

Chapter 31: A Crisis Caused by a Smash

Brother Gang walked back, ready to go home.

He mumbled, "Brat, you'd better not let me see you, or I will surely kill you."

"Who are you going to kill?"

Han Fei appeared, a piece of black cloth covering his face. He had a feeling that he was no longer useless.

Brother Gang, taken aback, turned around and looked at Han Fei fearfully. "W-Where have you been hiding?"

Brother Gang quickly set off a firecracker signal. Then, he demanded nervously with his iron rod, "Boy, you'd better run immediately, or you won't be able to when my level-eight expert arrives."

Han Fei asked, "You can recognize me on such a late night?"

Brother Gang rolled his eyes. You think I'm blind? What kid would appear in this place so late at night?

Taking a deep breath, Brother Gang said, "It's unwise to fight me... Ouch..."

Before he finished, Brother Gang saw that Han Fei had jumped at him and smashed his purple bamboo rod down, not giving him any time to react.

Brother Gang hurried to raise his iron rod to block it.

Clang...

Brother Gang was flung away. Blood spurted out of his mouth, and his arms were instantly broken. His iron rod was also deformed.

"Ah... Spare me!"

Brother Gang peed his pants. The boy was too horrifying! He had knocked him out with only one hit. At that moment, Brother Gang felt that an adult iron-head fish crashed into him. He could not feel his arms anymore, and his internal organs were shivering. He felt like he was dying.

At this life-and-death moment, Brother Gang quickly dropped his pride and begged for mercy. Street fights were forbidden on the floating island, not to mention killing.

Han Fei did not intend to kill him, either. He simply pointed his purple bamboo rod at Brother Gang. "Give me your money."

Brother Gang was confused. You're still in the mood for robbery?

Brother Gang said, "M-Master, my hands are broken!"

Han Fei said, "I'll take it on my own."

Han Fei groped for a while and found a wallet, which contained a dozen low-quality pearls, and a bag of sunflower seeds, which were very cheap.

Han Fei declared meanly, "You are truly poor. Do not let me see you again, or I will beat you up once more."

He ran off immediately, because he saw someone coming toward them from far away.

After a minute, Brother Gang's lackeys arrived.

One of the lackeys asked, "Brother Gang, what's up? Are you all right?"

Brother Gang cursed, "My hands are broken! Don't touch me! Ouch, inform Brother Dong now!"

Brother Gang made up his mind not to come to this place again. A twelve-year-old boy had knocked him down with one hit? Was he in level seven? But even so, the boy was still unreasonably strong!

After about an hour, a middle-aged man in black came.

Brother Gang wailed the moment he saw the man. "Brother Gang, help me, Brother Gang! My hands are broken! I've suffered severe internal injuries!"

Li Dong was in a foul mood after being woken up in the middle of the night. He frowned at Brother Gang. "What happened?"

Brother Gang wept. "Brother Dong, it was the boy you asked us to watch. He appeared out of nowhere and knocked me down with one hit! Brother Dong, you must settle the score for me!"

Li Dong was slightly surprised. He had little respect for Li Gang, but the guy was a level-seven fisher after all. If his enemy had crushed Li Gang like this and even bent an iron rod, his enemy's combat ability was at least in level eight. In that case, even Li Dong couldn't finish him easily.

Li Dong asked, "Are you sure it was him?"

Brother Gang said, "Absolutely. Although the boy covered his face, I could recognize a twelve-year-old boy."

Li Dong furrowed his eyebrow. Was there a twelve-year-old level-eight fisher in Heavenly Water Village? If so, wasn't he a genius?

Li Dong summoned one of his subordinates. "Bring the manager of this area to me. I remember it's Zhang Han."

Zhang Han arrived a moment later in untidy clothes.

Zhang Han was rather angry that his good sleep was interrupted. If it weren't for them being from the Tigers, he would've thrown them off the island.

However, when Zhang Han saw Li Dong, he greeted respectfully, "Brother Dong, what's happened here?"

Then, Zhang Han looked at Brother Gang in surprise. "Hey, it's you, A-Gang? Did someone beat you up?"

Brother Gang had shown little respect to Zhang Han with the Tigers at his back. He did not feel good about Zhang Han's teasing, but he dared not argue.

Li Dong asked, "Who's living in that house? A twelve-year-old boy? What's his strength and background?"

Seeing that Li Dong was pointing at Han Fei's house, Zhang Han chuckled. "Brother Dong, don't you see how ragged the house is? A useless guy named Han Fei lives there. He's only a level-two fisher."

Zhang Han secretly laughed. It was true that the boy was useless, but he had a tough brother who had been recruited by the angel as a disciple. Even Zhang Han dared not make trouble for Han Fei anymore.

Li Dong sniffed at Zhang Han's casualness. "Zhang Han, are the Tigers not worth any respect now? Stop messing with me."

Zhang Han said, "Of course you are! I have always respected the Tigers. However, I don't think you should piss off the people living in this house. Han Fei is useless, but his brother is the angel's disciple. Do you understand?"

"The angel's disciple?"

Li Dong immediately changed his face. The angel, as an expert from the city, could destroy the Tigers single-handedly.

Zhang Han secretly chuckled and continued, "Brother Gang, Han Fei couldn't have hurt A-Gang, but Tang Ge is probably a level-eight fisher now. A-Gang should be grateful that he's still alive. If Tang Ge intended to kill him, he would've been dead. Would anyone demand the angel for an explanation?"

Zhang Han thought that it was definitely done by Tang Ge. Only Tang Ge was capable of crippling the fatty with one hit.

Li Dong gasped hard and realized that he was in serious trouble. Everybody in Heavenly Water Village knew Tang Ge now. Pissing off Tang Ge meant pissing off the angel, and pissing off the angel meant suicide.

Brother Gang was also dumbfounded. Tang Ge? Tang Ge had been living in this sh*thole?

He trembled hard. He thought he was screwed. Was the masked man not the boy he knew but his brother? But it didn't make sense! He could tell that it was Han Fei's voice!

The Tigers were busy for the rest of the night. Li Gang was tied up at the gate of the headquarters of the Tigers as a gesture of apology. Li Jue, the leader of the Tigers, tried to pull his strings and apologize to the angel. He even came to the village leader, only to be refused without thinking because the village leader did not want to get involved.

The Wang family gloated. A lot of people thought that the Tigers were doomed, including Li Jue himself. He even asked his subordinates to escort Li Hu to the ocean to wait out the crisis. As for himself, he couldn't leave, or the Tigers would be doomed if the angel came to ask for trouble.

As a matter of fact, Fang Ze did not know about the incident at all, and neither did Tang Ge. The culprit behind the whole thing was having shrimp dumplings in a stand before the school and complaining about how awful they tasted.

The school gate was rather lively in the morning. Many students were coming for classes.

“Hey, Han Fei!”

Suddenly, a delightful voice carried over.

Han Fei raised his head. It was He Xiaoyu.

Chapter 32: The First Class

Han Fei said, “Hey! He Xiaoyu, the shrimp dumplings in this diner are awful. Do you want any?”

“You are giving them to me because they’re awful?”

Amused, He Xiaoyu grabbed Han Fei’s ears and shouted, “You’re still in the mood for food? Where the hell have you been? Everybody in the school is worried that Tang Ge will go crazy if you’re dead.”

Han Fei said, “Hey, hey, hey... Can you be a little gentler, or nobody will marry you in the future! Who says that I’m dead? I only took a tour on the ocean.”

He Xiaoyu said, “A tour? Do you know how many boats were sent to search for you? Even my father was depressed.”

Han Fei knew that the school searched for him only because they were worried that Tang Ge would blame them.

Han Fei said, “My boat was broken. I floated on the ocean for five days and five nights. Did anyone really come for me? Fine, if you’re not interested in them, let’s go to school.”

He Xiaoyu said anxiously, “How could your boat be broken? Come to the teachers with me.”

Before He Xiaoyu finished the last shrimp dumpling, He Xiaoyu had already dragged him into school.

On their way, people exclaimed now and then.

“Wasn’t Han Fei dead on the ocean?”

“Huh? Han Fei is still alive?”

“That’s not right! This guy was missing for more than a week. Why is he here again?”

“Han Fei must be in a relationship with He Xiaoyu. There’s definitely something between them.”

Pa...

Blushing, He Xiaoyu stuck the bamboo rod into the ground and scolded, “What are you talking about? I’ll beat you up if you don’t shut up!”

He Xiaoyu certainly had a violent tendency, or she wouldn’t be carrying this bamboo rod all the time.

However, the girl was only violent when she was angry. Han Fei seemed even more violent than she was.

Han Fei asked, "He Xiaoyu, aren't we supposed to go to class?"

He Xiaoyu said, "What class? We're graduating soon. We have to go to the teachers and tell them that you're back."

On their way, He Xiaoyu reminded him that the Fishing Trial, which was held once every three years, would start soon. All the teachers were busy offering the students guidance on how to survive and succeed in the trial.

Wang Jie was about to teach life-saving methods to a group of students, when He Xiaoyu came in with Han Fei.

Wang Jie was bewildered. "Han Fei, you're not dead?"

Han Fei replied, "Sir, I've returned safely."

Pa...

Wang Jie slapped Han Fei's head. "You're really a troublemaker. Everybody thought you died on the ocean. Do you know how many boats the school sent to search for you?"

Han Fei rubbed his head speechlessly. "Sir, I didn't want it, either. Someone damaged my boat. I wandered for five days, eight hundred kilometers away in the general fishery!"

Wang Jie asked solemnly, "Huh? What happened?"

Wang Jie despised Han Fei before, but Han Fei did make a breakthrough when the test was drawing near, so he thought more highly of Han Fei now.

He certainly wouldn't want anyone to set up his student. His students could die in accidents but not in schemes.

After Han Fei told him everything, Wang Jie frowned. "You mean a fisher higher than level nine, or even a fishing master, tried to kill you?"

Han Fei said, "Master, the port is already investigating it."

He Xiaoyu was dumbfounded. A fishing master tried to kill you? Did they even need to try? They could've killed you with a slap!

Suddenly, Wang Jie stepped back and observed Han Fei.

While He Xiaoyu and Han Fei were confused, Wang Jie patted Han Fei's shoulder.

Han Fei knew that Wang Jie had seen through his strength. It was another test.

"Ouch! That hurts! Why did you hit me, sir?"

Wang Jie, however, ignored him and stared at Han Fei weirdly. "When... did you reach level six?"

Wang Jie found it incomprehensible. I can understand if you reach a higher level every month, or even every half-month, but you stagnated for four years and reached level six from level two in only half a month. Is Tang Ge capable of that?

Suddenly, Wang Jie felt that he should ask Han Fei to do another Spiritual Heritage test. He did not believe that Han Fei had such talent.

As if he knew what was on Wang Jie's mind, Han Fei said in a hurry, "Sir, no need to feel surprised. I had a spiritual fruit that my brother gave to me, and I soared to level six from level four."

"Hu..."

Both Wang Jie and He Xiaoyu were relieved. That explained how fast his advancement was.

Then, Wang Jie glared at Han Fei with his eyes full of fury. A spiritual fruit? A spiritual fruit only upgraded you by two levels? You are truly useless! That's a spiritual fruit!

Wang Jie was lost for words. Even he did not have any spiritual fruit yet. It was a waste that Han Fei could not absorb the power of the spiritual fruit.

Wang Jie did not want to talk to Han Fei anymore. His eyes reddened with jealousy.

He Xiaoyu, however, pulled Han Fei and asked enviously, "Han Fei, how does the spiritual fruit taste? Did you just advance after you took it?"

Han Fei looked at He Xiaoyu pitifully. You may have a fishing master father, but so what? He can't pick any spiritual fruit, can he?

Han Fei said casually, "It was nothing. After I took it, my body burned and my veins bulged. Spiritual energy overflowed from my body. When I cultivated myself in the meantime, I heard the cracks of obstacles being broken..."

Pa...

Wang Jie slapped Han Fei's head again. Overflow? Cracks? I'm already drooling just listening to you!

Wang Jie sniffed. "Go to the Fishing Trial Class now. Everyone has to be present."

He Xiaoyu hurried to drag Han Fei away. She could tell that even she would probably be hit if they stayed any longer, because Wang Jie's eyes were already red.

Soon after they left, He Xiaoyu asked in a low voice, "Han Fei, are we going to fight other people today?"

Han Fei turned around to her in surprise. "I don't think that's appropriate, is it? If I cause trouble the moment I come back, won't I be kicked out?"

He Xiaoyu said, "There's nothing to be scared of. I'm very close to level seven now, and I think I can make it with a dozen bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup and a bottle of Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid... I can lend you my bamboo rod."

Han Fei understood everything. Although the girl vomited last time, she had certainly benefited a lot from it, or she wouldn't be encouraging him now.

However, Han Fei was also tempted himself. Although the Swallowed Spirit Soup was of little use to him anymore, he could still increase his spiritual energy by taking dozens of bowls of them.

They immediately made a deal that they would duel with other people when the class was over.

...

It was Han Fei's first class. Nobody was willing to sit next to him. He Xiaoyu, as his temporary ally, sat there to show her support.

However, Wang Jie said gloomily immediately after he came in, "Do not sit next to each other. You are too little for relationships."

Immediately, everybody looked at Han Fei and He Xiaoyu.

Blushing, He Xiaoyu said angrily, "I'm not in a relationship."

Han Fei opened his hands helplessly. "Me neither. Everything between us is innocent."

"Innocent?"

The moment he mentioned it, everybody looked at Han Fei weirdly, wondering when Han Fei became so shameless.

The class began.

Wang Jie spoke: "You must be familiar with the Fishing Trial by now. I'll skip the specific details. All I want to stress is that you must not overestimate yourself. You know how many students are killed by the fish every year. Ten percent of them die, and fifty percent of them are injured..."

Wang Jie talked a lot. Han Fei had never heard it before, so he was rather interested.

The Fishing Trial was just a way to select excellent talents through fishing. Only by passing the trial could one awaken their naturally-endowed spiritual beast.

When everybody imagined their success, He Xiaoyu said to Han Fei in a low voice, "The spiritual beast is very awesome, so the higher your rank is, the better. If you are the first place, more power will be at your disposal when you awaken the spiritual beast, and your spiritual beast will be stronger."

Chapter 33: A Two-Person Team

After the lecture, Han Fei and He Xiaoyu went to Class One, each holding a stick.

He Xiaoyu looked at Han Fei's weapon curiously. "Your iron rod looks weird! My father said that fancy-looking weapons are useless."

Han Fei said to himself, There's a lot of things that your father doesn't know, but he did not say it aloud and changed the topic quickly.

Han Fei asked, "Why are only a thousand people allowed to awaken their spirits? There are tens of thousands of students in total on this island, aren't there?"

He Xiaoyu replied, "But the ritual requires the Spirit Awakening Fluid, which is only enough for the usage of a thousand people. I don't think it will be any different this time."

Han Fei was surprised. "What about the rest of them? End up as common fishermen?"

He Xiaoyu looked at Han Fei in surprise. "Are you an idiot? If they can reach level ten and make a natural breakthrough, their spiritual beasts will also be awakened."

Han Fei grinned in embarrassment as his memory returned. Natural awakening more often happened to the young people around twenty than to the kids in the village. They had passed their golden age for cultivation, so they could make few achievements even though their spiritual beast was awakened.

Han Fei was determined to achieve higher things since the ritual was decided according to rank.

He grew excited at the thought of that. He dragged He Xiaoyu and said, "Hurry up. What's most important for a cultivator? It's time..."

He Xiaoyu was lost for words. You seem rather hasty. Why were you not so devoted in the past four years? Besides, since you are level six, you are basically guaranteed to pass the Fishing Trial!

BAM!

The door of Class One was kicked open.

Everybody was shocked. Han Fei put his rod down and declared, "I'm back. Have you prepared your protection... well, your Swallowed Spirit Soup?"

Han Fei held his head high. He sensed that He Xiaoyu was pulling him, but he said impatiently, "Don't be scared. I'm level six now. I can beat up the whole grade."

"You're going to beat up the whole grade?"

The intimidating voice stiffened Han Fei. He looked aside, only to see the fishing master teacher of Class One.

Stunned, Han Fei said, "Well, greetings, sir. I'm told that everybody in Class One is very strong. I'm here to challenge them now that I stepped into level six. If I lose, He Xiaoyu's bamboo rod will go to them. If I win, I will only ask for a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup..."

BAM...

Han Fei was flung away, and the fishing master cursed, "Get lost, you shameless scoundrel!"

Han Fei was not as useless as before in everyone's eyes after they witnessed his brutal performance and his infinite spiritual energy when he had Swallowed Spirit Soup. How could they defeat him?

Han Fei was lost for words. Why did the teacher hit him? He only offered a piece of advice!

A level-seven expert of Class One looked at Han Fei and said, "Mr. Yang, he's only good when he has the Swallowed Spirit Soup. I will fight him as long as he doesn't take the Swallowed Spirit Soup."

Mr. Yang frowned. Han Fei was a level-six even without the Swallowed Spirit Soup, and it wouldn't be easy to defeat him. In the four schools of the village, there were only a thousand students who were level six. Han Fei's performance couldn't be too bad.

Mr. Yang decided that it was not bad to let the students take a closer look at level six.

He said, "You can challenge them, but they have to be on the same level as you."

Han Fei was about to leave, but he immediately patted his chest and said, "No problem. I want two bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup."

Grimly, Mr. Yang said, "One bowl, and you are not allowed to take it during the battle."

Han Fei said, "Sir, this isn't fair. I would only be able to defeat one person."

Mr. Yang was amused. "How many people do you intend to defeat? The whole grade?"

Han Fei grinned. "All right, let's have a fight first. I can use a bowl of soup for now."

All the class rolled their eyes. Who can you defeat without your Swallowed Spirit Soup?

Lu Lingzhi had just reached level six. She intended to accept the challenge as a way to test her abilities.

However, Hu Kun stood out and said, "Let me! Nobody is going to compete with me!"

Han Fei's advancement was intimidating and unreasonable. Tang Ge must've been helping him. Nobody knew Han Fei better than Hu Kun did in the entire school. Also, Tang Ge had helped Han Fei too many times before. He must've left many useful things to Han Fei before he was taken away, or Han Fei couldn't have reached level six so quickly.

Delighted, Han Fei grinned at Hu Kun. "Don't be hasty. One at a time. Fetch your soup first."

Hu Kun said, "There will be plenty of soup as long as you can win."

Clang...

Hu Kun lunged with his iron rod. He finally had a good reason to beat him up. Nobody looked forward to the opportunity more than he did.

Han Fei extended his hand, and He Xiaoyu handed over her bamboo rod promptly.

Han Fei said, "Come on, let's see what you've got."

Everybody was lost for words. He made it look like a test.

"Ha!"

What Hu Kun practiced was Flying Stick, which was very fast.

Han Fei chuckled. "Fast is useless. I'm going to sweep you."

The advantage of Sweeping Stick was the range and the force. Han Fei filled the bamboo rod with his spiritual energy and waved a curve with it intimidatingly.

Hu Kun could fight it back, block it, or retreat. If Hu Kun were to back off at the beginning of the battle, everybody would lose respect for him.

If he were to block it, he would be giving Han Fei an opportunity to launch heavier attacks. Therefore, Hu Kun chose to fight back. He did not think that his power would be overwhelmed by a guy who was enhanced by external help.

Clang...

Hu Kun's face changed greatly in the wake of those ear-splitting noises, and his iron rod was bent. His arms were numb and probably broken. Then, he couldn't feel anything anymore.

Pu...

Hu Kun was blown back. He failed to survive one attack from Han Fei although he was at the peak of level six. He did not even have a chance to moan.

"Ack.."

Everybody gasped hard. Lu Lingzhi, who had been eager to try, was frozen. She was shocked by Han Fei's growth.

Mr. Yang was also dumbfounded. How could he have defeated Hu Kun in one move when they were both level six? That was too horrifying!

He Xiaoyu was also slightly dazed. It was she who taught Han Fei Sweeping Stick, but Han Fei was obviously as good at it as she was. Also, she believed that she was only on par with Hu Kun, but Han Fei had defeated him in one move?

Everybody was full of questions. Who could tell that Han Fei had been regarded as garbage for four years?

Clicking his tongue, Han Fei said, "I asked you not to be hasty. Why were you so enthusiastic?"

Then, Han Fei declared proudly, "It seems that I'm invincible in level six. Where are the level-seven fishermen in your class?"

Immediately, a young man with a blue rod walked out of the crowd.

He Xiaoyu said, "He's Xing Qiu. He's very good. His rod was collected from a blue wood from the bottom of the ocean. He ranks in the top twenty among the level-sevens in our school. He's regularly given four bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup."

Han Fei immediately beamed with jealousy when he learned that Xing Qiu had four bowls of soup regularly. That benefit was too generous!

Han Fei nodded his head and said, "Since you are in level seven and I'm in level six, you need to give me four bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup if you lose."

Xing Qiu sneered. "I have plenty of soup. I wasn't here last time, but you've come again after I'm back. You really think that nobody in Class One can defeat you?"

Han Fei was not intimidated, but He Xiaoyu suddenly pulled Han Fei's rod. "Give me my rod."

Han Fei: "..."

He turned his head to He Xiaoyu. This is not decent! Even though he's a level-seven fisher, I wouldn't lose!

Han Fei said, "Let go! This is embarrassing! It's just a rod!"

He Xiaoyu said, "No, I won't! You can lose your own rod!"

Han Fei said, "Let go. Do you still want the Swallowed Spirit Soup?"

He Xiaoyu said, "I do. I'll have it when you can't have it anymore."

Everyone: "..."

Everybody was speechless. You will have it when he can't have it anymore? Do you really think he can beat a whole grade? Do you know how many level-seven experts are out there in a grade?

Xing Qiu blushed furiously. "Hey! Are we going to do this or not? The bamboo rod is too precious for you?"

Han Fei was rather embarrassed. He did not know what to say about He Xiaoyu, who always grew petty at the critical moment.

He could only release the rod and say, "Fine. It seems that I have to bring out my own weapon now."

Everybody was grim. Can you not be so cocky? It's just an iron rod.

Xing Qiu said, "Do you think anyone is interested in your ragged rod?"

Han Fei stabbed the rod into the ground and said, "What do you know? My brother gave this to me. It's a super iron rod, the iron rod of iron rods."

Nobody was convinced. "Who are you fooling? A super iron rod? It's just a regular iron rod."

Han Fei said, "You dare not try? Are you really a level-seven? I'm always a man of my word. Besides, my brother is behind me. Are you worried that I can't pay if I lose?"

Xing Qiu said, "That's what I've been waiting for! Bring it on! You can't surrender now even if you want to!"

Chapter 34: My Internal Organs Are Shaking

Everybody stared at them. According to common sense, the battle between a level-seven and a level-six did not have any suspense. However, Han Fei was not anything common. Since he defeated Hu Kun in one move, it was indeed possible that he could fight a level-seven.

Under everyone's watch, they began their fight. Han Fei jumped and smashed, because he did not know any other battle techniques.

Xing Qiu sniffed. His spiritual energy surged out. He was ready to knock Han Fei down in one attack.

Han Fei thought differently. He couldn't catch too much attention. Level seven was already the peak at the school. If he took Xing Qiu down like how he took Brother Gang down just now, something terrible would happen.

Clang...

Han Fei changed his expression and pretended to step back. "You are good. Is this the strength of level seven? Impressive!"

Xing Qiu looked proud and confident, feeling good that he taught Han Fei a lesson. But deep in his heart, he was shocked at Han Fei's power. His hands were almost numb.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

"Damn it! Level seven is truly magnificent!"

"He Xiaoyu, I don't think I can win this time!"

"Hey, are your hands not numb? You're bleeding."

Han Fei mumbled as they clashed five times. At first, the audience thought that Han Fei had indeed felt the domination of level seven.

However, they soon realized that Xing Qiu was not any better. His hands were cracked, and his face was becoming paler and paler. Even his rod was shaking.

Clang...

Xing Qiu was flung away. His rod remained straight, but his arms were slightly broken. He almost fell over.

Han Fei said, "Sheesh! The level-seven experts are truly unstoppable. My hands are shaking."

As he spoke, Han Fei shook his hands.

Everybody was speechless. Do you think we can't tell that you're pretending?

Mr. Yang seemed calm but was greatly shocked. How had Han Fei grown so strong? Not only had he defeated someone of a higher level, but he did not even suffer any injury.

Everybody fell quiet.

Someone smacked their head. Am I in a dream? Is this really Han Fei?

He Xiaoyu opened her mouth, her eyes full of disbelief. Why did she not know that Han Fei was so good in the past four years?

Han Fei hurried to drop a hint at He Xiaoyu.

However, He Xiaoyu did not really get it.

Staggering to He Xiaoyu, Han Fei cried and fell on He Xiaoyu.

Han Fei said, "Hey, although I won the battle, I seem to have suffered heavy wounds."

Then, Han Fei felt that something was not right. He had touched a certain part.

"Huh? So soft?"

Pa...

He Xiaoyu blushed in fury. "You're shameless!"

Han Fei was stunned. "Why are you slapping me when I'm already heavily wounded? My internal organs are shaking. I want my Swallowed Spirit Soup..."

Everyone rolled their eyes. Can your acting skills be any worse? You want soup when you're dying?

Mr. Yang tried to calm himself down. I'm not going to be infuriated by a boy. Calm down. Hu...

Mr. Yang bellowed, "All right, end of this battle! Han Fei, come with me."

Han Fei said, "Sir, I need to have the soup, or my internal organs can't be soothed..."

"BAM..."

Han Fei was kicked more than ten meters away, but he jumped up and immediately tried to flee.

Mr. Yang shouted, "Stop there! You can claim the soup in the cafeteria later. Come with me... He Xiaoyu, you will come too. The rest of you, send Hu Kun and Xing Qiu to the medical room."

Wang Jie was staring at a bottle of valuable body-conditioning fluid, when he saw his colleague lead two of his students to him with a grim face.

Wang Jie asked, "Mr. Yang, what's up?"

Mr. Yang said, "Mr. Wang, your student hid his abilities quite well! Han Fei knocked out a peak level-six in one attack and defeated a level-seven with only a few hits. Do you know about this?"

Wang Jie was stunned. What did you say? He knocked out a peak level-six in one attack and defeated a level-seven with only a few hits?

Han Fei said in a hurry, "Mr. Wang, my internal organs are shaking, too..."

Mr. Yang said, "Shut up! You did not even tremble. You think I didn't notice?"

Looking at Han Fei thoughtfully, Wang Jie turned to He Xiaoyu and asked, "Xiaoyu, tell me. What was your plan this time?"

Blushing hard, He Xiaoyu failed to come up with anything for a long time.

In the end, Mr. Yang grinned and said, "Your student was addicted to swindling other people of their soup. I caught him right when he tried to do it again. Since he's your student, it's not my place to discipline him. Right, I think few students in our school except Tang Ge can defeat him now. Let him hoax elsewhere."

Han Fei secretly complained. Who could've known that a level-seven was so weak? Brother Gang had resisted him for quite a while!

After Mr. Yang left, Wang Jie finally looked at Han Fei weirdly. "What exactly did Tang Ge give you that made you advance so fast?"

...

At the edge of a level-two fishery, on a white extravagant boat, Tang Ge sneezed and frowned. Is my brother being bullied by someone? I have indeed been away for too long this time, but what can I do since this sir wouldn't let me go?

He decided to find a way to go back in a couple of days. He did not want to see Han Fei bullied by other people.

Fang Ze was holding a fishing pole next to him. On the fishing pole was a three-headed snake. He said to Tang Ge with a smile, "This is a three-headed sea snake. It won't die even if its heads are cut from its body, and the heads will be regrown a while later. Its gallbladders are the best tonics. Here, take them. You will reach level nine after you take them."

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Wang Jie thought that Tang Ge was behind everything. Han Fei only had a Level One Spiritual Heritage. However talented he was, how could he become a level-seven fisher from a level-two one after half a month? If he had such talent, he would be distinguished even in the town.

Wang Jie said thoughtfully, "You may feel good if your cultivation is excessively improved with external help, but it will be more difficult for you to advance in the future. However marvelous the spiritual fruit is, it's a medication and should not be taken randomly. You must not advance too quickly, or your foundation may be ruined."

Han Fei said, "All right! Sir, I'll listen to you."

Wang Jie did not feel comfortable to see the loser of his class growing into a top expert among his peers. He waved his hands and said, "Go now! Stop dueling with other people. You will be given two bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup in the future."

Han Fei nodded his head. He suddenly asked, "Sir, I'm told that there are more experts in other campuses of our school?"

Wang Jie's eyelids shivered. "They're nothing good. They're in level seven at best. Do not do anything outrageous."

Han Fei said, "Got it, sir. I won't do anything outrageous."

Then, Han Fei intended to leave. He Xiaoyu followed him.

Wang Jie said, "Wait."

Han Fei turned around. "Is there anything else, sir?"

Wang Jie said, "You'd better watch what you're doing. You're too little to be together. I won't stop Mr. He if he hits you someday."

He Xiaoyu suddenly blushed. Who's together with him? I'm only following him to drink soup.

He Xiaoyu said, "Sir, there is no such thing. He Xiaoyu and I are pure friends, as pure as the meat of the little white fish..."

Wang Jie said, "Get out of here."

Han Fei hurried to go. It seemed that he couldn't trick the students of his own campus anymore. The teachers could all recognize him.

He Xiaoyu said, "He Xiaoyu, we'll go to the southern campus after we have soup in the cafeteria. I'm sure we can get fifty bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup there. We also need to buy a big calabash, which can contain the soup when we are full. However, you must lend your bamboo rod to me. I cannot use my super iron rod easily..."

Han Fei talked for a long time, but when he looked back, he found He Xiaoyu walking angrily without looking at him.

Han Fei said, "What's up? Don't be upset. We're pure friends, as pure as the clouds in the sky."

He Xiaoyu turned back abruptly. "Am I not pretty? I have too many pursuers! I'm not interested in you at all!"

"Well..."

Han Fei rubbed his head. What's going on? Are we talking about the same thing? How can I like a twelve-year-old girl? I'm almost thirty years old.

Chapter 35: Boss of the Eastern Campus

The news that Han Fei crushed Xing Qiu spread throughout the school quickly. Nobody believed it at first, but someone from Class One confirmed it, making people despise and envy Han Fei.

After he woke up, Hu Kun felt that the world had collapsed. He was crushed by one attack?

He gnashed his teeth. "Damn it! It's all because of Tang Ge! Don't laugh too soon, Han Fei..."

In the school, someone murmured when they saw Han Fei, "You might not have surpassed level three if it weren't for Tang Ge."

Someone whispered, "Look, that's Han Fei. He's unbelievably lucky. We can't bully him again."

Some girls scorned him when they walked past Han Fei. "Counting on other people is not an ability at all!"

Han Fei was rather gloomy. Their level was even lower than his, and yet they looked down on him.

In the cafeteria, seven bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup were placed before He Xiaoyu, and two before He Xiaoyu.

Han Fei said, "Finish them. We'll set off after that."

"Gudu... Gudu..."

He Xiaoyu had only two bowls of soup. She was rather angry to see that Han Fei had already had three bowls. She was drinking her own quota, not something swindled out of other people.

Han Fei glanced at her and pushed a bowl toward her. "Have some more, so that you'll be stronger."

He Xiaoyu said, "It's no use to drink so much. I can't absorb it that fast."

Han Fei said, "Why do you care about that? It can't harm you anyway. Drink it first."

He Xiaoyu thought for a moment and realized that it did make sense. After the drink last time, she nearly broke the obstacles of level seven in her cultivation. Maybe Han Fei was right about having as much of the soup as possible.

There were plenty of students in the cafeteria, but nobody was around Han Fei and He Xiaoyu.

They all looked at them in shock. Was the Swallowed Spirit Soup as cheap as water to them?

Hua!

Han Fei and He Xiaoyu rose. They looked at each other and walked out of the cafeteria.

His spiritual energy surpassed 1,000 points again. Han Fei was very confident.

Han Fei and He Xiaoyu stood at the gate of the southern campus, each with a rod before them. He Xiaoyu also carried a huge calabash.

The most outrageous thing was the plate before Han Fei's chest that said, Han Fei, boss of the eastern campus, is here to duel with the students of the southern campus. Whoever defeats me will be given a bamboo rod. Note: The losers have to provide two bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup. The level-seven experts need to provide four. Those below level six can leave me alone.

Immediately, the southern campus was enraged.

Many students looked at them furiously. The two of them were cocky enough to challenge the whole southern campus?

Someone scolded, "You're Han Fei? What makes you think you can swagger around here?"

Someone hefted an iron rod and shouted, "I'll let you know the color of your blood!"

Someone cursed, "Those who don't know you might think that you're Tang Ge. Who's Han Fei? Never heard of you before. You will crawl home later!"

"Let me!"

A level-six guy approached with an iron rod. "I am Li Fanglai, a level-six fisher. Do you dare to duel with me?"

Someone whispered, "Li Fanglai's Spiritual Heritage was measured to be Level Two, High Quality. He's a Heavenly Talent who will go to the town. He can't lose."

"That's right. His opponent feels like a level-six to me, too. They are on par with each other."

"Hehe! Li Fanglai, knock him down as quickly as possible for the southern campus!"

Li Fanglai raised the iron rod and bellowed, "I'll crush you!"

Han Fei waved his hand. "Wait a moment."

Li Fanglai stiffened. "What are you doing? Are you scared? You can't get away with this unless you kneel and admit you're wrong."

Han Fei rolled his eyes and said, "You haven't brought me your Swallowed Spirit Soup yet. What if you don't give it to me after you fail?"

Li Fanglai flushed with fury. "You think I can't afford two bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup?"

Han Fei said, "I'm not saying that you can't, but it's hard to tell from your appearance."

Li Fanglai was infuriated that the guy showed no respect for him. Do you think you are a sure winner?

Li Fanglai, maddened, simply attacked.

Clang...

Han Fei blocked the attack easily and shouted, "What are you waiting for? Fetch the soup already! You won't run when your champion fails, will you?"

The onlookers were angry. "Who cares about two bowls of soup?"

"You think you're going to win?"

"You're too cocky. If I had fought you, I would've beat the crap out of you!"

The two of them fought for several minutes; Han Fei breathed heavily.

Li Fanglai discovered, to his surprise, that the guy was too strong. He used his full strength but could not crush his opponent. Damn it. He definitely could've crushed the guy if he were at the peak of level six.

He Xiaoyu looked at the sky. She felt that Han Fei was committing fraud. His acting was quite vivid, but he couldn't have used more than thirty points of spiritual energy.

Clang...

Han Fei slashed hard and tossed Li Fanglai to the ground.

Li Fanglai's face flushed. It was truly frustrating. He had run out of spiritual energy, but why was this guy still fine?

Many people were rendered speechless.

Someone squinted. "The guy should be stronger than Li Fanglai, but Li Fanglai consumed a lot of his spiritual energy. He will be crushed by another level-six."

Immediately, another person jumped out and declared, "I'm Jia Tong from Class Seven. I'll let you rest for a moment in case you claim that I'm taking advantage of you."

Han Fei was lost for words. Would resting for a moment make any difference? For fishers to regain their spiritual energy, they had to train themselves for half a day.

Han Fei waved his hand and said, "Wait a moment. Not that I'm dawdling, but where is the Swallowed Spirit Soup? I won't fight you until the soup is delivered. I'm worried that you won't give it to me."

"You think that we have no honor?"

Jia Tong was beyond angry. Being suspected was even more humiliating than being provoked.

Jia Tong said, "Someone fetch the Swallowed Spirit Soup already!"

Han Fei said, "That's unnecessary. I have a better idea. Let's duel before your cafeteria. It's more convenient."

"Pu..."

Everyone almost vomited blood. How many people do you think you can defeat? I hope that your brain is not filled with the Swallowed Spirit Soup!

He Xiaoyu couldn't help but step back. She said to herself, I'm only here to help him drink the soup that he can't finish, but I'm not familiar with this guy.

He Xiaoyu went even further. "Why, you don't have the courage for that? I was told that there were many experts in the southern campus, but it's not true at all. He Xiaoyu, let's go to the northern campus..."

Jia Tong snapped, "How dare you? Come to the cafeteria if you dare!"

Han Fei said, "If I dare? I can make you go bankrupt!"

Han Fei strutted in with the bamboo rod while everybody glared at him furiously.

He Xiaoyu took a deep breath. I won't be beaten up, will I? I'm not involved in this. They probably won't beat me. I'm a girl!

Han Fei finally saw the two bowls of soup that Li Fanglai lost. He immediately shouted, "He Xiaoyu, collect the soup!"

He Xiaoyu blushed, feeling guilty as if she were stealing a kid's toys. But it was Swallowed Spirit Soup! She used to be given two bowls of them every five days, but she had earned two bowls so easily.

Jia Tong said, "Can you fight now?"

Han Fei said, "Of course, the southern campus is truly generous. Come on, let's fight."

Jia Tong attacked the moment Han Fei nodded. Spiritual energy surged out of his rod crazily.

Han Fei shouted, "That's a good one! As expected of the genius of the southern campus!"

"Nice! Take another one from me!"

“Good one!”

After a couple of collisions, Jia Tong blushed. How much spiritual energy did this guy have? Why was it never exhausted?

Han Fei, on the other hand, pretended to breathe heavily, while he actually controlled the output of his spiritual energy. After all, his body was so sturdy now that he could block Jia Tong’s attacks with half of the energy his enemy used. So, he felt that he could crush a couple of them in a row.

BAM!

In his carelessness, Jia Tong was hit by Han Fei and flung three meters away. His hands were shaking.

Many people stopped jeering. The guy truly had something behind his boldness. He had defeated two level-six experts consecutively.

Han Fei merely shouted, “He Xiaoyu, collect the soup...”

Chapter 36: Spiritual Energy Explosion

Han Fei looked around magnificently and asked, “Who’s next?”

People whispered to each other. A student at the peak of level five assumed that Han Fei was exhausted, and that he could give the guy a final blow and win the bamboo rod over.

However, Han Fei said in disdain the moment he stood out, “You’re too weak for me. Go away.”

The student wouldn’t give in. “I have Swallowed Spirit Soup, too. I would like to challenge you.”

Han Fei’s eyes glittered. “It’s fine as long as you get the soup. Come on. You will be the winner if you can force me to take one step back.”

The student was delighted. “I’ll hold you to that.”

Then, he shouted and charged forward with the iron rod. Han Fei could easily tell that he concentrated most of his spiritual energy on the iron rod.

Clang...

Han Fei bent and nearly stepped back, but he was a level-six after all. After a collision, the level-six student dropped on the ground.

Han Fei said, “I told you to go away... He Xiaoyu, collect the soup!”

However, some of the clever students, thinking that Han Fei almost stepped back just now, shouted, “Let me... It’s my turn... No, it’s mine...”

Several minutes later, no level-five fishers challenged him anymore. They wondered how Han Fei blocked them at the last moment and knocked them down with one attack when he was almost stepping back every time.

He Xiaoyu simply poured the Swallowed Spirit Soup into the calabash and thought, I'm just here to help process the soup, I'm just here to help process the soup.

Soon, more and more people came to the cafeteria.

Picking up He Xiaoyu's calabash, Han Fei drank it now and then and said, "Who's next? Everyone is welcome..."

Nobody responded to him.

Han Fei shouted again, "Are there no capable warriors in the southern campus at all? Where are your level-six and level-seven experts?"

"Get out of the way!"

The crowd divided, and a couple of teenagers walked over confidently.

Someone was relieved. "They're finally here."

Someone grew confident. "The southern campus will be mocked if they do not come."

Someone said, "Han Fei is dead for sure. How can he expect to resist them? As long as he is not given time to rest, it remains to be seen whether or not he can survive two of them. He has fought for so long anyway."

"Who's asking for trouble in the southern campus?"

The man stared at Han Fei maliciously as he spoke.

Han Fei said, "I am Han Fei, boss of the eastern campus. I have never been defeated in my entire life. I'm here to be defeated."

He Xiaoyu rolled her eyes. You've never been defeated? You were just a level-two fisher before. Nobody dared to fight you because they were scared that they would accidentally kill you.

Han Fei, however, held his head high, too busy feeling good about himself to care about that.

"You've never been defeated? You're even stronger than Tang Ge?"

Han Fei was not bothered. "Tang Ge is my brother. We've never fought. I'm here just to be defeated."

One of the newcomers mocked, "You've fought many battles. You must be out of spiritual energy. Are you sure you want this?"

Han Fei said, "I'm a quick absorber. My spiritual energy is infinite."

Everybody rolled their eyes. They had never seen anyone as shameless. Infinite spiritual energy? You think you are the Sea God?

Someone hefted their iron rod and shouted, "I'll fight you if you want to fight. Don't surrender if you have balls."

Han Fei said, "You'd better confirm that your balls are still there first."

Everybody was infuriated.

“Kill him!”

“Crush him!”

“He’s not getting out of here on his own two feet!”

Waving the bamboo rod, Han Fei said lazily, “Bite me!”

“I’ll go first!”

Someone couldn’t hold back anymore and decided to check Han Fei’s strength. However, Han Fei merely leaped and struck three times, blowing the guy away and bending his iron rod.

“Tch...”

“Shoot...”

“Is this guy made of iron?”

“Why is he still so strong?”

Han Fei said with a smile, “Next!”

“Wait a moment.”

Han Fei’s domination was disrupted by a middle-aged man with two students.

“Mr. Zhou.”

Zhou Ding looked awful. He was not convinced when someone told him that a stranger was challenging the whole school, but he believed it now. The little girl’s calabash was apparently full of Swallowed Spirit Soup.

Zhou Ding eyed Han Fei. The guy was indeed a level-six, not a level-seven.

Zhou Ding pointed at one of his students and said, “Chen Cai, you’re up.”

The guy named Chen Cai was also carrying a bamboo rod. He seemed much stronger than the other level-sixes.

Chen Cai said, “I’m Chen Cai. I will challenge you.”

Han Fei narrowed his eyes and grew solemn.

Hum!

Spiritual energy burst out of his bamboo rod. Han Fei stopped panting and shivering. Watching the incoming stick, he simply lifted his own rod against it.

Clang!

Many students below level five stepped back under the brunt of the attack.

Han Fei was slightly stunned. The guy was rather strong. He did not know the technique, but there was a hidden force behind the attack. He almost stepped back under the dual forces.

“Huh? You’re good!”

Han Fei’s eyes glittered, but Chen Cai’s face changed greatly. The attack that he launched with eighty percent of his strength did not shake the guy at all?

Zhou Ding was also surprised. Chen Cai’s Spiritual Heritage was Level Three, High Quality. He was almost the strongest level-six in the southern campus. However, he did not have any advantage in the battle.

Han Fei shouted, “Sweep!”

Clang!

Chen Cai became pale after the collision. He slid dozens of meters away, his hands shaking. How could the attack have been so powerful?

Slash!

Chen Cai seemed rather anxious. He stomped on the ground, and his bamboo rod glowed.

“Spiritual Energy Explosion!”

Han Fei immediately stepped back before the enormous power. Thankfully, his previous slash blocked the blast, or he might have failed.

He Xiaoyu said in a hurry, “This is Spiritual Energy Explosion. It’s very powerful. Even the level-sevens have to avoid it.”

Han Fei shook his arm and his head. “It’s quite tough. I can gather the spiritual energy, but how can I detonate it?”

“How is it possible? He took the hit of the Spiritual Energy Explosion?”

“Is he made of iron? Why is he so tough?”

Zhou Ding was surprised. The young man was not simple. Taking the hit of the Spiritual Energy Explosion without being hurt was a sign of his sturdiness.

To everyone’s surprise, the spiritual energy at the tip of Han Fei’s rod was more and more brilliant.

Han Fei declared, “Spiritual Energy Explosion...”

Zhou Ding took action. He snatched Han Fei’s spiritual energy, but the next second, his hand was blown away by the enormous spiritual energy.

“Humph. Break!”

The cluster of spiritual energy crumbled. Han Fei was forced to take quite a few steps back under the waves.

Han Fei’s eyes glowed. It was truly impressive. He didn’t know how to detonate it. If it weren’t for this teacher, there would’ve been nothing he could do.

Zhou Ding was rather embarrassed. He almost failed to break the Spiritual Energy Explosion of a level-six student.

Narrowing his eyes, Zhou Ding said, "You have the combat ability of a level-eight fisher, and you are brazen enough to trick my students for their Swallowed Spirit Soup. Get lost."

"Tch..."

All the students exclaimed in shock.

The combat ability of a level-eight fisher? That was one tough student.

Someone was suspicious. "Is he Tang Ge? Who else in the eastern campus is as strong?"

"Jerk! You pretend to be a level-six when you are a level-eight! Give us our soup!"

"That's right! Give us our soup, Han Fei!"

Han Fei said, "What are you talking about? I'm obviously a level-six. I didn't tell you my natural-born strength because I like to keep a low profile."

Han Fei looked at Zhou Ding and smiled in embarrassment. "Mr. Zhou, I was actually here to seek breakthroughs, and I understood a lot after sensing the power of the Spiritual Energy Explosion. I'll take my leave."

Zhou Ding grabbed Han Fei. "Where are you going?"

Han Fei screamed, "Sir, I'm truly a level-six! You can check me!"

Ignoring what he said, Zhou Ding picked him up and left.

Han Fei shouted while he was hanging in midair, "He Xiaoyu, follow me!"

The students were left astounded at the cafeteria of the southern campus.

Some of them murmured, "A level-eight? A level-six that is as strong as a level-eight? Is he really a Heavenly Talent?"

Chapter 37: Tricking a Girl

Zhou Ding carried Han Fei to an empty cultivation ground and asked him, "What's with your spiritual energy? Why is it never exhausted?"

Han Fei admitted frankly, "Sir, I'm a quick absorber. My spiritual energy is refilled immediately after I drink the soup!"

Zhou Ding snapped, "That's bulls*it! I've never heard of such a thing before."

Han Fei, rolling his eyes, said, "Mr. Zhou, it's true. My master, Wang Jie, knows that. You can ask He Xiaoyu about it! Her father is a teacher in the eastern campus."

Zhou Ding looked at He Xiaoyu and her bamboo rod. Frowning, he asked, "Is He Mingtang your father?"

He Xiaoyu nodded quickly, hoping that the teacher wouldn't tell her father what happened today.

Zhou Ding asked, "What's the real level of your Spiritual Heritage?"

Han Fei said, "It's... Level Two, Low Quality."

Zhou Ding said, "That's bulls*it! He Mingtang's daughter, you tell me."

He Xiaoyu was also stunned. She remembered that Han Fei's Spiritual Heritage was Level One, High Quality. Why was it Level Two now?

Did Tang Ge find any marvelous medicines for Han Fei? It was said that Spiritual Heritage was fixed the moment one was born. Han Fei's Spiritual Heritage must've improved only because of certain top spiritual fruits.

He Xiaoyu nodded enviously, wishing that she had a spiritual fruit, too.

Zhou Ding frowned even harder. "Even if your body is extraordinary, your Spiritual Energy Explosion is still subpar. Do you want to live a peaceful life after pissing off so many people today? Besides, it's not good to count on your special physical qualities. What if you lose your infinite spiritual energy and cannot cast the unbelievable Spiritual Energy Explosion?"

Han Fei nodded quickly. "You're right, Mr. Zhou. We'll be on our way."

"Get lost!"

Zhou Ding took a deep breath after Han Fei and He Xiaoyu left. Such a body was truly appalling. It was a pity that Han Fei's future achievements were limited by his Spiritual Heritage. He couldn't be better than a grand fishing master however lucky he was.

Han Fei and He Xiaoyu left the campus gloomily. The moment they got out of the gate, they ran crazily.

Han Fei asked, "Are we going to the northern campus and the southern campus?"

He Xiaoyu shook her head while running. "No. We're lucky to only have been kicked out. We might not be so lucky next time."

Han Fei realized that it did make sense. They seemed too cocky in other people's territory.

Remembering the calabash of Swallowed Spirit Soup, Han Fei asked, "How much soup do we have?"

He Xiaoyu replied, "Twenty-nine bowls in total."

Han Fei was surprised. "Huh? Only twenty-nine bowls? I felt that I beat plenty of them."

He Xiaoyu rolled her eyes. You beat plenty of them? It's more like you tricked plenty of them. Only the last battle was real, and he learned Spiritual Energy Explosion from it.

However, He Xiaoyu did not intend to tell Han Fei anything. Her father told her not to consider the technique until she was above level seven.

In a corner, Han Fei and He Xiaoyu split the soup. Han Fei got twenty bowls of it. He was the one doing the fights anyway. However, since Zhou Ding let go of them easily probably for He Xiaoyu's father's sake, Han Fei gave more soup to He Xiaoyu.

Halfway through it, Han Fei was full. He took a rest and asked, "He Xiaoyu, what's Spiritual Energy Explosion? I felt that it was beyond my control just now. If Mr. Zhou hadn't taken action, there might've been dire consequences."

He Xiaoyu asked, "How much spiritual energy did you just gather?"

Han Fei said, "Seventy, or eighty."

"Pu..."

He Xiaoyu spat out the soup and looked at Han Fei in shock.

"How much?"

Seeing He Xiaoyu's reaction, Han Fei scratched his head awkwardly. "Is it too much?"

He Xiaoyu eyed Han Fei as if he were a lunatic. You're only a level-six! How much spiritual energy can you possibly have? Isn't it crazy to concentrate half of your spiritual energy for a battle?

He Xiaoyu asked, "Did you know how much spiritual energy Chen Cai used just now?"

Han Fei asked, "How much?"

He Xiaoyu said, "No more than twenty-five points."

Han Fei was dumbfounded. "Are you serious? Twenty-five points are already so powerful? Then, wouldn't eighty points have blown my enemy up instantly?"

He Xiaoyu said, "Although it appeared that you picked up Spiritual Energy Explosion, you couldn't control it at all, so you could've only overwhelmed your enemy with spiritual energy even if you launched the attack."

Han Fei grew interested. "How can I control it? Teach me for the nine bowls of soup I gave you."

He Xiaoyu said, "Why don't you wait until level seven? Spiritual Energy Explosion is barely useful at level six. My father said that the spiritual energy is not sufficient and pure in level six, and that after level seven, fishers would gain control over their spiritual energy. This skill won't be practical until then."

Han Fei commented, "Huh? It has such a high requirement?"

He recalled Chen Cai's performance just now. The man almost knocked him out with one attack. It was a major shock for him.

Han Fei suddenly said, "That doesn't sound right! I defeated level-sevens before. You witnessed it. That guy from Class One did not burst out his spiritual energy."

He Xiaoyu rolled her eyes. "How can you cast Spiritual Energy Explosion on your classmate? If he lost control of it during the attack, you might've been killed."

Han Fei suddenly said to He Xiaoyu, "Xiaoyu, someone tried to murder me."

He Xiaoyu: "???"

Han Fei said, "I suspect that someone tried to murder me. I was at sea for five days because my boat was damaged..."

He told the whole story and gazed at He Xiaoyu. "Why don't you teach me the technique? I'll give you the rest of the Swallowed Spirit Soup."

He Xiaoyu was rendered speechless by the reluctance on Han Fei's face. You earned the Swallowed Spirit Soup for nothing, and you want to exchange it for a technique?

She said, "I'm incapable of it. My father didn't teach me."

Han Fei remarked, "Why did your father teach you nothing? Are you sure that you are his daughter?"

He Xiaoyu immediately poked Han Fei with the bamboo rod.

"Of course I'm his daughter! You don't believe me?"

Han Fei shouted, "Ouch... Ouch... Ouch... Stop!"

Han Fei, angry that the girl was too meek, scolded He Xiaoyu and gave He Xiaoyu quite a shock.

Han Fei said, "Just because your father didn't teach you doesn't mean that you can't learn. Do you not want to be an expert? If you have access to it, I can give you a treasure for it."

Han Fei thought that He Xiaoyu would ask him what the treasure was.

However, He Xiaoyu simply pouted her lips and said, "You yelled at me! You're mean!"

Han Fei: "???"

Realizing that the situation wouldn't get any better soon, he simply focused on the Swallowed Spirit Soup.

He Xiaoyu murmured, "You yelled at me! You want me to steal things? You don't believe what my father said? Why are you so mean?"

Han Fei couldn't drink the soup anymore. He took out a bottle and said, "Let's make an exchange."

He Xiaoyu's anger immediately changed. Her eyes wide, she asked, "This is... the Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid?"

He Xiaoyu gasped. The Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid was made of the brains of the iron-head fish. It was said that dozens of mature iron-head fish were needed to make a small bottle of such fluid.

He Xiaoyu reached her hand out for it.

Han Fei hurried to withdraw his hand. "About Spiritual Energy Explosion..."

He Xiaoyu sniffed and glared at Han Fei, before she said, "I'm truly incapable of it, but in fact, Spiritual Energy Explosion is all about your control over your own spiritual energy. If you can control it well, Spiritual Energy Explosion will be simple."

Han Fei asked, "How can I control it?"

He Xiaoyu said, "I don't know much about it. You have to use spiritual energy more often, like in fishing. One bottle of Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid is far from enough for you to get the knowledge of Spiritual Energy Explosion. Besides, you have only half a bottle."

Han Fei was tempted. While the Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid was also a treasure, it couldn't compare to Spiritual Energy Explosion. He must have the technique that could save his life!

Han Fei said seductively, "He Xiaoyu, aren't we good friends?"

He Xiaoyu said warily, "No, we are not."

Han Fei said, "If we are not, why are you here to challenge them with me? If your father learns of that, tsk, tsk, tsk..."

He Xiaoyu said, "I... I'm just passing by... Fine, what do you want?"

Han Fei said, "What about a copy of the notes on the control of spiritual energy? I'll definitely share with you if I find good stuff."

"No."

Han Fei proposed, "He Xiaoyu, the Fishing Trial is going to start soon, and it doesn't matter who your father is in the test. Why don't I give you a Spirit Refilling Pill?"

"You have a Spirit Refilling Pill?" He Xiaoyu exclaimed in shock.

Han Fei asked, "How does that sound?"

He Xiaoyu hesitated. "But..."

Han Fei said, "All right, I know what you mean. I'll give you two."

He Xiaoyu said, "No, my father..."

Han Fei said, "Three, and that's my best offer. You must know that a Spirit Refilling Pill is worth two mid-quality pearls!"

Chapter 38: The Detention Room Is Blown up

He Xiaoyu finally agreed. Han Fei had discovered that the girl's shortcoming was greediness, which was probably because her father raised her too strictly. As a result, the girl always craved good things.

At this moment, He Mingtang was teaching a class in school. The two of them went to He Xiaoyu's house stealthily and left in a hurry an hour later.

Guiltily, He Xiaoyu presented a small book. "This is the only one I found. Go now. I'll be screwed if my mother finds out about this."

Han Fei said with a smile, "Good girl. I'll give you more Swallowed Spirit Soup in the future."

Both of them stopped at the gate of the school. He Xiaoyu got three Spirit Refilling Pills, and Han Fei got the way to utilize spiritual energy. Both of them felt that it was a great deal.

"He Xiaoyu!"

Suddenly, someone yelled from behind the gate.

"Ah, Father..."

Enraged, He Mingtang looked at his unworthy daughter and then glared at Han Fei furiously.

Han Fei wasn't any better. His smile froze when he saw the unfriendly Wang Jie and the teacher from the southern campus behind him. He changed his face and shouted at He Xiaoyu, "Run!"

Wang Jie was amused. It's too late for you to run now! He cast his hook at Han Fei rapidly.

Sensing the attack at his back, Han Fei twisted his body subconsciously and dodged the hook in a weird posture.

"Huh?"

The three fishing masters including He Mingtang all exclaimed in shock. A level-six fisher had avoided Wang Jie's hook? It must be noted that Wang Jie was appointed as a supervisor of the general fishery for his remarkable capability. However, his attack had been avoided?

Wang Jie felt embarrassed. His fishing line glittered, and the hook darted at Han Fei even faster than before.

Han Fei sweated hard. I did nothing more than get a few bowls of soup with trickery. Do you need to welcome me with this? While thinking about that, he flipped and evaded the hook again narrowly.

Wang Jie immediately blushed. He was shocked at how swift Han Fei was.

"Huh?"

Zhou Ding was surprised. "Old Wang, your student is interesting. He may be able to make it to the top hundred in the Fishing Trial, no?"

Wang Jie sniffed, "Him? Top hundred? I just hope that he's not the last place."

This time, Wang Jie did not hold himself back. The speed of the hook was doubled. Although Han Fei's one leg dodged the first attack, the hook zigzagged and tied up his other leg.

As the fishing line was retreated, Han Fei was hauled into the campus, catching everyone's attention.

Wang Jie said, "You think you're strong enough to do whatever you want now, don't you?"

He Xiaoyu was rather intimidated to see that, feeling lucky that she did not run. It would be most embarrassing if she were also dragged like this!

Han Fei, on the other hand, screamed, "Sir, I did nothing wrong! I only went to the southern campus to share knowledge with the students there."

Wang Jie smiled at Zhou Ding, "Mr. Zhou Ding, thank you for dropping by. I'll teach him a good lesson."

Zhou Ding laughed. "I don't think that's necessary. This is a good kid to me. Do you want to send him to study in the southern campus for a while?"

Wang Jie said, "With the Fishing Trial coming near, we are going to concentrate the students and train them. I don't think there's time for that."

Zhou Ding smiled and said, "All right, I'll take my leave."

Wang Jie said, "See you, Mr. Zhou."

After Zhou Ding left, Wang Jie changed his face and sneered at Han Fei. "You're good. You show your abilities at the southern campus? You think that you are as invincible as a level-eight fisher?"

Han Fei shouted, "Sir, I didn't! Nobody knew that the southern campus is so weak!"

Wang Jie said with a cold smile, "Weak? Do you think you were strong in the past? Could you have been as strong if it weren't for what Tang Ge gave you? Do you know how many people were drawn to you when you showed your abilities?"

Han Fei was stunned. Who would be interested in a level-six fisher?

He Mingtang went on, "Everybody knows that you improved so fast because Tang Ge gave you a lot of good stuff. They dare not challenge Tang Ge, but killing you in secret and digging out your secrets is not difficult."

He Mingtang made up his mind to keep his daughter away from the brat. God knew what kind of trouble he would cause.

Wang Jie said, "Do you understand now? Nobody dares to touch Tang Ge, but do you think nobody dares to touch you? You will be put in detention for three days."

Han Fei smiled bitterly. He forgot that he had been using Tang Ge as an excuse for his rapid improvement. However, his performance had been too distinguished lately. People couldn't help but wonder what Tang Ge had offered to Han Fei.

Han Fei begged, "Sir, I know I was wrong. I will never fight again. About the detention..."

Wang Jie sneered. "Three days, not to be shortened by one second."

After Han Fei was hauled away by Wang Jie, He Mingtang glared at He Xiaoyu and said, "Go home. You're grounded for five days."

He Xiaoyu said pitifully, "Father, I did not join the fight."

He Mingtang said, "Go home, and you are not allowed to talk with him again until he becomes a fishing master."

Pouting, He Xiaoyu said pitifully, "Okay!"

...

There was only one detention room in the school. It was mainly used to punish bad students. Most of them were only detained for one day. Few were detained for three days in a row like Han Fei.

The detention room was made of hard rock. It was not an obstacle for fishing masters, but no students who were only fishers could get away from it.

Three days ago, Han Fei was dragged to the detention room like a dead dog. It was the most heated topic in the past few days.

Someone was angry. "Han Fei was too cocky. He was asking to be killed when he blocked the gate of the southern campus."

Someone made fun of him. "I'm told that he wouldn't have made it back if the teacher in the southern campus did not release him."

Many people peeped into the detention room when they passed by, but it was too dark to see anything. However, Han Fei could hear the incessant laughter and mockery at the door.

Zhou Xiao, Hu Kun's best friend, was shouting from a hole in the detention room. "Hey! Han Fei, you're not having a meltdown, are you?"

Someone else joined him. "I don't think so, but he will certainly be less cocky in the future!"

...

Han Fei was sitting cross-legged in the detention room. His clothes were entirely wet, and his spiritual energy was running loose. He could hardly control the spiritual energy precisely even after three days.

At this moment, Han Fei was trying to gather half of his spiritual energy in his palm.

"No... Half is too much... Not good, it's getting out of control..."

Zhou Xiao and his pals outside of the detention room discussed. "Huh? Do you feel that spiritual energy is surging?"

"A little bit. Is Han Fei cultivating?"

"Nonsense. How can such intense spiritual energy not glow?"

"Wait, look, it's glowing..."

The few people outside of the detention room saw dazzling light bursting before their eyes.

BAM!

Zhou Xiao did not know what was going on. He only sensed that he was flying.

The explosion spread throughout the school. Many people saw Zhou Xiao and his pals fly away and pass out. As for the detention room, a hole half a man tall was left.

Dozens of teachers of the school arrived almost simultaneously.

They checked Zhou Xiao and his pals first. Then, they released a long breath of relief and said, "Send them to the medical room."

After that, they looked at the giant hole in the door of the detention room, from which uncanny noises were coming out.

Then, they saw Han Fei, whose face was covered in dust and whose head was messy peeking out of the hole.

Han Fei underestimated the power of Spiritual Energy Explosion. Half of his spiritual energy was already so explosive. If he had unleashed all his spiritual energy, it shouldn't have been a problem to blow up the whole detention room.

Wang Jie's eyelids twitched. The guy was not hurt at all in such a powerful explosion?

Han Fei was stunned to see so many people. In the end, he waved his hand and said, "Hey, long time no see!"

Chapter 39: Blackmail the Tigers

In the office, Han Fei rolled his eyes, his hair as messy as a bird's nest.

Solemnly, Wang Jie said, "Tell me! Who taught you Spiritual Energy Explosion?"

Nobody would believe that Tang Ge left Han Fei the introduction to Spiritual Energy Explosion because the teacher from the southern campus stated that Han Fei learned it during the fight.

Han Fei said, "Master, I perceived it after cultivation in seclusion for three days..."

Pa...

Wang Jie slapped Han Fei on the head. The guy was too shameless. It was supposed to be three days of detention, not cultivation in seclusion.

"That's bulls*it! Spiritual Energy Explosion is a skill that requires proficiency. How could you have perceived it?"

Han Fei said, "Sir, I truly perceived it on my own! I spent the last three days in the detention room!"

Wang Jie was lost for words. It did make sense! The boy was locked up the moment he came back to school. Did he really perceive it on his own?

However, He Mingtang felt that something was not right. His daughter had been avoiding him recently. Did it really have nothing to do with this?

Wang Jie did not think much. He simply scolded, "Idiot, do you know why we don't teach you Spiritual Energy Explosion until you are level seven? It's partly because your spiritual energy is not enough, partly because your veins are not sturdy enough, and partly because it requires proficiency. Spiritual Energy Explosion is the easiest of all techniques, but have you seen any fisher below level seven use it?"

Han Fei gnashed his teeth. You like slapping my head? Fine, I'll slap yours when I'm stronger than you... Wait, my veins are not sturdy enough? No wonder my arm was nearly torn apart just now. Then, do I need to do nothing other than building up my veins?

"Han Fei..."

"Ah, I'm here."

Pa...

"You're absentminded when I'm talking to you?"

Han Fei gritted his teeth. Wang Jie, just wait for it. I'll definitely slap your head off later.

...

Han Fei returned home for the Ghost Pearl, the essence of the Ghost Blade Clam that could build up the veins. If it was as good as claimed, Spiritual Energy Explosion wouldn't be a problem for him in the future.

Han Fei grew careful after the incident last time. Fearing that someone would attack him, he kept a low profile on the way.

Han Fei was hiding behind a giant tree and observing if anybody was around, when someone said behind him, "Are you Han Fei, my friend?"

Han Fei was so shocked that he raised his purple bamboo rod immediately.

"Don't panic, my friend. I mean you no harm."

Han Fei looked at him carefully, only to discover that he was a man as brawny as a bull. There were three scars on his face cutting his eyes and his mouth apart, indicating that he was a dangerous person.

Han Fei asked, "Who are you?"

With a smile that was even more awful than crying, the brawny man said, "I am Li Jue, the leader of the Tigers. My arrogant subordinates insulted you the other day, and I hope that you can forgive us. The Tigers would like to give you whatever you need."

Han Fei understood that they were here to apologize. The Tigers must've learned his relationship with Tang Ge. That was why their leader came in person.

The Tigers could've killed him when his identity was still unknown, but now that they'd missed the opportunity, they had to make up for what they did.

Han Fei took a breath in relief. "Leader Li, since you came to apologize in person, I'll definitely forgive you. However, Brother Gang provoked me repeatedly the other day. I hope that Leader Li can restrain him in case the reputation of the Tigers is ruined."

Li Jue grinned hideously and said, "Of course. You will not see them in Heavenly Water Village again, my friend."

Han Fei was alarmed. What do you mean? Are they all dead?

He had heard before that the Tigers' enemies were all thrown into the ocean. He did not know that Li Jue was truly so brutal.

However, Han Fei rolled his eyes and realized what was going on. A less determined man would've been too scared to demand compensation from the Tigers after this.

Considering that the whole thing was in the open, Han Fei sneered, "Leader Li, my brother left me dozens of bottles of Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid, but all of them went missing the day I returned..."

Han Fei felt that the air turned quiet, and killing intent was rising. Was Li Jue really going to kill him?

Han Fei did not believe that he dared to do such a thing. Otherwise, not only would Tang Ge go after him, but the teachers at school would also ask his trouble.

As he expected, Li Jue soon smiled. "Naturally. I'm sorry that I didn't discipline them well. I'll pay them back soon."

Han Fei said, "The other things are basically fine, except that some of the mid-quality pearls and Spirit Refilling Pills were missing."

Li Jue was somewhat astounded and almost decided to kill him. The Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid was already precious enough, and the Spirit Refilling Pill was a life-saving medication. How dare you ask for them?

Han Fei, on the other hand, stared at Li Jue calmly and harmlessly. He did not believe that Li Jue dared to attack.

Li Jue gnashed his teeth. "All right, the Tigers will compensate for your loss. Have a good day, my friend."

Han Fei grinned and said, "Goodbye, Leader Li."

A moment later, Li Jue watched Han Fei leave and punched the tree next to him. The enormous tree was immediately broken in half.

The person behind Li Jue said gloomily, "Boss, this guy is outrageous. He's extorting us. I would like..."
"Shut up."

Calming himself down, Li Jue said, "Wealth is nothing compared to life. Tang Ge won't stay here for long. He will leave after the soul awakening and probably won't return. Let's deal with him after that."

Han Fei couldn't have felt better. The Tigers were rich enough to afford dozens of bottles of Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid, which would make his cultivation with the Incomplete Monograph on 108 Ways of Body Conditioning much easier.

The Tigers were quite fast. What he demanded that morning was delivered in the afternoon.

Han Fei checked the items. They included ten bottles of Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid, fifty mid-quality pearls, and five Spirit Refilling Pills.

"Li Jue, damn you!"

Han Fei trembled in fury. I said dozens of bottles, not ten bottles. Also, you gave me five Spirit Refilling Pills? You think I'm a beggar?

However, Han Fei had wronged Li Jue. It was not easy to get the Iron Fish Body Polishing Fluid. Also, the Spirit Refilling Pill, which was of little use to him, was a life saver for other people. Five of them were already a lot.

Han Fei complained, "What a petty bastard. However, I'm a person who can easily be satisfied. I'll deal with them for now!"

Had Li Jue heard Han Fei's complaint, he probably would've killed Han Fei on the spot.

In the cave, Han Fei held the Ghost Pearl which allegedly nurtured and expanded the veins. He swallowed it without any hesitation.

A long time later, Han Fei felt nothing except that his body was slightly cold, as if he were having an intravenous drip.

It was not until two hours later that Han Fei finally sensed that his veins were strengthened, because he saw impurities leaking out of his skin.

This stuff is not as good as I expected. It seems that I have to take a handful of such pearls at the same time.

Other people would've killed Han Fei if they knew what he was thinking. The medicines that could strengthen the veins were rare and precious, yet he was complaining that they were not effective enough.

Three days later, cracking noises spread out of a cave on a cliff on the floating island. A young man was lying on the ground with all his clothes wet. Nobody could possibly tell what happened just now.

Phew... I've finally made it.

Hahaha. I should be absolutely invincible at my level right now!

Han Fei checked his data.

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Six (Intermediate Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 1,288 (249)

Spiritual Heritage: Level Two, Low Quality (Upgradeable)

Weapon: Purple Bamboo Rod

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

...

He had already felt that he was stuck. As he expected, his spiritual energy stopped at 249 points. He felt that he could make another breakthrough, but it required tremendous spiritual energy. His current stock did not seem enough.

“It seems that I have to set sail again.”

Chapter 40: Isn't It Strawberry?

“Huh? I can't set sail?”

Xiao Qin said, “Given that you met two fish tides and your boat was damaged, the supervisors believe that somebody might be plotting against you, so you are not allowed to go to the ocean. Also, there are only nine days to go until your Fishing Trial. I suggest you focus on cultivating yourself for the time being.”

Han Fei asked, “Have you found who did it?”

Xiao Qin said, “There is no evidence, but we have reasons to believe that the Tigers are behind it.”

“The Tigers?”

Han Fei was not surprised at the answer. Not everyone could ruin a boat in the port without alarming other people at all. He felt that the compensation he asked from Li Jue was not enough.

“In that case, Sister Qin, I'll take my leave.”

Since he could not go to the ocean, he had no income of spiritual energy, which was intolerable to Han Fei.

The market was already lively although it was still early in the morning.

Suddenly, someone shouted, “Water! Clean rainwater here! Twenty coins per kilogram! Only five hundred kilograms are available!”

A customer negotiated: “Boss, twenty sea coins is too much. It rained only several days ago. Your price is too high!”

Someone else agreed with him. “Old Qin, I'll have ten kilograms if you sell it for eighteen sea coins per kilogram.”

However, Old Qin chuckled. “You think it's expensive? It hasn't rained for half a month, and since the weather is fine, it probably won't rain again until half a month from now. Water will only be more and more precious. Twenty sea coins per kilogram is already my best offer.”

The crowd grew quiet.

Soon, someone said, “Fine, Old Qin, give me twenty kilograms.”

“I'll have ten.”

“I'd like fifty.”

...

Shocked, Han Fei watched the five hundred kilograms of water be bought out in only two minutes. He did not know that one could make money so fast with water.

It did make sense on second thought. The only source of water for the floating island was the rain, which was surprisingly infrequent. As a result, water was always in demand.

Han Fei thought of something. There was infinite seawater in this place! Wouldn't he become rich if he could make distilled water with it?

Han Fei was considering it when he passed a beggar.

Wait, that's not right...

Everybody on the floating island is a cultivator! Why is he begging?

The beggar was wandering about with a broken bowl covered in dust.

He stepped back in fear when he saw Han Fei and tried to flee.

Han Fei shouted, "You, stop there!"

The beggar cried, "Have some mercy! I've already been kicked out!"

Han Fei was stunned. "You're... Brother Gang?"

The beggar shook his head quickly. "Xiao1 Gang. Please call me Xiao Gang."

Han Fei: "..."

Han Fei asked, "You're not dead?"

Li Gang's legs shivered when he heard that. Do you really want me dead? After everybody learned that Han Fei was Tang Ge's brother, he was hung on the top of a mast for three days in a row. He was not killed only because he had many friends in the eastern market. However, since his heart was hurt when he was kicked out of the Tigers by Li Gang, he had only one-tenth of his previous strength, and his life was quite miserable.

Hugging Han Fei's leg, Li Gang cried, "Bro, please spare me! I can't die! I need to make a living for my girlfriend! If I die, someone will take her away!"

Han Fei was lost for words. "Who's going to kill you? I'm a kind-hearted person."

Li Gang complained to himself, You are kind-hearted? I wouldn't have ended up like this if it weren't for you.

Han Fei asked, "You were kicked out by the Tigers?"

Li Gang nodded in fear. He couldn't afford pissing off Han Fei right now!

Han Fei came up with a plan. "How about this? You will follow me in the future. I'll give you an enjoyable life."

"Huh... Huh?"

Li Gang thought that his ears deceived him. Was it a trick?

Han Fei said, "Clean yourself up and find me in my home. I'm short of hands right now. I've offered you an opportunity. It depends on you whether or not you can grasp it."

Li Gang was a smart gangster. Was it possible to follow Han Fei? Of course! Tang Ge was his brother, and his future clearly couldn't be too bad. However, why was Han Fei interested in him? Did Han Fei want him to collect protection fees?

Thinking about how he was mugged by Han Fei twice, Li Gang felt that it was very possible.

...

An hour later, Li Gang arrived with a pale face. It was obvious that he was badly wounded, but the dust on his face had been cleaned.

When Li Gang came, Han Fei was toying with many bottles and had even moved a giant pot out. There was no telling what he was up to.

Seeing that Li Gang was here, Han Fei asked, "How much strength do you have left?"

Shivering, Li Gang replied, "I'm as good as... a level-two fisher."

He was of a mind to kill himself. Did he want to beg? Of course not. But he would be committing suicide if he were to go fishing as a level-two fisher.

Han Fei raised his head in surprise. "Huh? You're crippled now?"

Li Gang replied reluctantly, "Not... Not exactly, but the pills for my recovery are too expensive. They are worth ten mid-quality pearls..."

Han Fei scorned, "So, the bad guys who work for bad guys may be abandoned any moment."

Then, Han Fei placed a dozen mid-quality pearls before Li Gang and said, "I can cure you, but you must not betray me, or you will suffer more than wounds. Your girlfriend will probably really be taken away."

Li Gang was filled with disbelief. Were the dozen mid-quality pearls for him?

Feeling warm, Li Gang burst into tears. "Boss, I'll be yours in the future. I'll do anything that you ask..."

Han Fei waved his hand and said, "All right, that's enough! Why don't you tell me first if there are any seasonings on our island?"

"Seasonings?"

Han Fei said, "The things that can give food a more interesting taste, like salt!"

Han Fei had never had any decent food since he came to this world. There was salt, but salt alone was not enough to remove the stink of the seafood.

Li Gang got it. "Oh! Boss, you're talking about spices! But only the rich people can afford them!"

Han Fei was immediately amazed. "So the answer is yes?"

Li Gang said, "Yes, but ordinary people can't afford them. Most spices can only be bought with mid-quality pearls."

Han Fei was a bit disappointed. It was too expensive. He had planned to open a barbecue restaurant and make distilled water. But if the seasonings were so expensive, he probably could only make barbecue for himself.

"What about alcohol?"

Li Gang said, "Alcohol is cheap. The fish-head liquor is only worth thirty sea coins per kilogram. Boss, you want to drink?"

Han Fei said, "Let's go. Show me the spices first."

...

There was a plantation with a coverage of a thousand acres at the south end of the floating island, next to the cliff.

Han Fei was startled by the exuberant plants in the area. "I didn't know that there were farmers on this island."

Li Gang scratched his head. "They are not exactly farmers. Most of them planted spiritual herbs at the beginning, but probably because the environment was too poor, the spiritual herbs all retrograded into spices. Even so, many people believe that spices are still spiritual herbs. That's why spices are still expensive."

An old man was basking in the sunlight with a bottle of liquor in his arms. He showed no response when Han Fei and Li Gang walked onto the plantation.

Han Fei went forward and asked, "Grandpa, we're here to buy spices."

The old man glimpsed Han Fei and continued his sunbath. "You can't afford them."

Han Fei was gloomy. How do you know that? I have fifty mid-quality pearls left!

The old man raised his hand and pointed at some wood shelves not far away. "They're all there. Each of them costs one mid-quality pearl."

Han Fei walked over curiously, only to be dumbfounded by what he saw.

"You call them spices? Aren't they strawberries?"