

GOF 811

### **Chapter 811: Challenge the Dark Hunter Legion Again**

Han Fei's waist tag had been completely shattered when he was killed by Chun Huangdian.

On the Scattered Stars Island, anyone without a waist tag would be investigated, whatever they looked like.

Han Fei was only able to sneak to the Skeleton Shore because he was very familiar with the terrain.

Even so, he was still almost discovered by Hidden Fishers at the edge of the sea. He took quite a few detours before he finally snuck onto the Skeleton Shore.

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Three days passed.

In the Dark Hunter Legion's bluish forest, nobody could be seen at all. The only sound was the chewing noise when someone was having food.

For hunters, the most important thing was to hide themselves. They always communicated telepathically.

Gong Wenhai and Yang Ying had each grown into the captain role of a squad.

They had also reached the peak of the Hanging Fisher level during the year. After multiple hunting missions, they were almost Hidden Fishers.

At this moment, Gong Wenhai was stuffing dried fish unhurriedly into his mouth while he spoke to Yang Ying telepathically, *Eleven teams have been sent, yet they've found nothing about the mysterious expert. I don't want to waste all my time on searching for someone. Besides, he's as strong as a Hidden Fisher, and we might not be able to find him at all!*

Yang Ying said casually, "We'll go if it's our mission. The deputy commander is out this time. I don't think we need to do anything."

Gong Wenhai secretly chuckled. "Yang Ying, I find that you're getting talkative. You've rarely opened your mouth in the past."

Yang Ying put on a vague smile. "Isn't it a good thing?"

Gong Wenhai said, "Yes, it is a good thing. But you've been training too hard ever since that incident. You need to relax once in a while. All the other girls go shopping during holidays. Do you want me to go shopping with you tomorrow?"

Yang Ying glanced at Gong Wenhai coldly, "Are you trying to hit on me?"

Gong Wenhai smiled awkwardly. "We're the only members left of our old team, so we should bond with each other."

Yang Ying sneered coldly. "You've already forgotten Xia Xiaochan?"

Gong Wenhai's lips curled. "What are you talking about? I was indeed into Xia Xiaochan, until she betrayed us. Even if she didn't, she's probably already dead after such a long time. Also, it occurred to me that I don't like girls who are too proud..."

Yang Ying glimpsed at Gong Wenhai and then jumped to another tree.

She had heard Gong Wenhai saying the same thing to multiple girls. Did he really think that she was a fool?

Thinking about that, Yang Ying put on a cold smile.

In a way, she had successfully got back at Xia Xiaochan and Han Fei.

However, she also witnessed their love.

She couldn't have hated them more for that.

She didn't think that they deserved such wonderful love at all.

Guan Qingyan, on the other hand, leaned close and said telepathically, *Yang Ying, why are you leaving? Let me tell you, Guan Qingyan and Mu Jia'er worked out a way to make Semi-Divine weapons. Haven't you always wanted Semi-Divine Daggers? I pulled some strings and got a chance. If you want, I can take you to them tomorrow. It's Semi-Divine weapons we're talking about!*

Yang Ying asked in surprise, "Semi-Divine weapons?"

Gong Wenhai said proudly, "Of course. You have no idea how many people are waiting in line! I pulled some strings. With everything coming to this point, it's time that I told you my real identity."

Yang Ying looked at Gong Wenhai in shock. "What other identities do you have?"

Gong Wenhai said unhurriedly, "In fact..."

"Who's there?"

Before Gong Wenhai could finish, he heard someone shouting not far away.

A hunter suddenly emerged from the shadows and marched to an empty land.

However, a golden fist mark flashed in the void, and the man was flung away.

Gong Wenhai and Yang Ying both flashed out. As captains, they weren't weak at all. It was definitely not a small thing that someone snuck into the Dark Hunter Legion.

However, when they were rushing to the shadow, both Gong Wenhai and Yang Ying were horrified as if something was after them.

They quickly retreated, and Gong Wenhai roared, "Invader!"

*Shua! Shua! Shua!*

People were coming in all directions.

In the shadow, a stranger dashed out at a horrifying speed.

The moment the stranger dashed, at least twenty hunters took action one after another, and many of the unpredictable daggers hit their target.

However, what dumbfounded them was that the stranger completely ignored their attacks while their daggers clinked against his body.

All of a sudden, dozens of streaks of golden light shone in front of Gong Wenhai and Yang Ying. They were too fast to be resisted.

“Pu!”

Gong Wenhai and Yang Ying were hit multiple times and rolled dozens of meters on the ground.

*Crack!*

Gong Wenhai vomited two mouthfuls of blood with broken arms.

He couldn't be more appalled at this moment.

He cried in shock, “Hidden Fisher! A Hidden Fisher has broken in!”

Yang Ying vomited multiple mouthfuls of blood too. The moment she was knocked out, she grabbed a Flash Stone.

However, she found that her hand was gone before she could squeeze the Flash Stone.

“Ah!”

A devastating scream echoed throughout the woods.

What did a severed hand mean to a hunter? Although the experts could regrow it with secret techniques, it wasn't easy to do that at all.

When Yang Ying forced herself to calm down from the scream, she saw a man in front of her eyes.

She raised her head. Then, her eyes were filled with disbelief, fright and shock.

After that, her eyes became full of hatred and brutality.

“It's you. You're still alive?”

Han Fei looked down at Yang Ying with a cold smile. “Did you never expect me to come back? Did you think that I died out there and nobody knows what you did anymore?”

Seeing that Yang Ying shivered, Han Fei quickly extended his hand and grabbed her neck.

*BAM!*

After Han Fei's punch, Yang Ying vomited a mouthful of blood. Her internal organs were all deeply wounded by the terrifying force.

“Captain...”

“What a bold burglar. You dare to cause trouble in the Dark Hunter Legion? Do you want to die?”

“Bast\*rd, I’m going to kill you!”

“Villain, let go of our captain.”

On the other hand, Gong Wenhai rose back to his feet in fear. “It’s you? How can it be you? How are you still alive?”

Han Fei tilted his head and looked at Gong Wenhai indifferently. “Sorry, but I don’t think you can give away your Semi-Divine daggers.”

Gong Wenhai was shocked. Did the guy hear that?

In the next moment, Gong Wenhai roared in a low voice, “Han Fei, you broke into the Dark Hunter Legion and set sail without permission. This time, you attempted to kill someone the moment you came here. That’s an unforgivable crime. Have you considered the consequences?”

“Han Fei?”

More and more people were gathered. They were all shocked to see Han Fei.

“Crazy. He’s absolutely a lunatic.”

Nobody had killed a fellow human being on the Scattered Stars Island so far.

However, Han Fei was so crazy that he came here even though he knew the consequences.

He mutilated Yang Ying the moment he attacked.

Han Fei was quite unstoppable too last time, but that was because he was supported by the Door-Holding Man who was invincible.

However, he had snuck into the woods on his own this time without being detected by anyone.

Almost at the same time, many people began to call for reinforcements.

...

At the same time.

Zhang Teng was browsing through some paperwork. After learning that sea demons were capable of pretending to be human beings, his work got a lot busier. There were too many people he must investigate.

There were a thousand people on the list from different divisions. Some of them still needed to be further observed.

All of a sudden, one of his subordinates rushed in panic. “My lord, my lord...”

Seeing how panicked his subordinate note, Zhang Teng knew that something huge must’ve happened.

However, he was not in a rush at all. Nothing would be too serious as long as it was on the Scattered Stars Island.

Zhang Teng asked casually, "Where are your manners? You could have reported whatever it was telepathically."

The subordinate said, "My lord, it's Han Fei. Han Fei is back."

"Huh?"

Zhang Teng quickly rose and asked solemnly, "Where is he?"

"He's at the Dark Hunter Legion."

Zhang Teng felt that his blood was freezing. *The Dark Hunter Legion again! Why didn't you come to the Scattered Stars Prison? It's not like I'll kill you. Why do you have to go to the Dark Hunter Legion?*

Zhang Teng roared, "Wait for me to come back. I'll go there and take a look."

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Pei Yi, who was going to the sea for the investigation, considered which direction she should go not far away from the Scattered Stars Island.

Suddenly, she sensed that someone dropped her a message. *Deputy commander, come back right now. Han Fei just broke into the Dark Hunter Legion.*

Pei Yi was shocked for a moment. Then, she shouted with her expression changing drastically, "Turn back and go to the Dark Hunter Legion..."

## **Chapter 812: Killing In Public**

At the Dark Hunter Legion's base, Han Fei was surrounded by hundreds of hunters.

Some of them were even six-star experts and Hidden Fishers.

Gong Wenhai and Shui Ran, Yang Ying's former captain, were among them.

Shui Ran yelled, "Han Fei, whatever has happened to you, you'd better let go of Yang Ying right now, or you'll surely be killed!"

"I'll surely be killed?"

Han Fei grinned. "I've traveled on the sea for such a long time without getting killed, and you're telling me that I'll surely die now that I'm already on the Scattered Stars Island?"

Shui Ran felt troubled, as Han Fei didn't appear weak at all.

Also, since he had clutched Yang Ying's neck, nobody dared to do anything to him.

They didn't know if they could kill Han Fei, but they were certain that Han Fei could easily kill Yang Ying with a gentle squeeze.

Shui Ran said again, "Han Fei, let's talk nicely. Did you learn something about Xia Xiaochan? Yang Ying has nothing to do with that. Why did you catch her?"

Han Fei glanced at Shui Ran coldly. "She has nothing to do with it? Heh..."

He turned back and said, "Few people could've escaped on the Scattered Stars Island with Flash Stones. You think I would give you the opportunity? Right, you were the one who stalked me at the Skeleton Shore a year ago, weren't you?"

Han Fei already knew the answer when he saw the hate in Yang Ying's eyes.

Han Fei said again, "You want to kill me? Right, you're not a sea demon. Even if you were, you had no reason to attack me or Xia Xiaochan. So, you hold a grudge against me? I don't even remember pissing you off."

Seeing that Yang Ying was glaring at him with bloodshot eyes, Han Fei snorted. "You're going to die today whether you talk or not. Now, I'm giving you a chance to confess. Why did you attack Xia Xiaochan with demonic Qi? Why did you know her sickness? Who... Are you?"

Many people of the Dark Hunter Legion were puzzled. Judging from Han Fei's tone, there seemed to be irresolvable hatred between him and Yang Ying.

Shui Ran was briefly stunned too. It was Yang Ying who attacked Xia Xiaochan? Was Xia Xiaochan sick? She knew that Xia Xiaochan was occasionally short-tempered, but she didn't know her sickness at all.

If she didn't know, how did Yang Ying know it?

Gong Wenhai roared, "Han Fei, stop telling lies! It's Xia Xiaochan's own problem..."

Han Fei glared at him, and Gong Wenhai subconsciously took a step back. Then, he felt that he was deeply humiliated to be intimidated by Han Fei's glare.

However, before Gong Wenhai could continue, Han Fei said casually, "Do you want to get yourself killed too?"

Gong Wenhai had learned from Han Fei's disobedient trip to the sea last time that the man was completely crazy.

If he weren't crazy, would he have dared to break into the Dark Hunter Legion?

If he weren't crazy, would he have dared to travel to the sea beyond the Scattered Stars Island alone?

If he weren't crazy, would he have dared to break into the Dark Hunter Legion and kill someone in public?

Scared by Han Fei, Gong Wenhai blushed and did not dare to utter another syllable.

Han Fei sneered. "What a wuss."

Gong Wenhai almost burst into fury again. However, a hand laid on Gong Wenhai's shoulder.

Pei Yi, the deputy commander of the Dark Hunter Legion, had descended from the sky.

Pei Yi landed and looked at Han Fei coldly. "Release her and I'll spare your life and give you to the Scattered Stars Prison. You'll be punished according to the law."

"Hahaha..."

Han Fei burst into laughter and looked at Pei Yi coldly. "You'll spare my life? You will? I've killed more than twenty sea-demon level experts, and you think you can take my life away from me?"

"Hiss!"

Many of the hunters who surrounded Han Fei gasped hard.

The sea-demon level experts that Han Fei pointed out equaled Hidden Fisher level experts. Did he really kill so many of them as a peak-level Hanging Fisher?

Pei Yi was shocked too. For some reason, her guts told her that she should believe Han Fei.

However, she still thought that there was no reason that Han Fei could be stronger than her, however talented he was.

Ignoring her, Han Fei simply looked at Yang Ying. "You have one last opportunity to talk. When you're done, I'll send you to the other world. Why did you follow me? Why did you set up Xia Xiaochan? Who are you?"

"Heh... Cough, cough... Hehe..."

Han Fei's body helplessly dangled from Han Fei's hand, and blood dripped from her lips. She slowly raised her head. "Y-You all deserve to die. Xia Xiaochan deserves death too. Too bad that I managed to kill Xia Xiaochan but not you..."

Shui Ran, Gong Wenhai, Pei Yi and the others were all surprised. Was it really Yang Ying who did that?

Han Fei didn't talk. He simply looked at Yang Ying and slightly loosened his hand so that it would be easier for her to talk.

"Hu!"

Yang Ying took a deep breath and then smiled. "Do you know my nickname?"

Han Fei frowned. He had no idea what it was.

Yang Ying coughed and struggled to say, "Guo'er. My nickname was Yang Guo'er. I tried to kill you and Xia Xiaochan for revenge."

Han Fei found the name rather familiar, but he couldn't recall where it was from.

Seeing the confusion on Han Fei's face, Yang Ying said with a self-mocking smile, "I was born in the Little Door Village of Triumph Town... I had a husband whose name was Lian Qi."

All of a sudden, Han Fei remembered that Lian Qi teamed up with some other guys to hunt him and Xia Xiaochan on the way from the Undersea City to the Steps into the Sea in the level-three fishery.

At that time, Xia Xiaochan even complimented Lian Qi for his capabilities.

Han Fei snorted. "It was just the natural law in the level-three fishery. Lian Qi tried to kill me and Xia Xiaochan, so it's only natural that I killed him."

Yang Ying struggled and roared crazily, "Death is no surprise to a cultivator. You were free to kill him, but why did you insult him? You hung his body on the mast and let a bunch of lunatics compete over his bones... All cultivators' are cold-blooded. You're all wicked devils that deserve to die..."

The more she talked, the more excited Yang Ying became. "You're all criminals, and you pretended to be love birds? If I were given a hundred chances, I would still try my best to kill you. If I have a next life, I'd prefer to be a fish, a crab or a clam than to be born as a sinful human being..."

Everybody in the Dark Hunter Legion fell into silence.

Han Fei stared at Yang Ying expressionlessly.

In the sky, Zhang Teng and the commander of the Dark Hunter Legion fell silent too and didn't descend in a hurry.

In the end, Yang Ying said in a low voice, "What a shame... Although Xia Xiaochan is dead, you're still alive as the culprit."

Han Fei was silent for a moment.

"I'm sorry. This is my belated apology."

"On the other hand, Xia Xiaochan is not dead."

"Lastly, I hope that you do have a next life."

Yang Ying raised her head quickly. Then, after a crack, the brilliance in her eyes was gone.

Han Fei didn't know what Yang Ying was thinking at the end of her life, but he didn't feel too happy after killing her.

He remarked casually, "Not just human beings are sinful; this is just a sinful world. We're violating nature's law by cultivating, killing and conquering. I won't stop. Nobody ever stops..."

After that, Han Fei loosened his hand and looked up at Zhang Teng, before he said with relief, "You're here?"

Zhang Teng's expression changed quickly. He didn't know what to say and could only snort in the end.

A hunter attacked Han Fei, who simply punched him away without looking at him. "You'd better wait in line if you want to kill me."

*Hum...*

Another boat arrived. Luo Xiaobai, Le Renkuang, Zhang Xuanyu and the Door-Holding Man jumped off one after another.

The Door-Holding Man didn't offer any word of consolation. He simply patted Han Fei's shoulder and looked at Zhang Teng. "Junior Brother, it's fine. Let's see who's bold enough to take you away today."

"Wang Dashuai, this is the second time. Do you really think the Dark Hunter Legion can't tame you?"

Wang Dashuai set up the big gate and said, "Why don't you try?"



Zhang Xuanyu came to Han Fei. "Fei..."

Zhang Xuanyu didn't know what to say. He knew that Han Fei and Xia Xiaochan were both alive, and he had finally dropped his worries.

They had all seen and heard what just happened. They didn't know what to say at this moment...

"Ha!"

Suddenly, Han Fei chuckled and said, "Senior Brother, and Xiaobai, Zhang Xuanyu and Le Renkuang... Don't bother me. It's just the Scattered Stars Prison! As it happens, I'm rather tired from the long trip. I can take a rest for a few days there."

Everyone: "???"

Zhang Teng was lost for words. *What kind of place do you think the Scattered Stars Prison is? A hotel you can come to and leave freely?*

*Do you think the Scattered Stars Prison is a place for rest?*

Wang Dashuai was shocked too. "Junior Brother, what are you talking about? If you want to take a rest, come to my place!"

Han Fei dropped a hint to Wang Dashuai, "No, thank you. I want to rest in the Scattered Stars Prison."

Zhang Xuanyu was speechless. "Han Fei, were you drugged? Is the Scattered Stars Prison a suitable place for rest?"

Le Renkuang was about to talk, when Luo Xiaobai stopped him and said, "If he wants to go there, just let him."

After that, Luo Xiaobai looked at Han Fei. "How long will you be there?"

Han Fei grinned. "It depends! Maybe I'll come back soon, maybe I'll stay longer."

Zhang Teng felt like ten thousand Iron-Head Fish were raging in his head. *So, you really think the Scattered Stars Prison is a hotel?*

### **Chapter 813: Locked in the Fourth Level of the Scattered Stars Prison**

Yang Ying's death, whatever its cause was, was a matter that had to be dealt with seriously.

At least, the Scattered Stars Prison was responsible for dealing with all violations on the Scattered Stars Island.

However, Han Fei had come and taken care of the matter on his own. He shouldn't have done that because that wasn't the rule.

Besides, nobody in the Dark Hunter Legion cared about the reason for Han Fei's killing.

Xia Xiaochan had always been cold and tough when she was in the Dark Hunter Legion. She was not as likable as Yang Ying was.

Besides, Xia Xiaochan had been gone for a long time, and Yang Ying had many friends in the Dark Hunter Legion.

When Han Fei left, almost everybody looked at him furiously.

Someone said regretfully, "He's come and gone so easily?"

Some were angry. "He's a jerk and a lunatic. With his personality, he can't be a good guy at all. I think Yang Ying is forgivable. He did wrong to her first."

Someone's eyes were cold. "Nobody good has ever come from the Thug Academy."

...

Outside of the Scattered Stars Prison.

The Door-Holding Man and others had followed Han Fei here.

Wang Dashuai said, "In any case, my Junior Brother can't be mistreated. If the Scattered Stars Prison is to torture him, even if I don't come after you, you know that my two buddies won't go easy on you after they return."

Zhang Teng raised his eyebrows. "Wang Dashuai, you're provoking the Scattered Stars Prison and interfering with law enforcement!"

Wang Dashuai snorted. "Do you really think you can take my Junior Brother away if he didn't want to take a rest there?"

Le Renkuang followed Han Fei. "Han Fei, do you want me to deliver a message for you?"

Le Renkuang vaguely knew that they had a great supporter in the Twisted Jungle, so he asked.

Han Fei shook his head. "No need to rush. I'll come out when the timing is appropriate."

He suddenly looked at Le Renkuang. "Help me look for bones of dragon bloodline descendants. I don't want low-quality ones."

Then, he sized up Zhang Xuanyu. "You're at the peak-level? You're even faster than Le Renkuang!"

Zhang Xuanyu grinned and said, "Of course. I fight more often than he does."

After a pause, Han Fei looked at Zhang Teng. "Well, I need another moment. I'll take out my harvest first."

Zhang Teng's lips were shivering. He almost wanted to smack Han Fei on his face. *Just where do you think you are?*

However, before Zhang Teng opened his mouth, Han Fei had waved his hands.

*Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink!*

Immediately, a bunch of demon-level high-quality harpoons were heaped in the yard of the Scattered Stars Prison like a hill.

Zhang Teng snorted. "They're not very valuable."

*Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink!*

Han Fei threw out a bunch of ultra-quality ones and glanced at Zhang Teng. "Their materials are still usable after they're melted."

Zhang Teng's eyelids shivered. He wondered how many sea demons Han Fei had killed.

The previous pile included hundreds of weapons! There were also more than a hundred ultra-quality harpoons.

*Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink!*

Immediately, the glowing golden light almost blinded everybody!

"Hiss!"

"Shoot!"

"Let me..."

Zhang Xuanyu exclaimed, "Han Fei, did you turn a nest of sea demons upside down?"

Le Renkuang's cheeks were shivering. "One, two... One set, two sets..."

Luo Xiaobai simply said, "Twelve Semi-Divine harpoons and nine sets of battle suits."

Zhang Teng's eyelids were quivering too. He was lost for words, wondering if Han Fei had really looted a sea demon's nest.

When he saw that Han Fei waved his hands again, his eyelids jumped again. There's more?

*Clash! Clash!*

He saw fifteen bodies of Half-Mermen. He couldn't possibly be mistaken.

"Sea-demon level experts... Hiss! You're the mysterious killer?"

Han Fei thought for a moment and knew that he could take out the Refining Divine Platform, or his trip to the Ten Thousand Demon Valley would be exposed.

The rest of the stuff had already been thrown to Le Renkuang earlier.

He glanced at Le Renkuang and said, "Okay, there's nothing else. Fatty, do you have anything else for me?"

Le Renkuang thought of something and said quickly, "Right, I knew that you would come back and probably need resources. As a good brother, I've accumulated some good stuff for you. Look, here are level-two Soul Crystals and Spirit Awakening Fluid. You can train yourself inside and try to become a Hidden Fisher some day."

Zhang Teng couldn't have looked gloomier. *What kind of place do you think the Scattered Stars Prison is? You want to train inside?*

Han Fei accepted the Sea Swallowing Seashell and threw it to Zhang Teng. "You can examine it. Return it to me if it has no problem. I need to train inside."

Zhang Teng gnashed his teeth. "You were out for a long time. We need to investigate you."

Wang Dashuai shouted, "What's there to investigate? Do you not see all the enemies he has killed?"

Zhang Teng snorted. "We'll investigate it. If he's fine, he will be properly credited. However, he broke into the Dark Hunter Legion twice, left the island without permission, and killed someone in public... Those are serious violations. Also, where's Xia Xiaochan?"

Han Fei casually glanced at him. "You don't have enough permission to know the answer."

Zhang Teng sneered. "I don't have enough permission? Who does? Do you want General Xue to question you?"

Han Fei chuckled. "I wouldn't say anything even if he comes to me. It's a matter of the Thug Academy that has nothing to do with the Scattered Stars Island."

Wang Dashuai nodded. "That's right. I know that Yang Ying must've set up my Junior Sister. You heard her confess to it. As to where she is, that's none of your business."

Zhang Teng glanced at the people of the Thug Academy. "Irrelevant personnel should leave immediately. Han Fei will be judged fairly. The Scattered Stars Prison is a place of justice, not brainlessness."

Holding the door plank, Wang Dashuai demanded, "Do you dare to say that again?"

While the two parties were butting heads, a voice came to everybody's ears, "Wang Dashuai, go back to your Empyrean Waterfall. Everybody else, return to your position. Zhang Teng, keep Han Fei on the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison for now. If he wants to train himself, let him."

Hearing the voice, Wang Dashuai was instantly stiffened, and Zhang Teng bowed to the sky. "Yes, sir."

Luo Xiaobai was stunned for a long time. *Why would Xue Shenqi get personally involved in this?*

Han Fei was stunned too. He had heard a lot about Xue Shenqi, but he had never met the guy!

Now that Xue Shenqi gave a command, even his Senior Brother lost his temper?

Han Fei knew that he would be caught for killing someone on the island. However, he simply decided to take the risk as he did earlier. After all, Old Jiang still had his back.

Besides, Han Fei didn't intend to work as a defender any longer after his return, which was why he had killed so many sea demons before he returned.

It was his top priority to increase himself to the Hidden Fisher level! Asking for Old Jiang's help would only bring trouble to him. He might as well spend some time in the Scattered Stars Prison.

Also, Han Fei vaguely felt that something in the Scattered Stars Prison was attracting him. It was another reason why he wanted to come.

Xue Shenqi had personally given an order to lock him on the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison. What did it mean?

Earlier, Zhang Teng had mentioned that the higher the floor someone was kept in, the stronger they would be. There seemed to be terrifying experts on the fourth level.

Did Xue Shenqi not worry that he would be killed if he was locked in there?

In fact, Han Fei was not the only one who was surprised.

Wang Dashuai's became brave, as the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison was not the best place to go. He had to look for his seniors for help.

As for Luo Xiaobai and the others, they didn't know what the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison meant, but they were still surprised.

Zhang Teng was the most surprised one of all.

Nobody knew the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison better than he did.

Only one person was locked on the entire fourth level, which was a place that only he and Xue Shenqi could go to.

He didn't know what Xue Shenqi did in there, but he was always a food deliverer who sent a Sea Swallowing Seashell's worth of spiritual fruits, food and other stuff there every time.

He couldn't help but glance at Han Fei thoughtfully, wondering what was special about the guy.

Was it because he was a genius? But there were too many geniuses in the Scattered Stars First Unit. Every one of them was remarkable.

Han Fei looked at Wang Dashuai. "Senior Brother, you can go back now!"

Wang Dashuai nodded solemnly. "Okay!"

Luo Xiaobai glanced at Han Fei. "We'll wait for you to come back."

Han Fei glanced at Zhang Teng. "Let's go!"

Han Fei was quite suspicious about Xue Shenqi's purpose. He felt that something was wrong.

He was slightly reluctant at this moment, wondering if he would be imprisoned forever. However, he knew that Old Jiang must be a strong and mysterious man and could certainly get him out.

Inside the Scattered Stars Prison.

Zhang Teng led Han Fei to the stairs at the bottom level and suddenly paused. He looked at Han Fei and said, "Although the general wants you to go to the fourth level, I still have to ask the necessary questions. Where have you been? Where is Xia Xiaochan? Did the disappearance of the sea demon mountain have anything to do with you? What happened?"

Han Fei's lips curled. "Even the general didn't ask anything. Why would you? Just go down!"

Zhang Teng's face was rigid. "Han Fei, do you even know what the fourth level is? If you confess now, you can beg the general for mercy with your contributions."

Han Fei smiled. "That will be unnecessary. I can only tell you that I was out there exploring treasure troves. I can't tell you anything else."

"What treasure trove? Where is it? What did you do? Did you get in touch with the sea demons?"

Han Fei casually smiled. "It's a million kilometers away. I can't remember the specific location. What else could I have done except increase my strength? Of course I got in touch with sea demons. I even killed a lot of them."

Zhang Teng was lost for words. *You're truly stubborn, aren't you? Your confession is as good as nothing. You killed some sea demons in the last half month. What about the rest of the time?*

Thinking about Xue Shenqi, Zhang Teng snorted. "After you enter the fourth level, you'll have to wait for the general to set you free."

Han Fei said hurriedly, "I don't need your help."

After they walked eight flights of stairs and saw a bluish barrier, Han Fei's pupils contracted. "A barrier?"

Zhang Teng said casually, "I'm glad that you know it. However strong you are, you can't escape from the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison. Just stay there!"

Han Fei asked in surprise, "You're not escorting me in?"

Zhang Teng snorted. "There are no prison cells on the fourth level. You can go inside yourself."

#### **Chapter 814: Prisoner on the Fourth Level**

Han Fei was rendered speechless when he heard that there were no prison cells on the fourth level.

So, Xue Shenqi was locking him together with an unknown, mysterious expert? Then why did he ask for the Sea Swallowing Seashell from Le Renkuang? What if he got mugged.

However, on second thought, he didn't think that a top expert would rob a junior, which would be embarrassing.

Also, he knew that Xue Shenqi wouldn't send him to the Scattered Stars Prison if he wanted to kill him. The man could've found any random excuse to do that.

After thinking everything through, Han Fei was no longer scared. He was not going to be sent to hell anyway.

Han Fei entered the circle without hesitation, which puzzled Zhang Teng and made him wonder why the guy was so bold as to enter a place that even the warden dare not go to.

Since it was too perplexing, Zhang Teng would rather not waste his time thinking about it.

He would rather not piss off those experts. He was not exactly scared of the Thug Academy, but the academy had many tales and did not really follow conventions.

...

Han Fei was completely shocked after he passed the barrier.

On the other side of the barrier was another space, just like how the Scattered Stars First Unit was founded.

Han Fei saw a garden where flowers were blossoming with all kinds of strange brilliance. They were like the glowing seaweed in the Ten Thousand Demon Valley.

Underneath his feet was soil. There were forests and bushes far away. He could also see a vegetable field, a zigzagging river, and a hut next to the river.

In front of the hut, there were a few stone platforms with random fish skins on it.

On one of the stone platforms, a middle-aged man who wore gray linen clothes and trimmed hair was writing with a brush.

It was the opposite of the prison that Han Fei had imagined.

Xue Shenqi called such a place a prison? Whose prison could be so enjoyable?

The man was still writing carefully without raising his head. As a result, Han Fei was stunned and didn't know what to do.

Knowing that the man was an expert, he couldn't just go there and ask, "What are you writing? Do you want my two-sense?"

If he were to do that, would the guy kill him with a slap?

Han Fei waited for a long time, until the guy slightly raised his head and glanced at Han Fei. "Build your own hut, chop your own wood, and make your own food."

Han Fei: "???"

Han Fei didn't expect the man to be so gentle and amiable without any arrogance of a top expert.

Han Fei couldn't help but ask, "Where's the kitchen?"

The man wrote something else. As if he were very satisfied with his work, he nodded delightedly and then pointed at a stone platform by the river. "Over there!"

Han Fei glanced at it. *You call that a kitchen? That's just a stone platform... Huh, wait a minute. What's on it? A box of seasonings?*

He almost couldn't stop himself from asking, "Bro, which year are you from? Why are you so good?"

Then, Han Fei spread out his senses, only to find that the box didn't have any seasonings at all. They were just dried, squished spiritual fruits.

Han Fei thought for a moment and asked, "Where should I build my hut?"

The man continued without raising his head, "Anywhere you want! This is a big and spacious place."

Han Fei found that his strength remained, and the place had enough spiritual energy. He wasn't bothered since he wasn't suppressed at all.

*If you want me to build a hut, then I will. Why should I be scared?*

A moment later, the Nine-Tailed Mantis Shrimp quickly ran close with a few trees, and Han Fei easily chopped the wood into many pieces.

*Duang... Duang...*

*Clank, Clank, Clank...*

Han Fei did build a hut.

Halfway through the construction, the middle-aged man who was doing calligraphy said, "You're too impatient. A hut is for living. How can you make do with a few planks?"

The Nine-Tailed Mantis Shrimp stopped, and Han Fei couldn't help but ask, "If so, should I build a palace?"

The man smiled casually. "Don't be silly... You have to start an enterprise from the details. To build a house, you have to lay a solid foundation. You have to make sure that there are no shortcomings and all the parts fit perfectly."

Han Fei's eyelids shivered. *Fine, you're the boss here. I can just build another one.*

Han Fei didn't quite figure out the man's personality yet. It was quite odd that the man was telling him how to build his hut.

Before Han Fei could continue, the man said again, "Contractual spiritual beasts know nothing about aesthetics. The wood is already broken. You should do it yourself!"

Han Fei took a deep breath. "Fine, I'll do it."

The Nine-Tailed Mantis Shrimp was despised by the guy, so Han Fei took it back.

Han Fei thought to himself, *You want a house? I'm going to build a little villa.*

Holding a knife, Han Fei began to chop the wood in person, making sure that every piece of wood was identical. He then took out some materials and crafted a hammer, a bunch of nails, a chisel and several carvers.

He had nothing better to do anyway, so he decided to shock the guy with his work.

Han Fei cleared a space of about a hundred square meters and made a yard that was surrounded by pointed fence posts. This place was windless and peaceful, so no foundation was needed. He simply evened the ground and started working.

During the day, Han Fei was building the house and the man was writing stuff. They never interfered with each other.

When Han Fei had half completed the house, the man said casually, "Go make food!"



Han Fei: “???”

*You wanted me to build a house earlier, and you want me to make food now? Do you think I’m your servant?*

Han Fei sneered. *Just wait for it. I’m going to frighten you with my hotpot.*

When Han Fei reached the stone platform by the river, Han Fei found a Sea Swallowing Seashell on it.

The man said, “The materials are in there. Pick whatever you need.”

Han Fei examined what was inside the Sea Swallowing Seashell, only to be shocked. “Seriously? Flood Dragon? Golden Carp? Primordial Chaos Big Clam? Trivariant Golden Ginseng?”

He was dumbfounded, as all the ingredients were luxuries.

Han Fei secretly took a deep breath and unhurriedly took out the Golden Carp, which was only half a meter long and should be quite good for food.

He was shocked after he took out the fish.

<Name> Eight-Tailed Golden Carp (Dead)

<Introduction> It’s one of the enlightenment fish that can be found in special undersea abysses. It carries the dragon bloodline and is extremely fast. The feathers on its eight tails can unleash strange sword auras that only Divine weapons can resist.

<Level> 62

<Quality> Exotic (mutated)

<Spiritual Energy> 58,652 Points

<Effect> If you eat it, your insight can be increased by three times

<Collectible> Eight Tail Features, One Inch Golden Scale

<Absorbable>

“Gudu!”

Han Fei was shocked.

Level-62?

A mutated exotic creature?

It could increase insight by three times?

Dragon bloodline? Was it really a carp?

Han Fei took a deep breath and took out what appeared to be a flood dragon. It was only twenty meters long, but Han Fei wasn’t sure what it was.

After all, he had never eaten such a thing before. Were its horns as nutritional as deer horns?

In the next moment, information popped up in Han Fei's eyes.

<Name> Mystifying Dragon

<Introduction> It's a flood dragon that lives in the deep sea. It carries the dragon bloodline and has enormous physical strength. It can also cause hallucinations.

<Level> 63

<Quality> Exotic (mutated)

<Spiritual Energy> 48,652 Points

<Effect> It can significantly strengthen veins and improve health and bone hardness if it's eaten over a long period of time.

<Collectible> Mystifying Dragon's Horns, Mystifying Dragon's Blood, Dragon Teeth, Dragon Scales, Dragon Eyes

<Absorbable>

"Gudu!"

Han Fei swallowed. This thing was full of treasures, and it was going to be eaten as food?

Han Fei glimpsed at the middle-aged man who was practicing calligraphy. *Who told me that he was a prisoner? Could any prisoner have the privilege of eating that?*

Han Fei was stunned. He had always thought that he was extravagant enough. Little did he expect that he would meet someone even more so.

He did not dare to examine the rest of the ingredients. He simply thought that they were better as refining materials than they were as food.

Seeing that Han Fei was still stunned, the man urged Han Fei, "Hurry up, it's dinner time."

"Oh, okay!"

Han Fei was going to use the materials in Forge the Universe, but they seemed too embarrassing to be presented at this moment.

Han Fei hesitated for a long time. He had never had a dragon before. How should he cook it?

He heaved a sigh. Forget it. He might as well make the carp first.

Thinking about that, Han Fei put the carp on the stone platform and took out an ultra-quality long knife. After cleaning up the fish, he was going to slice the fish into pieces with the knife.

Then...

However, sparks splashed out after he cut down.

Han Fei: "???"

Han Fei swallowed again and looked at the ultra-quality spiritual weapon. Did he need a better kitchen knife?

He looked at the middle-aged man and saw no reaction. He then gritted his teeth and took out the Cosmic Sword.

“Puchi!”

This time, he was finally able to cut it.

What Han Fei didn’t know was that the middle-aged man put on a vague smile when he took out the Cosmic Sword.

Han Fei was going to clean it up, when the middle-aged man said, “You can keep the tails and scales for yourself.”

Han Fei was intrigued. He had been interested in the Eight Tail Features and One Inch Golden Scale for a long time, and he didn’t know how to ask for them.

But seeing how casual the middle-aged man was, Han Fei knew that he probably didn’t even care about them.

### **Chapter 815: Sit Down and Have Tea**

Nobody would believe it if he said it, but for the first time in his life, Han Fei found it extremely difficult to cook.

The oil was already boiling in the giant pot. Han Fei covered the carp with flour and shook off the redundant flour. Then, he put the carp into the oil, planning to heat it and make its skin crisp.

However, after being boiled for a long time, the skin and meat of the carp were still fresh even though the flour was already burnt. The meat didn’t seem edible at all!

Han Fei scratched his head. That was too outrageous! The best chef of the Thug Academy couldn’t even make fish? Are you kidding?

Immediately, Han Fei made up his mind. *I won’t use oil anymore. I’ll just use spiritual energy!*

This time, Han Fei used the heaven-level, high-quality Spirit Flame Variation. When the spiritual flames popped up, the meat was instantly cooked.

With a thought, Han Fei pushed the boiling oil out of the pot and enshrouded the carp, so that the meat was fried in midair.

A moment later, the fragrance of meat was already coming out of the pot. He then put sauce into the pot and mixed the sauce with the meat. Instantly, even the middle-aged who had been cool the whole time dropped his brush and watched Han Fei make food.

After the meal was finally made, Han Fei took a deep breath and said, “Well, how about we have the flood dragon for the next meal? It’s not easy to make.”

The middle-aged man slightly nodded and finally dropped the pen in his hand. He waved his hand, and a long desk flew to the river.

The middle-aged man glanced at the fish that Han Fei made. He sniffed at it first and then slightly nodded. "Sit down and have food."

Han Fei felt like ten thousand Tsunami Jellyfish were roaring in his heart, as the guy seemed to be expecting him to make another meal.

However, Han Fei never had such great food before, and he was quite tempted too.

Before he had the food, he glanced at the middle-aged, who looked like a handsome and gentle scholar and wore a vague smile all the time.

The man picked up a piece of meat and put it in his mouth. Strange brilliance flashed in his eyes, but his expression didn't really change.

As if knowing that Han Fei was staring at him, the man raised his head and looked at Han Fei. "Focus on your food."

Han Fei hummed and also picked up a piece of meat. Instantly, a tasteful fragrance spread out in his mouth. The meat of the fish was so fresh as if it were newly-made tofu.

Naturally, the fancy product couldn't be ineffective. Han Fei's head became a lot clearer after he had the first mouthful of meat.

One pick.

Two picks.

...

After having about half a kilogram of meat, Han Fei seemed to be frozen. He laid one hand on the desk and raised his chopsticks with the other, but his eyes were fixed.

The middle-aged man glanced at Han Fei and continued having the food without talking.

There was no telling how long it had been.

Han Fei thought of a lot of things. He remembered the first time he learned to use chopsticks, the first time he was hit, the first time he went fishing, and the first time he used a knife... Many pictures flashed in his head.

When every picture popped up, Han Fei realized a lot of problems in it.

So, that was how he should've exerted strength on the rods.

So, that was how he should've waved his knife to make it most powerful.

So, that was how he should've used the Spirit Concentration Art.

So, that was another way to draw an array.

By the time Han Fei opened his eyes, he found nothing on the table, and he was still holding his chopsticks.

He subconsciously looked back, only to find that the middle-aged man was already practicing calligraphy.

He asked, "Have you finished your meal?"

The middle-aged man replied without raising his head, "I finished it yesterday."

Han Fei: "???"

Han Fei gasped hard. "Yesterday?"

The middle-aged said softly, "It will be dinner time in another six hours. Do your work for a while and then make food!"

"Huh?"

Han Fei was stunned. *It was dinner time again?*

Han Fei asked timidly, "What's the schedule for our dinner?"

The middle-aged man replied casually, "Every 24 hours."

Han Fei was dumbfounded. Had he been having dinner for eighteen hours?

He gasped hard and then resumed his construction work on the site.

He was building a bungalow in a traditional style. He had also added fences among the pillars so that the pillars wouldn't seem too noticeable...

Four hours later, when Han Fei just opened the window, the middle-aged man said in a gentle voice, "It's almost dinner time. Time to cook."

Han Fei: "???"

A moment later, Han Fei found the cause of the Mystifying Dragon's death. There was a hole in its head. Someone seemed to have poked their finger in it and killed it.

Han Fei took a deep breath. How was he going to cook this thing? He didn't have any experience!

Han Fei glanced at the middle-aged man, who said casually, "Cut off the horns, extract the veins and bones, remove the liver and gallbladder, and throw away the head. Cook the rest of the stuff as you see fit!"

Han Fei was intrigued. *The way I see it? This thing is full of treasures. I'll take them all if you don't want them.*

The job was rather hard for Han Fei even with the Cosmic Sword, mainly because it hadn't acknowledged him as a master yet, and extracting the veins and bones was too troublesome.

It took Han Fei more than an hour to finish the preparation work. He attempted to cut off the horns, but he failed to do so after a long time.

“Never mind. The dragon head won’t be needed anyway. I’m just going to put it in Forge the Universe. As for the dragon meat...”

Han Fei thought for a moment. “Since I don’t have any experience cooking it, I’m going to make a few simple dishes with the dragon meat first. Well, three are probably good enough.”

A moment later, the middle-aged man saw spiritual flames rising to the sky next to the river as the dragon meat was being roasted.

Fortunately, nobody was there to see that, or Han Fei had no doubt that he would be beaten to death.

It was a dragon! Although not a real one, it carried dragon blood! Han Fei felt quite reluctant to have made so much food with the meat.

But on second thought, Han Fei was quite happy too, as he had enough materials to practice the Divine Manipulation Technique.

He could also upgrade his fishing pole, as this bone was much better than the Blue Sea Wandering Dragon’s bone. It was really good stuff.

Two hours past the dinnertime.

The two of them sat at the table next to the river. The middle-aged man picked up a piece of meat and put it into his mouth.

Then, he tried each of the dishes one by one.

Han Fei was also holding a piece of meat as he stared at the middle-aged man. After a long time, the middle-aged man replied casually, “Not bad, but it tastes slightly greasy.”

The middle-aged man was talking about the braised dragon meat.

Han Fei was slightly confused. He put a piece of braised meat into his mouth, only to feel that energy was surging into his body and making his blood boil.

Holding back the shock, Han Fei put as much meat into his mouth as possible. Greasy? The meat was too delicious! He would have all of it if the man didn’t want any!

Unfortunately, Han Fei’s skin had turned red after he only had two kilograms. When he opened his mouth, he accidentally spewed out fire.

The middle-aged man looked at Han Fei in disdain. “Turn your head around first if you want to breathe hard during dinner.”

Han Fei’s eyes had turned bloodshot. *Breathe hard? I’m dying of heat!*

Immediately, he left his seat and ran to the river. With a thought, he poured the water on his head.

“No! I have to practice the 108 Desolate God Body in the river!”

*Clash!*

Han Fei jumped into the river and made all kinds of weird postures. The middle-aged man looked at Han Fei in the water now and then while holding a slice of meat.

After Han Fei finished the 108 postures, the middle-aged man slightly narrowed his eyes.

When he narrowed his eyes, Han Fei didn't notice that he was also counting his fingers as if he were calculating something.

This time, Han Fei didn't sit for a whole day. Although the dragon meat was powerful, the Desolate God Body was quite powerful too. He was able to soothe his boiling blood in only four hours.

At this moment, the middle-aged man said casually, "It's time to go to bed."

Han Fei was lost for words\*. I haven't even made my bed yet. Where can I go?\*

He mumbled, "I might as well get some sleep, anything can be a bed."

Then, he ran to his incomplete house and looked at the planks all over the floor. He then took out a shell that was more than six meters long from his Sea Swallowing Seashell. He dried the clam and then lay inside the shell, starting to sleep.

Han Fei couldn't remember when the last time he had any good sleep.

Cultivators didn't have to sleep, but eating and sleeping were treasures of life. Ordinary people could enjoy them easily, but cultivators couldn't.

Han Fei slept tightly until he heard drizzles outside.

Han Fei: "???"

He opened his eyes in shock. This was an independent space that didn't even have a sky. Where was the rain from?

He rose and walked out of the house. Then, he did see a drizzle going on.

After that, he saw the middle-aged seated in front of a rock with a teacup. Steam was popping up from the teacup, and there was no rain within ten meters.

On the rock was a teapot and another teacup. Han Fei was quite surprised. Was the teacup left for him?

As he expected, the middle-aged said casually without looking back, "Sit down and have some tea."

### **Chapter 816: Painting With the Ocean Book**

Han Fei was here for two days. He had two dinners with the man and built a house that hadn't been completed yet. A weird rain was going on, and he was invited to have tea with the guy?

Han Fei was rather puzzled. For some reason, he felt like he was being taught.

In silence, Han Fei walked to the green rock and sat on the stone chair.

Then, he lowered his head, only to find that the teacup was filled with glittering red tea.

He raised the teacup and sipped it. Then he frowned, as it was just a regular cup of tea and not anything sophisticated as he expected.

The man on his opposite side blew at the tea and slowly raised his head. "Reflection is very important for cultivators. No matter how crazy you are during cultivation, you have to look back now and then and digest the knowledge and power from the past."

Han Fei couldn't hold himself back anymore and asked, "Senior, why did I come to the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison?"

The middle-aged man blew at the tea again and had a mouthful of it. "Didn't you ask to come here?"

Han Fei thought to himself, *I didn't know that I would come to the fourth level, or that the fourth level would be like this, or that such a big boss was on the fourth level!*

Han Fei asked again, "Then, are you teaching me, Senior?"

The middle-aged man said with a casual smile, "You may think so."

"Why?"

Han Fei was quite curious. Did everybody have the privilege of having Eight Tail Golden Harp or Mystic Dragon?

He subconsciously looked at the kitchen and remembered the other ingredients in the Sea Swallowing Seashell that he had seen. If he could have all of them, he thought that he would reach the very peak of the Hanging Fisher level in a month, and he might become a Hidden Fisher any time.

Han Fei didn't believe that anyone would help him unconditionally, which was completely unreasonable! He had planned to make up for what he did with contributions, and to spend some time here training and studying.

His other plan was to see if he could figure out the usage of the Prison Token, and why the Hexagon Starfish had it and he got it in the end.

At this moment, Han Fei had a guess, but he wasn't too certain.

The middle-aged man smiled. "Don't ask until you're going out."

Although Han Fei was very curious, he managed to suppress his impatience. Since the guy said that he shouldn't ask until he was going out, it meant that he had a chance to go out, and an answer by then.

After having the tea, the middle-aged man put the cup down and said, "Set up your house tomorrow. Then, you'll paint together with me."

"Huh?"

Han Fei was stunned for a while. *So, you were not doing calligraphy, but rather painting?*

He nodded and suddenly said, "Senior, why is it raining in this place?"

The middle-aged man raised his head and said unhurriedly, "Stop!"



Han Fei: “???”

To Han Fei’s shock, the rain stopped. He was instantly stunned. *What was that about? Are you the Dragon Lord who is responsible for rainfall?*

The middle-aged man said casually, “Occasionally, a rain is needed to irrigate the land.”

Han Fei: “???”

“Gudu!”

Han Fei swallowed. *Fine, you’re the boss here and you’re in charge.*

...

It took Han Fei a day to build his little house as well as the bed and other basic furniture in it.

The next morning, Han Fei heard the sound of brushing in his sleep. He immediately woke up and walked out.

As he expected, Han Fei found that the middle-aged man had started working in front of a stone table.

The middle-aged man sounded as casual as before, “Move a stone table here.”

Hearing that, Han Fei moved a stone table to him. This time, he finally saw what the middle-aged man was drawing.

To Han Fei’s surprise, the man was really painting. He was working on a flood dragon at this moment.

The flood dragon was vivid and looked so intimidating as if a real flood dragon had been sealed to the fish skin by him.

The middle-aged man drew a line every time he put down his brush. Han Fei even saw the glittering dole on the line. Whenever a new line appeared, it seemed to be enlivened as if it were part of the flood dragon.

The middle-aged man finished a stroke and then stopped. He then waved his hand, and a brush, a fish skin, and the painting of a lobster appeared on Han Fei’s table.

The middle-aged man said casually, “Start by copying.”

Han Fei took a deep breath and picked up his brush.

It was very easy for a cultivator to vividly depict anything. They could draw a lifelike lobster with their extraordinary senses and control over their mind and their fingers.

Han Fei was very solemn. A hint of spiritual energy appeared on the tip of the brush as he copied the lobster painting. However, after the very first stroke, he realized that he made a mistake.

It was just one line, but he realized that his line was quite different from the line on the lobster painting, in that it lacked vigor.

Han Fei was stunned for a long time. Then, the middle-aged man said, “Finish it first.”

So, a weird scene took place on the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison. Two men were painting in front of stone tables. If Zhang Teng were here, he would've been too shocked to say anything.

Han Fei's lobster was already half painted and he had already reached the body.

All of a sudden, Han Fei exclaimed.

He looked at the middle-aged man and the lobster painting. A power seemed to be rising from the fish skin.

"Huh! An array picture?"

Han Fei finally realized that the lobster was not a painting at all but an array.

He remembered the Ocean Book and the enormous array pictures that he never had time to practice.

On the Ocean Book, every line was equal to an array. Naturally, he didn't know which line corresponded to which array, but he knew that when those lines were combined, they would be arrays.

Lines and arrays...

Lines and arrays...

Han Fei mumbled, "The lines are arrays too, and multiple lines mean multiple arrays. So, by painting with lines, I'm creating complicated serial arrays."

"Hiss!"

After thinking it through, Han Fei had a lot of complicated feelings. He felt that he had grasped the awesome essence of arrays...

"Focus."

The middle-aged man reminded him casually, and Han Fei instantly calmed down. He finished copying the lobster in the old way, which took him about four hours.

After the lobster was completed, Han Fei suddenly saw the illusion of a small lobster, which existed for one brief second and then disappeared.

Han Fei couldn't hold back anymore and asked, "Senior, what's going on?"

The middle-aged man didn't raise his head but said casually, "It means that you're poor at painting. Draw another one."

Han Fei was puzzled, but he was actually quite shocked. *I almost brought the painting back to life, and I'm still poor at painting?*

Han Fei wondered what would happen if the man next to him drew out the flood dragon on the painting, because even he could enliven a lobster. Would the man be able to create a flood dragon?

Han Fei didn't ask. Since he made a mistake in painting, he might as well try another one.

This time, the Ocean Book popped up in Han Fei's head. He intended to go with the lines on the Ocean Book and find out what he could get.

When Han Fei moved his brush again with a line from the Ocean Book, the middle-aged man suddenly raised his head and glanced at Han Fei.

Han Fei stood straight. "Was it wrong?"

The middle-aged man smiled. "Go on."

Han Fei didn't think further but continued drawing. This time, he completely followed the lines on the Ocean Book, and a lobster appeared on the fish skin in only two hours.

After he finished the last stroke, a violent power appeared out of nowhere.

A strong wind seemed to be rising, a thunder was rumbling, a tsunami was roaring, and auras of swords and spears were sweeping out...

All in all, the lobster was nowhere to be seen, but a terrifying power was sweeping out.

*Crack!*

*BAM!*

After only one instant, the stone table in front of Han Fei was shattered. Everything within a thousand-meter radius was crushed except the middle-aged man's stone table and house. The "villa" that took Han Fei three days to build didn't survive.

Han Fei was dumbfounded. He stood there with a brush in his hand like an idiot.

He felt like crying at that moment. *I didn't do anything! I was just drawing a lobster! How did this happen?*

However, he clearly noticed that the power could've spread more than a thousand meters away, if it hadn't been restricted by an invisible power.

The middle-aged man slowly dropped his brush and looked at Han Fei. "Every line represents an array, but the arrays aren't random. You drew 1,245 lines, and only 47 of them were effective arrays. Those arrays are of different types and some are contradictory. Only thirteen of them really worked..."

Looking at the lawn that had already been ruined by Han Fei, the middle-aged man said again, "In order to make use of the arrays, you need to know what the arrays are and what power they represent first."

### **Chapter 817: Arrays Aren't Difficult at All**

Han Fei was quite embarrassed at this moment.

He didn't know much about arrays or the Ocean Book at all!

Although he could use the lines in the book, he had no idea which line corresponded to which array.

Han Fei couldn't help but ask, "Is it possible to create an array with a single line?"

The middle-aged man replied with a smile, "Yes, but you have to analyze the structure of the line."

"Huh? Isn't it just a line?"

The middle-aged shook his head. "Is a point of spiritual energy just a point of spiritual energy?"

"Huh?"

Han Fei was choked for a while. That did not seem to be true, as a point of spiritual energy could be further disassembled...

Disassembled?

All of a sudden, Han Fei exclaimed, "Should I disassemble it?"

The middle-aged man nodded. "You're not too clueless after all!"

Han Fei's heart pounded quickly. In that case, if he could really understand the Ocean Book, didn't it mean that he would have thousands of arrays and could combine the arrays?

So, disassembling was the key here.

He had to understand every line and every array in order to make use of those lines for his own purpose.

Then, another question popped up. *How should I disassemble it?*

Han Fei looked at the middle-aged man, as if he were asking again.

The middle-aged man replied casually, "Repair the ground and the stone table first."

Han Fei: "..."

...

As a spirit gatherer, it couldn't be easier for him to restore the grass. They were regrown in only five minutes.

The stone table was even easier. Han Fei ran to the woods and moved a few rocks. He then cut them and shaped them into tables.

As for the villa that he had built and only lived in for one night in, Han Fei scratched his head and could only rebuild it.

This time, he did not want to build a villa anymore. He simply copied the house in his hometown, which took him six hours. If the middle-aged man hadn't been as picky about the details, he could've completed it in only three hours.

After everything was done, Han Fei ran back to the stone table.

This time, he found the same lobster painting on it. His task was still to copy the lobster!

But this time, Han Fei stood for a long time without moving the brush.

The first way of painting was completely wrong and could only represent the contours.

The second way of painting was even worse. It was simply nonsense.

Han Fei couldn't help but wonder what was correct.

He stood for such a long time that it was time for dinner.

After the middle-aged man reminded him, Han Fei instantly ran off to make food.

One day.

Two days.

Three days.

Han Fei stood for three days in a row without moving the brush.

It was already time for bed. The middle-aged man had returned to his room for sleep.

Han Fei lay on his bed with complicated thoughts in his head.

*Why do I have to draw a lobster? What's special about the lobster? Line. Disassembling. Array. Picture...*

All of a sudden, Han Fei sat up. "What's the purpose of me drawing the lobster?"

Han Fei took a deep breath. Since the middle-aged man asked him to draw the lobster, it was definitely related to arrays.

The man also mentioned that the array was essentially about the disassembling of lines.

Therefore, it was actually not a lobster, but a line.

Han Fei was instantly enlightened. He had no time to think and was about to get up.

Suddenly, a casual voice said, "Calm down. Take a sleep when it's time for bed."

Han Fei slowed down. Forget it. He didn't have to rush into anything. He might as well wait for the morning!

Han Fei wasn't sleepy at all. He was getting more and more curious about the middle-aged man's identity. The man's understanding of arrays must've exceeded Old Jiang's. Old Jiang had taught him how to quickly create arrays, but this middle-aged man was telling him the essence of arrays. They were completely different.

Besides, why was this middle-aged man telling him something so mysterious and sophisticated?

Han Fei gradually fell asleep with a lot of random thoughts.

The next morning, Han Fei jumped off from the bed the moment he heard the sound of brushing.

When he reached the door, he tried to calm himself down before he walked to the stone table again.

Han Fei grabbed the brush and looked at the lobster painting. He kept telling himself, "It's just a line, it's just a line. Since it's a line, you must complete it with one movement of the brush."

Han Fei was quite familiar with the job. It was very similar to creating a Spirit Gathering Array with one step.

In order to confirm his speculation, Han Fei was not in a rush to paint the lobster. Instead, he dropped hundreds of points of spiritual energy in a line on the fish skin when he moved the brush.

In the next moment, spiritual energy surged at him.

The middle-aged man continued drawing his painting. However, on the other side of his face that Han Fei couldn't see, there was a smile.

Yes, Han Fei had created a Spirit Gathering Array with one stroke.

"Yes, my guess is correct. This lobster is just a line."

Immediately, Han Fei considered for a moment, and as spiritual energy flowed out of the brush, he managed to finish drawing the lobster with one touch.

*Hum!*

The line then jumped out, and a lobster about ten meters long appeared on the open ground nearby.

The illusionary lobster was painted at the cost of two hundred points of spiritual energy, so it only contained the same amount of spiritual energy.

With a thought, Han Fei prompted the lobster to pinch him. He then squeezed it into pieces.

He speculated that it was a lobster that had just reached the Hanging Fisher level.

Level-40. Han Fei guessed.

Immediately, Han Fei grinned.

However, his smile was gone very quickly. What he could do was to draw a creature or an array with one touch.

When the middle-aged man waved his hand, Han Fei saw that the lobster painting became a picture that contained one line.

Han Fei was dumbfounded. It was indeed possible to draw an array with one touch, but how was he going to disassemble an array into complicated arrays?

He glanced at the middle-aged man and secretly heaved a sigh.

He tried copying it with his spiritual power, only to discover that it was even more difficult than to copy the Spiritual Sea Secret Technique in the 72-floor demon realm.

"Wait!"

"I can't see the array during the copying, but I can vaguely tell that it's related to water."

Suddenly, the middle-aged man said casually, "Look at the painting that you drew earlier."

Han Fei raised the brush and painted a Spirit Gathering Array with one touch. Then, spiritual energy surged at him. It seemed impossible for him to save the picture he painted.

Han Fei scanned the Spirit Gathering Array with his spiritual power, and it instantly stopped gathering spiritual energy.

Han Fei instantly realized that it was possible to seal the array that he painted with spiritual power.

“Twice!”

Han Fei was slightly surprised. His first touch was to paint it, and his second touch was to seal it. The first touch was visible, and the second touch was invisible.

Han Fei realized that he didn't have to copy the painting. He simply needed to unveil the spiritual power on the fish skin.

How should he unveil it?

With his experience, Han Fei attacked it with spiritual power.

*BAM!*

All of a sudden, Han Fei was drenched as if someone poured a bucket of water over his head.

Han Fei subconsciously looked at the middle-aged man, who ignored him.

Han Fei was lost for words. This was definitely a practical joke to make fun of him! What should he do about the spiritual power barrier on the array if it could not be broken with violence?

The middle-aged man said casually, “It's the right way, but if you're to attack a random array in a strange place, you might suffer more than a bucket of water. So, you have to break the spiritual power seals slowly. You cannot grasp all the arrays at the same time.”

Han Fei looked at the fish skin and scanned it with his spiritual power again, only to discover that it was a simple water-gathering array.

He was quite appalled. If it weren't a bucket of water, but a saber in a killing array, wouldn't he have been hurt?

The middle-aged said, “So, to become an array expert, you have to learn the existing arrays, or unveil the unknown, potentially dangerous arrays, or invent new ones.”

“Invent? How can I invent them?”

The middle-aged man dropped his brush and said, “It's about your will. If you want to kill someone, enter your killing will into the array; if you want to hide yourself, sneak into the array. Your will is whatever you want to achieve. It's a path that you have to complete on your own.”

“My will?”

Han Fei didn't think that he completely understood it. Entering his thoughts into an array seemed rather complicated!

However, Han Fei remembered the Ocean Book. He didn't have to rush into anything! The Ocean Book was copied by the Demon Purification Pot. Even if it had spiritual power seals in the past, it shouldn't contain any at this moment. He could read the strokes one by one.

Thinking about that, Han Fei asked again, “How can I create an awesome array by combining the arrays that I know?”

The middle-aged man said slowly, “How do you combine words?”

Han Fei was stunned.

It was not until half an hour later that Han Fei finally mumbled, "So, painting arrays is just like writing words? Fantastic! But isn't it too simple?"

He found that nobody was around. He looked back, only to find that the middle-aged man was having tea.

The middle-aged man said with a smile, "Simplicity is always the greatest solution. You've grasped the essence of arrays. It's up to you what you can achieve in the future."

Han Fei took a deep breath. In only a couple of days, the middle-aged man had completely changed his understanding of arrays.

Han Fei suddenly felt that arrays weren't difficult at all.

### **Chapter 818: Secret of the Sea Quelling Painting**

Half a month passed.

Instead of studying the Ocean Book in a hurry, Han Fei refocused his attention on the Spirit Gathering Scripture that Old Jiang gave him.

The Ocean Book clearly had many more arrays than the Spirit Gathering Scripture did. It was much more complicated and harder to learn than the Spirit Gathering Scripture, a systematic tutorial.

Fortunately, after only half a month, Han Fei was already able to paint most of the arrays on the Spirit Gathering Scripture with one touch.

The more complicated arrays were usually combinations of simple ones. All he needed to do was to turn the small arrays into lines and regather them.

At this moment, Han Fei was painting a new array. He completed a pattern with nine lines.

Han Fei didn't seal the array with his spiritual power, but simply threw the fish skin out casually.

Immediately, an array of a hundred meters wide appeared, with auras surging inside.

Han Fei walked into the array, and he was instantly surrounded by overwhelming sword auras.

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

"I only used two thousand points of spiritual energy during the painting. It was almost the power of an advanced Hanging Fisher. If a common advanced Hanging Fisher were here, it would take them at least two minutes to crack the array."

A moment later, Han Fei painted another array and added a Spirit Gathering Array to it with one stroke.

This time, when the array was thrown out and the swords were unleashed, spiritual energy gathered from all directions.

Han Fei walked inside again.



“Huh! It didn’t get more powerful, but it can last longer. Considering the consumption, it can last 150 seconds. It can hardly kill an advanced Hanging Fisher, who can crack it by fusing with a contractual spiritual beast. However, it could be extremely dangerous against intermediate Hanging Fishers.”

Han Fei concluded that if he were to increase the power of the killing array by using ten thousand points of spiritual energy and a Grand Spirit Gathering Array, it shouldn’t be a problem to trap and kill a peak-level Hanging Fisher.

Cracking his own array easily, Han Fei turned back with a smile. “Senior, what do you think of it?”

“Not bad!”

The middle-aged man showed no response except a casual remark.

Han Fei found that the middle-aged man had been painting a flood dragon since he came here twenty days earlier. He estimated that the man had left ten thousand strokes on the painting.

“Hiss! Can it be ten thousand arrays?”

Han Fei was quite frightened. He could only fuse a dozen arrays at this moment, and the gap between him and the middle-aged man was truly huge!

All of a sudden, Han Fei saw that the middle-aged man stopped.

Han Fei asked in surprise, “Senior, it’s not tea or dinner time yet, is it?”

The middle-aged man chuckled. “The painting has been completed.”

“Completed?”

Han Fei asked curiously, “Senior, what array have you painted?”

Without keeping it a secret, the middle-aged man said casually, “A killing array.”

“Hiss!”

Han Fei instantly gasped hard. *A killing array? Thousands of strokes for a single killing array? How terrifying must the killing array be?*

The middle-aged man rolled the fish skin and said to Han Fei casually, “It’s a gift for you.”

“Huh? A gift for me?”

The middle-aged said with a smile, “You can’t use it for now even if I give it to you.”

Han Fei was instantly lost for words. Why would you give it to me if I can’t use it?

The middle-aged said, “It may be useful to you later.”

Han Fei accepted the fish skin in a daze. “What if I use it by force?”

The middle-aged man shook his head. “You can’t. It’s not the right time yet.”

Han Fei secretly remarked, *How will I know when the right time is?*

The middle-aged man asked, "Do you know what divination is?"

Han Fei shook his head. How could he know that? Isn't divination, by nature, learning of the divine?

The middle-aged man smiled. "Learn after me."

"Huh? Learn what?"

Han Fei instantly gasped hard.

Back in the treasure trove, Luo Xiaobai mentioned that someone performed a secret technique and caused a half-month of rain in the Scattered Stars Prison when he was away.

However, Shu Shan also mentioned that one had to be an Explorer in order to perform such a thing as fortune telling.

Han Fei pointed at himself. "Can I do that right now? Won't I be struck by lightning?"

The middle-aged man's lips curled. "Of course, you can't really perform this yet. However, you can still learn the simple methods to predict danger."

Han Fei said quickly, "Wait a moment, Senior, should we get this straight first? You're giving me food, teaching me arrays, and showing me how to perform these techniques for nothing in return? Why?"

The middle-aged man chuckled. "Do you really want to know?"

Han Fei nodded solemnly. "Yes! I'm fine with owing other people favors, but I have to know the reason. Who are you? A Senior Uncle from the Thug Academy?"

The middle-aged man chuckled. "I have my own reasons. I'm teaching you how to predict danger because you're lucky. Apart from my purpose... There's also the Sea Quelling Painting!"

"Huh!"

Han Fei was instantly stunned and subconsciously stepped back. The Sea Quelling Painting again! He hadn't even found the Bone Yard yet, and someone was already talking about the Sea Quelling Painting with him?

Han Fei's pupils contracted. "What do you mean? What's the Sea Quelling Painting?"

The middle-aged man smiled casually, "You're from the Thug Academy, aren't you? You must be carrying a Sea Token, aren't you? Don't deny it yet. Do you know how long the Sea Quelling Painting has existed?"

Han Fei slightly shook his head. He had a feeling that the man was telling him a big secret.

The middle-aged man smiled. "The Sea Quelling Painting was acquired by Ren Tianfen from the remains of the Divine Palace three hundred years ago. Don't ask where the Divine Palace is. You don't need to know that. All you need to know is that Ren Tianfen was hunted by many experts afterwards and almost killed. However, he was able to separate the Sea Quelling Painting from its essence and transform the essence into 99 Sea Tokens... Any guesses on what happened next?"

Han Fei gasped hard. *Was Ren Tianfen behind this?*

He thought that Ren Tianfen was still living a carefree life in the Heavenly Water Village three hundred years earlier!

Han Fei frowned. "Did the Thug Academy gather the Sea Quelling Painting?"

The middle-aged man slightly shook his head first, but then nodded. "The Sea Quelling Painting was indeed gathered, not when the Thug Academy was declining but when it had already declined. Many experts robbed the Thug Academy for the Sea Tokens it found. A great war took place. After that, another great war happened."

"Another great war?"

Han Fei held his breath. He could totally imagine how miserable the Thug Academy was back then...

If the Sea Quelling Painting was an ultimate treasure, countless people must've been coveting it, just like how people fought for a Divine weapon in the level-three fishery.

The middle-aged man said with a casual smile, "Yes, there's more. But I won't tell you what happened later."

"Pu!"

Han Fei felt like vomiting his blood. *Bro, are you kidding? You're only telling half of the story? That's torture!*

Seeing that Han Fei was lost for words, the middle-aged man chuckled. "It's not because I'm unwilling to tell you, but because our fate will be changed if you know what happened. So, you don't need to know it yet."

Han Fei took a deep breath and asked in surprise, "I can't even learn what happened?"

The middle-aged man chuckled. "You will know what happened, but not right now. I'm teaching you all this exactly for you to seize the Sea Quelling Painting."

Han Fei rolled his eyes. "Senior, are you overestimating me? If what you said is true, so many top experts fought for that, but all of them failed and died. I'm just a Hanging Fisher. Even if I become a Hidden Fisher later, is it really something I can do?"

The middle-aged man's lips curled. "It's not a matter of strength. Ren Tianfen was a Venerable back then, but he almost died too. Nowadays, the experts are checked by other experts, so it's up to those who have acquired the Sea Tokens to fight for the painting."

"Gudu!"

Han Fei could totally imagine the picture where a bunch of Hanging Fishers and Hidden Fishers fought for the painting and the bigshots watched them until one of them got the painting. Then, the bigshots joined the battle and killed all the sacrificial lambs.

Seeing the fright in Han Fei's eyes, the middle-aged man said casually, "It's not as huge as you think. The painting itself doesn't matter; what's important is the secret inside. Those who compete over the painting all come from renowned families. The top experts dare not attack them easily."

Han Fei was completely befuddled. "Secret?"

The middle-aged man chuckled. "Although the Sea Quelling Painting is a treasure too, that's not important. It is not a one-of-a-kind treasure that deserves such competition. Whoever has Sea Tokens is merely seeking the secret in it."

Han Fei ventured, "So, those searching are actually the safest?"

The middle-aged man nodded. "Yes! Any of you may find the painting in the end, but none of the top experts will. That's the key here."

Han Fei asked unhurriedly, "Senior, do you know what the secret might be? What if you kill me after I get the painting?"

The middle-aged man smiled and didn't say anything. He simply asked softly, "Do you want to learn it?"

"Yes!"

Han Fei blurted out without hesitation.

The man had made himself loud and clear. He wouldn't attack Han Fei until Han Fei got the painting. But after Han Fei got the painting, he still had the Thug Academy and the Sky Dissecting Finger.

Han Fei was quite confident of killing anyone with the ultimate method. When worst came to worst, he could always hide inside Forge the Universe. Nobody could find him at all.

### **Chapter 819: Why Don't You Exchange the Sea Quelling Painting For That?**

Although Han Fei failed to figure out the middle-aged man's identity, he was no longer anxious. Since the guy asked him to look for the painting, it was only reasonable that he charged a commission.

Only an idiot would have refused a free gift.

Besides, they were talking about divine techniques! Even though he was quite weak and could only learn how to predict dangers for now, it was still about foreseeing the future!

If he got stronger later, he might be better at the skill and could really perform these skills.

Han Fei was relieved. Not only must he learn the skill, but he also had to learn it well.

Han Fei asked, "Senior, when will we begin? How will you teach me?"

The middle-aged man replied with a smile, "There's no need to rush. It's dinnertime. Time for you to cook!"

Han Fei: "..."

Han Fei was not in the mood to make food at all. He simply made a hotpot and boiled vegetables in it.

The middle-aged man slightly shook his head but wasn't annoyed, as they were still more delicious than what he had.

On the table, they had a level-65 Heavenly Spirit Ray. After only eating half a kilogram of meat, Han Fei was already having a nosebleed, and his head was a mess.

In his dizziness...

He heard someone whispering in his ears, "Divination is just a technique to perceive your fate with the Tao of Heaven. It's actually a very simple technique. All you need to do is to remember the Art of Fortune..."

Han Fei didn't remember what was said next. He slept as soundly as a dead pig.

When he finally woke up, he discovered, to his surprise, that the food on the table was gone, and that he had been lying on the ground for he didn't know how long.

He looked around and found that the middle-aged man was fishing on the green rock not far away.

Han Fei rubbed his head. "Senior, how long have I slept for?"

The middle-aged man said casually, "Well, I cooked for myself yesterday."

Han Fei didn't know what to say. "I've slept through two days?"

The middle-aged man smiled. "You've already learned the Art of Fortune. I have nothing to teach you anymore. You can go out in a couple of days!"

"Huh?"

Han Fei was dumbfounded. "Wait, Senior, how did I learn it? By sleeping and dreaming?"

The middle-aged man said softly, "Keep your voice down. You're scaring off the fish."

Han Fei: "..."

The middle-aged man asked, "Why don't you predict when you can get out?"

Han Fei subconsciously counted his fingers, and a vague feeling appeared in his head. "Three days later?"

Han Fei stared at his fingers. Since when had he become capable of this?

He closed his eyes in a hurry, only to see a piece of information.

Art of Destiny (Unrated)

<Introduction> Calculate one's fate and predict the future with the Tao of Heaven.

It was just a simple introduction without any words or algorithms. It just appeared in his head.

Han Fei swallowed and was even more awed by the middle-aged man who had taught him such an amazing method while he was sleeping.

He had a lot of mixed feelings.

All of a sudden, Han Fei thought of something and ran a predication.

Then, he thought of the Prison Token and took it out. "Senior, do you know the Hexagon Starfish?"

The middle-aged man glanced at the Prison Token and smiled. "You're quite smart! Yes! I was the one who threw it out."

Han Fei narrowed his eyes. The Hexagon Starfish was sealed by Ren Tianfen in the Heavenly Water Village for three hundred years. How did you throw it out?

Han Fei asked again, "Senior, do you know Ren Tianfen?"

The middle-aged man looked at the water. "Sort of!"

Han Fei took a deep breath. "Did you live in the Heavenly Water Village too?"

The middle-aged man looked at Han Fei casually. "Don't ask. Just hold your questions back."

"Why?"

The middle-aged man shook his head. "I already told you. It may change our fate. Just let nature run its course. You will learn everything when you should."

Han Fei instantly became gloomy. He asked again, "What can we talk about? How about Tang Ge?"

The middle-aged man shook his head. "Not a chance!"

Han Fei was lost for words. "What about the Thug Academy? Let's talk about the details of the Thug Academy's decline thirty years ago."

The middle-aged man shook his head. "Not a chance!"

Han Fei gnashed his teeth. "Then let's talk about my mother."

The middle-aged man continued shaking his head. "Even less likely."

Han Fei said angrily, "I thought you were dead."

The middle-aged man chuckled. "Sometimes, it's rather hard to die."

Han Fei was not a fool. He simply didn't expect to meet his father in such a place and in such a way.

After he learned divination, he instantly thought of the Prison Token, and as he thought further, the answer was obvious.

Why couldn't the middle-aged man be a Senior from the Thug Academy? Just look at Old Bai, Old Jiang and Uncle Faceless. Would they have taught Han Fei like that? Also, the man talked about the Heavenly Water Village and Ren Tianfen a lot.

Plus the way that the middle-aged man talked and educated him these days, Han Fei would've been a fool if he didn't know the answer.

However, Han Fei was not sure whether the man was Han Guanshu or just his father.

"Were you a commander?"

The middle-aged man chuckled. "Don't ask, don't investigate. Don't let Tang Ge investigate either."

Just as expected.

The man was indeed Han Guanshu and his father.

Han Fei demanded furiously, "Is there anything I can do? Can I fish with you?"

Han Guanshu nodded. "You can."

Lost for words, Han Fei angrily pulled a stone stool to the riverside.

He sat down and asked, "You can't tell me anything about the vine in the demonic forest either?"

The middle-aged man slightly shook his head. "That's the only thing that even I don't know very well."

Han Fei: "..."

Han Fei took out his fishing pole, only to be stunned. He didn't even have to scan the environment before he said, "There's no fish in the river!"

"Huala!"

Hardly had he said that when Han Guanshu caught a ten-meter-long blinking fish from the water.

"Shoot!"

Han Fei was instantly dumbfounded. He extended his senses into the river again, only to find that the river was not even as deep as the height of the fish. How could it have lived in the river?

A string of data appeared in his eyes.

<Name> Starlight Fish

<Introduction> A fish that grows up by absorbing the power of stars. It can emit starlight and move three thousand kilometers in one flash. It's extremely hard to catch. When attacked, it will launch a star sword.

<Level> 63

<Quality> Exotic (mutated)

<Spiritual Energy> 47,508 Points

<Effect> It can increase your understanding of space if it's eaten over a long period of time.

<Collectible> Star Pearl

<Absorbable>

"Gudu!"

Han Fei was lost for words. "What kind of marvelous technique was that?"

Han Guanshu replied casually, "A fishing technique."

Han Fei blinked his eyes. *That's outrageous. Are you being condescending because of your high level?*

Han Fei quickly took a glance at the Divine Manipulation Technique, Volume Five of Void Fishing, only to discover that it was not an amazing fishing technique at all.

The Divine Manipulation Technique required a special fishing line called the Void Line.

Han Fei never had the time to study it. After he read it just now, he looked quite weird.

Looking at the guy next to him, Han Fei sat cross-legged and read the technique carefully.

The so-called Void Line required fish or dragon veins that came from creatures with thick dragon bloodlines. It couldn't be made unless the requirements were met.

When making the Void Line, one had to build a special network with the soul and hide the network in it.

After the special network was made, it would solely belong to him.

It could be very awesome. Just like the string of a puppet, it could control creatures and make it impossible for them to escape. The more advanced the Void Line is, the less likely it would be discovered.

If it were discovered, the creatures that it caught could struggle and break free.

Also, the Void Line had a high demand on spiritual and soul power. Of course, the problem could be more or less resolved if he were to create multiple Void Lines. Multiple Void Lines could also control creatures like puppets.

Also, the Void Line could be split based on soul power. Han Fei didn't know how many lines it could split into with his current power.

The Void Line could not only be used in fishing but also in fighting, but it needed a hook in battle, which could be discovered easily.

"No wonder it's called Divine Manipulation Technique! Awesome! Who can possibly defend against that?"

Han Fei glanced aside. "What should I call you? Senior?"

Han Guanshu chuckled. "Do you have to call me anything?"

Han Fei chuckled too. "It's fine if I don't. My life has been so hard since childhood. Why don't you give something to me?"

Han Guanshu looked at Han Fei. "What do you want?"

Han Fei spoke frankly, "Ten or so flood dragon veins."

Han Guanshu was briefly stunned. "Why do you want so many of those?"

Han Fei grinned. "For my own purpose."

Han Guanshu chuckled. "Okay."

"Also, I want all the higher versions of the True Spirit Fishing Art, above level six."



Han Guanshu frowned. "Are you still practicing the True Spirit Fishing Art?"

Han Fei took a long breath in relief. Everything that happened made Han Fei feel that his life had been arranged, but this question reassured him that it wasn't.

Han Fei nodded. "Yes, that's the only technique that suits me."

Han Guanshu hesitated for a moment. "I don't have any, but I can ask for them from someone."

Han Fei's eyes glittered. "All of them?"

Han Guanshu sneered. "Just the sixth level. As for the seventh level, only one family in the entire Thousand Star City has that. However, I beat the family before, and they're unlikely to give it to me."

Han Fei: "..."

Han Fei was lost for words. What was he going to do? Did it mean that there would be no more True Spirit Fishing Art after level six?

Han Fei took a deep breath. "Which family?"

"The Zhang family."

Han Fei was briefly dazed. "The Zhang family that's capable of the Heavenly Pearl Body Protecting Art?"

"Exactly!"

Han Fei was instantly upset. "Then that's bad. I beat them too."

Han Guanshu looked at Han Fei speechlessly. However, it did make sense on second thought. The Thug Academy and the Thousand Star City had never seen eye to eye with each other. It was only nature that they fought.

After a pause, Han Guanshu suddenly said, "However, it's not entirely impossible to get it from them."

Han Fei shivered. "How so?"

Han Guanshu said casually, "You can always exchange the Sea Quelling Painting for that!"

### **Chapter 820: Getting Out of Jail**

Han Fei felt awful when Han Guanshu put it that way. If he did get the Sea Quelling Painting in the end, why would he exchange that for only part of a cultivation technique?

Han Fei considered for a moment. "Can't I just destroy them?"

Han Guanshu: "..."

Han Guanshu found his son rather brutal. *You plan to destroy the Zhang family of the Thousand Star City just for one level of the True Spirit Fishing Art?*

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

Han Fei spent every day enjoying tea, eating, sleeping, and fishing.

He suddenly had a feeling that he was going out.

He asked, "Old Han, why are you locked in here?"

Han Guanshu replied with a smile, "Don't ask."

Han Fei: "..."

Han Fei sensed something and turned his head to the open ground where he came in, only to find that a middle-aged man who looked cold was standing there.

Han Fei had never met the guy before, but he saw the guy's twelve-star waist tag.

"Xue Shenqi?"

Twelve stars was the highest rank of stars on the Scattered Stars Island. As far as Han Fei knew, Xue Shenqi was the only expert at that level.

He looked at Xue Shenqi, and Old Han who was fishing solemnly without looking back. He couldn't help but wonder about the relationship between Xue Shenqi and Old Han.

"You can go out now."

Xue Shenqi spoke with a heavy voice. There was no telling if it was because he had been in power for years, but he also sounded intimidating.

Han Guanshu looked at Han Fei with a smile. "Off you go! This place is open."

Han Fei looked at Old Han thoughtfully and walked out. When he passed Xue Shenqi, he found that Xue Shenqi was observing him expressionlessly as if he were just a random guy on the street.

At the exit of the place, Han Fei said lazily, "I'm leaving!"

"Okay!"

Han Guanshu gently sniffed, and Han Fei disappeared from the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison.

At the stairs, Zhang Teng gazed at Han Fei as if he were trying to see him through. He couldn't understand why the commander was here to release the guy in person after only one month. Was Han Fei really so influential?

However, he didn't have any say in the matter. Zhang Teng gave a star badge to Han Fei that had six stars on it.

Han Fei accepted it and turned it around. He saw five million points on it, but there was no other information except that.

Han Fei frowned. "Is that all?"

Zhang Teng snapped, "It's the commander's decision! Are you dissatisfied? Besides, you didn't even have five stars before you left. Your punishment and your rewards are offset. Don't think you can get the title of Guardian of the Sea."

Han Fei smiled casually. "I'm fine with that!"

Zhang Teng snorted and continued, "From today on, you will not have any job on the Scattered Stars Island, which means that you won't have a team. Also, you will move to the Empyrean Waterfall. The people there have been informed. You can go straight there."

Deprivation of duty was something that Han Fei had always hoped for, but he never thought that he would move to the Empyrean Waterfall.

Walking out with Zhang Teng unhurriedly, Han Fei finally asked, "Can I go out to the sea?"

Zhang Teng replied expressionlessly, "You're now a six-star Slaughterer, of course you can set sail. However, I need to remind you to tread carefully if you don't want to be imprisoned to the Empyrean Waterfall like Wang Dashuai."

Han Fei wondered what Senior Brother Dashuai could've possibly done. He was determined to ask him after he arrived at the Empyrean Waterfall.

Outside of the Scattered Stars Prison, Han Fei looked at the sky and heaved a sigh. "A prison is a prison anyway. It's not as enjoyable as the outside world no matter how well-decorated it is."

Putting on the waist tag, Han Fei left the Scattered Stars Prison without looking back, even though he knew that someone was staring at him from behind.

Han Fei didn't fly a boat, but roamed casually.

He was contemplating.

*What is the problem between Xue Shenqi and Old Han?*

*What is the relationship between Old Han and the Thug Academy?*

*Do I need an opportunity to loot the Sea Quelling Painting? After all, I haven't even found the Bone Yard yet.*

*Should I go to Luo Xiaobai, or the Empyrean Waterfall, or the Twisted Jungle?*

As he walked, a boat suddenly descended from the sky, and Luo Xiaobai was on it.

"Get up here!"

Han Fei jumped to the boat and asked with a smile, "Why are you here?"

Luo Xiaobai said calmly, "I've been paying attention to this place ever since you were locked into it, so I knew it the moment you were released."

A moment later...

In a certain club on the Scattered Stars Island, Luo Xiaobai, Zhang Xuanyu, Le Renkuang and Han Fei were sitting in a private room.

Zhang Xuanyu asked first, "Fei, what's on the fourth level of the Scattered Stars Prison? Did they do anything do you? Have you been sent to the Empyrean Waterfall?"

Han Fei replied with a smile, "There's nothing on the fourth level. Do I look like they've done anything to me?"

Le Renkuang continued, "But it's the Emyrean Waterfall! Senior Brother Dashuai is confined to the Emyrean Waterfall and can't even go to the sea."

Han Fei smiled. "I can."

Luo Xiaobai remarked coldly, "Han Fei, the Emyrean Waterfall is not a safe place. There are secrets underneath the waterfall."

Remembering the story about the lake under the Emyrean Waterfall, Han Fei said slowly, "I'm not going there anyway. I'm still waiting to set sail."

Luo Xiaobai and the others were all relieved. Then, they all stared at Han Fei.

Han Fei touched his nose in amusement. "What? Is there dirt on my face?"

Zhang Xuanyu said, "Just tell us and stop acting mysterious! It's time for a confession."

Han Fei ran a prediction and found that nobody was eavesdropping. He then gathered spiritual energy on his fingertips and painted a pattern with eleven lines. Then, everybody discovered that the noise from the outside world were blocked.

Zhang Xuanyu exclaimed, "What kind of method is that? Is it an array?"

Le Renkuang remarked in mixed feelings, "You can prevent the experts from eavesdropping?"

Luo Xiaobai looked at Han Fei curiously too.

Han Fei explained, "I deployed eleven arrays. At least, no Hidden Fishers can hear our conversation."

As he talked, Han Fei pinched his fingers and paid attention to his feelings. He would stop talking whenever he noticed anything wrong.

Even under such circumstances, Han Fei was still speaking telepathically. He found it quite necessary. After all, if anyone on the Scattered Stars Island were as strong as Old Han, it would be hard to defend against them.

Han Fei said slowly, "Xia Xiaochan was taken back by her family. As to why I ended up in the Ten Thousand Demon Valley, that's a simple story..."

Han Fei told the stories. He skipped the reason why the Sea Demon Mountains were moved away, and how Chun Huangdian looked for him with divination. But apart from that, he told them everything, including how he entered the Ten Thousand Demon Valley, looted the refining shops, and explored a treasure trove.

A moment later...

Zhang Xuanyu and the others all gazed at Han Fei and swallowed.

Zhang Xuanyu was lost for words. "You're truly crazy. You snuck into the Ten Thousand Demon Valley just like that? Aren't the sea demons infuriated right now?"

Le Renkuang asked, "Is Xia Xiaochan's family very strong?"

Han Fei rolled his eyes, and Zhang Xuanyu patted Le Renkuang. "Are you an idiot? He would've told us if he wanted to talk about it."

Han Fei didn't talk much about Xia Xiaochan, so Luo Xiaobai and Zhang Xuanyu already knew something was up. Le Renkuang was the only innocent one that pursued further.

Han Fei tapped the table with his finger and said solemnly, "There's something that I can't tell you, but you must strengthen yourself as quickly as possible. If my guess is correct, something huge may happen soon."

The three of them asked in surprise, "What is it?"

Han Fei replied casually, "It may have to do with a Sea Quelling Bizarre Treasure."

"Hiss!"

All of them gasped. Even Luo Xiaobai was quite shocked too. They all knew that a Sea Quelling Bizarre Treasure was much more powerful than a Divine weapon.

It was extremely rare even in the Thousand Star City. How could they not be surprised when Han Fei talked about it so casually?

Han Fei waved his hand with a smile. "Fatty, where's our food? It's time to cook!"

Le Renkuang laughed and took out a huge pot...

In the middle of the dinner.

Han Fei asked, "Xiaobai already has six stars. Why do you two still have five stars?"

Zhang Xuanyu rolled his eyes. "Do you think it's easy to get more stars? We were not as free as you on the sea... But I'm getting a new star very soon."

Luo Xiaobai casually said, "Han Fei, I spend most of my time in the central city, but I have a lot of spare time. If you want to go to the sea, you can come to me. Right, if you have the time, you can take a look at the Sea of Pearls."

"Huh?"

Luo Xiaobai said calmly, "An accident happened on the Sea of Pearls, but it was taken care of very quickly. It's suspected that there are ancient ruins in the area."

Han Fei nodded with a smile. "Got it."