

## GOD OF FISHING

### Chapter 3: Strength Matters Most

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Demon Purification Pot

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Two (Beginner Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 48 (48)

Spiritual Heritage: Level One, Incomplete (Upgradeable)

Main Art: Soul Fishing (Repairable)

Han Fei was quite surprised. Demon Purification Pot? What was the calabash on his wrist about?

On one side of the series of data, there was a glittering option that said “Arts.”

Han Fei clicked “Arts” curiously.

Existing Arts:

Soul Fishing (Incomplete)

Level one of Immobilization (Incomplete)

Note: This generic ancient art is now incomplete after the passage of time. Repairing it will cost 1,000 points of spiritual energy.

Han Fei’s eyes immediately glowed. Am I favored by fate?

His joy did not last long.

When Han Fei noticed his 48 points of spiritual energy and realized the gap between it and one thousand, he was lost for words.

Then, seeing “Repairable” behind the name of the art, he thought he might as well try repairing it.

When he thought about that, his 48 points were immediately reduced to zero, and the hazy picture was gone.

Gululu...

“I’m so hungry!”

Han Fei felt that the world was spinning and he was about to fall over. His overflowing spiritual energy vanished all of a sudden.

Han Fei staggered to the table and ate the unfinished clams. He didn’t feel better until he gulped down all the clams and his spiritual energy turned to 12 points.

However, to his exasperation, the data regarding the clams left him wishing he were dead. They were merely at level one, barely enough to fill his stomach.

“Four points are too few. What does ‘absorbable’ mean here?”

When he thought about that, Han Fei realized that the clam before him lost something. He checked his own data, only to discover that his spiritual energy became 16 points.

The clam’s information had totally changed.

<Name> Unfresh Clam

<Level> One

<Quality> Bad

<Spiritual Energy> 0 points

<Effect> This food can keep you from starving. Nothing more.

“I can do this?”

Han Fei was surprised. Do I only need to touch the clams and not eat them? Instead of touching all the other clams immediately, Han Fei murmured, “The Demon Purification Pot can directly absorb spiritual energy? Does it mean that I’ll have infinite spiritual energy as long as there’s enough seafood? If I can absorb clams, can I absorb flowers, grass, or stone?”

Then, Han Fei focused on his Spiritual Heritage, which was Level One, Incomplete. Was it the reason why he hadn’t been able to improve?

Seeing that there were still some clams in the tank, Han Fei thought of repairing his Spiritual Heritage, only to discover that it would also cost 1,000 points of spiritual energy.

Han Fei was lost for words. Where can I find 1,000 points of spiritual energy?

He focused his eyes on the clams again.

Several minutes later, he touched all the clams, and his spiritual energy reached 52 points.

Wait, the amount of spiritual energy can surpass the capacity of my body?

Han Fei was shocked. It meant that he would have inexhaustible spiritual energy as long as he stored enough, whereas other people had to rest and recover after their spiritual energy was used up.

However, Han Fei gave up the idea soon, because he did not have even close to enough seafood for absorption!

Cleaning up all the clam shells, Han Fei sat on bed again, ready for cultivation.

This time, Han Fei dare not repair any art. He merely glimpsed and noticed a progress bar that had moved forward a bit. It must’ve been because he consumed 48 points of spiritual energy just now. He read on and saw new information.

Existing Arts:

Soul Fishing (Incomplete)

Level one of Immobilization (Incomplete)

Note: The generic ancient art is now incomplete after the passage of time. Repairing it will cost 1,000 points of spiritual energy.

Superseding Art: Void Fishing

Progress: 48/1000

Han Fei clicked his tongue. Fine, I'd better cultivate by myself!

Han Fei sat cross-legged on the bed.

The calabash appeared faintly on his wrist again, but not as painfully as before.

In his meditation, Han Fei felt something cool in the air flowing into his body.

After a long time, Han Fei, who was in the middle of his cultivation, suddenly lay back and fell asleep.

BAM...

Han Fei was sound asleep when his door was kicked open by a ferocious-looking fatty, who pointed at Han Fei and roared, "Here you are! You're still sleeping? You think you're the boss? Go to the general fishery in an hour! Don't think you can stay home because you're ill! Don't come back tonight if you can't complete your mission!"

Han Fei looked at the fatty, whose name was Zhang Han. The man was a supervisor of the area.

A wise man knows when to retreat. With the Demon Purification Pot, it was only a matter of course for him to rise. It was unnecessary to cause trouble now.

Han Fei rose quickly and smiled. “Supervisor Zhang, we’re going today?”

“Of course! You think someone will offer you food for free? You’re lucky that according to the new rule, common fishermen only need to pay a tax of 150 kilograms of fish every day.”

Zhang Han then sneered, “However, if you can’t submit 150 kilograms, you know the consequence, right? No useless men live in Heavenly Water Village. You’ll spend the night on the ocean. Think carefully.”

Han Fei was alarmed. He knew that the fishermen who couldn’t pay the tax would be cast out. It was said that nights on the ocean were dangerous with the fish attacks. Nobody had ever survived five consecutive nights on the ocean.

However, he said with a smile, “Supervisor Zhang, I’ve lost my fishing pole and bait, so...”

Zhang Han grinned. “No biggie. I’ll give you an ordinary fishing pole and a box of bait for only ten low-quality pearls. What do you think?”

Han Fei clenched his fists even more tightly. The man was obviously taking advantage of him. An ordinary fishing pole cost three low-quality pearls, and a box of bait was only worth eighty sea coins.

Taking a deep breath, Han Fei said, “Supervisor Zhang, I only have twenty sea coins for now. Can I borrow your tools?”

Zhang Han changed his expression and said angrily, “Why didn’t you tell me sooner that you have no money? You don’t even have ten low-quality pearls? You are destined to be a civilian for the rest of your life... If you die in an ocean, how can you pay me back?”

Although that was what he said, Zhang Han turned and left, not forgetting to tell Han Fei to head to his store, but interest would be collected!

Han Fei was infuriated, but he also realized that he was in a world where the strong preyed on the weak. Revenge was a dish best served cold. He decided to hold himself back until he could get back at the guy.

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Very soon, Han Fei came to the departure port.

Zhang Han had a store himself, but he paid little attention to it. When Han Fei came, the man was eating a tiny shellfish.

Zhang Han found a ragged fishing pole and a box of green bait in his store, before he tossed them to Han Fei.

He said, "You would've been exiled if you weren't still eligible for the Fishing Trial. Go now. Remember, one low-quality pearl every day."

In the registration office, Han Fei finished the paperwork and under the receptionist's gaze, Han Fei boarded an eight-men boat.

A middle-aged man next to Han Fei said, "Sit tight. We're leaving."

Han Fei was still astounded despite the last experience. This world was too splendid. The reflection of the enormous sun dyed the ocean red. It was very beautiful.

"Hey! What's interesting about the sun? You're not baiting the hook?"

Han Fei turned around, only to discover that everybody was putting the green bait on the hooks of their fishing poles.

The green bait was the most common bait for regular fishermen. It was like an earthworm but thicker and shorter.

A young man on the boat looked at Han Fei. "You were the guy who was pulled into the ocean by a green turtle yesterday?"