

## GOD OF FISHING

### Chapter 12: Battle Technique Practice

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Then, someone next to Han Fei said enviously, “Is this one of the legendary experts? He can walk on air. How strong...”

He Xiaoyu was also envious. She did not forget to encourage Han Fei. “Look, that’s the legendary Hidden Fisher. One of them is from our village.”

Han Fei was surprised. “What?”

Many people leaned closer to her. They had never heard anything about it before and were interested in He Xiaoyu’s explanation.

He Xiaoyu said, “It’s said that above the grand fishing master, there are Rising Fishers and Hidden Fishers... Only the Hidden Fishers have such wings.”

Everyone was stunned. “I’ve never heard anything about it before!”

He Xiaoyu returned to herself. “Stand straight! Even the village leader is too far from their level, not to mention you.”

The village leader, a grand fishing master, was the strongest expert in Heavenly Water Village. It was said that he could travel the level-two fisheries.

Han Fei knew that his father was even stronger than the village leader before the man died in the unknown land beyond the level-three fishery.

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In the sky, the angel, who was essentially an envoy, stopped and looked down. He said indifferently, “Do you have any Heavenly Talents in your school?”

The village leader replied in a hurry, “The Heavenly Talents of our school have gone to a level-one fishery for cultivating. They’re coming back as quickly as possible.”

Looking into the distance, the angel said expressionlessly, “My name is Fang Ze. I’m here to look for the most distinguished Heavenly Talents. In the next three days, all children between eight to twelve will have a Spiritual Heritage test. Also, the resource supply for the school will be doubled. I’ll stay here until the Soul Awakening this time.”

Everyone went crazy after hearing that. The village thanked him nonstop, and He Xiaoyu clapped her hands next to Han Fei. “Wow, the angel is recruiting a disciple! It hasn’t happened in a dozen years!”

In the crowd, Hu Kun’s eyes glowed. It was a great opportunity for him. He was determined to become an advanced fisher in order to catch the angel’s attention.

Han Fei did not really care about it since he had his calabash. He scorned that a random person from the sky was respected by them as an angel.

After they were dismissed, Han Fei returned to the classroom with He Xiaoyu. Suddenly, a teacher looked at Han Fei and asked in surprise, “Han Fei, you made a breakthrough?”

The teacher was certain. He only asked it because he sensed that Han Fei’s vibe was much more powerful.

He Xiaoyu and other students looked at Han Fei in surprise. The guy had made a breakthrough after four years of dawdling?

With a smile, Han Fei said, “Thank you for your concern, sir. I understood a lot of things after the two near-death experiences, which allowed me to make breakthroughs.”

“Wow! Finally! Are you level three now? If you work harder, it’s possible that you can reach level four before the Fishing Trial.”

He Xiaoyu was quite delighted. Han Fei was her classmate after all.

Someone else said in disdain, “A breakthrough after four years in school. I’ve never seen anyone with worse aptitude.”

Ignoring the mockery, Han Fei simply smiled and said, “I’m level four now.”

“Huh?”

Some were surprised; others doubtful.

Even the teacher frowned. “What’s going on?”

Han Fei said, “Master, I think it’s because I stayed in level two for too long. After I advanced into level three, I reached level four very quickly. I feel that I may have more breakthroughs before the Fishing Trial.”

“Seriously?”

The middle-aged teacher immediately beamed. “Punch me.”

That caught Han Fei’s attention. Was he being tested?

Without any hesitation, Han Fei roared and punched out, with only fifty percent of his strength, of course.

“Huh. You’re truly a level-four fisher now, even stronger than the usual level fours. In such a case, you don’t need to have Tang Ge’s Swallowed Spirit Soup anymore. You can ask for a bowl every five days.”

“Thank you, sir.”

His other classmates were uninterested. They even felt humiliated that a useless guy had caught up with them. The guy was also confident of another breakthrough? Did he really think that it was so easy?

The teacher was naturally not excited. After all, almost every student in the school was a level-four fisher. In fact, few people in Heavenly Water Village above the age of twelve were lower than level five.

The greatest obstacle of cultivation was the peak of level six, where most people got stuck. Some couldn't break through after decades, and some did it in only days. The latter were often praised as geniuses.

Obviously, Han Fei was far away from being called a genius.

He Xiaoyu was the only one who was happy in the crowd. She circled and surveyed Han Fei while pulling her ponytail, giving Han Fei quite a headache.

Han Fei said, "Okay, it's enough. I still have to continue my cultivation."

He Xiaoyu said, "I can teach you! I'm free now anyway! Your results in the last test were too poor. If you can't pass the Fishing Trial, you will be demoted into a common fisher, and you will lose your share of battle techniques and cultivating resources."

Han Fei stopped walking. "Battle techniques?"

He Xiaoyu said, "That's right! My father said that I'm already proficient with Sweeping Stick now. It's a Mortal Level, High Quality technique. I can teach you."

Han Fei considered for a moment. Battle techniques could only be learned by intermediate fishermen. Since he was one now, he needed a battle technique.

Taking this opportunity, he asked about matters regarding battle techniques.

The world had some publicized, with tiers above Mortal Level being High Quality and Ultra Quality. However, the latter two were not something the typical person could obtain.

Han Fei wanted to test his strength and chose to battle Xiaoyu. As it turned out, an hour later, Han Fei was sitting on the ground, unable to stand up.

His arms, calves, thighs, abdomen, and butt had been hit more times than he could count.

Han Fei was surprised that such a little girl could wield a stick so intimidatingly. He used fifty percent of his strength at first, then eighty percent, and then a hundred percent, but she still crushed him easily.

Pleased with herself, He Xiaoyu taught him Sweeping Stick.