

# WEAPON MASTER

## Chapter 2

"So fast?"

Tang Huan stared at him, tongue-tied, unable to believe that this was true.

"Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love!"

The original owner of this body had cultivated the "Spiritual Art of Invigorating Meridian" for more than ten years, yet he was able to open a spirit vein in such a short amount of time?

Tang Huan couldn't help but start to appreciate it again.

The comfortable feeling that was akin to drinking nectar persisted. It was obvious that the connection to the spirit vein just now wasn't an illusion. Now, he could clearly feel the direction of the spirit vein in his body. It was not like before, where he could only imagine its existence in his mind.

"It must be the effect of that 'Nine Yang Divine Furnace'."

After a short moment of surprise, Tang Huan was beaming with joy.

The moment his spirit vein was opened up, he stopped cultivating the "Spirit Arts of the Invigorated Meridian" due to extreme shock. The cauldron in his mind was still there, but it also stopped at the same time.

Its body was still in this form, and was only in a different soul. However, the enormous difference between its front and back made Tang Huan have no choice but to associate it with that strange "Nine Yang Divine Furnace".

He even felt that not only did his soul not dissipate after his death, it had even been reborn in the Honor Continent because of that "Nine Yang Divine Furnace".

"Eh? "That's not right!"

Turning his attention back to his body, Tang Huan suddenly gasped, his pretty face was filled with surprise, "The spirit vein that was just cleared, why is it so big?"

According to the old blacksmith as well as the information the youth had gathered, when the first spirit vein had just been connected, it was even smaller than a chopstick's mouth.

After that, the spirit veins would become bigger and bigger, and the spirit veins that had been opened would also gradually expand as time went on. Finally, all nine of the spirit veins would become as big as the tip of a chopstick. Of course, as his cultivation level increased, his spirit vein would also continue to increase.

Not everyone, of course.

There were some people with exceptional aptitude. When their first spirit vein was cleared, they would be slightly larger than an ordinary person. Whether it was bigger by ten to twenty percent, or larger by thirty to forty percent ... But for Tang Huan, the first spirit vein he connected with was already bigger than even the tip of his chopsticks.

"Because of the stove again?"

After a long while, Tang Huan finally snapped out of his daze.

To have such a large Spiritual Pulse on the first try was indeed quite inconceivable. However, having such a large Spiritual Pulse was not a bad thing, but rather a great thing.

The larger the spirit vein, the greater the amount of true qi that could be stored within the body, and the stronger the combat strength.

Tang Huan quickly calmed himself down and continued to cultivate the "Spirit Arts of the Invigorated Meridian". As expected, the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace" in his mind became bright and vibrant once again as it quickly rotated. Not long after, strands of spirit energy began to enter his body.

This time, Tang Huan's senses were even clearer.

It was true that the spirit energy was initially attracted by the hand seal before entering his body, but the moment the spirit energy touched Tang Huan's body, it was immediately absorbed by the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace". As the furnace spun non-stop, the spirit energy was slowly refined into a warm and harmonious true qi and circulated within the spirit vein.

Unknowingly, the amount of Innate Qi accumulated in Tang Huan's body became more and more, and in less than fifteen minutes, the spirit vein had become more and more abundant. At this time, Tang Huan felt as if there was a warm current flowing inside his body that was quickly moving between his limbs and bones in a steady stream.

"Try the second spirit vein!"

Tang Huan's heart moved slightly as the hand seal formed by his ten fingers changed greatly.

In the next moment, the true energy within the first spirit vein began to boil up, and like a tidal wave, it rapidly gathered into the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace". Then, with an even faster speed, it rushed out of the cauldron and towards the second spirit vein.

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Not long later, Tang Huan felt his body lighten, and that feeling of ease appeared again. In just a short moment, the second spirit vein had been cleared.

"He opened up another spiritual vein, that was too fast!"

Tang Huan was wild with joy.

The second spirit vein was indeed wider than the first. As one's true qi continuously circulated, the first spirit vein would gradually become the same size as the second spirit vein.

"I'll see if I can obtain a third spirit vein when my true qi is fully accumulated!"

Tang Huan was completely confident.

Passing through two spirit veins in a row not only allowed Tang Huan the hope of increasing his strength, but also allowed him the light of dawn to become an artificer.

Becoming a true artificer was not only what the young Tang Huan desired, it was also his own wish.

From his point of view, the swordsmakers on Earth were equivalent to the blacksmiths of this Honor Continent. However, the weapons refined by the weapons craftsmen seemed to possess an even stronger might. Back on Earth, his lifelong wish was to refine a peerless famous sword that could be passed down through the ages.

But unfortunately, even if he lost his life because of this, he still wasn't able to accomplish what he wanted.

But here, Tang Huan saw the possibility of realizing his wish. Furthermore, after becoming a refiner, not only would he be able to forge an exceptional sword, he would also be able to create other unique artifacts. When he thought of those exceptional famous tools being created one by one, Tang Huan became extremely excited.

After a while, Tang Huan continued to cultivate in high spirits.

It didn't take long to connect the first and second spirit veins, but it took nearly two hours to make the width of the two spirit veins the same.

"Break through the third spirit vein!"

It was noon, so Tang Huan took a deep breath and changed the hand sign he had made with his ten fingers once again.

The process this time was much more difficult. Even with the help of the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace", the speed at which the zhen qi advanced through the third meridian was still very slow.



Tang Huan was not discouraged, his true qi was constantly being exhausted, and it was being replenished.

The existence of the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace" caused the true qi in Tang Huan's two meridians to never truly break, and under the continuous impact of the true qi, the third meridian also became smoother bit by bit.

Time passed like water.

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In the evening, Tang Huan's entire body suddenly shook. After an afternoon had passed, his third spirit vein had finally been opened.

As Tang Huan breathed a sigh of relief, he also felt a deep sense of exhaustion. However, he could not hide the joy that appeared between his brows.

"He opened three spirit veins, he can be considered a first step Martial Disciples!"

Feeling the three open spirit veins in his body, Tang Huan could not help but tear up.

That young man had trained diligently for ten years, even in his dreams, he wished to become a Martial Disciples. But now, in a single day, he had opened up three spirit veins and completed the young man's wish.

Although this body had changed souls, Tang Huan had merged with the youth's memories that were more than ten years old. His emotions would inevitably be affected by the memories.

After a long while, Tang Huan finally calmed himself down and continued to cultivate the "Spirit Arts of Invigorating Meridian".

After the three spirit veins were all filled with Qi, Tang Huan was bright again. Soon after, rumbling sounds came from his stomach. He finally realized that his body hadn't eaten since morning, and his stomach was rumbling with hunger.

"Looks like I'll have to take out a few more weapons to sell."

Tang Huan stood up and swept his eyes over the weapons hanging on the surrounding walls.

It had been a month since the old blacksmith left Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City and he had already spent all the money he had left behind. This morning, the young man wanted to sell a few weapons to support himself, but he met those Tang Clan Disciples on the way and died on the spot. His body was thrown back into the remote blacksmith shop.

In the end, it did Tang Huan good, allowing him to have a new body.

After choosing three sharp long blades and wrapping them with oily rags, Tang Huan placed them on his shoulders and walked out of the shop with big strides.

In the Honor Continent, only graded weapons would be able to sell for a high price, and those high grade weapons were even more difficult to find.

And unranked weapons were very cheap.

For example, the three long blades that Tang Huan was carrying, if he brought them to the weapon shop, he estimated that they would only sell for two or three gold coins, which was not much more than regular farm equipment.

But if it was a low-grade weapon, no matter how poor the quality was, it would still be worth at least a hundred gold coins.

However, he couldn't care so much now, he would just have to fill his stomach first. With two or three gold coins, he could save some time and live in Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City for a few days.

"Someone's coming?"

Before even exiting the blacksmith shop, Tang Huan was startled, and immediately revealed a smile.

After opening up three spirit veins and reaching the first stage of Martial Disciples, his hearing had improved by leaps and bounds, so he could easily hear footsteps coming from outside.

Tang Huan carefully explained it to them, there should be three people.

The people who were running over to the blacksmith shop must have wanted to buy weapons, which was exactly what Tang Huan wanted. Not only did they save time running errands, they should also avoid being pressured by the weapon shop. Three long blades would only be worth two or three gold coins in the weapon store. Here, the price could be higher.

In the next moment, Tang Huan took out his long blade and placed it on the wooden table by the side, then stood in the middle of the bed and waited.

Not long after, three figures appeared in front of the blacksmith shop. They were three youngsters, all around the age of sixteen or seventeen. Each of them had a sword hung from their waists.

As their gazes intersected, Tang Huan and the three youths were all stunned.

"It's all of you!"

In a flash, Tang Huan regained his senses. With eyes spitting fire, he rushed towards the top of his head in anger, and almost spat out these words while gritting his teeth.

This morning, the young Tang Huan was beaten to death by the three people in front of him. Now that he saw them again, the young man's memories of being angry at the Tang Clan Disciples immediately gained the upper hand, making Tang Huan want to immediately rush over and teach them a lesson.

"Brother Hong, this kid isn't dead at all."

After being stunned for a while, the three people in front of him had also regained their senses. A teenager dressed in black laughed and swaggered over, sizing up Tang Huan in an unexpected manner.

"Indeed, when humans are cheap, they are tenacious!" Another frail looking youngster also walked in front of Tang Huan, his face filled with contempt.

"You dog, you actually dared to play dead with your father. Do you still want to taste the feeling of being beaten!?"

The tall and sturdy teenager who was addressed as "Brother Hong" stopped in front of Tang Huan in two steps. He was actually taller than him by a whole head, looking down at Tang Huan from above.