

GOD OF FISHING

Chapter 6: Precious Spiritual Energy

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Dozens of fish were jumping in the water near the boat and did not leave until minutes later, as if they were asking him why the spiritual energy was cut off.

Han Fei was quite excited. Could the fish sense the spiritual energy that was attracted to him during his cultivation?

Seeing that more and more fish were leaving, Han Fei hurried to put a bait on the hook and cast the line. Could there be a better moment?

There was no telling if Han Fei was luckier when he was in a good mood, but he sensed an enormous force the moment he cast the line.

Han Fei roared and clutched the pole. Having no time to bother with any fishing tricks, he simply pulled the pole hard.

“Damn! This creature is strong!”

The hook was shaking violently, assuring Han Fei that it was not a tentacle lobster. As such, Han Fei hauled it without concern.

Perhaps because his level was too low, Han Fei almost lost his fishing pole several times. After a few minutes of struggle, a big yellow fish was finally lifted out of the water. It was not as huge as the one that Old Chen caught, but it could definitely be counted as a big fish.

Data popped up in his view.

<Name> Yellow Fish

<Level> Three

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 6 points

<Effect> It can increase one's health if it's eaten over a long period of time.

<Absorbable>

Not wasting any time, Han Fei hurriedly fixed the bait and cast the line. Because there were plenty of fish, the bait was taken quickly, but the fish were very strong and broke off the hook. In the end, he couldn't even get a shrimp.

After he was familiar with the technique, Han Fei soon caught a second yellow fish, although it was apparently smaller than the first one.

Han Fei was not bothered, because it still weighed almost thirty kilograms. His daily requirement was 150 kilograms.

However, what surprised Han Fei was that fishing with spiritual energy cost him five points of spiritual energy, when this yellow fish only contained five points of spiritual energy. That was too much.

Another fish took the bait after an hour. Han Fei estimated that it was the normal period of time. The shoal of fish only gathered just now because of spiritual energy.

Instead of reeling in the fish immediately after it took the bait, Han Fei learned to concentrate his energy on the fishing pole, sense the fish's struggle, and spin the pole. Then, he could pull the fish up easily.

Of course, it was not successful every time. The hook slipped more than ten times during the five hours, and Han Fei only caught no more than ten fish in total, including two little white fish.

Another hour passed. The night was already dark. The wind was rising and the temperature was dropping.

He had one last piece of bait left. In his cabin, eight to nine yellow fish were swimming. He felt lucky that they were all yellow fish. If he had met a green turtle, he might not have been able to catch it.

His job would be done after he used the last bait.

Suddenly, Han Fei remembered Wang Jie's warning. Would he catch something else if he sank the hook more than three meters deep?

Han Fei thought that it wouldn't hurt if he tried it. Going slightly deeper than three meters shouldn't be too dangerous. Yellow fish were too inferior after all. He intended to aim for the green turtle.

This time, Han Fei loosened the fishing line a bit more on purpose. He felt that there might be green turtles three meters below.

As it turned out, the fishing line moved the moment Han Fei dropped the hook.

Are the fish three meters below so active?

Han Fei was delighted. The deeper a fish was, the faster they would take the bait?

He immediately pulled the fishing pole up, but he suddenly lost balance and fell on the boat after the fishing line broke.

Thanks to the bright moon, Han Fei saw a cold edge on the dim ocean. A weird fish half a meter long was darting at him.

Han Fei realized that it was a blade fish. He had met a blade fish? Did the blade fish cut his fishing line just now?

Everybody knew that the blade fish carried a knife on its back. The blade could even be built into weapons and sold at a high price.

The knife on the blade fish could be separated from its body. The cold edge that Han Fei saw was exactly such a knife.

Han Fei hurried to block it with his fishing pole.

Crack...

The fishing pole fell apart in the blink of an eye. Han Fei fell back under enormous force. Thankfully, the knife brushed past his face and stabbed into the wood.

Han Fei was dazed. It was so close. If he hadn't fallen, would he have been cut in half?

Han Fei rolled on the boat and smacked it with the fishing pole.

Han Fei's arm became numb. The fish was too strong.

Han Fei confirmed that even sharks were not as ferocious as this creature, which had skills.

Having no place to hide in, Han Fei suddenly thought of something. If spiritual energy could be injected into the fishing pole, could the fishing pole be used as a weapon?

Han Fei grabbed the two halves of the fishing pole. Transmitting his spiritual energy to them, he stabbed them at the head of the fish.

Han Fei felt like he was hit in the chest by a giant rock. He was flung into the wall, bleeding internally. The next moment, a heavy fish fell upon his body.

"Cough, cough... Damn, why are the fish here so dangerous?"

The fishing pole stabbed into the blade fish's mouth. The fish was too strong and killed itself by pressing against the pole. Han Fei narrowly escaped disaster.

After a long time, Han Fei finally returned to himself. He felt he had run out of strength. His body was numb and painful.

He finally understood why people did not like catching blade fish. Such creatures were truly lethal.

<Name> Blade Fish

<Level> Six

<Quality> Regular (Dead)

<Spiritual Energy> 22 points

<Effect> It can increase one's health if it's eaten over a long period of time.

<Collectible> Inferior Fin Knife

<Absorbable>

"This is an inferior knife? What would the better ones be like?"

Han Fei breathed heavily, lost for words. His wrist was feeling a pricking pain after the tremendous consumption of spiritual energy.

He lowered his head, only to discover that the calabash was glowing.

Vaguely, he saw a green light moving from the blade fish to the calabash before it disappeared.

Had the calabash absorbed the spiritual energy?

Gululu...

Han Fei was so hungry that he cut a piece of meat from the dead blade fish. The meat was stinky and tasteless after the spiritual energy disappeared.

However, his hunger was still greatly relieved. He looked at the Demon Purification Pot, but only saw two points of spiritual energy.

Han Fei was lost for words. The spiritual energy absorbed by the calabash is not counted as my storage?

Left with no choice, Han Fei could only pick up a yellow fish from the cabin and devour it.

“What a pity! It weighs dozens of kilograms...”

Han Fei complained while absorbing it. In the meantime, he looked at his calabash curiously. However, there was no response after a long time.