hacked down on it.

This time, one black-robed man clearly saw his giant blade, which was formed from true energy, stopping several meters from the restaurant, unable to go any further.

What was happening? Why had it ended up like that?

Their eyes widened, and their faces which were hidden by their masks were brimming with disbelief.

Was it because of some array? But, they did not sense the aura of any arrays.

"Let me help you." The other black-robed man, who was still not convinced, roared angrily. His true energy soared up into the sky and turned into a giant blazing meteorite, which began to descend toward the restaurant. Its might was extremely astonishing.

Their commander, who was somewhere in the distance, couldn't help furrowing his brows when he saw it. What were those two doing? Why were they making such a racket? Were they afraid that no one would know that they were destroying the properties belonging to the Nangong Family?

He moved his feet, intending to rush toward them.

However, just when he was just about to move, his body suddenly stiffened.

"Those who disturb my sleep shall... die."

Those two black-robed men looked in fright at an extremely beautiful woman who was standing above the restaurant.

Her black long hair shimmered with a resplendent glow when the two bright moons shone down on it.

The ice-cold pressure permeating the surrounding made even breathing a strenuous task for them.

The enormous true energy blade and the blazing meteorite, which was descending at high speed, did not reach her before she casually flicked them. It was as if she had waved away a falling pile of dirt.

Their attack had disappeared just like that.

In the next moment, right in front of their terror-filled eyes, black hair wrapped around their necks. Their consciousness only lasted enough for them to notice that the woman had disappeared from the restaurant's roof, then it all went dark; their consciousness had thoroughly faded away.

The woman slowly retracted her black hair. She moved her fair long legs and as soon as her sparkling foot touched the ground, she turned around. Right behind her was the black-robed commander, who she just happened to have approached in less than an instant, making him almost suffocate.

"Get lost, or... die," Nethery said expressionlessly.

Chapter 482 What's The Truth?

"Get lost, or... die."

Her voice wasn't loud, but on this quiet and peaceful night, it was quite distinct and clear. To the black-robed commander, it was resounding.

The woman didn't seem harsh or stern; she just had a certain type of chilling attitude and indifference.

The black-robed commander looked at his two subordinates and found them lying weakly on the ground. Their blood was gushing out of their bodies and pooling around them.

A reeking scent of blood, which was capable of making one's hair stand on end, wafted out.

"Who is your excellency? Were you not too ruthless a moment ago?"

That black-robed commander constrained his fear and spoke coldly. His eyes seemed to flicker, and a silver spear appeared before him.

If someone from the Heavenly Mist City was there and saw the spear, they would certainly recognize this person.

The Zhang Family's commander, the Silver Spear Zhang He.

This man was one of Heavenly Mist City's famous experts. He had broken through one of the Supreme-Being's shackles and had an outstanding battle prowess.

However, even an expert like him was currently donning an extremely grave expression, and cold sweat was seeping down the hand that was holding the spear.

This bare-footed woman made him feel an extremely immense pressure.

This woman was powerful, extremely powerful!

Nethery's expression was ice-cold. She always wore this expression whenever she faced strangers. A radiance flickered within her pitch-black pupils, and it gradually spread out into her sclera, turning them completely black as well.

"If you don't want to get lost, then... die!"

An apathetic voice resounded.

Her black hair fluttered, springing loose, and it seemed to cover the moons and hide their radiance.

Zhang He cried out in anger, and all the pores on his body opened up as his true energy surged outwards and turned into a faint layer of mist which covered his body. He twirled his spear and thrust it at her. The incoming spear seemed like it would rip the sky apart. As the spear streaked towards Nethery, it looked like a flickering ray of light.

An illusory swaying chain appeared behind the commander.

Nethery's pitch-black eyes were profound and deep. As soon as her sparkling fair foot touched the ground once more, she disappeared like a ghost.

The streaking silver spear was directly engulfed by darkness.

Crack!

As Nethery's black dress fluttered, the sole of her feet landed lightly on the ground, landing on some shattered stones, causing a faint noise to echo.

Zhang He kept thrusting his spear at Nethery, but her waterfall-like hair swooshed around him, completely cornering him, and then it completely covered him, securing him tightly.

Nethery lowered her thin hand and expressionlessly turned around to look behind her.

Her hair tightened, causing the sound of bones being shattered to ring out.

Crack...

Zhang He couldn't even wail before he was strangled to death.

Swoosh!

Nethery retracted her hair, and let it hang loosely behind her. The pitch-black hair kept shrinking until it could reach her waist, making it seem exceptionally beautiful.

As the radiance emanating from the two moons shone down on Nethery, it illuminated her extremely beautiful face.

The commander... died?

The faces of the remaining black-robed men became filled with fright, and they decisively turned around and fled.

The woman was a demon; she was a devil who had crawled out of Hell!

If someone capable of killing people with her hair wasn't a devil, then what could she be?

However, the fleeing men had only managed to take a couple of steps before their eyes became bloodshot; they noticed that their feet had been grasped by black hair.

That hair expanded rapidly until it completely covered them.

Dozens of experts and a Divine Physique Echelon expert, who had broken through one of the Supreme-Being's shackles, had died in only several breaths of time.

If this news spread, it would certainly cause a great uproar.

The ground was littered with countless corpses.

Nethery strode forward, and her feet seemed to step into the void. In the next instant, she had returned to the roof of the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

She raised her hand, and the moonlight shone down upon it, causing the hand to look even fairer and delicate, like a piece of white jade. She waved her hand, and a formless fluctuation spread outwards.

Those corpses littering the ground were shattered instantly. They turned to dust and scattered. They only left puddles of blood behind, which exuded a reeking scent that permeated the air.

The blackness in her sclera disappeared, and they turned white once again.

The Netherworld woman expressionlessly swept the surrounding with her gaze before her body started becoming fuzzy and disappeared altogether.

The nose of Lord Dog, who was in the store, twitched slightly. It opened its drowsy eyes and looked at Nethery who was just returning to the Netherworld Ship, and it said in a manly but mild voice, "Did you take care of all of them?"

Nethery was startled, but she turned to look at Blacky and nodded.

"With you here, this Lord Dog will have an easier life. How much better would it be if you were this Lord Dog's Sweet 'n' Sour Meat Ribs?!"

The Netherworld woman opened her ruddy lips and chuckled before returning to the Netherworld Ship.

"This lassie..." Blacky rolled its eyes at her before going back to sleep.

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The next day, Bu Fang was awakened by miserable wails which sounded like the wails that pigs being brought to a slaughterhouse would make. He sat uprightly on his bed, rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looked around in confusion.

What happened?

He got out of his bed and looked out of his windows. All he could see was crushed bricks and destroyed elixir stores. There was also a group of elixir store owners kneeling down on the ground and weeping.

"What happened?" Bu Fang's eyes widened. How did so many elixir stores simultaneously collapsed in one night?

The fate of these elixir store owners was truly pitiful, seeing as they depended on their stores to make a living. In order to rent these places from the Nangong Family, the store owners had spent a large sum of money; thus, this incident was a heavy blow to all of them.

Some elixir store owners were sighing in despair, while some of them were wailing loudly, weeping bitter tears.

There were even some elixir store owners who were hitting the restaurant's bronze gates heavily in extreme anger. They believed that the culprit behind all of this was Bu Fang. This was because all the surrounding elixir stores were destroyed, and only his restaurant was still intact and undamaged. It would be impossible for something like this to happen without them thinking of this possibility.

The members of the Nangong Family arrived quickly. They were lead by one of the Nangong Family's elders. This elder had a profound gaze and after he had inquired about some matters from the distraught crowd, he shifted his gaze to the restaurant.

The bloodstains that filled the ground also attracted his attention.

What had happened the previous night?

That blood was brimming with an intense true energy, meaning that the person from which the blood flowed out of must have possessed an extremely powerful cultivation. If they could find who the blood flowed out from, then they would know the truth of this affair.

This elder believed that this matter was caused by someone from the Lin or Zhang Family. This was because there had already been some rumors around warning of something like this.

Nangong Wan and Nangong Wuque also rushed there. It was impossible for them not to come over and investigate after such a grave affair had occurred. The destruction of one of the Nangong Family's industries wasn't a small and trivial matter.

Nangong Wan was quite capable and astute and she managed to calm down those weeping elixir stores' owners by comforting them and promising them a refund.

Nangong Wan's elixir store was also destroyed, but she knew that this matter didn't have anything to do with Owner Bu. It had most certainly been done by someone sent by the Lin or Zhang Family.

They most definitely had to investigate this matter.

After Bu Fang had changed his clothes, he went downstairs and opened the store's bronze gate, then he leaned against it.

Nangong Wan and Nangong Wuque came over and greeted him.

Bu Fang couldn't help furrowing his brows when he noticed the surrounding elixir store owners glaring at him.

"Owner Bu, we know that this had nothing to do with you, so don't worry. We will surely find out who did this. The Nangong Family will not let such an offense pass by."

Nangong Wuque patted his chest as he assured Bu Fang.

Nangong Wan was in quite a bad mood at that moment because her elixir store was also destroyed. She had intended to come over today and renovate, but she hadn't expected such an incident to occur.

"Owner Bu, the place where people with special gifts are signing up for the Magical Hand Conference is in the western region. Are you free now? I will accompany you there," Nangong Wan said after letting out a breath.

"I don't have time now; I still haven't had breakfast," replied Bu Fang.

Nangong Wan's expression stiffened; she was somewhat dumbfounded by his reply.

"Do you want to join me? Come over and have a taste, but don't forget to drop some crystals before leaving," Bu Fang said before he turned and went to the kitchen.

Nangong Wuque's and Nangong Wan's eyes lit up. They were just about to enter the restaurant, however, when Nangong Wuque saw Nethery coming out of the Netherworld Ship, he turned around and left like a mouse that had just run into a cat.

Nangong Wan was left bewildered by his sudden retreat.

Nethery expressionlessly descended from the Netherworld Ship and yawned. Then, a buzzing sound emanated from the Netherworld ship before she took it back.

When Nangong Wan noticed Nethery, her pupils suddenly dilated.

She had just realized that a reeking scent of blood wafted out of Nethery's hair when the latter pulled it open, letting it hang loosely behind her.

A drop of something fell on Nangong Wan's face, and she subconsciously raised her hand and wiped it. It was at that moment that she realized that her hand was stained with blood.

Chapter 483 Even a Chef Like You Want To Sign In And Participate In The Conference?

Did this blood fly out of this woman's body? Why was she stained with blood? What did the woman do? Nangong Wan's heart was filled with doubts, and she looked at Nethery, whose hair hung loosely behind her, with a grave expression.

Nangong Wan felt like this aloof woman wasn't as simple as she seemed, and this wasn't just because Nangong Wuque dreaded her. Just the aura emanating from the woman caused Nangong Wan's heart to palpitate.

After Nethery straightened her hair, she raised her head and looked at Nangong Wan. She seemed bewildered as she wondered why Nangong Wan was staring at her. However, she didn't pay attention to Nangong Wan for a long. Instead, she turned around, went close to the kitchen, and stared at it with an expectant gaze.

She knew that it was time for breakfast.

A rich fragrance began to waft out of the kitchen shortly after.

Nangong Wan sat on a chair gracefully and crossed one of her fair long legs over the other, emitting the charm of a mature woman.

The impatient Nethery sat beside her and frequently turned to look toward the kitchen. She really was a foodie.

What dumbfounded Nangong Wan even more was that a black dog had suddenly appeared on the chair at her other side. The dog placed its paws on the table and stuck out its tongue while waiting for breakfast.

Nangong Wan, who was now sitting in between a woman and a dog, found the current situation quite queer.

What the hell is this?

A short while later, a richer fragrance wafted out of the kitchen, and soon, a thin man walked out of it. He was carrying two piping hot and fragrant dishes in both hands.

The man was Bu Fang.

Bu Fang also had an odd expression on his face when he spotted the trio. However, he did not spare too much thought for it.

"Blacky, here is your Sweet 'n' Sour Meat Ribs."

"Nethery, here is your Dragon Blood Rice."

Bu Fang placed the dishes in front of Blacky and Nethery, then he glanced at Nangong Wan briefly before returning to the kitchen.

A short while later, he came out carrying two baskets filled with Soup Dumplings.

"This is a basket of Soup Dumplings. They're quite delicious and suffice as breakfast."

Bu Fang passed a basket to Nangong Wan, then he took a seat and began to eat.

All the while Bu Fang had been in this store, he frequently tried to create new dishes.

This Soup Dumpling was a new dish he had come up with. However, he couldn't really be considered as the inventor of this particular dish because there were countless people who could also prepare it in his previous world.

The difference between a Soup Dumpling and an ordinary dumpling resided in the fact that after the dumpling is immersed in the soup, its thin, satiny texture would turn transparent and translucent. The interior of the Soup Dumpling was not filled with a thick broth; it was just filled with an intense fragrance.

Even if someone ate ten of these fragrant and delicious Soup Dumplings, the person would still not get tired of them. Hence, the dish was a good choice for breakfast.

Nangong Wan's eyes widened as she looked at the basket of Soup Dumplings. The steam and pleasant fragrance wafting from the basket whetted her appetite.

The people beside her had already started gorging their food. That black dog was eating its food noisily, while the ice-cold woman scooped rice with her hand and stuffed it in her mouth. Her table manners were really awful.

Nangong Wan picked a soft dumpling with her chopsticks and bit into it lightly. An intense fragrance burst out of the dumpling and surged inside her mouth. When her mouth registered the delicious taste of the dumpling, her body couldn't help but tremble.

"It's really... really delicious."

When Nangong Wan swallowed it down into her stomach, she moaned because of how deliciousness it had been.

Bu Fang was eating from his basket cheerfully. He could have filled the dumplings with something, but he was too lazy to prepare what he could fill them with. If he had filled the Soup Dumplings with some special sauce, they would have turned out extremely delicious.

Lord Dog had already learned from its past mistakes. It finished eating its Sweet 'n' Sour Ribs at the exact same time that Nethery finished her last mouthful of Dragon Blood Rice.

It licked its lips, laughed smugly at Nethery, and returned to the Five Stripes Path-Understanding Fruit Tree. It lay down beside the tree and went back to sleep. Eating and sleeping was Lord Dog's daily life.

After Nethery had eaten the last of her Dragon Blood Rice, her gaze shifted to Bu Fang's basket of Soup Dumplings.

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After Bu Fang had eaten and drunk his fill, he didn't start the day's business; instead, he closed the store's bronze gate and followed Nangong Wan out of the store.

They were headed to the city's southern side to sign up for the Magical Hand Conference.

Each family had a fixed quota on the number of people they could send to represent them, and all of those who were signing up by themselves were just vagabonds, doctors, or poison masters who weren't well-known.

Alchemists looked down on these kinds of people, considering them a dissident group. This was really the case because the most excellent doctor couldn't rival a single Spirit Pill.

In each Magical Hand Conference, many doctors and poison masters would participate with the hopes of entering the top fifty so that their fame and reputation would increase.

Gaining a resounding reputation was extremely beneficial to them.

The southern region of the city was kind of flourishing. On the contrary, only the center of the Heavenly Mist City flourished greatly. The farther a place was from the center of Heavenly Mist City, the poorer that place would be.

There were countless bronze buildings in the center of Heavenly Mist City, but in the city's southern region, such buildings were rare and few.

When they arrived, they noticed that most of the buildings there were small and old houses.

Nangong Wan was quite familiar with this place, and with Bu Fang in tow, she walked down countless alleys. It was as though they were in a labyrinth. A short while later, they reached an extremely tall building.

"This is the registration center. For this conference, people with special gifts need to sign up here," said Nangong Wan.

Bu Fang squinted his eyes and nodded as he looked at this building.

A countless number of people clad in bizarre outfits entered and came out of the building. The aura emanating from their bodies wasn't powerful, but it was still quite strange. Some of these people were clad in gray robes, and they were emitting a gloomy aura. Some others had beards and wore white robes; these bunch sported gentle expressions on their faces.

These groups were poison masters and doctors. They had no talent in alchemy, so they chose to walk down another path.

Nangong Wan led Bu Fang into this building. Its interior was bustling; there were many doctors and poison masters inside.

Bu Fang was dazzled by the great number of people.

They squeezed through the crowd and walked for a long time before reaching a small room.

"Owner Bu, this is where the registration takes place. The person responsible for the registrations is an acquaintance of mine," Nangong Wan said, with a smile, before pushing open the door and entering the room.

Bu Fang followed her into the room and saw a one-eyed old man reading a book. The old man seemed to sense someone enter and looked up from his book.

"Young miss Nangong, why did you come here?" The one-eyed old man stood up in surprise.

Nangong Wan was one of the Nangong Family's alchemists, so he instantly recognized her. Why had she come there, though? This was the registration center for applicants with special gifts and talents.

"Fu Ba, this is one of my friends. He wants to apply for the Magical Hand Conference," Nangong Wan said, introducing Bu Fang to the old man.

That one-eyed old man was taken aback for a moment; however, he finally understood why Nangong Wan had come.

"Fine. Tell your name, cultivation level, and profession." The one-eyed old man returned to his seat and took out a thick registration book. He began flipping through his pages.

"Bu Fang. My cultivation level is in the ninth grade Supreme-Being realm, and my profession is... chef," Bu Fang replied expressionlessly.

The one-eyed old man nodded and began to record the information.

"You are a... poison master?" The one-eyed old man eyed Bu Fang in astonishment. Such a fair and honest kid didn't seem like the type who would engage in the vile arts of poison masters.

Nangong Wan smiled and said, "Fu Ba, my friend isn't a poison master; he's a chef."

"A chef? Hold on... are you talking about those chefs who cook dishes in a kitchen?" The one-eyed old man was stunned. He gaped at Nangong Wan with an odd expression on his face.

Even a chef had come to apply for the Magical Hand Conference... Wasn't it really hilarious?

As the person responsible for the registration of people with special talents, Fu Ba had seen all kinds of doctors, poison masters, and even therapy masters; however, he had never seen a chef apply, till now.

The other special talent applicants would make medicines and poisons, but what would he make? Dishes? Would he cook on the stage?

When Fu Ba imagined the scene, he found it quite comical.

"Young miss Nangong... are you making a joke to amuse this old man? There is no point in a chef participating in this conference; I won't register him in." That one-eyed old man believed that Nangong Wan and Bu Fang had only come to joke around and amuse him.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows when Fu Ba said he wouldn't register him.

"Is there a rule that chefs aren't allowed in the conference?" Bu Fang asked.

The one-eyed old man was taken aback by his question. There wasn't really any rule like that. Everyone that possessed special talents was allowed to participate; there were no professions that were prohibited from participating.

However, a chef? This was too absurd and ridiculous.

"Then register my name. Why would it concern you whether I win or lose in the conference?" Bu Fang asked.

The one-eyed old man raised his brows. He felt the kid somewhat overbearing.

However, he smiled coldly and put down his pen, then looked at Bu Fang and said, "You are really confident. I can register your name, but you must pass a little test before first. If you can't display enough skill worthy of participating in this convention, then... get lost immediately."

Chapter 484 The Owner Bu Who Was Looked Down Upon

Fu Ba was displeased by the attitude of the kid in front of him.

How could he say something like "Why would it concern you whether I win or lose in the conference" when seeing as he, Fu Ba, was responsible for registering people there, making him also responsible for disqualifying them.

The number of people with special talents was greater than the number of alchemists. This was because only a minuscule number of people could become alchemists, while many others were incapable of walking down that path.

Those who couldn't become alchemists chose to become doctors or poison masters, instead.

If all of the doctors or poison masters who came to apply were allowed to participate in the conference, then wouldn't he have to spend the entire day recording names? Wouldn't the ensuing large number of people water down the conference?

Although "Chef" was a nice-sounding title, they were, in fact, just mere cooks.

Why would a mere cook seek to join the conference?

Moreover, how many cooks were still left in Heavenly Mist City? If cooks were amazing, then they wouldn't have been forced to shut down their restaurant because of Multi-Taste Fasting Pills.

There was no way for a chef to compete against an alchemist.

"Teacher! I heard that the young miss Nangong came over..."

While Bu Fang and Fu Ba were having a stare down, someone pushed open the door and rushed in cheerfully. It was a handsome youngster who had a bright pair of eyes that made him seem energetic and spirited.

This person was Fu Ba's disciple—a young doctor who had an outstanding medical expertise.

"Young miss Nangong, I haven't seen you in a long time... However, you are still as charming and beautiful as before." The youngster's gaze turned fiery when he noticed Nangong Wan in the room.

Nangong Wan just smiled and nodded at him in reply, without uttering a word.

"Fu Ba, just register my friend's name. He really wishes to participate in this Magical Hand Conference."

That one-eyed old man shot a look at the expressionless Bu Fang and couldn't help but inwardly sneer as he recalled his arrogant words.

"I can surely register him in as I was always fair and just, but if your friend can't pass even a basic selection, then don't blame me for rejecting him. Little Zhen, lead this young master to where he can participate in the selection process with the fifth group."

That youngster was taken aback. He turned to look at Bu Fang in astonishment before nodding at him.

"Come with me," said that youngster, leading Bu Fang out of the room afterwards.

Nangong Wan didn't follow them. Instead, she left with the one-eyed man and arrived at the observation seats.

"Do you see that place? Go there and tell the person overseeing the process that you are here to participate in the selection, and he will let you in. However, I must tell you that there is no place for a chef here," the youngster said to Bu Fang in a tone of astonishment.

Only a mere chef... even if he was extremely amazing, he still wouldn't amount to anything.

The doctors and poison masters somewhat derived their professions from alchemists', with the hope of surpassing alchemists some day.

However, if a mere chef like him declared his wish to challenge an alchemist, everyone would laugh at him.

"You are probably the first chef in history who has come here to register for the Magical Hand Conference. I hope that you can pass the selection process, but if you can't pass such a trifling selection, then you just have to go home, take a bath and go back to sleep."

That youngster scoffed at him. It wasn't as though he looked down upon Bu Fang, he just believed that Bu Fang's goals were outrageous.

Bu Fang just looked at him calmly without uttering a word. There were some things that one didn't need to explain, and Bu Fang was too lazy to try and explain, as well. Moreover, this youngster wasn't qualified enough to warrant an explanation from Bu Fang.

These people knew nothing about chefs.

A trace of mockery flashed within the youngster's eyes as he watched Bu Fang walk toward the stage where the selection trials was going to be held. Then, the youth turned around and went to the observation seats because Nangong Wan was there.

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"Have you come to participate in the selection? If so, then tell your name and profession; after that, you can go and stand in a corner, waiting for your turn," the examiner said, after calmly watching Bu Fang for a few moments.

"Bu Fang. A chef," replied Bu Fang.

That examiner was taken aback. He furrowed his brows and said, "Speak clearly; what profession did you just say?"

"A chef..." Bu Fang said, looking at the examiner as though he was a moron.

That examiner was stunned by his reply. He had seen countless doctors and poison masters come to participate, but this was his first time seeing a chef. Was this kid just some clown?

However, since the kid had come there to be examined, then he must have already passed through Fu Ba. Still, what kind of test should he set for him?

That examiner began to nurse a headache over this matter, so he just looked at Bu Fang and waved his hands at the chef in dismissal. "You will join that group there. Your group will undertake a collective examination, and another examiner will judge the products you all make, to determine whether you are qualified to participate in the Magical Hand Conference or not."

Bu Fang nodded indifferently and went over to a group that already had four people in it.

In the observation seats, the one-eyed old man sat on a chair while talking with Nangong Wan, who was beside him, with a cheerful disposition.

Although the Nangong Family was unstable at the moment, this didn't prevent him from trying to befriend Nangong Wan. This was because even a thin camel was still bigger than a horse, after all; no matter how much the Nangong Family declined, they would still be an existence he wouldn't dare offend.

"Young miss Nangong, your friend really is quite interesting. Shouldn't a chef just stay in his kitchen and cook? Why did he come to participate in the Magical Hand Conference? Moreover, I am even surprised that there are still chefs in our Heavenly Mist City."

"Fu Ba, you shouldn't look down on my friend; his culinary skill is truly unprecedented and unique. It had never been seen before," Nangong Wan replied.

She was confident that Bu Fang's culinary skill would certainly amaze them all. Even she was shocked for a long time after she first tasted his dishes, which rivaled elixirs. That was a discovery that battered what she considered common knowledge. His dishes tasted better than elixirs, and their effects weren't any weaker either.

This was an extremely astonishing matter!

"It seems like you are quite confident in your friend. We should wait and see, then," Fu Ba said, even though he didn't believe a chef could be that amazing.

Even someone like him who was a top-notch doctor would be crushed directly and defeated if he was to face a One Cloud Alchemist. Thus, what could a mere chef achieve?

"Let's have a look, then; the selection will begin shortly,." Nangong Wan calmly replied.

.....

The enormous arena they were in had an opening above it, from which light entered and shone down on the stage, brightening it up.

Bu Fang and the other four members in his group stepped up and into the arena.

There were five platforms on the arena. This was where each of them would try to pass their tests.

Bu Fang stroked the bronze platform in front of him, which looked crudely made. He couldn't help furrowing his brows when he felt a stabbing pain on his palm that was caused by friction.

The examiner came over and stood at the center of the arena center, then he began to explain the rules of the test. There weren't any concrete rules, however. Each of them were only required to make a product whose effects rivaled the effects of an eighth grade elixir, in order to pass this test. This requirement wasn't high; it could even be considered quite low because refining an eighth grade elixir was quite easy for an alchemist.

Moreover, what high-grade alchemists refined were Spirit Pills that had extremely terrifying effects.

Bu Fang looked at others in his group, and he discovered that they were quite calm and collected; they seemed quite confident in their skills.

Fu Ba, who was seating in the observation seats, smiled and said to Nangong Wan, "Those four people all have extraordinary talents and wish to enter the top hundred. It would be extremely difficult for your friend to stand out since he has run into them."

Nangong Wan only chuckled when she heard him. She was quite confident in Owner Bu's skill.

Bu Fang could sense and feel those people's confidence as they were quite sure of their skill.

"Alright; the test will start now. The time limit is just... one hour. If you exceed it, you will be disqualified immediately."

When the examiner finished his announcement, the people on the stage all began to work.

This test was being watched by a countless number of people because, like Fu Ba had said, those four all had resounding reputations, and their test was certainly worth observing.

Some people in the audience also noticed Bu Fang mixed in with these four. They watched him with sympathy-filled gazes because they believed he would have trouble standing out now that he had met into those four.

They figured that it was the kid's first time participating in the selection process because they didn't recognize his face. His luck was really bad, they thought.

It was obvious that none of them expected anything from him.

When Bu Fang took out the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and slammed it on the ground, the entire audience quietened down for a moment, before raising an uproar. Countless sounds of laughter and jeers echoed throughout the arena.

Had that lad come there to amuse them? Had he taken out that black wok to... cook a dish?

Chapter 485 A Chef? He's Obviously A Poison Master!

No one had expected Bu Fang would take out a wok.

They could see that his item was only a wok, not a furnace used by alchemists to refine elixirs. At first, they thought that Bu Fang had taken out a furnace, but after taking a second look, they couldn't help laughing out loud; their resounding laughter was brimming with mockery.

"I almost thought that an alchemist had appeared here, but it turned out that he had only taken out a wok."

"Will he use that wok to refine a medicine or a drug? Is this lad a doctor?"

"Rubbish. Have you ever seen someone refine medicine with a wok? Even if he was a doctor, he would still use a furnace to refine medicines."

....

The audience began to discuss and argue amongst themselves.

The other four contestants in the arena, who were standing pretty close to Bu Fang, had a clear look at him and discovered that the item he had whipped out was really just a wok. Furthermore, he wasn't just in possession of a wok, there was also a kitchen knife right beside it.

When Bu Fang raised the Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, the whole place went into an uproar.

My God! What does he want to make? Does the lad seek to cook a dish? Even cooks are allowed to participate in the selection? Or, had he just come to put on a show to amuse them?

They were all bewildered and confused. Since symbolic tools like a kitchen knife and a wok had appeared in the area, if someone still said that Bu Fang wasn't a cook, they wouldn't believe the person.

Fu Ba was also dumbfounded. However, he chuckled lightly and said, "Young miss Nangong, he has become a laughingstock now."

However, contrary to the response he expected, Nangong Wan's expression did not change, neither did it turn unsightly; instead, her lips had curled up slightly as she revealed a meaningful smile.

Fu Ba took a long look at her before directing his gaze back to the arena.

The other four contestants had also assumed that Bu Fang came for fun, so they paid him no more attention. Their true energies surged out of their bodies as they took out bronze furnaces from their Spatial Spirit Tools.

Three were doctors, and the last one was a poison master. However, both doctors and poison masters had to use a Medicine Furnace if they sought to refine some drugs.

A Medicine Furnace was inferior to a Pill Furnace but it was easier to control than the latter.

The other four contestants placed countless spirit medicines on their bronze platforms. These spirit medicines emitted a rich fragrance and spiritual energy, which soared into the sky, intertwining along the air; the result affected the minds of the audience.

The gaze of one of the doctors became sharp, and he took a deep breath before crushing a spirit medicine, which he proceeded to pour into his Medicine Furnace. He ignited his furnace, and it gradually turned bright red before starting to emit steam. The doctor took out a scarlet fruit, and with an extremely earnest and focused expression, he clutched the fruit with both hands, then he began to wring it with a peculiar technique, causing its skin to fall off instantly.

Many people in the audience exclaimed in surprise and cheered when they saw him do that.

The technique a doctor used to process his medicinal ingredients was extremely important. If he did not process his ingredients properly, how would he be able to refine a good medicine?

A long, scarlet snake suddenly appeared in the hands of the poison master, exuding a gloomy aura. That long snake was sporting pitch-black fangs which seemed extremely poisonous.

The poison master's expression didn't change for a second as he swung his hand and tore an opening in a place seven inches from the snake's head. He inserted his thumb and index finger into that incision and pulled out a pitch-black gall from within.

He raised the gall to his nose, sniffed it, and curled the corners of his mouth upwards.

The number of poison masters was fewer than the number of doctors because the profession was filled with dangers. Poison masters frequently came in contact with all kinds of poisonous substances.

However, everyone knew that it would be easier for an excellent poison master to challenge an alchemist than it would be for a doctor.

This was akin to the phrase: danger is always accompanied by fortune. Although the poison master profession was fraught with danger, it was still easier for them to refine drugs that had astonishing effects, as a result of this danger.

In the past, there was a poison master who managed to reach the top thirty in the Magical Hand Conference. Such an achievement caused a great sensation.

It must be known that even entering the top fifty was marvelous to people with special gifts.

The four other contestants did not hold back and displayed their skills. Although this was just a selection contest, they did not dare take it lightly. This was because refining drugs demanded their complete focus and attention; if they made just a small mistake, their entire refining process would end up a failure.

Such a grave price wasn't something they could afford to pay.

Suddenly, as the four other competitors were concentrating on refining drugs, a faint stench drifted over to them.

A stench? Who had failed their refinement process? Did the person end up burning all his ingredients in his furnace?

This was the first thought that crossed their minds. However, after twitching their nose slightly, they felt that something was off about the stench. It did not smell as if it was caused by burning ingredients.

One doctor could not help turning his head to look at the source of the stench, and he saw Bu Fang taking out an earthen jar, which he proceeded to place on his platform. The stench was emanating from Bu Fang's platform.

Bu Fang swung his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, and it flickered like a shooting meteor. Everyone in the audience could only see a flash before they noticed that Bu Fang's ingredients had been cut minced.

Bu Fang tipped these ingredients inside his wok and began to fry them. This caused sizzling sounds to resound through the arena.

Everyone was struck dumb when they saw the steam rising from his wok.

This kid really did start cooking on the stage. With how shameless he seemed, why hadn't he ascended to heaven already?

A faint fragrance and a faint stinky odor wafted out of the wok. The combination of both odors bewildered many people.

The four other contestants stole glances at Bu Fang, then they diverted their gazes away, no longer interested in him. Although the odor was weird, they would not care about it as long as it did not affect them.

They exerted their complete attention into refining their drugs. Bu Fang began the next step in his cooking. He walked to the earthen jar on the bronze platform, and slapped its lid, causing it to fly away.

The faint stench which had been wafting around instantly became extremely intense; it was though someone had just let loose a stinky fat right in front of everyone's noses.

"What the f*ck! What the hell is this? Why it's this stinky?"

"What is that kid doing? Why is it this stinky? Is that earthen jar filled with excrements?"

"Is he making a dish? Like hell I'll actually believe that! Where did this clown come from? Is he actually boiling excrement?"

...

The expressions of every audience member changed to one of surprise and anger as they covered their noses.

They watched Bu Fang, whose expression was calm and indifferent, take out many black objects from within the earthen jar. A stinky viscous liquid was flowing out of these black objects...

Fu Ba's complexion instantly darkened, and blue veins appeared on his forehead.

However, Nangong Wan found the scene both funny and embarrassing. She did not expect Bu Fang to make that dish... He would end up causing a scene.

"Young miss Nangong, you weren't frank with me. This kid is a poison master, isn't he? If that is not the case, then how can he take out such disgusting objects?"

Fu Ba's complexion was dark; he felt he had been tricked by Bu Fang.

A chef? Who the hell is a chef?

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Bu Fang lifted a pitch-black Stinky Tofu with his Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and threw it into the wok. A sizzling sound immediately rang out as oil splashed.

The disgusting stench emanating from the wok became even more intense, and the odor engulfed the entire place.

Bang!

A explosion rocked the stage. A doctor who was not far from Bu Fang had clutched his throat and shed tears because of the stench; when he leaned against his bronze platform for support, the furnace in front of him exploded, and medicinal paste flew out of it and splattered all over the ground.

"It's so stinky that I could not use my mind anymore!"

The doctor was enraged and viciously glared at Bu Fang. "That guy is doing all of this intentionally."

The current state of the remaining two doctors was no better. Both of them had covered their noses, and their complexions had darkened as though they had been poisoned. Their furnaces trembled constantly; it seemed likely that they would explode soon. Both doctors were incapable of controlling their mental power properly because of the stench.

The only person who was still calm and unperturbed was the poison master. He curled up the corners of his mouth as he looked at Bu Fang in surprise.

"It turns out that it's a person of the same profession. Such a move is really too vile and poisonous."

The poison master took a deep breath and inspired that stinky odor into his nose. "It's truly too stinky. But... I like it," the poison mater concluded with a smile.

He took out a hairy black spider and threw it into his furnace, then began to increase the intensity of his flame. As the temperature of his furnace gradually increased, a faint, black stinky gas surged out of it.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Consecutive explosions rocked the stage as the furnaces of the remaining two doctors exploded, splashing medicinal paste around.

The doctors' complexions were now quite dark. Since their furnaces had exploded, didn't this mean that they had failed to pass the selection?

Such a matter was really too awful!

Why did such a vicious and vile person exist?

Bu Fang's expression remained calm and indifferent. As he stirred the Stinky Tofu in the wok, its disgusting odor changed slightly.

A long while later, he scooped out the deep-fried Stinky Tofu from the wok and placed it in a porcelain bowl.

It was smeared in the Sweet Spicy Juice that he had prepared earlier.

A Sweet Spicy Stinky Tofu was successfully cooked.

Chapter 486 Weren't We Birds of a Feather?

"What? What is all of this for?"

The doctors almost flew into a rage when they saw Bu Fang put on an innocent expression; they really wished they could take out their shoes and hurl them at his face.

If you hadn't cooked some random shit whose stench affected our minds, how would we end up blowing our furnaces by mistake?

All of this was because of this damned guy!

At first, they had assumed that he was harmless, and that his participation was completely irrelevant.

Who the hell was irrelevant?! Who would have expected this lad to be this vile? He actually had the guts to boil some excrement-like objects in the arena...

Could he be any more shameless than that?

Bu Fang was somewhat dumbfounded by the doctors' resentful gazes. Were these three morons?

He was disinclined to pay any more attention to them. He turned to face the examiner and calmly said, "This is my product. It's already finished, and it was finished within the stipulated time of one hour."

The examiner, who was still quite shocked, came back to his senses.

He walked over and looked at Bu Fang's dish.

Well... its appearance was unexpectedly quite nice.

Although Bu Fang skill of exhibiting dishes didn't go through the system's training, he still had experience from his past life, so he was able to display his dish quite impressively.

They were, at the very least, still easy on the eyes.

Although this examiner had worked as an examiner for many years, this was still the first time he had seen someone cook a dish on this stage. Hence, he was rather curious about the dish.

He sniffed the dish slightly, and the aroma wafting from the dish instantly drilled into his nostrils, causing his face to darken.

"What odor is this?" That examiner asked, almost throwing up, and the gaze he directed at the Sweet Spicy Stinky Tofu became one of fright.

"It's a stinky odor..." Bu Fang replied him, expressionlessly.

"Are you a poison master? Do current poison masters learn to keep up with the times and progress further on? You actually made such a disgusting object... Aren't you deliberately using it to nauseate and disgust people?" the examiner glared at Bu Fang.

The three doctors, who weren't far from them, also glared at him while nodding.

"Examiner, you should immediately withdraw his right to participate. If he had made and showed off such a disgusting object in the Magical Hand Conference, then he would thoroughly disgrace our Heavenly Mist City."

Thee three doctors were really angry and indignant, and they all asked the examiner to disqualify Bu Fang.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows and turned to look at them.

Had these three morons lost their minds because of that stench?

"Shut up. If you still dare to speak up, don't blame me for beating you up," Bu Fang said indifferently.

Ah! Did this kid just spout such arrogant and overbearing words?

The three doctors were even angrier now. How could they fear Bu Fang? One of them was a Divine Physique Echelon expert who had broken through one Supreme-Being shackle, while the other two were still Supreme-Beings.

So, how could they fear a Supreme-Being lad?

"Tell me, how can this object be used? By eating it directly?" The examiner restrained the doctors who were about to flare up and shifted his gaze back to the Sweet Spicy Stinky Tofu.

"It is, obviously, by eating it directly," Bu Fang replied.

Directly eating such... such objects which were as smelly as excrement?

That examiner swallowed his saliva and looked at Bu Fang and realized that his gaze was quite sincere and honest. This was an encouraging gaze.

In the observation seats, both Fu Ba and Nangong Wan were watching the events that unfolded.

"It seems the kid has finished making his product; let's go down and have a look at it," Fu Ba said.

After he had said that, he went down the observation stage. He really wanted to see the level of skill the arrogant kid who sought to enter the Magical Hand Conference as a chef had.

What was the dish he depended on to be that arrogant?

While the examiner was still hesitating to eat the dish, Nangong Wan and Fu Ba came over. When the examiner saw Fu Ba, his eyes lit up instantly.

"Sir, you came over?" the examiner said respectfully.

"Is this the dish made by that lad?" Fu Ba squinted his eyes as he looked at the Sweet Spicy Stinky Tofu.

A thick stench and a sweet fragrance were combined in the dish, and it gave people an extremely peculiar feeling.

Fu Ba couldn't help widening his eyes when he noticed it. The odor emanating from the dish caused all the hair on his body to stand on end.

Even when he was in the observation seats, he found the odor unbearable, and now that he was perceiving it up close, he found it even more smelly.

It was even more smelly than the drugs of common poison masters.

A chef? Is he a chef?

Fu Ba felt his common sense topple over.

"Fine. You don't need to force yourself; I will personally taste it and examine him," Fu Ba said, twitching the corners of his mouth.

As if being relieved from a heavy burden, the examiner passed the bowl to Fu Ba and fled far away from it, then continued to watch Fu Ba from a distance.

"Fu Ba, will you taste it or not? If you won't taste it, then I will do it, instead," Nangong Wan said, with a warm smile. The stench was completely incapable of affecting her. It was many times better than that Stinky Tofu Owner Bu had made in his restaurant.

Fu Ba was surprised by Nangong Wan's words. She was the Nangong Family's princess, yet she was actually willing to taste such a disgusting object? Did the dish hold a secret behind it?

He scooped up a piece of the black Stinky Tofu, which had a slightly yellow luster, with his chopsticks.

Oil dripped from it, and a nauseating odor wafted out of it.

Fu Ba felt as though his stomach had become a mess. He really was risking his life to examine the dish. He closed his eyes and placed that piece of Stinky Tofu into his mouth, then began to chew it resolutely.

He felt a soft texture in his mouth. It was supple, like cow's milk, and it was so comforting he was left feeling like something was massaging the muscles in his mouth.

Unexpectedly, it tasted quite good!

Fu Ba opened his eyes in astonishment and exclaimed in surprise.

The Stinky Tofu had absorbed a great amount of oil, and biting into it slightly caused sweet oil to seep out.

Fu Ba's first impression of the dish was its stench, then its softness and sweetness...

Did he actually find such a object quite sweet?

Fu Ba thought that his head had been impaired by its stench. However, it was actually producing such a marvelous sensation in his mouth.

The dish was not awful at all.

Fu Ba's face was filled with disbelief. Such a great contrast really surprised him. Fu Ba, who seemed intoxicated by it, reached his chopsticks out to another piece of Stinky Tofu and grasped it, then he promptly stuffed it into his mouth.

Squish! Squish!

The more Fu Ba ate, the faster he ate.

The three doctors were struck dumb by the unfolding event; they had no idea why Fu Ba was this passionate.

It was spicy, crisp, and sweet.

The Sweet Spicy Stinky Tofu caused Fu Ba to feel a great rush of excitement.

The three doctors were flabbergasted. What was happening there? Why had Fu Ba, who was wearing a menacing expression only a moment ago, become this intoxicated?

Wasn't that excrement-like object... disgusting?

"Delicious! It tastes extremely delicious!" Fu Ba exclaimed in surprise.

Bu Fang was quite calm in the face of all that because it was all within his expectations. Moreover, the crux of this dish wasn't in its taste, but in its spiritual energy and its effects.

After Fu Ba had eaten several pieces of Stinky Tofu, his body trembled as Bu Fang had expected. Fu Ba felt all the true energy in his body begin to rotate swiftly, and he also felt all the impurities within his fleshly body getting forced out.

Pff! Pff!

Several deafening farts resounded, which stunned everyone.

Nangong Wan reacted quickly and covered her nose with her sleeves while she swiftly distanced herself from him.

Bu Fang also decisively distanced himself from Fu Ba.

Fu Ba, on the hand, was letting loose these thunderous farts continuously because the impurities in his body were being forced out.

With each fart Fu Ba unleashed, he felt his body become lighter and more relaxed. It was like he had suddenly become younger. He found the experience crisp and pleasurable.

This dish's effect was even better than that of the ninth grade elixir "Body Tempering Pill".

Fu Wa exclaimed inwardly. This kid wasn't just boasting. The effect of the dish he made was, unexpectedly, comparable to that of a ninth grade elixir.

It was truly extraordinary!

It seemed that he had misjudged the kid.

Fu Ba's smelly farts were even stinkier than the Stinky Tofu's odor.

Bang!

An explosion rocked the stage as the furnace of the poison master, whose face was now filled with shock, exploded, causing a green paste to splatter all around.

That smelly fart was so stinky that it disturbed even that poison master's mind, which caused his furnace to explode.

That poison master was so pained that he couldn't breathe properly, and he almost shed tears. He had almost finished making it! He was so regretful that he almost became mad!

Weren't we birds of a feather?

Fu Ba was somewhat embarrassed; that was something he couldn't control. He was completely incapable of stopping himself from farting.

After letting out several more deafening farts, the dish's effects began to weaken. Fu Ba, on the other hand, felt much lighter, and his mind was much clearer. The effects of this dish had really astonished him.

"Good, good, good. You passed. You passed!" Fu Ba said joyfully.

It was really astonishing that culinary arts could reach such a level.

The examiner and the three doctors were dumbfounded by Fu Ba's words. Had Bu Fang passed the exam just like that?

It was unfair!

Bu Fang, however, was disinclined to care about their objections. Since he had already gotten the right to participate in the Magical Hand Conference, then there was no longer any need for him to stay there; he would go back and open his store for business.

He turned around and walked toward the exit.

"Your excellency Bu Fang, you already obtained the right to participate in the Magical Hand Conference, so don't forget to come to the plaza in the center of Heavenly Mist City in three days, in order to participate in the preliminary competition."

Just as Bu Fang's body was about to disappear from Fu Ba's sight, he came back to his sense and hurriedly shouted out.

Fu Ba was really excited; he felt that Bu Fang's appearance was probably a flicker of hope for people with special gifts in the upcoming conference.

This lad could probably create a legendary record and achievement!

"Elder Fu, we aren't convinced about the results. That kid's product disturbed us, so why didn't you disqualify him?" The doctors glared at Fu Ba as they demanded an explanation from him.

After all, they had good prospects and an opportunity to reach the top fifty, so how could they bear being eliminated without even competing in the conference?

Moreover, the kid who caused them to get eliminated easily and effortlessly acquired the right to participate in the conference, so how could they bear it?

Fu Ba licked his lips and calmly looked at them, without uttering a word. He passed to them the last piece of Stinky Tofu left in the porcelain tray.

"If you taste it, you will know why."

The doctors were taken aback by his words, and they looked at each other in dismay. They couldn't help twitching the corners of their mouth as they looked at the last piece of Stinky Tofu in the bowl, which emitted a stinky odor.

Chapter 487 The Heavenly Mist City's Undercurrents Started Surging

Nangong Wan felt somewhat regretful that she did not get to taste Bu Fang's Stinky Tofu. After she had tasted the dish for the first time, her attitude toward it changed from disgust to fondness; she understood how marvelous the dish's charm was.

After Bu Fang and Nangong Wan left the southern region of the city, they rode a spirit beast carriage back to the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

The area surrounding the restaurant was still as messy as before, but a large number of people, who had been sent by the Nangong Family, could be seen repairing the buildings.

A long stream of people passed through the area, leaving the area bustling with activity and noise.

After accompanying Bu Fang back to his restaurant, Nangong Wan rode the spirit beast carriage back to her home. Her elixir store had also been destroyed, and so this was a matter she had no plans to let go of.

She had to find the culprit and teach him a lesson.

Enraged women were the most terrifying creatures. The current Nangong Wan seemed frightening.

However, all of this had nothing to do with Bu Fang.

As soon as he returned to his store, he opened for business.

There were fewer customers today. This was probably because the surrounding elixir stores had been destroyed.

However, Bu Fang didn't dislike being idle; he pulled a chair to the front of the store and lay on it. As the warm rays of sunlight cascaded down on his relaxed figure, he couldn't help feeling sleepy.

Inside the store, Nethery kept pacing back and forth, barefooted; she seemed really bored.

She took a leaf from Bu Fang's book and also pulled a chair to the entrance of the store, then she sat down. However, she did not sit for too long before fleeing the area in a hurry because she could not bear the sunlight.

She went over to Lord Dog and sat cross-legged beside it, and began to survey her surrounding with a blank expression on her face.

....

In the Nangong Family's courtyard, Nangong Wuque stood with his hands clasped behind his back and a gloomy expression on his face.

"What did you find? Who was behind yesterday's matter?" He asked in a dignified tone of voice.

"Patriarch, I already investigated. It should have been someone from the Zhang Family behind it. Just the day before, the whereabouts of the Zhang Family's Commander, Zhang He, was unknown, and he still hasn't returned, yet. The Zhang Family are furious, but they still chose to keep the matter away from the public, which seems really fishy," said an elder who had furrowed his brows.

Nangong Wuque nodded at the elder and began to pace around. Then, he squinted his eyes and said, "It really is fishy. If one of their commanders disappeared, the Zhang Family, with their temper, should have already sent out all their personnel to comb the entire city. However, they did not make any moves whatsoever. Is this because they have something to hide, making them unable to dare make a move?"

"However, what could be behind Zhang He's disappearance? Was he killed?" the elder asked in confusion.

Nangong Wuque suddenly thought of something; he had just recalled seeing Bu Fang's restaurant intact, without any damage whatsoever. Hence, Zhang He might have been killed by someone from the restaurant.

If Zhang He had really attempted to destroy the restaurant like he destroyed the elixir stores, he would, most definitely, have incited the rage of one of the restaurant's experts. Who in that restaurant was capable of killing Zhang He silently? Other than that terrifying woman, who else could it be...

As Nangong Wuque pondered about this, he couldn't help shuddering.

"Prepare a spirit beast carriage for me; I will take a trip to the Zhang Family. We won't take such losses sitting down; we must retaliate."

The elder was taken aback by Nangong Wuque's declaration and turned to stare at him with a blank expression.

Fine. It seemed that Nangong Wuque had become more reliable.

....

The Heavenly Mist City's teleportation array was bustling with noise and activity once again, as many experts stepped out of the array.

After each teleportation, a great number of people would step out of the array.

The increase in the number of people wasn't just because of the teleportation array; there was an innumerable amount of giant warships rushing into the city, and these warships were filled with experts from various big factions.

There was also a large number of alchemists coming into the city. These alchemists came from the Pill Palace's other two Pill Cities, Heavenly Pill City, and Heavenly Shine City.

The reason behind the large influx of people was the Magical Hand Conference, which was to be held, this time, in the Heavenly Mist City.

From amongst the lot of ships, there was a warship that had the words "Mystery Capital House" inscribed on it. The Mystery Capital House was one of Heavenly Pill City's top-notch elixir stores—an existence tantamount to the Heavenly Mist City's Drifting Cloud House.

Every top-notch elixir store had a top-notch alchemist behind it.

There was a Four Clouds Alchemist in the Mystery Capital House's warship. He was one of the appraisers for this Magical Hand Conference.

The Heavenly Shine City's Dazzling Sun House's warship also arrived.

Including the prestigious alchemists arriving from the Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City, one could see that these alchemists were all grand and imposing.

The Heavenly Mist City was the weakest Pill City because it had only one Four Clouds Alchemist.

Four of the five Four Cloud Alchemist appraisers present were from Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City.

The Heavenly Mist City's lord personally came over to welcome them and invite them to his palace. The city bustled with activity and noise when these prestigious alchemists arrived.

Buzz...

A radiant glow flickered in teleportation array as an expert clad in a black robe stepped out of it. This expert carried a bronze coffin on his back; this coffin was emitting an extremely eerie aura.

"My two younger brothers died in the Heavenly Mist City's Secret Realm, didn't they? I heard that a lot of people manage to come back alive. Seeing as the members of my Puppet Sect died, why do these people get to keep their lives?"

The man raised his head, and an awe-inspiring glow flickered within his eyes, which were hidden by the hood of the black robe.

Experts from the Wind and Thunder Pavilion also emerged from the teleportation array. Xiao Changyun's death was a grave blow to them because his status was really high; thus, they sent someone to investigate his death.

This wasn't just the case for Wind and Thunder Pavilion. The factions who lost disciples in the Secret Realm arrived in the Heavenly Mist City for revenge, and because of this, they sent even more powerful disciples.

A man from the Grand Barren Sect, who was carrying an enormous sword on his back, emerged from the teleportation array as well. He was Ximen Xuan, the Tyrant Demonic Sword of the Grand Barren Sect's Ten Grand Heirs of Heaven ranking.

He was a swordsman who wielded a heavy sword which was formed by his sword intent. He was one of three most outstanding disciples of the Grand Barren Sect's younger generation. His cultivation was extremely powerful; he had already broken through three Supreme Being's shackles.

The experts from the Ancient Shura City also arrived.

Misha could be seen respectfully standing beside a youth. This youth had a high and noble status. He was one of the direct descendants of the Ancient Shura City's Imperial Family.

"Sir Tong He, the Shura Tower is in the Heavenly Mist City. I saw it with my own eyes," Misha said respectfully.

The youth had a very handsome face and a dazzling blood-red hair. He took a deep breath and said, "I can sense very intense fluctuations from the Shura Tower. The Shura Tower is the Sacred Tool of my Ancient Shura City; it must not be left outside."

...

As more experts arrived, the activity within Heavenly Mist City increased.

However, despite the increasing amount of activity within the city, Bu Fang contentedly lay in his chair, basking under the sun. He was all along this lazy and was now squinting his eyes and relaxing while gazing at the passing clouds.

Whenever customers came over, Bu Fang would get up and go to the kitchen to make their dishes; after that, he would return to his chair in front of the store and lie in it. Many of the store's customers found his indolent appearance funny and embarrassing.

The area around the restaurant had been swept cleanly. The rubble from the collapsed stores had been swept away, and only sand remained on the ground. This made the area seem quite spacious and empty.

His restaurant proudly stood there alone, seeming quite conspicuous.

The number of customers in the store slowly dwindled, and the Nangong Family personnel stopped working and returned to their homes.

Under the setting sun, Bu Fang remained in front of the store, watching the shadow of the store elongate due to the dimming light of the sun.

In the distance, two people could be seen gradually approaching him. These two were clad in blood-red robes, and they also had blood-red hair, which appeared bright under the light rays from the setting sun.

Bu Fang calmly looked at them.

Misha sucked in a breath of cold air when he spotted Bu Fang sitting in front of the restaurant. He did not dare act carelessly because the guy in front of him had managed to survive a face-off with the terrifying bloody man. This showed that the guy surely had powerful means.

Misha was only wary of Bu Fang, despite his seemingly weak cultivation level, because he knew how powerful that bloody man had been.

Tong He stood beside Misha, and the corners of the lips of his extremely handsome face, which looked like a work of art, curled upwards.

"The Shura Tower's aura is emanating from this person's body. It seems like the one who got Shura Tower, in the end, is just an ant who has not even broken through one of the Supreme-Being's shackles.

Chapter 488 Going To Participate in The Conference While Carrying a Board

As the rays of the setting sun shone upon them, the shadows of the two men became longer and longer.

Bu Fang stood up and stretched his body as he prepared to close the bronze gate in front of the store. He was ready to end the day's business.

As the two men approached his store from a distant place, they directly walked toward it. When they stepped on the crushed stones, a cracking sound resounded and filled the area.

Tong He's gaze was mild and calm. His blood-red hair fluttered in the wind and his gaze fell on Bu Fang. More accurately, his gaze fell on the tower which was on Bu Fang's neck.

That tower was none other than the Shura Tower.

Tong He became extremely excited at this moment. After looking for the Shura Tower for such a long time, he was finally able to catch a glimpse of it.

"Sir, control your feelings... This guy isn't simple." When Misha saw that Tong He was becoming extremely agitated, his heart couldn't help but skip a beat. He pulled at Tong He's arm and shouted at him.

When Tong He heard Misha's words, he calmed down.

If what Misha said was true, this kid should have some extremely powerful means. He was able to steal the Shura Tower from such terrifying existences in the secret realm... He knew that he needed to be careful when dealing with Bu Fang.

Tong He straightened out his clothes and wore a grave expression on his face as he slowly walked toward the store.

Bu Fang had a confused look on his face as he looked at the two men who were approaching his store. He felt as though they looked somewhat familiar. However, he wasn't able to recall their identities or when he last saw them.

Since he wasn't able to think of it, there was probably no need to think about it.

Tong He sized up the store before he looked at Bu Fang with a warm gaze.

"Your Excellency... Are you the owner of this restaurant?"

Bu Fang was taken aback by his words. "It's indeed me." Bu Fang replied Tong He's question.

A trace of greed and longing appeared in Tong He's eyes when his gaze fell upon the Shura Tower which hung from Bu Fang's neck. That was the Ancient Shura City's sacred tool.

How could he treat such a precious object so casually?

Tong He's gaze caused Bu Fang to slightly furrow his brows.

When Misha saw the change in Bu Fang's expression, the look on his face experienced a grave change. He pulled at Tong He's arm and warned him again.

After Tong He came back to his senses, he took a deep breath and smiled in apology to Bu Fang.

"It's my first time seeing a restaurant in the Heavenly Mist City. Can you let me taste one of your excellency's dishes?"

Since they were unable to rob Bu Fang, Tong He decided to take another roundabout way to approach him. Tong He inwardly decided that he should first probe out Bu Fang's power before making any decision.

"So... You are here to have a meal? The store is already closed... Come back tomorrow," Bu Fang said calmly to Tong He who was standing at the entrance. He walked back into the store and went to close the bronze gates.

Tong He was dumbfounded by Bu Fang's actions. Why was he closing the store now? Tong He had just seen the Shura Tower and there was no way he was willing to leave just like this.

Raising his palm, he placed it on the bronze gate, preventing Bu Fang from closing the store.

"Wait... I can pay you. I can pay you several times the cost of the dish," Tong He said.

Was Bu Fang someone who would sell his principles for money?

If the rules of the system changed, he would consider serving his food to Tong He. However, with the system rules still in place, there was no need for him to waste his breath with this Tong He.

He calmly looked at the hand which Tong He placed on the gate.

Tong He was somewhat sullen at this moment. He clenched his teeth and wasn't willing to let Bu Fang close the store.

Someone like him who broke through three Supreme-Being's shackles was actually treated like this by an ant. Tong He was extremely infuriated and felt as though his lungs were about to explode.

"Sir, calm down," Misha hurriedly said.

Bang!

A loud sound echoed as Bu Fang slammed the bronze gate shut.

Tong He, who was standing at the entrance of the store, was left outside. A cold breeze blew against his face and his entire body shuddered.

There wasn't anyone who dared to treat him like this. When he was in the Ancient Shura City, everyone was extremely respectful to him. He would never have thought that an ant-like punk would dare to disregard him and close a door in his face.

"I won't bear it any longer... Today, I will take back the Shura Tower even if I have to steal it," Tong He took a deep breath and coldly said.

The moment the words left his mouth, a surging true energy gushed out from his body and his hair fluttered in the air. His gaze turned ice-cold.

Raising his palm, a true energy cyclone could be seen revolving on his palm.

The moment he was about to destroy the gate and forcefully enter the store, the bronze gate opened up.

Both Tong He and Misha were shocked when the bronze gate suddenly opened.

When the gate opened, the person who was standing at the entrance of the store wasn't Bu Fang.

Tong He's pupils contracted and his true energy shook when his gaze landed on the woman who was standing in front of him. She had long black hair and she stared straight at him.

Why did a woman suddenly appear? Not to mention the fact that it was such a beautiful woman.

Nethery's ice-cold gaze fell upon Tong He's body. Her indifferent gaze caused goosebumps to appear on Tong He's body.

"Did he change his mind? Is he going to let us in?"

Tong He retracted his true energy and a warm smile appeared on his face. He knew that he shouldn't lose his bearing in front of a beautiful woman.

At this moment, Tong He was completely oblivious to Misha, who was standing beside him. The moment Nethery appeared, Misha's expression changed and he seemed as though he had just run into a ghost.

Misha's complexion was deathly pale and his lips were trembling. He felt as though a lightning bolt struck him the moment he saw Nethery.

Tong He had never met her... However, as someone who had entered the secret realm, Misha obviously knew Nethery's identity.

She was the Netherworld Ship's Netherworld woman! The cursed Netherworld woman... What was she doing there? Wasn't she supposed to be in the secret realm?

The power of the Netherworld woman was unfathomable. However, Misha knew that meeting her in the secret realm was the same as meeting death. Just from this point alone, it could be seen that Nethery was a terrifying existence.

"Si.... Sir.... We should leave now."

Misha's gaze was full of fright when he looked at Nethery. His heart shuddered and he pulled at Tong He's arm.

"Get lost!" Nethery calmly looked at those two men and opened her ruddy lips. Two words came out from her mouth and she shooed both of them away.

She could feel the killing intent leaking from Tong He. If she was in the secret realm, she would have already attacked him. Such a person wouldn't survive more than three seconds before her.

"Ah? Get lost?" Tong He was taken aback. His complexion instantly turned gloomy. Was she asking him to get lost? This woman actually dared to be disrespectful toward him?

Although he wasn't able to see through Nethery's power, he wasn't afraid of her. She didn't seem to be old enough to be one of those old monsters.

He had never been afraid of anyone in the same generation as him.

"We'll leave! We'll leave immediately..." Misha was so frightened by her that he felt as though his galls rose up to his throat.

Tong He coldly sneered and raised up his palm. There was only one thought in his mind and that was to obtain the Shura Tower. He wanted to forcefully enter the store and force Bu Fang to hand over the Shura Tower.

All of a sudden, he felt like the flow of time stagnated as a fair and thin finger appeared before his eyes. The slender finger tapped against his forehead.

Buzz....

Tong He felt as though his head was about to burst open as a feeling of intense pain overwhelmed him. The power which came from that finger caused his entire body to fly away. He was thrown several miles away.

As Misha faced Nethery's gaze, his heart shuddered once more. He frantically made his escape.

The Netherworld woman was actually protecting this store... What on earth was the origin of this restaurant?

Misha's heart and mind shook when he thought about it.

When Tong He crawled up from the ground, he was still stupefied, and fear lingered in his mind. His complexion was filled with panic and fright. His forehead swelled up. The color of his skin was so red that it turned slightly purple. He felt as though his head was about to burst open.

A finger... Just a single finger sent him flying away before he was able to react. He wasn't even able to clearly see how that woman attacked him.

She was too terrifying!

Who was that woman?

There was no one in his generation who had the abilities to crush him like that. The only reason he could think of was that the woman came from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court. Was the Hidden Dragon Royal Court backing that restaurant?

"Si... Sir, are you all right?" When Misha saw that Tong He didn't die, he managed to calm down.

"That restaurant is weird. From today on, you should keep a close watch over it. We must look for an opportunity to take back the Shura Tower from that kid." Tong He was somewhat sullen at this moment. He had a cold expression on his face as he stood up and commanded Misha. Turning around, he left the moment he was done giving out his command.

Misha finally released a long sigh. It seemed as though Tong He was still sane as he wasn't going to rashly attack that restaurant.

If he really attacked that restaurant, they might not know how they died.

That woman was, after all, the Netherworld woman.

It wasn't surprising that the punk managed to take care of that bloody man since he had the Netherworld woman as his helper. It seemed as though they had to carefully plan their next move in order to obtain the Shura Tower from Bu Fang.

Misha followed behind Tong He as thoughts ran through his head.

All of a sudden, he squinted his eyes as they slightly flickered, "If I let someone from the Hidden Dragon Royal Court know that the store is harboring the Netherworld woman, what would happen?"

The Hidden Dragon Royal Court was the Hidden Dragon Continent's top-notch sacred land. It was an existence more powerful than any first-rate faction. Although the Ancient Shura City was powerful, it still had a long way to go if it wanted to rival the Hidden Dragon Royal Court.

However, after thinking about it, he shook his head and gave up on that idea. He knew that he wasn't able to bear the consequences if he angered the Netherworld woman. Neither was he able to offend the Hidden Dragon Royal Court's members.

....

Three days quickly passed.

When the morning sunrays shone upon Bu Fang and covered his body, he opened his eyes and got up from the bed. He washed his face and rinsed his mouth before going to the kitchen to practice his cutting technique. After practicing it for quite some time, he cooked Nethery and Lord Dog's breakfast before leaving the store.

He still remembered what Fu Ba shouted at him before he left. The Magical Hand Conference's preliminary competition would be held in the plaza in the Heavenly Mist City's center on this very day. There was no way Bu Fang would miss the competition.

Bu Fang wore a long robe as he walked out of the store. Leaping into the air, he took out the Cloud Mist Restaurant's board.

Bu Fang curled up the corners of his mouth as he looked at the three big words written on the Cloud Mist Restaurant's board. Carrying the board, he walked toward the Heavenly Mist City's central plaza.

He would participate in the competition while holding the board. He would let everyone know that he was representing the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

The Cloud Mist Restaurant's rise would start from this very day.

Chapter 489 My Brother-in-law Is Someone Who Will Create A Miracle

The Heavenly Mist City's plaza was situated in the center of the city. The surroundings were filled with countless high and tall bronze buildings.

Those buildings were owned by several big families. The Lin, Zhang, and the Nangong Families owned some of them. Even the Drifting Cloud House had its own building.

The building owned by the Drifting Cloud House was even taller than the buildings owned by the three big families. The insides of the building were adorned with splendid gold and jade.

The Pill Tower was quite a distance away from the central plaza. Due to the fact that it was constantly emitting pill energy, if it was placed in the center of the city, the city would be affected. No matter if it was the Heavenly Pill City's Pill Tower, the Heaven Shine City's Pill Tower, or the Heavenly Mist City's Pill Tower, they were all built in a more remote and desolate place.

Bu Fang walked through a small road as he rushed toward a tall building which seemed as though it was made of metal. He gradually saw more people in his surroundings when he neared the building.

All kinds of spirit beast carriages, which gave rise to strong winds, were passing him noisily.

Many people noticed Bu Fang and they turned their stares to him. His current appearance was quite conspicuous as he was carrying a giant board on his hand.

Three words, "Cloud Mist Restaurant", were inscribed on that board.

What was this guy up to? Many people couldn't help starting to laugh when they saw him. Most of them noticed the words inscribed on the board.

Cloud Mist Restaurant?

A restaurant?

Was there still a restaurant in Heavenly Mist City?

Although the Cloud Mist Restaurant was quite prosperous, most of the citizens were still oblivious about the existence of the restaurant. A majority of the people were still consuming fasting pills. They didn't even know that there was still a restaurant in Heavenly Mist City.

Of course, there were also some people who knew Owner Bu. They were surprised when they saw him.

"Owner Bu? Why are you carrying your restaurant's board for?"

"To participate in the Magical Hand Conference," Bu Fang replied all of them calmly as he proceeded forward with his board.

"Are you going to participate in the Magical Hand Conference? You are a chef... Owner Bu, don't cause a scene there." Those who were acquainted with Bu Fang became dumbfounded. The Magical Hand Conference was a competition for alchemists. What was a chef like him trying to do?

All of them quickly assumed that Bu Fang was joking when he said that he was going to participate in the competition.

However, Bu Fang wasn't kidding when he said that he would participate.

Bu Fang could see that there were many familiar people in the way. They were all going to watch the conference.

The Magical Hand Conference was, after all, a large-scale competition held by the Pill Palace. It was normal for many people to be attracted to watch the competition. If they attended the conference, they would be able to see many famous alchemists. They might even get to see high-level members of the Pill Palace. Those people were all excellent alchemists. All of them were idol-like existences to the people in the Pill Palace's territory.

Those people who were familiar with Bu Fang were confused by what he said. However, those unfamiliar with him laughed when they heard that Bu Fang, who proclaimed himself to be a chef, was going to participate in the conference.

After passing through countless tall buildings, Bu Fang's eyes lit up, and there was a resplendent light in his pupils. There was an extremely spacious and empty giant plaza in the middle of those tall buildings.

"Old Bu, we are over here! Look over here!"

Bu Fang seemed as though he heard some shouts and subconsciously turned his head around. He looked toward the source of the noise and instantly saw the siblings, Nangong Wuque and Nangong Wan, waving at him. They were seated quite some distance away from where he stood.

Bu Fang was taken aback for a moment before he started to walk toward them.

Nangong Wuque wore an odd look on his face when he discovered that Bu Fang was carrying his restaurant's board with him. That was certainly unexpected.

"Old Bu, what are you carrying this board for? Are you not going to participate in the conference?"

"I want to spread the name of my restaurant. If I didn't bring this board with me, how could they know that I am actually representing the Cloud Mist Restaurant?" Bu Fang declared confidently.

"Fine... Your words actually contain some truth. I can't refute them."

It was only at this moment that Nangong Wuque remembered Bu Fang's reason to participate in it. He was participating to spread his restaurant's name. However, wasn't this way too exaggerated?

Nangong Wan squinted her eyes as she looked at him. She was actually hoping to see the scene when Bu Fang heroically descended from the stage with his board when he won.

If such a thing happened, many people would be so startled and shocked that their eyes would pop out of their sockets.

When the three of them were chatting, more people started streaming into the plaza. A giant metallic ship descended from the sky and strong gales were raised. Many experts who were wearing alchemists' white robes came out from the ship.

....

Duan Yun, whose gray hair fluttered in the wind, couldn't help but take a deep breath when he descended from the Heavenly Pill City's warship.

He had to secure a spot in the top ten of this Magical Hand Conference.

Duan Yun had been practicing and tempering his alchemy skills in seclusion after he returned from the Southern Border. He had been stimulated by what he saw and the people he met during his trip. The dishes in a restaurant had better effects than elixirs. How could an alchemist like him accept such a cruel fact?

If an alchemist wasn't able to defeat a chef, how was he supposed to proclaim that he had the noblest of the Hidden Dragon Continent's professions?

"Duan Yun, you have to do your best in this conference. With your current skills, it won't be difficult for you to reach the top fifty."

An old man descended from the ship and patted Duan Yun's shoulder as he spoke to him with a smile on his face.

Duan Yun turned his head around and looked at that old man with a respectful gaze. This old man was his teacher, one of the Heavenly Pill City's respected master alchemist. He was the Four Cloud Alchemist, Gu He.

Master Gu He was one of the appraisers and judges in the Magical Hand Conference.

Duan Yun excitedly nodded at him and a firm look appeared in his eyes.

"All right. Go prepare for it along with your senior brothers and senior sisters. I hope that none of you will let me down this time. We are competing against outsiders... Don't disgrace our Heavenly Pill City." Master Gu He laughed as he stroked his long beard before leaving with a dignified expression on his face.

Duan Yun followed behind his senior brothers and sisters as they went to the center of the plaza.

"The Heavenly Mist City's alchemists are at a much lower level compared to our Heavenly Pill City. We have to let the Heavenly Mist City's citizens witness a true alchemist's ability."

"Among the Pill Place's factions, our Heavenly Pill City is the strongest."

"Hey, all of you, have a look at that place. There is someone who brought a board with him to participate in the conference."

Duan Yun and his senior brothers and sisters, who all had their own pride, curiously observed their surroundings.

All of a sudden, Duan Yun heard one of his senior sisters exclaim in surprise. Turning his head, he looked toward the direction where she pointed. He instantly saw a slim figure of a man who was carrying a giant board as he walked toward the place to register.

He found the silhouette of that man somewhat familiar...

Duan Yun's pupils contracted. He became puzzled all of a sudden. He felt as though he had seen that silhouette before at some place.

However, after thinking about it for a long while, he couldn't remember where. When he was still racking his brains, his senior brothers and sisters pulled him over to the place of registration.

There were eight arenas in the middle of the spacious plaza. The preliminary competition would be held in eight arenas as there were many people participating in the conference.

When Bu Fang, who was carrying a board, reached the registration place, the alchemist who was in charge of registration looked at him as though he was some sort of retard. It was his first time witnessing a chef participating in the conference. It was also his first time seeing someone register for the conference while carrying a board.

Was this person a clown invited by someone? Was he invited to liven up the atmosphere for this event?

"Old Bu, although you already passed through the registration place for people with special talent, the preliminary competition doesn't have a fair allocation. Your opponent might be a poison master or he might also be an alchemist. You must try your best not to get yourself eliminated too early." After Nangong Wuque took his number plate, he warned Bu Fang before leaving.

Bu Fang nodded at him.

The arena number which was inscribed on Bu Fang's plate was eight. The eighth arena was in one of the corners of the plaza and had a remote location. However, Bu Fang didn't care about it at all.

Nangong Wuque was assigned to the third arena which was in the center of the stage. Nangong Wan was assigned to the sixth arena.

The three of them were separated and assigned to different arenas.

"Nangong Wuque... Was that fool carrying a board your friend? Even such trash dares to participate in the conference..."

Before Nangong Wuque reached the third arena, a mocking voice transmitted to his ears. He turned his head around and looked over.

That person who just mocked him was a man with fair skin who was wearing an alchemist robe. He emitted a powerful aura. This man's face was filled with mockery.

"Lin Family's third young master, you know nothing about my brother-in-law's skill... You should just shut up," Nangong Wuque curled up the corners of his mouth and calmly said.

The Lin Family's third young master, who was the Lin Family's genius alchemist, shook his head as he looked at Nangong Wuque. This Nangong Wuque was indeed a weirdo, and even his friend was a weirdo.

"Your brother-in-law's skill? A chef's skill? Nangong Wuque, even if you are a moron, don't assume that other people are as retarded as you... A chef like him won't even pass through the preliminary competition. However... This is the first time I've seen a chef participating in the conference," the Lin Family's Third Young Master said in a mocking voice.

Nangong Wuque looked at him and waved his hands in dismissal. He seemed to have something against the Lin Family's Third Young Master and he snapped, "My brother-in-law is someone who will create a miracle. What do you know about him? You should open your eyes and watch how he does it."

After he spoke, Nangong Wuque stopped caring about Lin Sanpao and stepped onto the arena. He started preparing for the preliminary competition.

A chef would create miracles?

Lin Sanpao rolled his eyes at Nangong Wuque before stepping onto the arena as well. He took Nangong Wuque's words to be a joke.

On the other side, in the eighth arena, Bu Fang still carried his board as he stepped onto the arena. He walked toward the bronze platform before the judge's dumbfounded gaze.

Dozens of other participants in the arena looked at Bu Fang as though he was some sort of retard.

Who the hell would come to participate in the competition while carrying a board? What were the words inscribed on that board? Cloud Mist Restaurant? Was he there to participate in the competition or was he there to open a restaurant? Even if he was there to amuse the crowd, wasn't he going a bit too far?

Just as they thought that, they saw something which made them even more confused.

Thump. A loud noise echoed as the Black Turtle Constellation Wok slammed against his bronze platform. It caused the platform to sink down slightly.

He waved his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and placed it on his bronze platform. He also took out a cutting board, porcelain trays, and stuff like that. Everything which he took out caused people to become even more bewildered.

A kitchen knife, a black pot, cutting board, porcelain tray... Not to mention his restaurant board...

Was he really thinking about opening a restaurant in the arena?

Where did such a clown come from?

After he took out everything, Bu Fang raised his head and tied up his hair with a velvet tie before looking at the judge with a sincere gaze.

"I'm already ready," Bu Fang said as he exhaled a breath of air.

Chapter 490 Did you come here just for fun?

What do you mean you're ready?

Are you ready to cook dishes?

All of the surrounding people were dumbfounded when they heard Bu Fang's words.

Such a set of equipment didn't seem like something which could be used in the Magical Hand Conference. Instead, they looked like they should be used in a cooking competition.

As it was only the preliminary competition, there were only a few people who were interested. The number of people who watched the preliminary competition was extremely little. Almost everyone would wait until the semifinals and finals before they showed up.

At that time, only the talented alchemists would be left. The ones who would be able to ascend the stage would be the strongest ones.

Only such an exciting and brilliant showdown would be able to interest most people.

All of the judges who were in charge of this Magical Hand Conference were people from the Pill Tower. They were all members of the Pill Tower and high-level alchemists.

The judge was no longer able to endure Bu Fang's behavior...

Walking toward Bu Fang, the corners of his mouth started to twitch as he sized up all the equipment which was on Bu Fang's bronze platform. "Competitor, are you taking part in this conference for

fun? The Magical Hand Conference is an important and serious competition held by the Pill Palace. If you are taking part in it just for fun, please leave right now."

Bu Fang furrowed his brows as he looked at this judge. "Why do you think that I would participate in the conference just for fun?"

Everyone in the surrounding looked at Bu Fang with a gaze filled with mockery. He was someone who took out a kitchen knife and a black wok in an alchemy competition... He was still able to say that he was serious about the conference?

"Isn't everyone with special gifts allowed into the conference? It's fine as long as my dishes achieve the required effects. Why are doctors, poison masters, and alchemists allowed to participate but not chefs?" Bu Fang earnestly asked the judge.

That judge's complexion slightly darkened when the words left Bu Fang's mouth.

He took a deep breath as he found that he was at a loss for words. He didn't know how to answer Bu Fang's question at all. The conference didn't stipulate that chefs were not allowed to take part. However, it had always been a common agreement that there wasn't any point in allowing chefs to take part as there wasn't any meaning for them in doing so.

Was it possible that a dish could have the same effects as a medicinal powder?

Even if the dish had the same effect as a medicinal powder, could it rival an elixir?

"Fine, you can continue to take part in the conference. I really want to look at the product you are going to create. If you are really here to take part in the conference for fun... I will personally throw

you out of the stage." The judge was slightly angered by Bu Fang and he had a cold expression on his face when he spoke to the latter.

Bu Fang simply rolled his eyes at the judge and stopped caring about him.

Placing his board down on his bronze platform, he calmly waited for the start of the preliminary competition.

Those in the surroundings diverted their gaze and didn't want to look at Bu Fang any longer.

There were fifty participants in the eighth arena and one-third of them were alchemists. The rest were all people with special gifts.

"The requirement of the preliminary competition is quite simple. There is a time limit of one hour. Alchemists must refine a ninth grade elixir. Poison masters and doctors must refine a medicinal powder or liquid which have effects that could rival a ninth grade elixir.." The judge who stood in the middle of the arena declared in a loud voice.

After introducing the first round of the conference, the judge shot a look at Bu Fang and furrowed his brows. He added, "I hope that all of you can take this conference seriously. This is a test for all of your achievements gained through years of practice and it's also an opportunity for you to stand out. Don't play around here like a certain person."

Every single one of the participants knew who the judge was referring to and they all couldn't help themselves as they burst out laughing. The fact that a chef came to participate in the Magical Hand Conference was truly hilarious.

Alchemy was the most prevalent occupation in both of the Heavenly Pill City and Heavenly Shine City. After Fasting Pills with different tastes were created, all the restaurants in those two cities closed down. Only the Heavenly Mist City had the Cloud Mist Restaurant.

Therefore, all of the participants looked down on chefs.

Bu Fang was still calm and aloof as he faced the mockery, as he was extremely confident in himself. The laughter which was coming from every single direction wasn't able to affect him in the slightest.

After the judge gave out a long speech, he finally announced the beginning of the preliminary competition.

The atmosphere of the plaza instantly changed the moment the competition started.

Bang!

Steam started to rise as countless flames shot up into the sky.

Those were alchemists' alchemic flames which had an extremely high temperature.

Playing and controlling fire was one of the alchemists' skills. There were even some alchemists who specially trained themselves to control fire in order to show off.

There were many alchemists in the same arena as Bu Fang who possessed an alchemic flame. The moment the competition started, many flames of different colors burned above their palms and sizzling sounds could be heard in the air.

There were some alchemists who were wriggling their fingers to control their flame. Their alchemic flame would jump between their fingers and it seemed to be extremely lively.

All of the doctors and poison masters looked in envy at such a scene as none of them were able to control fire. Their medicine furnace relied on some normal mortal flames which were simply ignited by the doctors or poison masters. The grade of their flames was extremely low.

The disparity in the grade of flame was one of the causes of the disparity between alchemists and them.

Those alchemists were extremely proud and smug as they played with their flames. They could feel the envious stares of the doctors on them. Waving their hands, they threw their alchemic flames into their pill furnaces, which caused the temperature of the arena to rise drastically.

All of the alchemists scoffed when they looked at the doctors and poison masters. They had an innate superiority compared to doctors and poison masters.

Those doctors and poison masters were quite sullen and they angrily turned their head around.

All of a sudden, they thought of the lowest existence there. It was that kid who came to participate while carrying a board.

Even if their flames couldn't defeat that of an alchemist, how were they going to lose to a chef?

They turned their head around and looked toward Bu Fang.

Bang!

A resplendent ball of golden flames almost blinded their eyes.

Bu Fang opened his mouth and spouted a ball of golden flames.

The moment the flames emerged, it was as though a resplendent sun appeared. It emitted dazzling and bright light.

It seemed as though there were faint beast roars coming from the flame and there were countless spirit beasts galloping in it. The beasts were all roaring with anger and countless roars came from the tide of beasts in the flame.

Buzz...

The hearts of everyone in the eighth arena shuddered. The expression on all the alchemists' face changed and was replaced with a grave expression.

Those fluctuations came from one of those flames!

All of them turned their heads around and looked at the golden flame which Bu Fang spat out.

The flame seemed to be a king among flames and it agitated the alchemic flame in their energy core. All of their alchemic flames became restless and they seemed as though they wanted to worship the flame coming from Bu Fang.

"A Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?"

All of the alchemists sucked in a breath of cold air. The flame which was spouted by that kid was actually a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?

Contrary to alchemists, the doctors and poison masters were somewhat bewildered by it. Their flames were just mortal flames which didn't possess any spirituality and they were incapable of sensing the hostility coming from the Ten Thousand Bestial Flame.

The only thing they felt was that Bu Fang's flame was quite amazing. As for how amazing it was? None of them had a clear idea.

That judge's mouth slightly widened. A Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame... How did this kid possess a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame?

"Aren't alchemists the only ones capable of subduing a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame? Is this lad a..."

The judge squinted his eyes as he thought of such a possibility. Was Bu Fang just deceiving him? Was he, in fact, an extremely talented alchemist?

That's right! That should obviously be the case.

However, Bu Fang's following actions crushed his guesses apart.

Bu Fang took out an earthen jar from his system dimensional storage and placed it on his bronze platform. Apart from that earthen jar, he took out many ingredients which he used to make dishes.

The items he took out were really ingredients used to make dishes. They were not some kind of famous spirit medicine.

A trace of regret could be seen on the face of the judge who stood before Bu Fang's bronze platform.

Bu Fang's following actions caused him to be even more aggrieved and pained. It wasn't just the judge who was affected. All of the alchemists in the eighth arena were affected.

Bu Fang actually threw the Heaven and Earth Obsidian flame beneath the black wok and used it to heat the wok up...

"Is this kid using a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame to make dishes? He's wasting and insulting the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame! Why isn't he hacked to death by lightning?" The judge roared in his mind.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Pouring oil into the wok, Bu Fang took out the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife and started waving it around. He sliced and processed all the ingredients. After processing the ingredients, he threw them into the wok and started to stir-fry them. They gradually started to emit a sweet fragrance.

Everyone in the arena was dumbfounded when they witnessed such a scene.

Even people around them saw it and they found it to be both funny and embarrassing.

He was really going to cook a dish!

There was actually someone who would come to the Magical Hand Conference's stage to make dishes... There truly were all kinds of people and weirdos in this vast world.

The judge who stood before Bu Fang's platform widened his eyes as he fixed his gaze on Bu Fang. He truly wanted to see what kind of dish Bu Fang would make using a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame.

"Shouldn't you distance yourself from me?"

When Bu Fang held onto the earthen jar and was about to open it, he felt the judge's gaze. Turning his head toward the judge, he asked in confusion.

Ah?

"What do you mean? Why should I distance myself away from you? Don't ever dream about using any underhanded means. I'm watching your every move," the judge said to Bu Fang.

Watching my every move?

The corners of Bu Fang's couldn't help but twitch when he heard the judge. "Fine... It's fine as long as you don't mind. I just hope that you won't end up crying..."

Bu Fang looked at that judge as if he was some sort of retard. As his true energy surged around his palm, Bu Fang raised his hand and slapped the earthen jar.

Buzz...

A sonorous buzzing sound echoed. The eyes of the judge, who stood in front of Bu Fang's bronze platform as he clasped his hands behind his back, stared straight toward the earthen jar. His eyes lit up when Bu Fang slapped the jar.

Was the lad relying on the object inside the jar?

The judge extended his neck and he wanted to see the item in the jar. He was curious about the contents.

As a cracking sound echoed, a lid shot up to the sky.

The judge who had extended his neck froze in place and the curious expression on his face disappeared.

A certain odor came out of that earthen jar and instantly drilled into his nostrils.