

GOF 17

Chapter 17: Overly Full

Han Fei had thought of a plan. He grinned and said, "From today on, I will get back at those who bullied me before. However, if they offer me a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup voluntarily, I'll let bygones be bygones."

Hu Kun also wanted to beat Han Fei, but he knew it would be too outrageous if he were to go up. He had to hold back.

Han Fei turned around and sniffed, "You are too weak. None of you are worthy."

Even He Xiaoyu was confused. The Han Fei today was completely different from the Han Fei she knew the past four years. She had heard what happened to Han Fei before and understood why Tang Ge protected him.

Had Han Fei really awakened, like he claimed? But why was he so violent after awakening?

As a matter of fact, Han Fei was not violent at all. He was merely eating Swallowed Spirit Soup with an excuse. If one bowl of the soup could increase the upper limit of his spiritual energy by one point, would he be invincible after he had a hundred bowls?

In the cultivating ground of Class Two...

BAM...

The gate was kicked open.

Han Fei announced, "Hey, everyone, let's make a deal. This bamboo rod of mine is most valuable. Whoever defeats me will have it. Of course, it doesn't matter if you lose. All you need to do is to give me a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup..."

A round of mockery sounded like before.

Ten minutes later...

Everybody was lying on the ground, and a couple of bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup had been placed before Han Fei.

Gudu! Gudu!

Han Fei looked at He Xiaoyu who was still dazed and said, "Do you want another bowl? The rent for your rod that I proposed seems too petty."

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Han Fei grew famous after half a day. A useless guy had defeated everyone of his level, and even some whose level was higher than his, in all classes.

The whole school was shocked.

The faculty was having a meeting discussing the arrangement for the geniuses with Level Three Spiritual Heritage, when an intern teacher came in and said, "Master Wang Jie, I'm afraid there's something you need to take care of."

Wang Jie was dazed. "What is it?"

The intern teacher replied, "Well, Han Fei from your class fought on campus."

Wang Jie chuckled. "Han Fei? Who did he fight with? Mr. Zheng, it's not unusual for students to practice with each other, or they will be flowers in a greenhouse."

The intern teacher smiled bitterly. Was it really practice?

"No, Master Wang Jie, he has defeated everybody in his grade. Nobody in his level fights him anymore. He's now challenging those whose level is higher than his."

"Pu..."

All the fishing masters were astounded. What? He defeated a whole grade and even challenged people beyond his level?

Wang Jie asked in astonishment, "Are you sure that you're talking about Han Fei from my class?"

The intern teacher replied, "Is there a second Han Fei in our school?"

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When the teachers arrived, Han Fei was shouting at a class, "Are you doing it or not? This bamboo rod can be sold for ten mid-quality pearls, and you only need to pay a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup."

However, the experts of his level all shook their heads quickly.

Han Fei said, "What a bunch of cowards. That's fine. However, whoever bullied me before better give me my Swallowed Spirit Soup in three days, or you will know how merciless my rod can be."

Someone said grimly, "I'll fight you."

Han Fei said, "That won't do. You're a level-six fisher. I'm only level-four."

Having been enraged by Han Fei, the guy shouted, "I don't want your bamboo rod! If you win, I'll give you four bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup."

"Deal."

Han Fei was meaning to find out the gap between him and a level-six fisher. The guy offered him a chance.

He Xiaoyu said, "Han Fei, you're out of your mind. He's level six. Don't break your foundation for some Swallowed Spirit Soup."

Han Fei said solemnly, "Am I doing this for the Swallowed Spirit Soup? No, I'm only polishing myself. Only with a strong body can I better survive on the ocean."

He Xiaoyu blinked. Why do I feel that you're fooling me? You're obviously doing this for the Swallowed Spirit Soup.

One of the mentors said, "Huh! That's Qin Guang from my class. His Spiritual Heritage was Level Two, High Quality in the test. Han Fei is fighting him?"

Wang Jie was dizzy himself. Wasn't Han Fei a level-two fisher? Why could he fight a level-six fisher? Only then did another teacher tell him that Han Fei had broken through to level four.

The fishing masters were still chatting when Han Fei and Qin Guang began to fight.

Spiritual energy flourished between them. Enormous power burst out between the bamboo rod and the iron rod.

Han Fei simply smashed forward, spiritual energy flowing from the bamboo rod. Unable to break his opponent's defense, Han Fei began to sweep. After a couple of attacks, he changed from sweeping to smashing again.

Qin Guang had a lot of abilities, but he couldn't resist against Han Fei, who was unleashing his spiritual energy without any restraint. Every fisher only had limited spiritual energy. His 136 points had all been used to block Han Fei's bamboo rod. How could he fight on?

After the sixteenth hit from Han Fei, Qin Guang's rod was finally blown away. Qin Guang was pale. He couldn't understand why he was defeated by a level-four fisher. Did the guy have unlimited spiritual energy?

Not just Qin Guang, all the fishing masters were dumbfounded, too. How could a level-four fisher have so much spiritual energy? Han Fei struck sixteen times in total. Even if it cost eight points of spiritual energy each time, that would be 128 points in total! It was the capacity of level six, not level four!

Han Fei, on the other hand, picked up the Swallowed Spirit Soup and had another bowl.

Han Fei immediately looked better. The gap between level six and level four was obvious. His opponent's hardiness was better than his own. If Qin Guang had abandoned defense and fought back, the result of the battle could've been different.

Han Fei said, "He Xiaoyu, drink some for me. I'm full."

He Xiaoyu was almost in tears. "I'm full, too. I've had thirteen bowls..."

One of the middle-aged fishing masters found it odd. Why was his daughter involved in this? Also, why did Han Fei's bamboo rod look like his daughter's?

The other fishing masters were lost for words, too. They had never seen anyone fed with Swallowed Spirit Soup. How many bowls had Han Fei had?

Actually, the Swallowed Spirit Soup was of no use to Han Fei now. Han Fei realized it when he discovered that the upper limit of his spiritual energy was stuck at 139 points.

However, he could continue his challenges. While the capacity of his spiritual energy couldn't be changed, the Swallowed Spirit Soup could refill the spiritual energy he lost.

A student shouted from the crowd, "Han Fei, you've had more than thirty bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup. Do you not need to pee at all?"

Han Fei, however, burped and said, "I can hold it back for now. Who's next?"

Suddenly, there was a fierce shout: "Han Fei!"

Han Fei said without looking back, "One at a time. I'm not done with this class yet. Don't be hasty."

"How many more classes are you planning to fight?"

Han Fei turned around, only to discover Wang Jie as well as a bunch of other teachers.

Darting his eyes about, Han Fei said in a hurry, "Master, I have to pee. I'll go to the bathroom..."

"You can hold it back. You're not going anywhere."

He Xiaoyu rose in a hurry and said, "Han Fei, my bamboo rod!"

Han Fei realized that he couldn't fight anymore, so he threw the bamboo rod back to He Xiaoyu.

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Everybody was relieved after Han Fei left. Finally! Even a level-six expert was defeated by him. Did they have to ask a level-seven expert to crush him? Why was the useless guy so strong all of a sudden?

Everybody knew that Tang Ge's Spiritual Heritage was level seven, but Han Fei's was only level one. Even if Tang Ge asked the angel to help him, he couldn't have grown so fast!

On the playground, Wang Jie narrowed his eyes and asked, "I can understand your advancement, but what's with your spiritual energy?"

Han Fei said, "Huh? Master, my spiritual energy circulates in my body!"

Pa...

Han Fei was immediately slapped in the head by Wang Jie, who was lost for words. Even Fang Ze, who came from the city, could not circulate spiritual energy in his body, and Han Fei said he could?