

GOD OF FISHING

Chapter 13: Bashing Up Rookies

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Han Fei also learned that He Xiaoyu's bamboo rod was a treasure obtained from the sea. It was better than his iron fishing pole, so he wanted to borrow it.

He Xiaoyu clutched her bamboo rod tightly the moment Han Fei mentioned it.

Han Fei was amused. "I'm just going to practice with it. I'll return it to you in the cafeteria later."

He Xiaoyu was not entirely convinced. "You'd better, or my father will kill me."

Han Fei's face changed when he took the bamboo rod, which was significantly heavier than his iron fishing pole.

Han Fei immediately understood that He Xiaoyu went easy on him just now, or he would've been crippled when the rod hit him.

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After this tiny interlude, Han Fei recalled that he needed to claim a debt!

Hu Kun and Han Fei were not in the same class. At this moment, Hu Kun's class was having free exercises. Those who wanted to become Fang Ze's disciple were all cultivating hard.

Han Fei came to the cultivating ground with the bamboo rod.

Immediately, a lot of people who were working out saw Han Fei.

Hu Kun was gloomy to see Han Fei.

Lu Lingzhi was also a bit surprised. She then looked at Hu Kun, feeling that Han Fei was slightly different from before.

Ignoring the young man, Han Fei shouted at Hu Kun, "Hu Kun, come here."
Before Hu Kun replied, the young man scolded again, "Did I not hear that I asked you to get lost?"

Han Fei finally smiled. "I would be praising you if I said that you're an idiot. I'm looking for someone else. Is it your business?"

Everybody fell quiet.

Many girls opened their mouths in shock. Even Han Fei dared to insult someone aloud now?

Hu Kun grinned, thinking that Han Fei was dead for sure. This was a cultivating ground where duels were allowed. Did he not know what intermediate level meant?

The young man was shocked. Did Han Fei just insult him back?

Someone else whistled. "Well, Zhang Ning, he has no respect for you!"

"Zhang Ning, I would've knocked him out already if I were you!"

"Zhang Ning, you can't stand a level-two fisher insulting you like this, can you?"

The young man named Zhang Ning sneered. "You're good. Since you came with a rod, you must be here for practice, right? Let's have a game. I'll show you the gap between us."

Lu Lingzhi scolded, "Zhang Ning, that's too outrageous."

She then turned around to Han Fei. "Go now, you're at different levels. You can't defeat a level-four fisher."

Han Fei grinned. "That's fine. As it happens, I learned a stick technique today. It's a good opportunity for me to practice."

Zhang Ning hurried to say, "Leave us alone, Lu Lingzhi. This boy has agreed to it. I won't use any weapons."

Just as Zhang Ning was about to step forward, Han Fei had already slapped him with his bamboo rod.

Zhang Ning shouted, "You're ambushing me!"

BAM...

Crack!

"Ahhhhh... My neck is broken! My neck is broken!"

Zhang Ning fell to his knees and cried with a tilted head. Han Fei was too fast for him to dodge just now, and his shoulder was hit by Han Fei's stick. His collarbone had been dislocated.

Glancing at Zhang Ning who was crying, Han Fei said to everyone, "It was he who demanded a fight! He talked too much and did not use any weapons. Was it my fault?"

Everyone choked. They did not know that he was so strong at all.

Someone shouted, "That's not right. His strength and speed were not level two at all but at least level four."

Hu Kun and Lu Lingzhi both changed their expressions. Han Fei had reached level four?

Han Fei said, "I didn't say that I was in level two, did I? Are we done? Hu Kun, come here..."

"Wait!"

"You think that you can flee so easily after hitting one of our classmates?"

A tall guy walked out with a rod in his hand, except that it was of much worse quality than the bamboo rod.

The guy pointed at Han Fei. “You caught him by surprise just now. I don’t know why you’re so cocky when you have only just reached level four.”

The guy then moved into a defensive stance with his stick.

Han Fei chuckled and jumped with the bamboo rod before he smashed it down. He had been beaten by He Xiaoyu all morning and knew how powerful it could be.

The guy lifted his rod against Han Fei’s.

Clang...

The guy stepped back quickly, his hands turning numb. Has Han Fei really only just reached level four? Why is he so strong?

Lu Lingzhi and Hu Kun both blinked. How could Han Fei be so domineering immediately after his breakthrough?

Han Fei did not give the guy any chance to fight back. He simply slashed forward with the bamboo rod without using any tricks.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

After a couple of hits, the guy’s rod was bent.

BAM...

The guy fell on the ground after taking a hit from Han Kun.

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“You’re here specifically to challenge us, aren’t you?”

Another guy walked out with a rod. Han Fei squinted slightly. This was a level-five fisher who had mocked him more than once before.

However, Han Fei was not scared. Seeing that the guy came at him, he merely struck back in the same way.

Clang...

Everybody covered their ears at the ear-splitting noise.

Han Fei, however, was delighted. This guy was much stronger and sturdier.

Han Fei struck unstopably with the bamboo rod. Now and then, he was hit by the enemy's rod, but it was nothing because a level-four fisher had enough hardiness. He had been tested by He Xiaoyu for quite a while just now.

Someone was dumbfounded. "Is this guy a monster? Why is he so strong?"

In the battle, seeing that hitting was useless, Han Fei decided to sweep. He simply allowed the young man to strike his back before he swept with his full strength.

Crack!

"Ahhh... My arm is broken! It's broken!"

He Xiaoyu would've been amused if she were here. Her Sweeping Stick focused on technique, but Han Fei simply hit and swept with sheer strength.

Seeing the young man cry on the ground, Han Fei finally grimaced in pain.

"Hu Kun, if you don't come out, I'll report you to the teacher."