

GOD OF FISHING

Chapter 15: Standard of Spiritual Energy

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On the playground, everybody looked at the purple light that was bursting before their eyes in disbelief.

“Tang... Tang Ge. Spiritual Heritage... Seven.”

Not that the teacher did not want to announce the level, but he had been too stunned to not stammer after seeing a Level Seven Spiritual Heritage for the first time in his life.

The teacher was not alone. Everybody on the playground, including the teachers and the village leader, couldn't say anything.

Hu Kun, who just raised glittery yellow light in the test, was also dumbfounded. He just intended to cry out his result when Tang Ge's result came in. How could he say anything?

“You're Tang Ge?”

Tang Ge nodded in confusion.

Fang Ze grinned so hard that his face was splitting apart. In ecstasy, he patted Tang Ge's shoulder heavily. “You will follow me for the time being.”

Then, Fang Ze turned to the village leader. “Heavenly Water Village will be rewarded for raising this talent. All resource supplies will be doubled from today. The village leader will be given a Spirit Ascension Pill, a Blood Coral Pole, a Crimson Sea Fruit...”

Excited, Fang Ze threw out names that other people had never heard before. The village leader almost passed out.

Han Fei was happy for Tang Ge when he saw him being taken away.

The village leader finally returned to himself after the excitement. Glowing, he shouted, "Continue the test!"

"Hu Kun. Spiritual Heritage: Level Three, High Quality."

After the test for the Heavenly Talents were over, the results instantly became horrible. Those whose Spiritual Heritage was Level One, Low Quality looked awful. It meant that they could only be level-six fishermen at best in their life.

He Xiaoyu said, "Only if your Spiritual Heritage is better than Level One, High Quality can you become a fishing master. All right, it's our turn."

Han Fei realized something when he saw the brilliant yellow light that He Xiaoyu unleashed. Those with yellow light were no higher than level four.

As he expected, the teacher announced, "He Xiaoyu. Spiritual Heritage, Level Three, High Quality."

He Xiaoyu's father was quite excited. His daughter ranked in the top five of the thousand students. He almost laughed aloud in satisfaction.

Han Fei walked forward in silence.

Wang Jie looked at him and said, "Put your hand on the measuring stone and inject your spiritual energy into it."

It was a simple process. Han Fei saw that the stone glistened insignificantly.

"Huh?"

Wang Jie said in slight surprise, "Han Fei. Spiritual Heritage: Level One, High Quality."

The result was so common that nobody paid any attention to it. Wang Jie exclaimed because he thought that Han Fei was Level One, Low Quality at best, or his advancement couldn't have been as slow.

Nobody noticed that there was a black streak on the stone. It could barely be distinguished from the stone itself.

Wang Jie didn't see it, but Han Fei caught it.

Han Fei retreated his hand. "Sir, what's the color for Level Four Spiritual Heritage?"

Wang Jie answered casually, "Blue... Next!"

Han Fei returned in confusion. Below Level Four, it was yellow; between level four and level six, it was blue; above level seven, it was purple. What did black represent?

"Han Fei, no need to worry. There's still hope for you. Although you can't compare to me, you're still better than a lot of people."

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In the cultivating ground, He Xiaoyu said, "You must be defter. Your way of fighting is too violent. We must focus more on technique. If you pour spiritual energy into the weapon, your spiritual energy will be used up after a couple of hits."

Han Fei stopped. "We can pour spiritual energy into the weapon?"

He Xiaoyu said, "Of course, but we don't use spiritual energy in our cultivation. It's too precious. However, a crisis may happen anytime in the fisheries, so you have to pour spiritual energy into your weapon, and you'd better make the best use of every point of it."

Han Fei was surprised as he asked about matters related to spiritual energy.

He Xiaoyu had 142 points now. Theoretically, one could become a level-seven fisher after they broke through 140 points. However, some people choose to train themselves at the peak of level six. It was said that the best

guys in the village could reach 159 points while geniuses in the towns even cultivated to 179 points.

Han Fei's heart was pounding. "Are you sure that you have 120 points when you reach level six?"

He Xiaoyu said, "That's right! The standard for level six is 120 points."

Han Fei wondered what his 119 points meant. When he checked the Demon Purification Pot, his face changed.

His spiritual energy's upper limit had changed to 121!

Han Fei found it odd. Why was the upper limit increased by two points?

Was it because of the two bowls of Swallowed Spirit Soup? Or was it because he cultivated his body with Swallowed Spirit Soup?

Thinking about that, Han Fei grinned. "He Xiaoyu, can I borrow your bamboo rod?"

He Xiaoyu said, "You want to fight again? I won't give it to you."

Han Fei said, "Listen, I'll pay you a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup every time I borrow it. How does that sound?"