

GOF 21

Chapter 21: Hook Kiss

Can corals yield fruits? The idea popped up in Han Fei's head but was immediately disapproved.

Han Fei swam closer and realized that something was not right. How could there be so many bones?

Yes, there were bones everywhere. Some were fish, some were turtles, and some were human.

More importantly, the human bones did not come from one person.

When he looked at the fruit on the crimson tree, Han Fei was shocked that data appeared.

<Name> Purple Bamboo

<Level> Ten

<Quality> Ultra

<Spiritual Energy> ???

<Effect> ???

<Collectible> Purple Bamboo Fruit

<Absorbable>

Purple Bamboo Fruit?

Han Fei immediately remembered the Crimson Sea Fruit that Fang Ze gave to the village leader. He didn't see the fruit clearly, but he saw how ecstatic the village leader was. Fortunately, he had met another marvelous fruit. He wondered how it was compared to the Crimson Sea Fruit.

Wait...

Han Fei calmed himself down. The bones indicated great danger. Why were those people and animals dead?

Han Fei immediately backed off. He saw the knife of a blade fish in the corals.

It must belong to the deceased. Other than the knife, Han Fei also noticed some fishing poles and iron rods.

Seeing the iron rod, Han Fei immediately drew his fishing pole.

The coral rod was for self-defense, but in a battle, it would definitely be too rough and unwieldy. The iron rod, on the other hand, would be much better.

Hiu...

Han Fei cast the hook out. He caught the iron rod and even tied the line on the rod. That was the difference between a Divine fishing art and a regular fishing art.

Regular fishing arts were special tricks that aimed to capture fish. Hook Kiss, on the other hand, could integrate the hook, the line, and the fishing pole and be applied to battles.

Han Fei had practiced it before but wasn't very familiar with it yet. One of his purposes for the trip was to practice Hook Kiss. The effect of the art amazed him.

Han Fei dragged the iron rod as well as the blade fish's knife to him.

Although there were human bones, he didn't see any weapons. He saw several fishing poles, but they were iron ones at best. It would be a burden to carry them.

Huh? A turtle shell? The Wang family and the Tigers fought over a shell. That's certainly good stuff.

Casting the hook and pulling, Han Fei changed his face. It weighed more than fifty kilograms!

Han Fei's heart was bleeding. The shell was too heavy for him to carry to the surface of the ocean!

Han Fei did not dwell on it. He abandoned the shell and looked at the purple bamboo.

Han Fei was tempted. The purple bamboo was a natural material for a rod!

Han Fei wondered if he should try to grab it. But what if he did grab it, would there be any trouble?

For Han Fei, taking risks was not unusual. He made up his mind to take it.

Han Fei cast the hook at the Purple Bamboo Fruit quickly. His heart raced as the hook approached his target...

Hiu...

The hook reached the fruit, but at exactly the same moment, Han Fei felt that the corals trembled, and a gigantic head extended out of a hole.

<Name> Sea Dragon

<Level> Eighteen

<Quality> Rare

<Spiritual Energy> ???

<Effect> ???

<Collectible> ???

<Absorbable>

Tch... Damn it, a sea dragon? A level-eighteen rare monster? I'm so f*cked.

The sea dragon was not a real dragon but one of the strongest sea snakes. As a top-tier demonic snake, it shouldn't be here at all.

Han Fei had no doubt that he was no match for the creature.

He immediately tried to retreat the line and run, but the fruit was not pulled to him although the line had been straightened. Seeing that it was possible to take it, Han Fei immediately gave up.

He shook the fishing pole and transmitted his power from the fishing pole to the hook. The hook instantly broke free. Han Fei cast it out again, not at the Purple Bamboo Fruit but at another cluster of corals dozens of meters away.

The sea dragon dashed out and stared at him with bloodshot eyes, as if it were interested in the small creature that was trying to steal its treasure.

Right after the sea snake came at him, Han Fei pulled the hook heavily and swooshed to the other cluster of corals.

A strange scene happened in the corals.

Han Fei cast his hook now and then, allowing him to leap from one place to another quickly, but whenever he left a place, the corals behind him would be crushed by a giant head.

Han Fei cried, Brother, I did not intend to steal your stuff. Can we talk nicely?

I'm doomed. It's a dead end.

There were no corals ahead. He had reached where he started his exploration.

Taking a deep breath, Han Fei quickly swam to the sea anemones. However, the sea dragon was much faster than him. Seeing that it was going to bite him, Han Fei gritted his teeth and flew at the Ghost Blade Clam whose mouth was wide open.

Crack...

The noise of closing teeth came into Han Fei's ears. This place was too dangerous.

The Ghost Blade Clam's mouth was aimed at Han Fei, as if it were waiting for Han Fei to send himself over.

The moment Han Fei approached it, he sprang and jumped over the Ghost Blade Clam.

In the next second, an enormous head bumped into the Ghost Blade Clam.

The Ghost Blade Clam would've been rendered speechless if it was intelligent. How can there be such a huge head? I can't swallow it at all!

Sharp teeth emerged and bit down, only to pierce into the sea dragon's flesh.

Hooo...

The sea dragon roared and crashed into a rock.

Clang...

After an ear-splitting explosion, the Ghost Blade Clam fell from the sea dragon. If Han Fei had the time to look back, he would see that half of the clam's teeth were gone and there was a hole on its shell. It was basically dead.

A green crab was watching, holding its pincers. Having no time to think, Han Fei cast the hook to the crab and threw it to the sea dragon.

The half-meter-long crab was chewed into pieces after a bite, but one of its pincers left a wound on the sea dragon's mouth.

Han Fei was anxious. What could he do if it didn't let go of him? He couldn't defeat it!

Seeing the tentacles of the sea anemones that were floating in the water, Han Fei gritted his teeth.

He cast the hook to one of the tentacles. The next moment, all the tentacles began to float.

He had threats both ahead and behind.

Han Fei hurled himself to the sea anemones, where thousands of tentacles were waiting. He poured all his spiritual energy into his iron rod and slashed. Immediately, the water surged and pushed the tentacles to one side.

Exceeding his expectations, a bloody mouth enveloped him right before he fell into the sea anemones.

I'm doomed!

Han Fei could see nothing but darkness. He had been devoured. The good news was that the coral rod was stuck in the mouth of the sea dragon. As for the iron rod, he had lost it earlier.

Damn it. This is so tight...

Han Fei couldn't move at all. The muscles of the sea dragon were constricting and moving randomly. Han Fei hadn't been swallowed into the stomach yet, but who knew what would happen next?

He tried to hold the blade fish's knife and cut whatever he could reach.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The sea dragon struggled hard. After only an instant, thousands of holes appeared on its body.

Han Fei wasn't any better. Some tentacles pierced through the sea dragon and entered his body.

Demon Purification Pot, absorb now!

Han Fei thought he was done; there was no telling if the Demon Purification Pot worked. But the muscles that gripped him gradually relaxed.

Die!

Han Fei struggled hard. His body was so sore that he thought his feet had rotted into bones.

When he thought of that, Han Fei struggled and waved his dagger crazily.

A piece of meat almost fell into his mouth.

Pu... This is bitter...

Han Fei had an idea. A snake gallbladder?

The sea dragon struggled more and more weakly. Under the dual attack of the tentacles of the sea anemones and the Demon Purification Pot, it was impossible for the sea dragon to flee. It suddenly stopped jerking.

A glowing shadow cut the skin and jumped out of the creature.

Han Fei was covered in blood, but he dared not be careless and cast the hook out the moment he left the body.

He swooshed away instantly. Then, the place where he was at was filled by tentacles.

Han Fei's heart pounded. Dozens of holes had been left on his body despite the protection of spiritual energy. In the ocean, blood could be very horrible.

Are you still hunting me? Are you still biting me?

Blood was surging out. Han Fei saw countless fish swimming over and fled quickly. The sea dragon, on the other hand, was drowned by tentacles and fish.

Chapter 22: Evolution of the Demon Purification Pot

One couldn't acquire any treasure without taking risks. Han Fei returned to the Ghost Blade Clam and took the pearl away.

He then came to the purple bamboo in excitement and plucked it out. It was more like a straight stick than a plant.

It was not as difficult to remove as Han Fei thought. He poured spiritual energy into his hands and used all his strength. Eventually, he was able to get it out.

The Purple Bamboo Fruit fell the moment he plucked the bamboo. Han Fei felt intoxicated. The intense fragrance of the fruit was attached to his skin through water and leaked into his body, making him sense the aroma.

However, Han Fei was too panicked to enjoy it. The smell was too intense even for him. What about other undersea fish? Besides, he had blood all over him. He already saw dozens of green crabs not far away.

Gudu...

Han Fei stuffed the fruit into his mouth and intended to flee.

However, the moment the Purple Bamboo Fruit entered his body, Han Fei felt like he was being boiled. His skin reddened, and he couldn't possibly feel any hotter.

The scorching energy caused the calabash on his wrist to glow. A tremendous amount of energy escaped into his wrist.

Han Fei's muscles tightened. He could almost hear the sound of his blood pumping.

Han Fei couldn't move, but he saw hundreds of green crabs raising their pincers at him.

Then, with a crisp sound, Han Fei felt that he had a breakthrough, and his body's condition was better.

The green crabs were still densely packed at this moment.

Han Fei was scared. The energy in his body was still on a rampage. Some entered his wrist, and some flowed through his body.

Although Han Fei was not in his best state, he could at least move now. Having no time to think, he cast his hook at several big black fish dozens of meters above him. The fish fled under the stimulation, dragging Han Fei upward.

After a brief while, the fish turned around and crashed into Han Fei, as if it realized that it couldn't escape.

Shoot...

BAM...

Han Fei almost threw up because of the collision. He couldn't hold his breath anymore.

I have to breathe in fresh air now.

Han Fei struggled to hug the big black fish. He accidentally laid his hands on the scales, and his fingers were cut.

Go up!

Han Fei stabbed his dagger into the fish's head. The black fish fled again at the pain, but since its head was controlled by Han Fei, it could only swim upward.

Han Fei looked back, only to see all kinds of fish chasing after him. He almost peed himself.

The black fish was very fast. After only a minute, it leaped out of the water.

Han Fei took a big breath of air. Then, he saw his boat hundreds of meters away, undamaged.

"Hyah! Hyah!"

With a dagger on its head, the black fish could not do anything except rush in the direction that Han Fei desired.

"Hurry! Hurry!"

A huge mouth bit his calf.

"Ouch!"

Han Fei cried miserably. Having no time to knock the attacker off, he focused all his attention on reining in the black fish.

When he was a hundred meters away from the boat, Han Fei cast the hook to the boat and finally pulled himself onto it.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

He struck a dozen times and killed the fish that had been biting him. He then threw the fish away.

“Hu... Hu... Hu...”

Having no time to bother the blood on his calf, Han Fei lied on the boat with his limbs stretched out. That was too close. He felt it was a miracle that he survived the adventure!

Several minutes later, Han Fei sat up in excitement. He felt that his body was full of power.

Han Fei looked at his wrist. The calabash was still blinking, but nothing new was revealed. He checked the data.

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Five (Intermediate Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 682 (159)

Spiritual Heritage: Level One, High Quality (Upgradeable)

Main Art: Void Fishing, Chapter 1: Hook Kiss (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

Stunned, Han Fei took a deep breath. Have I lost eight hundred points of spiritual energy?

He gasped loudly. If he had run out of spiritual energy, he would've been dead. Also, he just had a Purple Bamboo Fruit that must've contained tremendous spiritual energy, yet he only had less than seven hundred points of spiritual energy left?

Han Fei weighed the purple bamboo in his hand and wondered how good it was compared to the bamboo rod he previously used.

Suddenly, Han Fei felt an excruciating pain in his palm. He opened his hand, only to be shocked.

A green calabash was growing out of his body from his palm. It was delicate and slightly smaller than an apple, with a fresh leaf on top.

A real calabash?

Han Fei's eyes widened. How did the calabash grow out? He snapped it, only to discover that the calabash seemed to have been stuck to his hand.

He put the calabash before his eyes and observed it. Suddenly, it flashed, and Han Fei found himself in a dark void surrounded by countless sophisticated characters. Right before his eyes, there were two vertical lines.

Han Fei couldn't understand the characters, but he did recognize the two lines.

Refining.

Forge the Universe.

“Refining” was the most brilliant and eye-catching world. “Forge the Universe,” in comparison, was rather lackluster. Other than them, Han Fei could see more words, but they were unorganized and beyond recognition.

Refining?

Han Fei suddenly had an epiphany.

He needed 2,000 points of spiritual energy to activate the function.

Han Fei was relieved. Two thousand points was not too far-fetched for him.

Then, Han Fei looked at “Forge the Universe.” If “Refining” meant building weapons, what did “Forge the Universe” mean?

Damn it. Ten thousand points of spiritual energy? Are you robbing me?

It meant more than two hundred bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup.

Han Fei was lost for words. He had been thrilled about the Demon Purification Pot’s change after absorbing the energy of the Purple Bamboo Fruit, but it was still demanding spiritual energy.

Since he did not have enough spiritual energy, Han Fei decided to ignore it. When he opened his eyes, the calabash was already gone, but when he thought about it, it emerged again.

Tsk, tsk, tsk... Interesting. This must be an artifact. I have to keep the secret well.

Han Fei finally looked at the big yellow fish next to him.

<Name> Young Iron-head Fish

<Level> Eight

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 42 points

<Effect> It can increase one’s physical strength if it’s eaten over a long period of time.

<Collectible> Brains of the iron-head fish, which can accelerate the absorption of spiritual energy

<Absorbable>

An iron-head fish? Am I in a level-one fishery?

Iron-head fish usually appeared in level-one fisheries. They were dangerous and fond of crashing into people or boats. However, this iron-head fish was much smaller than what he saw before.

Under normal circumstances, one’s bones would be broken after being knocked into by this fish.

Han Fei remembered the crash in the ocean, which nearly squeezed his internal organs out.

He tapped the fish’s head with the purple bamboo.

Clang...

Han Fei tapped it again with greater strength and was finally relieved after the fish head collapsed. It was indeed tough. If it were an adult, he probably would’ve been dead. Judging from the look of it, he was still in the general fishery.

Han Fei had been badly wounded, mostly by the gastric acids of the sea dragon. All his wounds were bleeding heavily.

Huh? Is it healing?

Han Fei checked the bite on his calf, only to discover that the wound was much smaller.

After another moment, the wound was even smaller, and the corrupted flesh was recuperating.

Is it because of the gallbladder? Or the Purple Bamboo Fruit?

After several minutes, Han Fei calmed down and felt that his senses were sharper. His body was also very comfortable.

An hour later, Han Fei stood up and warmed himself up, only to realize that his wounds had been half-healed. With this speed of recovery, he would return to peak condition in another two hours.

However, Han Fei became grim the next second. He had lost the coral rod, the iron rod, the turtle shell, and the sea dragon skin. He did have the pearl that he collected from the Ghost Blade Clam. Should he eat it to facilitate his recovery?

I'd better keep it for now. I should take it when my body is in better shape.

Han Fei recalled the treasures at the bottom of the ocean. The clams, the green crabs, the nail conchs, the corals...

When I reach higher levels, I'll definitely go down there again after accumulating several thousand points of spiritual energy.

If others learned of his plan, they would think him a lunatic. Even the grand fishing master did not have thousands of points of spiritual energy! Han Fei did not know that the bones he saw at the bottom of the ocean were all fishing masters. They died simply because their spiritual energy ran out. At the bottom of the ocean, even a Snakebelt could kill a fishing master who did not have spiritual energy.

After his wounds were healed, Han Fei looked around, only to see no boats around. There were only some birds in the sky.

I'll definitely demand an explanation from the port. How could they distribute a faulty boat to me?

However, the journey did have a silver lining. Not only had he made a breakthrough, he also acquired a purple bamboo, which was an ultimate plant!

After a brief rest, Han Fei began to fish and practice Hook Kiss again. It was indeed an amazing art that could turn him into Spider-Man at the bottom of the ocean.

Chapter 23: Fight the Tentacle Lobster

Hook Kiss was much more powerful than Immobilization.

Han Fei had studied it before. Immobilization could make people absolutely calm and steady before their spiritual energy was transmitted to the fishing line and hook. It could also weaken the line and

hook's threat for fish. However, the greatest disadvantage of Immobilization was that it would take a long time, and the fish might break off the hook at any moment.

Hook Kiss, in comparison, was much more powerful. As long as one knew a fish's location, they would be able to cast the hook there as fast as a Snakebelt.

Putong...

Han Fei tossed a big yellow fish into the fish cabin.

He mumbled, "Wait, when I cast the hook, I sensed the waves in the water down below. I think I can save some spiritual energy if I cast the hook there."

Putong...

Han Fei tossed a seventh yellow fish into the fish cabin.

The spiritual energy cost has been reduced by one point. Haha, I'm a genius.

Han Fei was very excited. The reduction might be insignificant, but as he fished more and more, he would be able to save a lot of spiritual energy.

After half a day, Han Fei used up one box of bait and filled one of the cabins with almost fifty yellow fish. Thirty of them were absorbed by him.

Seeing that his spiritual energy had been restored to 842 points, Han Fei stopped absorbing, or he wouldn't be able to pay his fish tax.

No, I can't catch yellow fish anymore. There's only one box of green bait. Since it's already night, I can consider sinking the hook three meters deep.

...

He caught a green turtle at first, which threw random stones at him. Han Fei tried to block them, but because he was not skilled enough, he was hit multiple times, and his face was pale.

If someone else observed him, they would've been shocked that he resisted the green turtle with his body instead of spiritual energy.

Han Fei knocked out the green turtle and mumbled, "This is not profitable! I spent six points of spiritual energy on Hook Kiss and had to use another eight to block the stones. I can only earn the same amount of spiritual energy by absorbing the green turtle with the Demon Purification Pot. I should try catching blade fish instead!"

Han Fei cast his hook more than five meters deep. He did not know what was out there, but anything would be fine as long as it was not a tentacle lobster.

Although the Snakebelt was fast, he could kill it by covering his body with spiritual energy. The tentacle lobster, on the other hand, was much more destructive. He would rather not encounter one.

The blade fish was much more difficult to catch than the green turtle was, or its knife couldn't have been as precious. The blade fish took the bait much less frequently. Also, since the blade fish had only

one chance to throw its knife after it left the water, the attack could be brutal, and the odds were slim that one could obtain the knife.

Last time, Han Fei was almost chopped by a knife. He would've been dead if the knife hadn't deviated by chance.

It was the seventh time that Han Fei cast the hook. Han Fei sensed that a knife was passing the space down before, but he could not use Hook Kiss randomly in case the blade fish cut the fishing line. Waiting for the best moment, Han Fei shook the fishing line like a whip.

Get up!

Han Fei dragged it hard, and a dark shadow broke out of the water.

Hiu...

A knife darted at him like cold lightning. Han Fei was long prepared for it. The purple bamboo in his hand glowed and smashed at the knife.

Clang...

The knife pierced through the deck into the cabin. Han Fei smashed the bamboo at the blade fish's head. The blade fish was vulnerable without its knife and was killed instantly.

This is still not a good deal. The fishing cost six points of spiritual energy, the attack cost ten, but the blade fish can only give me no more than twenty points of spiritual energy. However, its knife can be traded for fifty low-quality pearls, that's not bad.

As night fell, Han Fei caught three blade fish and three green turtles. Half of the box of baits had been used.

When he was about to fish again, he heard squeaking sounds from underneath the boat.

Han Fei immediately had goosebumps all over his body. He knew perfectly that it was a tentacle lobster.

Without any hesitation, Han Fei crawled into a fish cabin. Such lobsters were not very strong but could be very tricky. Their tentacles could attack incessantly like whips. Han Fei was very certain that he would waste a lot of spiritual energy even if he could catch a tentacle lobster. That wouldn't be a fair deal at all.

He thought that the lobster would go, but he heard it crawling to one side of the boat from the bottom.

"Are you coming aboard?"

Han Fei was lost for words. Had it gotten on the boat even though he didn't try to catch it?

Soon, Han Fei realized that the tentacle lobster had gotten on the boat and was crawling on the deck!

"Are you kidding me? I'm the hunter here! But I'm hiding in the cabin and you're on the deck?"

Soon, the tentacle lobster crawled over his head and made obscure noises.

Huh? Why do I feel that it's eating?

Han Fei waited for a while, but the sound continued.

A moment later, Han Fei heard the sound of fish being picked up from the cabin next door.

Han Fei's face changed greatly. Was it stealing his fish?

He couldn't have looked more awful. The green turtles and the blade fish were kept in that cabin. Even Han Fei hadn't absorbed any of them yet, but the tentacle lobster was stealing them?

"Damn it! You're asking to be killed!"

Han Fei lifted the cover of the cabin and jumped out, unable to hold back any longer. Do you know how difficult it was for me to catch those fish?

The tentacle lobster, caught unprepared, backed three meters away.

The lobster was more than two meters long, with two tentacles even longer than its body. More importantly, there were another two tentacles above them. Han Fei observed carefully, only to discover that it was another lobster, except that it was of a much smaller size.

Han Fei cried, "There are two of you?"

He glanced at them, and information popped up.

<Name> Tentacle Lobster

<Level> Eight

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 52 points

<Effect> The succulent meat of the lobster can increase spiritual power.

<Collectible> Long tentacles, which can be built into whips.

<Absorbable>

Han Fei's eyelids twitched. He hurried to cover himself and the purple bamboo with spiritual energy.

"Get off! Put my spiritual energy... no, put my fish down!"

Han Fei saw that the smaller tentacle lobster was biting a half-meter-long blade fish.

Sensing the threat from Han Fei, the bigger tentacle lobster was infuriated and swept its tentacles.

Pa...

The tentacles whipped the wall of the boat. Han Fei leaped back and smashed the purple bamboo down.

"This is outrageous! You're bandits!"

The purple bamboo was wrapped up in the tentacles, and the smaller lobster on top seemed interested in whipping him, too.

Hum...

Spiritual energy emerged from the purple bamboo, allowing him to break free from the tentacles. When the smaller tentacle lobster whipped him, Han Fei swept his bamboo and cut the tentacles with his dagger.

“Ya...”

A tentacle was cut apart. Han Fei took the opportunity to jump on the smaller lobster’s back.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Not giving the enemy another chance to attack, he struck the smaller tentacle lobster three times in a row, hitting it into smithereens.

“Ya! Ya!”

Han Fei rolled to the deck quickly, but a tentacle was still whipped at him.

Hiss...

Han Fei sensed burning pain on his back. He almost passed out under the agony.

Sweep!

Han Fei wielded his purple bamboo and smashed at the lobsters again.

BAM...

One of the lobster’s eyes was blown up. It began slapping its tentacles randomly under the pain. Han Fei seized the opportunity to hit the lobster from its back.

“You want to eat my fish? You want to eat my fish?”

Seeing another tentacle come at him, Han Fei drew his remaining four daggers and threw them.

Soon, another tentacle on the bigger lobster was broken. It struggled and tried to jump into the ocean, but how could Han Fei give it the chance? He jumped again and smashed the lobster’s head until it was deformed.

Han Fei cursed at the tentacle lobsters after they had stopped moving, “You came to steal my fish with your son? You think you can steal my fish so easily?”

Chapter 24: Another Fish Tide

Han Fei felt that his back was itchy. When he touched it, he discovered, to his surprise, that his wound was already scabbing.

Huh? This doesn’t make sense! I was whipped just now, and the wound is so small?

Han Fei touched it, but the wound was gone after only one moment.

Hiss...

Han Fei remembered the Purple Bamboo Fruit and the dragon gallbladder. One of them must still be effective. Was the advanced healing continuous?

After the incident with the tentacle lobsters, Han Fei stopped fishing. He absorbed the remainder of the blade fish as well as the smaller tentacle lobster whose head had been blown up.

To Han Fei's surprise, the smaller tentacle lobster provided 36 points of spiritual energy, which equaled what half a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup could offer.

The higher level a creature is, the more spiritual energy it will contain.

However, after calculation, Han Fei realized that he still suffered a loss. Filling his body with spiritual energy was a major cost in battle. He had also consumed a lot of spiritual energy to launch attacks.

Han Fei was upset. Life for an intermediate fisher on the ocean was too hard. He would rather spend all his time in school fighting other people.

It remains to be seen whether or not I can return. I should focus on cultivation.

The view at night on the ocean was still splendid with the three moons, but it was creepily quiet.

The meat of the lobsters were dug out and taken as food. Han Fei sat cross-legged on the deck and started his cultivation.

The moment he started, Han Fei sensed a stream of spiritual energy entering his body. Most was absorbed by the calabash, but it was still much more than when he was at home.

"Huh? Again? It seems that cultivating against the moons is more effective!"

Han Fei felt that he had found a great secret. Back on the island, while Void Fishing was much more effective than Soul Fishing, the difference wasn't too huge.

However, the effect of Void Fishing on the ocean with moonlight was significantly better than that on the island. He couldn't feel the difference when he was a level-two fisher last time, but right now, with infinite spiritual energy surging into his body, he realized how magnificent the art was.

It deserves to be called the best generic art. One day of cultivation under such intensity equals other people's months of cultivation.

Same as last time, when Han Fei started his cultivation, waves spread out on the surface of the ocean. Fish jumped up now and then.

Perhaps because the spiritual energy Han Fei attracted was powerful but not powerful enough, the fish were gathered around him but did not go rampant.

Pa...

A white fish jumped on the boat and slapped the deck in front of Han Fei.

Huala...

A yellow fish landed at Han Fei's side, slapping the deck.

Pa... Pa... Pa...

Another two white fish jumped on Han Fei's face.

Han Fei stopped his cultivation furiously. Can't you just stay in the water instead of slapping my face?

He kicked the fish into the cabin, but the moment he stopped the flow of his spiritual energy, dozens of fish began to hop.

Han Fei approached the edge of the boat, only to discover that green turtles and blade fish were swimming about aggressively.

After a few seconds, the ocean seemed to be boiling. Han Fei was so scared that he sat down and resumed his cultivation.

When his cultivation started again, the turmoil died down.

Han Fei finally discovered that those fish were making use of the spiritual energy that he attracted for his cultivation. He felt that such a way of cultivation was truly dangerous.

More and more fish were gathered here. Whenever Han Fei stopped, a riot seemed to happen. He was too scared to stop.

Finally, the moons fell, and the first light of the morning glowed from the horizon.

Same as last time, Han Fei trembled because of the excruciating pain in his wrist. The calabash radiated and was ignited for three seconds. Han Fei had to stop his cultivation after his hand was set on fire.

This time, Han Fei was smart enough to jump into one of the cabins and close it.

As expected, thousands of fish jumped and splashed water in the next moment.

Blade fish, green turtles, tentacle lobsters, Snakebelts, yellow fish... There was even a meat tortoise, except that it was too heavy to jump on the boat.

The ocean was dyed red by blood for a moment. Too many big fish were falling on the deck. Some of the green turtles were so heavy that the boat was shaking and creaking. Han Fei even suspected that the boat would fall apart.

Han Fei was certain that he would be skinned by the fish if he were to go out at this moment.

BAM...

BAM...

After several minutes, the noises were finally over.

Han Fei finally opened the cabin carefully. He saw a mountain of broken bodies on the deck. Some living fish were still struggling and catching their last breath.

Han Fei looked at the fish in delight. They were not broken bodies but spiritual energy in his eyes. The refining function in his Demon Purification Pot required 2,000 points of spiritual energy, and Forge the Universe required 10,000. He could easily activate them after spending half a month on the ocean.

That being said, Han Fei still investigated all the fish cabins carefully. He didn't find any Snakebelts, but he did find a black ball, to his surprise.

The black ball was rolling inside a fish cabin.

<Name> Ball Fish

<Level> Ten

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 290 points

<Effect> The heart of the ball fish is as sweet as sugar and can increase the speed of recovery.

<Collectible> Fish splinters, which can be used as a weapon.

<Absorbable>

Two hundred and ninety points of spiritual energy?

According to his memory, the ball fish were a special fish in the level-one fishery. They were easy to catch, but they could shoot splinters in all directions when they were in danger. If they ran loose, new splinters would grow out in a couple of days. Few creatures wanted to mess with them.

Most people would rather not catch them because they could turn those people into pincushions. More importantly, the fish did not have much meat. Their only advantage was their heart, that could increase the speed of recovery.

Han Fei gasped aloud. "Have I come to a level-one fishery?"

He thought for a moment and decided to leave the ball fish alone for now. He closed the cabin and then absorbed the broken bodies crazily.

An hour later, all the fish cabins were cleaned up except for those where the yellow fish and the ball fish were kept. Han Fei's spiritual energy increased to 2,584 points. This was certainly a fruitful trip.

Han Fei thought for a moment and made up his mind to kill the ball fish so that he could try refining. He had five knives and a purple bamboo, and he'd better make the best use of them.

Han Fei kicked the cover of the cabin and stepped back in a hurry. Next second, three black splinters were shot to the ceiling.

So brutal?

Han Fei extended his fishing pole and stirred the water. Then, black splinters darted to the ceiling nonstop.

Han Fei said, "Hey, you're too silly. What can you do after you run out of splinters?"

Han Fei stirred for a long time, until there were no splinters shooting out. He then stirred with the purple bamboo. After five minutes, another few splinters came out.

"Is that all?"

A few minutes later, Han Fei picked up a soft, slippery dark ball.

Han Fei stabbed into it without hesitation. With its gas leaking out, the fish became a big skin after a few seconds.

Huh? This thing can be made into a bag.

Han Fei cut the heart of the ball fish. It was white and a little bit hard. Was it really worth 290 points of spiritual energy? He touched it and sensed spiritual energy flowing out.

Naturally, Han Fei wasted no time throwing it into his mouth. It was better for him to take it than to give it to the Demon Purification Pot.

After he took it, Han Fei sensed that his spiritual energy was much higher. He checked it and found it to be 2,856 points. Han Fei was rather surprised. Shouldn't there be more since he had taken it orally? Was it because the ball fish had lost all the splinters? That must be the reason.

Han Fei did not know that the heart of a ball fish could be sold for three mid-quality pearls. If he had known, he would probably die before he took it.

Besides, few people took the heart orally. If the heart was used as an ingredient to make drugs, its effect would be more than doubled.

Chapter 25: As Poor As Can Be

After clearing the last fish cabin, Han Fei had a spiritual energy storage of 3,241 points, which was enough for him to travel to the bottom of the ocean another three times.

Of course, he couldn't be so lucky every time. The sea dragon, the Ghost Blade Clam, and the sea anemones were all very formidable.

Leaning against the broken controller, Han Fei studied the Demon Purification Pot.

Looking at the apple-sized calabash, Han Fei meditated.

"Activate."

Two thousand points of spiritual energy immediately vanished. Han Fei sensed a hazy mist in his head. When the mist exploded, new understandings popped up in Han Fei's mind.

There seemed to be a burning furnace in the void. Han Fei had the feeling that he could store anything in the calabash and put together amazing combinations.

In the meantime, an idea came Han Fei's mind.

Furnace of the Universe: With the universe as the furnace and the spiritual energy as the fire, anything can be built into a weapon.

Han Fei swallowed. With the universe as the furnace? That sounded rather impressive.

However, when he thought of the introduction to Void Fishing, he calmed down. After his transmigration, he had learned to accept the unacceptable.

Han Fei looked at the purple bamboo, the knives from the blade fish, the iron fishing pole, and his ragged clothes. Since he had five knives from the blade fish, he stored one of them in the Furnace of Universe.

The moment the knife disappeared, he saw a hazy space in the calabash where the knife was floating.

“Forge.”

A fire rose immediately. Within a breath, a palm-sized dagger drifted out.

“So quickly?”

Han Fei opened his eyes and saw a dagger falling on his hand.

“Whoa...”

Han Fei was somewhat astounded. My half-meter-long knife was reduced into a small dagger?

Han Fei picked up the knife. For some reason, he felt that the knife was suitable for him.

Trying to test how good the small dagger was, he cut another knife with the dagger, only to widen his eyes. The knife had a huge dent on it.

So good?

Han Fei looked at the purple bamboo and decided to test it again.

Ding...

After a slight tap, Han Fei checked them carefully. Neither the purple bamboo nor the dagger was damaged.

Han Fei was immediately reassured. The purple bamboo must be of a high level.

He looked at the Demon Purification Pot, only to be shocked.

“Tch... I have only 1,053 points left? It cost me 188 points?”

Han Fei hesitated. He was delighted at the result, but the cost was enormous. How much would the purple bamboo cost when a knife had cost so much?

Gritting his teeth, he stored the purple bamboo in the Furnace of Universe and tossed the remaining knives in it. He needed a weapon, and he couldn't use He Xiaoyu's bamboo rod all the time.

Han Fei took a deep breath. He still had a cabin of yellow fish. If the spiritual energy was not enough, he could still absorb several hundred points.

Han Fei began forging and wondered what he would get in the end.

After a moment, the calabash glowed, and a purple stick floated out.

Han Fei felt greatly weakened, but he did not feel the urgent need to absorb spiritual energy. He was greatly relieved.

After taking a closer look at the purple stick, Han Fei was immensely satisfied. It was silver on both ends and purple-red at the center.

He realized that the two ends must be made of the knives, and the middle part was made of the purple bamboo.

Purple Bamboo Rod (Mortal Level, Mid Quality)

Note: Made with a 280-year-old purple bamboo and blade fish knives, it can launch sharp blade auras.

Mortal Level, Mid Quality? Weapons are classified in different levels, too? It does make sense, on second thought. However, isn't the purple bamboo an ultimate treasure? Why is it Mortal Level, Mid Quality now?

Han Fei observed it carefully and weighed it. It was over forty kilograms and could serve as a magnificent weapon.

When Han Fei grasped the rod, he felt that he had used it for years. He tried wielding it. It was slightly heavy but very handy.

Han Fei, delighted, practiced Sweeping Stick. The weapon rattled and radiated as he poured his spiritual energy into it.

At this moment, the purple bamboo rod seemed to have turned into part of Han Fei's body. His limbs and his body could control and react to the rod precisely.

After wielding it for an hour, Han Fei felt that he was more and more familiar with it. He now also understood the essence of Sweeping Stick.

If He Xiaoyu were here, she would've been greatly surprised, because Han Fei's Sweeping Stick had reached a whole new level at this moment.

"This feels good..."

Han Fei stopped and fell on the ground after an exclamation. The world was swirling before him, and acids were surging from his stomach.

He looked at the Demon Purification Pot, only to smile bitterly. He had used up his spiritual energy after the practice.

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Five (Intermediate Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 0 (159)

Spiritual Heritage: Level One, High Quality

Weapon: Purple Bamboo Rod

Main Art: Void Fishing, Chapter 1: Hook Kiss (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

Seeing the number, Han Fei staggered to the cabin where yellow fish were kept and grabbed a yellow fish.

A moment later, the whole cabin was cleared, and his spiritual energy returned to 144 points.

Yes, a whole cabin of yellow fish only provided 144 points of spiritual energy for him.

Han Fei felt like crying. He earned three thousand points of spiritual energy by risking his life twice, but he had spent all of them in less than two minutes.

He saw an enormous pit before him. The refining function alone had stripped him of his spiritual energy. What could Forge the Universe, which required 10,000 points of spiritual energy to be activated, bring him?

Han Fei had a feeling that he needed to worry about spiritual energy all the time in the future. Other people spent several points of spiritual energy at a time, but he spent thousands of them each time although he was only a fisher. How could he make ends meet?

Han Fei sighed and smashed his rod at a corner of the boat to unleash his fury. However, it hit the controller of the boat accidentally, and the wooden cover on it was broken.

Han Fei thought that he was doomed. The boat was damaged in the first place. Would he be demanded compensation for his strike?

Huh?

While Han Fei wondered if he should compensate, he saw a block on the controller that was cut by a knife instead of smashed by his rod.

Han Fei examined it for a long time. Then, his face turned cold.

The fault was not natural?

Who wants to kill me?

The first person he thought of was Hu Kun, but then he shook his head. Hu Kun indeed hated him, but such a little kid wasn't capable of this. Besides, the guy did not know when he left the island, nor could he sabotage a boat that belonged to the island.

But who else could it be if not Hu Kun? Han Fei did not remember pissing off anyone else.

Chapter 26: Rescue

After floating for another day, Han Fei used up his remaining bait and caught nine yellow fish, three green turtles, and a blade fish.

The ratio would've been unbelievable if he told it to anyone else. There were only forty pieces of bait in each box, and most people could only catch five fish with them. It was unimaginable that Han Fei caught thirteen fish, including a blade fish, with only half a box of bait.

Actually, Han Fei only wasted the bait on the blade fish and the green turtles several times. None of the yellow fish was able to escape from his hook.

It was night again.

Han Fei couldn't fish anymore now that his bait was used up. He started his cultivation.

Just like the previous times, he was surrounded by fish that jumped to his boat now and then. At dawn, he intensely absorbed spiritual energy again, which caused a riot.

So, he had another boat of fish the next morning, although no special fish came to him.

After leaving a cabin of fish as his tax, Han Fei increased his spiritual energy to 1,200 points.

Han Fei dared not be extravagant again. Although he had three more knives, he dared not forge them again, or he would be bankrupt.

It was Han Fei's third day on the ocean. There was still nobody around. He did not know where he was at all.

On the fourth day, Han Fei's boat was already ragged after the three fish tides. One of the fish cabins had even been broken by a green turtle. Two giant holes were left on one side of the boat, too.

Han Fei was bailing out the water that came in through the holes at this moment. He knew that the boat couldn't survive the fifth fish tide. It was now shaking and could fall apart at any moment.

In the afternoon of the fifth day, Han Fei was practicing the stick arts on the boat. After three days, he was even more familiar with the technique.

In the meantime, he discovered that the progress of his arts required spiritual energy, too. However, since Han Fei had more than 2,000 points of spiritual energy at this moment, he couldn't care less about it.

Tilting his head, he noticed quite a few boats far away. Immediately, he waved his rod and cried, "Hey! Hey! Brother! Sister! Uncle! Save me!"

Han Fei roared at his loudest.

...

"Third Young Master, there's someone over there."

Wang Baiyu said, "I see him. Interesting. I didn't expect to see someone fishing alone so far away. Let's go and take a look."

Han Fei was excited to see them coming near. It was not easy to meet someone else on the boundless ocean.

After the boats approached each other, Han Fei and Wang Baiyu looked at each other.

"It's you?"

"It's you?"

Wang Baiyu was stunned. Wasn't it the boy he met on the road the other day? He only took a look at the boy because he was the one who broke the silence back then.

Han Fei was also surprised. The third young master of the Wang family, who had five boats protecting him on his fishing trip?

Wang Baiyu squinted at Han Fei's boat, which was more like a shipwreck than a boat. He was surprised that it hadn't sunk yet.

Wang Baiyu said, "Brother, you're quite a fisher! You came eight hundred kilometers away alone?"

Han Fei gasped. "Whoa... I've come that far?"

Wang Baiyu was slightly surprised. "Huh? You didn't know?"

Han Fei said with a helpless smile, "My boat malfunctioned and brought me to this place on its own. I've floated for five days on the ocean."

"How many days?"

Wang Baiyu's subordinates were stunned. He floated for five days alone without being killed?

Few people in Heavenly Water Village could spend five days on the ocean alone and return alive. There were only one or two of them every year.

Wang Baiyu immediately sensed that something was wrong. "Your boat malfunctioned? That's unlikely. Our boats are propelled by natural floating stones. They will never malfunction as long as the stones are there..."

Before he finished, Wang Baiyu saw Han Fei raise a stone at him.

Han Fei said, "Are you talking about this?"

Wang Baiyu's eyes widened. "Yes... But your floating stone is broken. Huh? It was cut into halves, which resulted in the disruption of power transmission... You were set up."

Wang Baiyu declared without any hesitation.

He then added, "To destroy a floating stone, you have to be at least a peak fisher, with a good weapon. Of course, it will be easier if you are a fishing master. However, most fishing masters have better things to do."

Han Fei's heart grew heavy. At least a peak fisher? When did he piss off such an expert? Was the father of someone he beat up at school seeking revenge for his son?

Suddenly, Han Fei had an idea. Was it the Tigers? Li Hu did glare at him when he left the other day.

Han Fei said, "Brother Wang, thank god you're here, or I would probably die in the ocean."

Wang Baiyu was very interested in Han Fei. He smiled warmly. "How did you survive five days on the ocean?"

He looked at Han Fei's boat again. It was a miracle that such a pile of wood did not fall apart.

Han Fei heaved a sigh. "It's a long story! The ocean is indeed horrifying. I encountered a fish tide that almost crumbled my boat. I would've been killed if I hadn't hidden in the fish cabin."

"A fish tide?"

Wang Baiyu's subordinates grew solemn. Another fish tide had happened? Did it mean that a crisis was going on in the general fishery?

Han Fei naturally wouldn't tell them that it was he who caused the fish tide. Wang Baiyu observed Han Fei and thought that a man with a blade fish knife and an iron fishing pole couldn't be too weak. Besides, Han Fei's rod also looked extraordinary.

Wang Baiyu said, "Brother Han, your rod seems rare."

Han Fei said, "It's a gift from my brother. It's only slightly better than an iron rod. I'm sure Brother Wang has much better weapons."

Wang Baiyu was naturally not convinced, but he was more decent than to rob a total stranger. He looked at Han Fei's boat curiously.

"Huh? Brother Han, your boat is still full of fish?"

Han Fei said without blushing, "They jumped on my boat during the fish tide. However, since my boat has been terribly damaged, I think they're barely enough to cover compensation costs."

Wang Baiyu shook his head. "Your boat was deliberately destroyed. Somebody will investigate it. You don't even need to pay the fish tax. However, do you have any rare fish on board?"

Han Fei asked, "You're looking for rare fish, Brother Wang?"

Wang Baiyu said, "Truth be told, I'm looking for rare and mysterious fish in the general fishery on this trip."

Han Fei replied, "I'm afraid I don't have any. I did have a ball fish during the fish tide, but I couldn't deal with its spurts. It jumped back into the ocean in the end."

Wang Baiyu was obviously disappointed. Ball fish were not too rare. The Wang Baiyu had plenty of them.

Han Fei asked, "Brother Wang, do you purchase fish? Since my boat can't move now, I can sell my fish to you at a lower price."

Wang Baiyu smiled calmly. "What do you have?"

Han Fei counted: "I have seven knives, six green turtles, a small octopus, a jellyfish, three whelks..."

Some jumped onto the boat on their own, including the small octopus. The jellyfish was caught by accident. As for the whelks, they were discovered in the stomachs of the dead fish. Together, they were worth some money.

Wang Baiyu was immediately shocked. "You've kept seven knives after the fish tide?"

Han Fei replied, "Yes. There were even tentacle lobsters, but alas, they ran loose. Right, I had a few tentacles. The lobsters left them during the fight with the blade fish."

What Han Fei offered was worth eight mid-quality pearls. That might not sound like too many but was actually a lot. Even the descendants of a great family usually did not have so much money with them.

Wang Baiyu immediately nodded his head. "All right, I'll take them. However, I don't need the yellow fish and the like. If you want, I can help you bring them back. It's very easy for me."

Han Fei said, "I could use your help. Thank you very much."

Wang Baiyu and Han Fei were not friends. He was only doing Han Fei a favor. He cleared a boat for Han Fei and asked one of his subordinates to escort Han Fei back.

After Han Fei left, a subordinate asked, "Third Young Master, why do you treat him so nicely? It was unnecessary for us to purchase those things at all."

With intelligence that did not befit his age, Wang Baiyu explained, "Do you not feel suspicious that an intermediate fisher has an enemy who's a peak fisher or even a fishing master? Usually, people only have enemies of their own level. Besides, you really think it's possible to avoid a fish tide by hiding in the cabin?"

Chapter 27: It Feels Good to Spend Money

Wang Baiyu sent Han Fei away first because he did not want Han Fei to know the real purpose of his trip.

Han Fei did not want to pry into it, either. Being rescued was good enough for him. The only bad thing was that he owed the guy a favor.

In the departure port, the receptionist was surprised to see Han Fei.

The receptionist asked, "It's been five days, you're still alive?"

Han Fei said, "Sister Qin, it's a long story. My boat was deliberately damaged..."

Han Fei explained everything quickly. The receptionist frowned, her face cold and expressionless.

She said, "I'll have someone investigate it. If it's true, the Supervision Department will give you an answer."

As Wang Baiyu said, the port did not levy fish tax on him, because Han Fei's indictment still required investigation. If it was fake, Han Fei would have to do much more than paying fish tax. If it was true, the port authorities wouldn't let go of whoever sabotaged the boat.

Han Fei left the port with seven mid-quality pearls, six of which were from Wang Baiyu.

Han Fei's return did not catch any attention. Instead of going home or to school, Han Fei decided to increase his capabilities since Wang Baiyu mentioned that his enemy could be a peak fisher.

He was not so desperate before, but it was impossible for a level-five fisher to defeat a peak fisher who was multiple levels higher than him, if not a fishing master, whatever his weapon was.

After an hour, Han Fei walked to the business area in the western port of the island, where he found a blacksmith.

A brawny man with exposed arms smiled at him. "Brother, what can I get you?"

Han Fei asked, "Can you coat my rod with iron?"

Unlike He Xiaoyu, Han Fei did not have a fishing master father, who ensured that her bamboo rod wouldn't be looted. Although Han Fei could count on Tang Ge, he did not think that it would be easy to meet Tang Ge again after Fang Ze took him away.

The blacksmith was amazed by Han Fei's purple bamboo rod. "Where did you get this rod? Wow, it's so extraordinary!"

Han Fei said warily, "One of my seniors gave it to me, but I found it too high profile. Uncle, can you coat it or not? If not, I'll find someone else!"

The blacksmith said, "Of course I can! But this is a great rod as it is. Is your senior a fishing master?"

Narrowing his eyes, Han Fei said, "A little bit higher."

The blacksmith lowered his voice, "A peak fishing master?"

Han Fei asked, "Uncle, are fishing masters the best experts you've seen?"

The blacksmith was shocked. "You mean the village leader? That's impossible. The village leader doesn't have a nephew."

Han Fei said, "Uncle, do you really think that there is only one grand fishing master in Heavenly Water Village?"

"Eesh..."

The blacksmith changed his face greatly. Some people said that the grandfather of the Wang family became a grand fishing master a long time ago. The leader of the Tigers was also reaching for the level of grand fishing master. Was this boy related to them? Or were there more hidden experts in Heavenly Water Village?

Han Fei said, "Uncle, certain things are best left unknown, do you understand?"

Seeing that Han Fei was proud and confident, the blacksmith nodded. At the very least, Han Fei's look was rather convincing.

The blacksmith said, "I can do that. It will only take a moment."

Han Fei waited for a quarter. He was quite satisfied with the rod once it was entirely blackened. Ignoring the blacksmith's puzzled looks, he disappeared into the crowd.

What Han Fei did not know was that the blacksmith locked the door and left immediately after he left.

Han Fei visited many stores before he finally left the western port and returned to the eastern port he came from.

After returning to the place that he was familiar with, Han Fei finally cursed the expensive service aloud, which cost him eighteen low-quality pearls.

In Wang Jie's store, the manager was calculating the accounts when he saw a familiar person. Wasn't it his boss's student?

"Mr. Guan, what are you busy with?"

Mr. Guan said, "I didn't expect to see you. Why, are you rich again? What would you like to buy?"

Han Fei asked in a low voice, "Mr. Guan, is there anything better than the Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid here?"

Mr. Guan immediately asked in surprise, "Better than the Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid? Do you want the Spirit Refilling Pill? Can you afford it?"

Han Fei was surprised that something was indeed available. He asked interestedly, "Mr. Guan, I've earned some money. How much is the Spirit Refilling Pill?"

Mr. Guan said, "The Spirit Refilling Pill can quickly refill three hundred points of spiritual energy. It's mainly sold to the peak fishermen. Why do you want it? Besides, every pill costs two mid-quality pearls. Can you afford it?"

Han Fei was rather shocked. Two mid-quality pearls for three hundred points of spiritual energy? That was too expensive.

However, Han Fei still asked, "Mr. Guan, how fast can the Spirit Refilling Pill refill spiritual energy? It's rather expensive."

Mr. Guan smiled. "It only takes ten seconds. Two mid-quality pearls is actually a fair price."

Han Fei chuckled. "Mr. Guan, is there anything better? Do you have anything that can nurture the veins or increase spiritual energy?"

"You're quite a dreamer, aren't you? Even if they are available in my store, they will be reserved by my boss... Huh, there's a bottle of Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid that is of no use to my boss anymore. I can sell it for six mid-quality pearls, since you're my boss's student."

Han Fei's eyes glittered. "Mr. Guan, I would like that."

He took six shiny mid-quality pearls from his pocket.

Mr. Guan was immediately shocked. "You're just a student. Where did you get the money?"

Without thinking, Han Fei said, "My brother gave it to me! My brother was recruited by the angel as a disciple for his Level Seven Spiritual Heritage. He gave you a couple of mid-quality pearls."

"Ah. Tang Ge is your brother?"

Han Fei asked, "Mr. Guan, do you know my brother?"

Mr. Guan said, "Of course. Who in Heavenly Water Village doesn't know Tang Ge? His Spiritual Heritage is too good even for the town. Wait, if you are his brother, why don't you ask him for it instead of buying it in my store?"

Han Fei pretended to smile bitterly. "I wouldn't buy it if I could meet him. Angel Fang Ze has been keeping him busy. With the Fishing Trial coming, I can't waste all my time waiting!"

Mr. Guan nodded. "It does make sense. Since you are Tang Ge's brother, I'll give you a 10% discount on this bottle of Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid."

Han Fei said, "Wow! Thank you, Mr. Guan..."

Mr. Guan looked at Han Fei thoughtfully and said, "I know that you are eager in cultivation, but you must not be anxious. The Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid is designed for peak fishermen. You'd better not try it until you're level six and not use too much at once. Also, you must not make a breakthrough with the Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid. It's a medication for cultivation, not for breakthroughs."

Han Fei said, "Got it. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Guan. I would like to buy another two bottles of Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid."

Han Fei felt like weeping after he left the store. Training was truly costly! He thought he was rich just now, but in the blink of an eye, he had only 42 low-quality pearls left, which were not even enough to buy a knife.

However, Han Fei was much more relaxed now that his money had been spent. He bought two big whelks, ten clams, and several kinds of sauces. In the end, he had only six low-quality pearls left.

Han Fei mumbled all the way home.

If it weren't for Tang Ge's celebration, he wouldn't buy anything so expensive as big whelks. Two of them cost 24 low-quality pearls. His heart was bleeding.

"They're just big whelks. I can catch several hundred of them later and make a fortune with them. They're everywhere at the bottom of the ocean."

While Han Fei muttered to himself and approached his home, he saw several people at the gate of his house from far away.

Chapter 28: Do You Still Collect Protection Fees?

As he approached, Han Fei saw that a few gangsters were having clams in his yard. His face immediately turned grim.

"Hey! Brother Gang, that guy is back!"

Pa...

The fatty threw the shells to the ground heavily. "Brat, do you know that I came for you yesterday? Where is the protection fee that I asked?"

Han Fei shivered in fury. I was on the brink of death several times, and when I finally come home, you're eating my food. Is it fair?

Han Fei grinned coldly, "Five low-quality pearls for each clam. I'll let you go if you give me the money, or I'll beat you until you pay for them."

The fatty and his lackeys were dazed. Then, they burst into laughter.

"Brother Gang, did he just ask us for money?"

"Brother Gang, this guy is crazy. Is he threatening us?"

With a wicked smile, the fatty bared his teeth and chuckled. "Brat, did my ears just deceive me, or was your brain damaged by an iron-head fish? You're threatening your Brother Gang?"

Dong...

Han Fei was much more confident now. The guy might be a level-seven fisher, so what? It was not such a challenge after he killed a sea dragon.

Han Fei drew his purple bamboo rod and declared, "Do you want to spill your blood in my place?"

"Huh?"

Brother Gang and his people were about to mock Han Fei again, when the purple bamboo rod glowed in Han Fei's hand.

Brother Gang changed his face. "Brat, you're truly bold. Brothers, take him down!"

"I'll kill you!"

Han Fei jumped and struck with the purple bamboo rod heavily. You think I'm too old to wield a rod?

Before Brother Gang realized what was going on, one of his level-five subordinates had already been hit. The man cried, holding his shoulder, "Ah! My arm is broken! Brother Gang, my arm is broken!"

Brother Gang burst into fury. "Are you asking to be killed?"

All of them picked up their rods. How could they be defeated by a child who was terribly outnumbered?

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Han Fei had 159 points of basic spiritual energy and a storage of more than three thousand points. What could he possibly be scared of?

I'm going to kill this fatty!

BAM!

One of the gangsters filled his body with spiritual energy and tried to take Han Fei's attack the hard way.

However, after a crack, the man fell on the ground and vomited blood.

Brother Gang became alarmed. "Not good. This boy is at the peak of level six. Let me."

The fatty slashed an iron rod at Han Fei. Outside of his expectations, Han Fei felt that his arm was numb. His face slightly changed. Was the guy a level-seven fisher?

Brother Gang was also stunned. "You're rather strong, but you don't know how good a level-seven expert is at all. Sweeping Flash Stick!"

Instantly, a Snakebelt seemed to be slithering on the fatty. Next moment, the fatty's combat ability significantly increased. His speed was twice as high.

Han Fei was shocked. How could a man so fat be so fast?

Clang! Clang! Clang! BAM!

Han Fei was forced to step back for the first time. Although he felt that he was no weaker than the fatty, he could not bear the fatty's six consecutive attacks at the same time.

"Cough..."

Han Fei's arm was numb, and blood flowed on his lips.

Brother Gang sneered, "Level-seven experts can loot the power of demonic fish. You think I do not have any power? Boy, kneel and submit all your belongings... Fine, since you do not have any belongings, give this yard to me, and I will spare you."

Han Fei took a deep breath. He still had his recovery ability, although it was much weaker than previously.

He grinned. "Is it the only thing that level-seven experts are capable of? How weak are you?"

"Ahhhhh...!"

Infinite spiritual energy surged out from Han Fei. Both he and his rod glowed as he leaped and smashed again.

Clang...

Brother Gang said, "Boy, you are killing yourself. You're only a level-six fisher. Filling your body with spiritual energy alone will cost one third of your spiritual energy. How many more times can you strike?"

Han Fei said, "You really talk too much..."

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Han Fei smashed at him six times crazily without stopping. He was hit once in return, which made his chest hurt.

The fatty breathed heavily. His previous attacks only caused a minor injury to Han Fei, but the boy went crazy and struck another couple of times. How much spiritual energy did the boy have?

Han Fei did not stop there. He swept, and the spiritual energy spread out in ripples.

Dum! Dum! Dum!

Pu...

The rods collided thunderously. Brother Gang vomited blood and lost control of his iron rod.

His eyes were full of disbelief. How was it possible? How many times had the boy struck while filling his body with spiritual energy? It must've cost more than two hundred points of spiritual energy!

BAM!

Han Fei dispersed his spiritual energy and whipped the fatty. All the other gangsters were stunned. Had Brother Gang been defeated?

Han Fei squatted before Brother Gang and grinned. "Do you still collect protection fee from me?"

Sweating hard, Brother Gang said, "It's a misunderstanding. Brother, it's totally a misunderstanding."

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Han Fei bashed Brother Gang three times and knocked him to the ground. "A misunderstanding? Are you sure it's a misunderstanding?"

Brother Gang grimaced in pain but dared not fight back. "Brother, I can compensate you. I guarantee that I won't look for you for trouble anymore."

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Han Fei yelled, "Who's your brother?"

Brother Gang said, "Master Han! Please forgive me, Master Han!"

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Brother Gang trembled. Why are you still beating me? I will be crippled if you don't stop!

Brother Gang begged for mercy. "Master, please spare me! I can give you my girlfriend..."

Han Fei did not know what to say.

BAM...

Gloomily, Han Fei said, "Leave your money and your iron rod here and get lost."

Brother Gang wept. How could he have imagined this happening? Why did the guy pretend to be so weak a few days ago?

Brother Gang said, "Master, I only have an iron rod... Here you are. Please don't point it at me. I'm scared."

Han Fei said, "I've wasted too much spiritual energy on you. Your iron rod is not nearly enough to compensate for my loss. You'd better get as far away as possible."

"Yes, of course. Why are you still here? Go!"

Han Fei was secretly surprised when the fatty rose and ran agilely. Was it the power of the demonic fish that he mentioned? If the fatty had stored enough spiritual energy, the result of the battle could've

been different. His weird power doubled his strength. Han Fei only defeated him because he had much more spiritual energy than his enemy did.

No, I underestimated the advanced fishermen. They are called advanced for a reason. The fatty was defeated by me because of insufficient spiritual energy. What if he were a level-eight fisher?

For the second time, Han Fei felt that he had been improving too slowly. Even a gangster could reach level seven. How many such people were out there in this world where everybody cultivated? He was only a Mr. Nobody, and he had to work hard to change that.

Han Fei entered the room and saw a note on the table left by Tang Ge.

I won't be back for the time being. There's something in that place you know. I'll see you at the Fishing Trial.

Han Fei shredded the note and reached the back of the house.

Behind the house was a cliff, with a trail less than half a meter wide. An iron chain was hanging on the trail. Han Fei grabbed the chain and descended carefully for about ten meters. Then, an inconspicuous cave whose entrance was covered by bushes lay before his eyes.

The cave had existed before the house was built. Every time Tang Ge found anything good, he would hide it in the cave instead of the house in case it was stolen.

The cave was four meters deep and three meters wide. There was a small bed and a stone tank where dozens of clams were kept.

On the bed, Han Fei saw a small package.

Han Fei gasped after he opened it. Two mid-quality pearls rolled out first. They were probably all the money that Tang Ge had.

Besides the two mid-quality pearls, there were also two books, an iron box, and a bottle.

Han Fei gasped again, because the covers of the two books said Swimming Art and Mystic Body Technique. After only a quick glance, Han Fei already knew why they were important. Most fishermen in Heavenly Water Village practiced stick arts. Even if there were books about other arts in the school library, there couldn't be too many. Whatever the two books were about, they couldn't be any worse than Sweeping Stick.

Huh? A Spirit Refilling Pill?

Han Fei picked up the bottle and smiled. He said to himself, "I do have a good brother."

Chapter 29: Incomplete Art

The Spirit Refilling Pill was very precious. Each of them cost two mid-quality pearls at Wang Jie's shop. Now, he had a whole bottle of them. Although he could have fifty yellow fish for the same amount of spiritual energy, it would take him a couple of days on the ocean. With the ten Spirit Refilling Pills, he could get three thousand points of spiritual energy easily.

He opened the iron box, and the cave was immediately filled with fragrance. Han Fei's eyes widened. Was it Crimson Sea Fruit? Han Fei was certain that it was not a Purple Bamboo Fruit, although its aroma was also entering his body through his skin.

Han Fei's heart pounded. Was it a fruit on the same level as the Purple Bamboo Fruit?

He stared at it, only to see no data. Did such a treasure have no data representation?

Even so, Han Fei was still excited. The Purple Bamboo Fruit had changed the Demon Purification Pot and given him a thousand points of spiritual energy. He did not expect Tang Ge to leave a treasure as good as that to him.

Han Fei closed the box in a hurry. He could not take it recklessly. Back at the bottom of the ocean, the spiritual energy in the fruit was so overwhelming that his body overheated. It was certainly not a good feeling.

Han Fei held back his urge to swallow the fruit and turned to the two books.

Swimming Art?

Han Fei was slightly surprised. It was a book that taught how to swim fast. It was not exactly a technique.

Han Fei learned from the book that ordinary people could only hold a hundred breaths, and only the grand fishing masters could hold a thousand breaths at the bottom of the ocean. He spent half an hour in the ocean, which was more than a thousand breaths. Did a breath denote a different time length in this world?

Han Fei did not think too much. Swimming Art was quite useful after all. If he had known it better, he wouldn't have been so devastated in the ocean.

After reading it carefully, Han Fei suddenly had a strange feeling.

Huh? Why do I remember it so clearly?

Han Fei looked at the list of arts on the Demon Purification Pot.

Existing Battle Techniques

Existing Arts: Swimming Art (Mortal Level, High Quality)

Note: It's a mediocre, generic swimming technique based on multiple other swimming techniques. To infer the ultimate technique, you need to spend 1,000 points of spiritual energy.

Superseding Art: Wandering Dragon Art

Progress: 0/1,000

...

Han Fei was excited. Could battle techniques be inferred, too?

While 1,000 points of spiritual energy was a lot, such a life-saving method was definitely worth it.

Han Fei said, "Infer it."

Spiritual energy surged out, and Swimming Art changed.

Existing Arts: Wandering Dragon Art (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

Note: It simulates the movement of unpredictable fish and dragons with spiritual energy...

Han Fei was interested. Could all arts and battle techniques be inferred to higher levels?

Also, the results were all Divine Quality.

However, what quality was Divine Quality exactly? He Xiaoyu said that above High Quality was Ultra Quality, and nothing was above Ultra Quality. It was obviously incorrect. Neither He Xiaoyu nor her father had access to the levels above Ultra Quality.

I'll practice the technique when I go to the ocean next time, well, or maybe when I surpass the peak of level six.

Wandering Dragon Art could not be put to use immediately. Han Fei turned to Mystic Body Technique, the other book.

After Han Fei read it carefully, the upgrade requirement for Mystic Body Technique popped up in his head.

Existing Arts: Mystic Body Technique (Mortal Level, High Quality)

Note: This body-conditioning art can fortify and harden the major acupuncture points over the body to stop spiritual energy from leaking.

Drawback: The foundation can be ruined when the major acupuncture points are hardened.

Superseding Arts: Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Conditioning

Progress: 0/2,200

...

"Eesh..."

Han Fei gasped that it required 2,200 points of spiritual energy to infer the book.

He also sweated when he saw the drawback in the system. The foundation would be damaged? That would definitely hinder future advancement.

Tang Ge couldn't have tried to harm him, so he might be unaware of the drawback. It would be terrible if he practiced the technique. Han Fei decided to remind him next time they met.

Han Fei couldn't feel more awful.

Two thousand and two hundred points of spiritual energy? Are you robbing me? Could you be better than Void Fishing?

Fine. Stuff inferred with so much spiritual energy can't be anything bad.

Han Fei said, "Infer it."

Spiritual energy surged out again, and the interface changed.

Existing Arts: Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Conditioning (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

Note: Every human has 108 acupuncture points, and 36 of them are critical. This art can seal the critical acupuncture points and keep natural spiritual energy inside.

Drawback: The following arts cannot be inferred unless corresponding body-conditioning arts are found.

...

Han Fei was delighted. It was a great deal.

He did not know that there were so many critical acupuncture points on the body. If he could repair them, he would definitely be sturdier than most people. At the very least, he wouldn't worry about being ambushed.

However, when he saw that he had only 142 points of spiritual energy left, Han Fei felt awful. Upgrading a random technique had cost him thousands of points of spiritual energy. What could he do if he had more techniques in the future?

Han Fei shook the idea out of his head. He was in desperate need of strengthening his body, and Tang Ge's help couldn't be more timely.

Han Fei studied the Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Polishing, which contained 108 stances.

He immediately stood straight in a weird posture. His face changed after the first movement as he felt that his muscles tightened and stretched.

The second... The third... By the time Han Fei reached the eighth stance, he breathed so heavily that he could barely continue. It was much more difficult than he had expected.

Han Fei sat on the ground, sweating hard.

Right then, Han Fei heard voices coming from above.

"Brother, this is the place. That brat lives here."

Han Fei grew alarmed. It was the fatty Brother Gang's voice.

BAM...

The gate was kicked open.

Then, someone asked indifferently, "Where is he?"

Brother Gang said, "Huh? He was here just now. Where could he possibly run to?"

The indifferent person said, "A-Gang, did the boy really defeat you with the strength of level six?"

Brother Gang said, "Brother Dong, it's true! That guy seemed to have infinite spiritual energy. He struck dozens of times but did not even need to catch his breath."

The guy called Brother Dong remarked after a brief silence, "Interesting. A-Gang, order someone to watch the place. This guy must have a treasure with him. It's up to you whether or not we can obtain it."

The voices were gone. Han Fei's heart became heavy. He shouldn't have been so gentle. The fatty did not learn his lesson at all.

Han Fei knew better than to come out and fight the people above. The man named Brother Dong was at least a level-eight fisher, or the fatty wouldn't have been so obedient.

Fatty, you're good, I'll remember you now.

Han Fei held back his rage. They did not know that he was a level-five fisher, or more people would've come. It was unbelievable that a level-five fisher defeated a level-seven fisher who absorbed the power of a demonic fish.

Han Fei gritted his teeth and drank a bottle of Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid. He had to speed up his cultivation.

Immediately, Han Fei felt that he was full of power. The next six hours were critical for him.

Han Fei resumed his cultivation. Although his muscles still ached because of the stretching, Han Fei was able to persist with the infinite power in his body.

Han Fei was covered in sweat by the time he completed 36 movements.

He seemed to have just been picked up from the ocean when he completed 72 movements.

After he completed 108 movements, Han Fei's muscles cramped, and he fell on the ground in pain.

Damn it. My whole body is spasming. What kind of body-conditioning technique is this?

Han Fei meant to pass out, but his brain was highly active with the tonic. It was not until ten minutes later that Han Fei's spasm was finally over.

Hooo...

Han Fei breathed heavily on the ground. This art was too horrifying.

When Han Fei looked at the Demon Purification Pot, he was astounded.

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Five (Intermediate Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 398 (167)

Spiritual Heritage: Level One, High Quality (Upgradeable)

Weapon: Purple Bamboo Rod

Main Art: Void Fishing, Chapter 1: Hook Kiss (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

...

“Whoa! My capacity of spiritual energy has been increased by eight points after I only practiced it once! This is amazing!”

Han Fei was stunned. It only increased by one point after he had a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup, but eight had been added after he practiced the Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Conditioning once.

Chapter 30: Breakthrough

In the day, Han Fei practiced the Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Polishing.

At night, Han Fei practiced Void Fishing and drew natural spiritual energy into his body.

After only one day, Han Fei felt that he could advance to level six. He sensed an obstacle that he could jump over easily.

But Han Fei didn't. According to He Xiaoyu, one could go deeper into every phrase. Some talented people could defeat enemies above their level exactly because of their solid foundation. Since he only had Level One Spiritual Heritage, if his foundation was not good enough, his future development would definitely be affected.

Han Fei ran out of the Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid on the second day. He sipped the Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid and immediately blushed. It was much stronger than the Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid. Han Fei felt like that his body was about to explode.

Han Fei immediately practiced the 108 stances.

After he practiced them three times in a row, the redness on Han Fei's face was finally gone.

Han Fei looked at the Demon Purification Pot.

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Five (Intermediate Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 506 (189)

Spiritual Heritage: Level One, High Quality

Weapon: Purple Bamboo Rod

Main Art: Void Fishing, Chapter 1: Hook Kiss (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

...

189?

Han Fei grinned. This art that cost 2,200 points of spiritual energy was definitely worth it. He had achieved more in three days than other people could in three months.

He had a feeling that he could crush Brother Gang with only three hits right now.

Not only had Han Fei's capacity for spiritual energy increased, but his body was also strengthened every time he completed the cycle of 108 stances. Some impurities had even been discharged.

Han Fei even sensed that if he practiced it longer, it could even boost the growth of his Spiritual Heritage and save the upgrade cost of 1,000 points.

Although the impurities discharged were not as many as last time, they were still a lot. After they were eliminated, Han Fei looked much healthier.

After practicing the Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Conditioning again, Han Fei realized that it could not improve the upper bound of his spiritual energy anymore.

Suddenly, Han Fei's expression changed.

Not good, I can't hold back now.

Han Fei had such a strong thirst for spiritual energy that he felt like a dry desert that was in need of rain.

He immediately sat cross-legged and activated Void Fishing with the Spirit Refilling Pill laid before him.

...

Night gradually fell.

A fatty approached Han Fei's house.

"Brother Gang, you're here?"

Brother Gang asked, "Is the boy still not back?"

His lackey shook his head. "No! He seems to have disappeared. Right... A level-six little girl just dropped by. She left since the door was not answered."

Pa...

Brother Gang slapped his lackey's head. "Are you an idiot? Why didn't you catch the girl? She must be the boy's friend!"

Feeling wronged, his lackey said, "Brother Gang, we tried to, but we couldn't! The girl had a bamboo rod. She smashed Er Gou to the ground when he approached her. She's not a simple girl at all."

"A bamboo rod? She smashed Er Gou to the ground?"

Brother Gang changed his face. "She's impressive for her age. A bamboo rod... Does she have a fishing master parent?"

Suddenly, Brother Gang asked confusedly, "Hey, do you feel that the spiritual energy here seems more intense than before?"

His lackey said, "Hasn't it always been this?"

Pa...

Brother Gang slapped his head again. “You’re both stupid and insensitive. However, the change of spiritual energy is indeed not very significant. It’s probably because the natural spiritual energy is particularly intense tonight.”

...

While Brother Gang and his lackey were chit-chatting, Han Fei was having the “sugar bean.”

The five hundred points of spiritual energy that he gathered naturally had been used up during his breakthrough. Incessant spiritual energy was entering his body, and he had a Spirit Refilling Pill in his mouth, but to Han Fei’s surprise, his spiritual energy was used up again after only a minute.

Han Fei was dumbfounded. What’s going on? Why does the breakthrough to level six require so much spiritual energy? Didn’t they say that the breakthrough to level seven was the real challenge?

It was truly easy to break the obstacle to level six. The only unbearable part for him was that the spiritual energy required for the breakthrough was too enormous.

After taking three Spirit Refilling Pills in a row, Han Fei finally realized that it couldn’t help. Also, it was a waste to use Spirit Refilling Pill in a breakthrough. They could save his life in a crisis. What could he do if he used them up right now?

Han Fei turned to the iron box. Did he have to take it?

“Let’s do it!”

Han Fei made a decision after only brief hesitation. Judging from the speed of consumption, even the ten Spirit Refilling Pills wouldn’t be enough.

Han Fei swallowed the fragrant fruit and immediately trembled. The spiritual energy from the fruit passed through his body.

With enough supply of spiritual energy, Han Fei reached level six within ten seconds. The calabash on his wrist flashed as if it were breathing.

Same as last time, Han Fei’s body was soon burning up. Since he was not in water this time, sweat was pouring out. Had it not been for the Demon Purification Pot that was absorbing the spiritual energy of the fruit, he would’ve exploded.

However, Han Fei could sense that his power was rising. His bones were itching, and his bone marrow was flowing. He speculated that the fruit was improving his body hardware, but the itchy feeling did not last. The fruit did not seem good enough.

The process lasted about five minutes, before he digested the rarely-seen fruit.

Han Fei did not feel sorry at all. He was a level-six now, and one of the better level-sixes.

He immediately looked at the Demon Purification Pot.

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Six (Intermediate Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 2308 (219)

Spiritual Heritage: Level Two, Low Quality (Upgradeable)

Weapon: Purple Bamboo Rod

Main Art: Void Fishing, Chapter 1: Hook Kiss (Mortal Level, Divine Quality)

...

Han Fei immediately gasped. The capacity for his spiritual energy had increased by thirty points. Could a level-eight fisher have so much spiritual energy?

Han Fei suspected that his capacity for spiritual energy was beyond comprehension.

More importantly, his Spiritual Heritage had changed from Level One, High Quality to Level Two, Low Quality. It was a leap across levels thanks to the two fruits he had. Han Fei even sensed that his Spiritual Heritage could further improve if he had more such fruits.

However, after checking the upgrade requirement for his Spiritual Heritage, he discovered that the 1,000 points of spiritual energy had turned into 10,000 points.

Are you kidding me? Why is it 10,000 now?

Han Fei was lost for words. However, on second thought, he realized that when he met the current requirement, his Spiritual Heritage would probably rise to level three.

Han Fei stood up, feeling that he was filled with power. He was certain that he could beat Brother Gang to the ground with one hit right now.

Hu! Level six is already so good, what about level seven? Can I kill Brother Gang with a slap when I am in level seven?

Han Fei thought for a moment. Was Brother Gang not strong?

He certainly was.

How could a level-seven fisher who had absorbed the power of a demonic fish be weak? Three days ago, Han Fei only defeated the enemy with his storage of spiritual energy.

Han Fei cleaned the environment. He put away the seven Spirit Refilling Pills and left the two books of battle techniques there.

It was a pity that the Demon Purification Pot did not change greatly this time, but the requirement for the function of Forge the Universe had changed from 10,000 points to 5,000 points. Han Fei concluded that the fruit contained almost ten thousand points of spiritual energy. It was truly impressive.

...

Not far away from Han Fei's house, Brother Gang asked, "Do you smell anything? It's rather fragrant."

His lackey said, "Ah! No, I don't think so, Brother Gang!"

Pa...

Brother Gang said, "Can you agree with me just once? Stay here!"

Han Fei stood in a dark corner, grinning coldly.