

## GOD OF FISHING

### Chapter 4: First Fishing

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Han Fei nodded. "That's me."

The young man sneered, "How weak."

Han Fei was rendered speechless. Are the kids here all so caustic?

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

Everybody raised their poles. It was hard to imagine that the hook flew hundreds of meters away without a reel after an easy toss.

Han Fei was full of questions. Everyone closed their eyes. Their hands glimmered with spiritual energy.

Their fishing lines were all slightly moving back. Han Fei was amazed. Why were their fishing lines extensible?

Han Fei had an answer. They must be controlling the fishing lines with spiritual energy. But as he recalled, it consumed a lot of spiritual energy.

Han Fei cast the hook with all his strength, only for it to land twenty meters away.

"Huh?"

When he went fishing before, there was always a weight at the end of the line, but he had only a line and a bait right now. It was rather difficult to control the distance with spiritual energy.

Han Fei hurried to look at everyone and discovered that they didn't notice it, so he began his fishing as if nothing happened.

Skillfully, he pulled, released and shook the pole...

“To the left...”

“To the right...”

Han Fei murmured to himself, but everyone on the boat was surprised.

Someone said, “Hey, are you an idiot? Your bait is gone.”

Han Fei did not know what to say.

The middle-aged man said, “Pull it back. The green bug is the least active bug, so the fish will not touch your hook when it is still wriggling.”

Pulling the fishing line was an art. Everybody was lost for words watching Han Fei reel the line. Someone finally commented, “Why have you not starved? Use your spiritual energy, not your muscles!”

I used my spiritual energy, but the fishing line wouldn't budge!

The middle-aged man said, “Feel your spiritual energy. Concentrate it on the fishing line and pull the line back.”

Blushing, Han Fei felt his spiritual energy accordingly. When his spiritual energy was attached to the fishing pole and line, he was surprised to sense the obscure attraction between them.

I didn't know I could wield it like this!

Refreshed, Han Fei activated his spiritual energy. The hook immediately sprang out of the water. However, it did not stop but darted into the butt of another young man on the other side of the boat.

“Han Fei, you're asking to be killed...”

Han Fei apologized. “Sorry, it was not on purpose. Don't move. I'll get it out...”

“Pu...”

The hook flew from the young man's back. Everybody, including Han Fei himself, ducked quickly.

A large piece of cloth had been torn off on the young man's butt. Blood was spurting out.

Han Fei said, "I'm terribly sorry that I didn't control it well."

"Han Fei, I will kill you!"

The others also looked at Han Fei warily. Was the boy's head damaged yesterday? Why had he forgotten the basics of fishing?

Seeing that the young man was charging at him, Han Fei hurried to raise his fishing pole. The young man was so scared that he stopped immediately, suspecting that Han Fei would throw the hook at him again.

Someone scolded, "Han Fei, get back to business. We'll call the supervisors if you cause trouble again!"

Han Fei smiled in embarrassment. "All right."

The incident was over. The young man did not really give him trouble despite his fury.

Han Fei simply sat there after casting the hook, same as what other people did.

But such a way of fishing required no skill at all! After almost an hour, right when Han Fei intended to ask for advice in his impatience, someone suddenly stood up and grunted.

Then, the guy made a very weird gesture, and his spiritual energy surged out. His fishing pole and line were immediately covered in a faint radiance.

"Rise!"

Bo...

Han Fei's eyes widened. Was it so simple?

He then realized that other people were as envious of the man as he was.

A huge yellow fish around sixty kilograms had been pulled up by a man named Old Huang.

Yellow fish were unaggressive and not as threatening as green turtles and blade fish, so they were one of the cheapest and most popular foods on the floating islands, just like the clams.

Seeing the others lifting their poles, Han Fei did the same. It was because the yellow fish struggled too long just now and all the vigilant fish had escaped. Until they reached the level of a fishing master, the fishermen always changed spots every time they caught a fish.

Arriving at a new location, everyone cast their lines again.

After only a quarter-hour, the middle-aged man sensed something. Just like Old Chen just now, the middle-aged roared, "Rise!"

Han Fei's eyes lit up—it was another green turtle. He remembered Wang Jie's fascinating Crab King's Pincer when Wang Jie dealt with the green turtle yesterday.

Veins bulged on the middle-aged man's hands, and the line was pulled fast. Holding the pole with both hands, the man turned around and dragged with his shoulder, hauling a big fish out of water.

"Hiu! Hiu! Hiu!"

Stones were thrown. Everybody hid in a corner except Han Fei, who watched the middle-aged man slap the stones away with his glowing hand until he smashed the turtle in the end.

A one-meter-long green turtle fell on the deck, its tail slapping about randomly. It seemed to have passed out.

Han Fei had a closer look this time. The green turtle was covered in scales that looked like greenish stones all over its body. Those scales reflected bright blue light under the sun.

<Name> Green Turtle

<Level> Five

<Quality> Regular

<Spiritual Energy> 12 points

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

<Absorbable>

Han Fei realized that the spiritual energy of three clams equaled to that of a green turtle. It meant that this thing was not really as impressive as it looked.

Everybody exclaimed in shock.

“Old Niu, are you a superior fisher now?”

The middle-aged man grinned and said frankly, “I made a breakthrough the other day.”

Everybody congratulated him.

Old Chen, in particular, grabbed his arm and asked, “I've been stuck in level six for a long time. What's your advice?”

Han Fei pricked his ears. He never saw a superior fisher in person before, and he was quite shocked that Old Chen had been stuck for almost half of his life. Was cultivation so difficult?

Fine, a worker has to sharpen his tools first if he wants to do a good job. I'll crush you after I improve my arts and my Spiritual Heritage.

After the middle-aged man put away the large green turtle, they changed spots again.

Half a day passed in the blink of an eye. Of the eight passengers, everybody had accomplished their task except Han Fei and the young man who was about the same age as him.

The sun was setting. They began chit-chatting while enjoying some of their trophies.

Suddenly, the young man shouted, "I got one! I got one!"

Han Fei looked at him gloomily. Everybody else had accomplished their task, but he hadn't even caught a single fish after using up almost all his bait.

Right as Han Fei mocked himself, a seasoned fisher cried out.

Old Chen also shouted, "Boy, let it go now! You can't catch this!"