

## GOD OF FISHING

### Chapter 5: Unexpected Breakthrough

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The middle-aged man changed his expression. "It's not a fish! You've attracted a tentacle lobster!"

Han Fei was surprised. A tentacle lobster? The thing that Tang Ge caught earlier?

Before the young man realized what was going on, he had already lifted his fishing pole.

Everybody saw a pair of long tentacles. They swung their poles at it.

The middle-aged man roared, "Break!"

However, one of the tentacles quickly wrapped around the young man's arm. To Han Fei's shock, a patch of flesh on the arm was immediately torn off, and the young man fell over to one side of the boat, crying.

Old Chen shouted and dragged the young man back by the leg, but the other tentacle extended straight toward him. The middle-aged man instantly butted Old Chen with his fishing pole, knocking him back.

Next moment, the young man was pulled off the boat entirely. Han Fei was bold enough to look out, only to discover, sweating, that the young man's head was already gone. From beginning to end, all the tentacle lobster revealed was two tentacles.

F\*ck... Can I go back to my original world?

Han Fei was pale. The young man mocked him that morning, and he had wounded his butt. He was rather sorry that the guy passed away just like that. That was only a kid after all.

One of them pondered for a moment and said, "Let's report it to the supervisors!"

The supervisors were the patrolmen in the fisheries, under the lead of a fishing master. The captain of supervisors in this fishery was Wang Jie, who saved Han Fei yesterday.

Wang Jie soon arrived. He glanced at the crowd and saw Han Fei, but his eyes did not stop on him.

With an awful expression, Wang Jie asked, "What happened?"

The passengers quickly explained everything. Wang Jie was immediately irked. "What an idiot! Did he not know that the feeling of the tentacle lobster is different from that of other fish? How dare he try to reel it in?"

The middle-aged man replied, "Perhaps he was too anxious. It's almost sunset."

Han Fei's face was even gloomier after he heard that.

As a famous gold digger at sea, he had caught not just common fish but also sharks before, but after an entire day, he failed to even grab a shrimp. It was most humiliating.

Wang Jie said solemnly, "It hasn't been peaceful recently. Another boat fared even worse than you. They encountered a Snakebelt. Four of the eight people on board died..."

Hiss...

Everybody gasped. A Snakebelt was even more horrifying than a tentacle lobster. If they had encountered it, they couldn't have ended up any better than the other ship.

Han Fei recalled what a Snakebelt was. It was a kind of long, scarlet fish that looked like a snake, except that its head was almost exclusively teeth. It swam

extremely fast in the ocean. It could dart into a human and slither inside his body.

Han Fei finally understood why people liked low-level boats: because the passengers could help one another in an accident. If he had met a tentacle lobster on his own, he would've probably been killed.

Wang Jie asked, "Have you accomplished your mission?"

"Yes, we have. Thank you for asking, Mr. Fishing Master."

Wang Jie looked at Han Fei indifferently. "Where's your fish?"

Blushing, Han Fei replied, "I—I didn't catch any."

Wang Jie was stunned. After being dragged into the ocean by the green turtle yesterday, this guy did not catch any fish today. Wang Jie had never seen a fisher who couldn't catch any fish before. However unskilled you are, you can at least get a few yellow fish or little white fish, right?

The middle-aged man said in a hurry, "I'm told that he almost drowned yesterday. His hook was unsteady, probably because he had not recovered from the shock yet. He will be better in a couple of days."

Wang Jie sniffed. "Useless... If you give such a poor performance after a slight shock, what can you achieve in the future?"

Han Fei did not give a reply, because he was also stunned. Was it really because he cast the line poorly?

Wang Jie made Han Fei spend the night at sea despite many people pleading on his behalf. Wang Jie only advised Han Fei that when fishing at night not to cast the line deeper than three meters. He couldn't be bothered to show any pity to this useless bum.

Old Chen handed over a piece of dried fish and a pot of water to Han Fei. "Be careful."

Someone else gave Han Fei an iron dagger and said, "Use this to protect yourself!"

Han Fei thanked them, feeling warm about other people's generosity.

Wang Jie left the boat to Han Fei and departed with the others.

Han Fei was bummed after everybody left. He grabbed the fish that Old Chen left him and chewed it; it had a pungent smell.

After not eating any food for an entire day, Han Fei was already hungry. He soon devoured the dried fish, which was not large at all.

Soon, it was completely dark. The waves were not big out at sea, and nothing except for the bright moonlight could be seen.

"My hook was unsteady?"

Han Fei remembered what the middle-aged man said. He also remembered Immobilization in Soul Fishing.

The books described it in an overly simplified manner. Keep the body, the pole, and the heart as tranquil as still water... It was easier said than done. After all, a human was not a statue.

Suddenly, Han Fei felt that his wrist was hot. He rolled up his sleeve, only to find the calabash mark was glimmering. Then, he sensed that spiritual energy was attaching to his wrist and entering his body like the air he was breathing in.

Huh? The spiritual energy is automatically attracted into my body?

Immediately, Han Fei dropped his fishing pole and sat down. He didn't know why the calabash began to absorb spiritual energy, but it was a good thing and could help with his cultivation.

Han Fei began cultivating according to memory. The moment he started, the calabash on his wrist shocked strongly, and the spiritual energy attracted was multiple times greater than before.

An hour later, Han Fei sensed that something was broken in his body. He was exalted and energetic.

Is this the so-called breakthrough?

Han Fei looked at the Demon Purification Pot. The data had indeed changed.

Demon Purification Pot

Owner: Han Fei

Level: Three (Beginner Fisher)

Spiritual Energy: 60 (60)

Spiritual Heritage: Level One, Incomplete (Upgradeable)

Main Art: Soul Fishing (Repairable)

Han Fei was delighted. This breakthrough was too easy. Didn't they say that it could take years? Why had he made it after cultivating for only an hour?

Han Fei was going to continue his cultivation, when he heard rattling sounds on the ocean.