

## GOD OF FISHING

### Chapter 2: Demon Purification Pot

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“That’s enough!”

Wang Jie roared, “Tang Ge, bring him back. The Fishing Trial is only a month from now, and you are still bickering? Go back and train!”

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This planet was covered in ocean, and human beings lived on mountains that floated in the sky. Everybody made a living by fishing. They could absorb the spiritual energy and marvelous power within the fish and become fishing masters, thereby reaching the peak of this world.

The middle-aged man, Wang Jie, was precisely a fishing master. He taught in a school in Heavenly Water Village. He was also a part-time supervisor of the general fishery.

The fishery below Han Fei’s feet was the only general fishery of Heavenly Water Village. It was hardly risky, but some people died here almost every day.

The ocean represented opportunities as well as danger.

Even general fisheries had countless creatures that had natural-born combative techniques.

Green turtles were covered in stones and fought with them when in danger.

Blade fish had knives on their back and could dart the knives at the enemy.

The pincers of the tentacle lobster were sharp enough to cut gold.

It was said that in level-one fisheries, there were fish that looked like swords. They had claimed too many lives.

Of course, there were also shocking rumors. Some described the gigantic monsters in the unknown ocean, some mentioned the rare treasures at the bottom of the abyss, and some were about the undersea mermaids that had dominated the ocean for eons.

However, Han Fei had never seen any of those in person, so he couldn't tell if the rumors were true.

Tang Ge helped Han Fei get on an empty boat.

Tang Ge said, "It's all right. That was just an accident. We still have time. You're going to pass the trial next time."

Han Fei was about to say something, when he found himself flying.

To be more exact, the boat was flying.

Han Fei was meaning to ask why the boat could fly, but he found the answer in his head.

This kind of boat was designed for fishing, and they were going to Heavenly Water Village, which was located on an island floating in the sky.

Tang Ge asked worriedly, "Han Fei, are you alright? Were you unsettled under the sea?"

"I'm fine. I just feel that everything is like a dream."

Tang Ge had a nagging feeling that Han Fei had turned a little odd, but Han Fei responded that he was over his trauma, leading to a change in personality.

Han Fei was reluctant to tell him that his brother had already died and someone else would live on in his body.

While Han Fei was thinking, the boat passed through the clouds, allowing him to see the mountain floating in the sky.

Countless boats were hanging off the cliff. Above, many boats were coming and going.

Han Fei was too shocked by the extraordinary view to speak. It seemed to be a scene from legends. Although he had memories of it, his heart was still pounding after seeing it for real.

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Several minutes later, the boat landed on the ocean, ripples spreading.

Everybody had to register here when they left for the ocean or returned.

Most people had stock when they returned, and the merchants were waiting for them here, so this place was also the biggest trade center in the village. Everybody was smiling even though the stink of fish did not smell too good. After all, they could make good money out of it.

Han Fei clicked his tongue when he saw the prosperous town and heard the noises. Was this Heavenly Water Village?

As he recalled, Heavenly Water Village had six hundred thousand people, and it was just a village. How many villages and cities were out there in this world? How many people were living in the sky?

For Han Fei, everything was too new.

With Tang Ge leading the way, the two of them registered in the departure port and returned to their house.

Han Fei's house was a shabby yard with a coverage of only some twenty square meters. Right behind the house was a bottomless cliff.

His nearest neighbor was several hundred meters away. The house seemed to have been isolated.

He looked behind the house and saw infinite clouds. Half of the sky was blocked by the enormous sun. The mist at sunset was enchanting.

Tang Ge picked up a few big clams from the water tank in the house and pulled a bucket of water out of Han Fei's bed.

"Han Fei, the clams are being boiled for you. Wait for me. I'll be back soon."

Han Fei nodded with a smile.

Clams were the most common food for the residents here. They were succulent and in huge supply, enough to keep most people fed despite their lack of spiritual energy.

An hour passed.

Han Fei was going to pour the clams and the soup out, but he was stunned after he lifted the pot cover, because he saw a series of data.

<Name> Regular Clam Soup

<Level> One

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 24 points

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

Han Fei rubbed his eyes. Is it my talent?

He took a deep breath. Tang Ge must be coming back soon. He'd better study it later.

He found two pearls in the pot. Han Fei smiled casually. The mediocre pearls could be sold for twenty sea coins. What could twenty sea coins buy? Two or three regular clams. There was absolutely nothing else in Han Fei's house.

Soon, Tang Ge entered with a bowl of soup in his hand. The aroma of the food immediately filled the room.

Han Fei grinned. "You're giving your Swallowed Spirit Soup to me again?"

Looking at the soup in Tang Ge's hand, Han Fei's eyes twitched again.

<Name> Swallowed Spirit Soup

<Level> Eight

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 48 points

<Effect> Training efficiency will be improved by 20% for three hours after this is taken.

Han Fei swallowed. My whole pot of soup is not as effective as that tiny bowl?

Swallowed Spirit Soup was made with the spirit-swallowing fish in the level-one fishery. Such fish were not aggressive and could absorb natural spiritual energy. Their soup could fill people with spiritual energy. It was very helpful in cultivation.

Tang Ge did not think it was a big deal. "It's nothing. I can easily pass the trial. My soul will be awakened a month from now. Do you think I care about a bowl of Swallowed Spirit Soup?"

Han Fei had heard about the trial too many times.

As he recalled, everybody had to go through a Fishing Trial where elimination basically meant death when they were twelve. Only one who survived and passed the trial could awaken their soul, acquire their spiritual beast, and fish

in the level-one fisheries. Otherwise, they could only live the rest of their life as a regular fisher.

The Fishing Trial was only one month from now, and Han Fei could barely survive it. So, as the most distinguished genius, Tang Ge often gave his resources to Han Fei for Han Fei's cultivation.

However, Han Fei's body was too unworthy. He was only a level-two fisher today. Level-two fishermen were essentially the ordinary people in this world. Few people were more untalented than him.

Han Fei finished the soup quickly under Tang Ge's earnest gaze. The soup was fresh and salty, but he felt that his body was warmed up as he drank it. After only a brief moment, his body was refilled with energy and steaming faintly.

Hiss...

Han Fei was amazed by the glimmer on his hand. Was it the so-called spiritual energy? Am I glowing?

He knew that everybody in this world was a cultivator, but it still felt quite wonderful to experience it in person for the first time.

Tang Ge, on the other hand, chuckled. "How does it feel? When do you think you can become a level-three fisher?"

"I wasted a lot of time when I was upset, but I've learned to move on. I think I will make it soon!"

After drinking up the Swallowed Spirit Soup, Han Fei had another two clams and finally felt full.

Tang Ge still needed to check the results at school, so he left in a hurry, allowing Han Fei to shut the door.

Han Fei sat on the bed eagerly. What would cultivation feel like? Exciting and fun?

If someone else were in the room, they would be surprised at the calabash tattoo on Han Fei's wrist that even had leaves and vines.

Han Fei recited Soul Fishing, the only art that he knew, but his wrist hurt the moment he got started.

He opened his eyes, only to see the calabash tattoo on his wrist.

"Are you haunting me?"

The next moment, Han Fei saw another set of data displayed by the so-called Demon Purification Pot...