

WEAPON MASTER

Chapter 4

He had finally vented his anger!

Tang Huan laughed heartily. Hearing his laughter, Tang Hong and the other two ran even faster, and in a short while, they disappeared around the corner.

This lesson would be unforgettable for them for the rest of their lives.

But after laughing, Tang Huan's face turned serious, he did not care about how the three of them returned to the Tang Family, what he was thinking about now was what would happen in the future.

Tang Hong, Tang Jiang and Tang Junjie were all humiliated like this, how could they just leave it at that?

A day or two at the least, four or five days at the least. Tang Huan had already expected this when he had humiliated them.

He wasn't too worried about this.

Before the old blacksmith left the Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City, he left him something. According to the old blacksmith, as long as he did not meet the strongest people in the world, that thing would be able to help him get through this difficult situation. Tang Huan believed that the old blacksmith would never joke about such a thing.

He had already thought of a way out. If he really couldn't stay in the Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City anymore, he would go there.

Above the Honor Continent were the three great empires, the Great Tang, Mo Yun and the Sharon. The Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City was located at the border of the east coast of the Great Tang Empire. Thousands of miles west of Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City was the Heavenly Forging City, which was located at the border between the three nations. The Heavenly Forging City was the largest city in the Honor Continent, and its position was extraordinary, so it did not belong to one of the three great empires.

The Tang Clan was considered a large clan in Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City, but they did not dare to act rashly there.

According to's thoughts, he would rather kill Tang Hong and the other two who had bullied him for so many years.

The reason he did not attack was because he did not want to fight to the death with the Tang Clan so quickly. However, one day, he would make all the members of the Tang Clan that had bullied him suffer the punishment they deserved, especially that vicious woman.

Tang Huan calmed his heart down very quickly. Bringing his three long blades, he closed the shop and walked away.

The Blacksmith Shop was located in the northern part of Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City. It was located in a rather remote location, a few hundred meters away from the nearest house.

This would take more than half an hour.

In the end, Tang Huan made his way back to the smithy in the dark.

After eating his fill, he bought a bag of rice and a few dishes that could be stored for a few days, then he ran out of gold coins.

At the back of the shop was a small yard with two rooms at the side, one for the old blacksmith and the other for himself.

The first thing Tang Huan did after entering the room and lighting up the candles was to take out a piece of something that looked like a piece of jade from the cabinet beside the bed. It was a bright red, about three fingers wide and three inches long.

On the front of the jade tablet, the lines that formed the 'sect' word of this world, and the characters around it were like yellow rose flowers.

The lines on the back were a bit more complicated. It looked like a sword, a knife, and a hammer intersecting each other. Beneath the blade, sword, and hammer was a blazing flame.

This jade token was something left behind by the old blacksmith.

According to the old blacksmith, when he encountered danger, a miracle would happen if he pressed the word "Zong" forcefully.

In the past, the young man did not think too much about it, but now, Tang Huan felt that the old blacksmith's identity was not as simple as he appeared to be.

According to the memories of the youth, Tang Huan, the old blacksmith would leave the Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City almost every once in a while. The youth had also asked about the old blacksmith's whereabouts, but the old blacksmith had always tried to change the topic in the end.

His whereabouts were mysterious, and he was only one of them.

Second, was this strange jade tablet. If the old blacksmith was really just an ordinary low level blacksmith, it would be impossible for him to be so confident in telling Tang Huan that such a small jade tablet could help him overcome any danger.

"No matter what, I have to hurry up and train."

Tang Huan muttered as he placed the jade tablet back into his bosom. After calming his mind, he began to cultivate the "Invigorating Meridian Spirit Art".

The victory he obtained in the evening made Tang Huan's confidence rise greatly. What was most important now was that he had to first let the first two spirit veins reach the third level as well.

Afterwards, he would train his combat skills and increase his strength.

When he woke up from his cultivation, there was already dawn outside his window. After a night passed, the three spirit veins were already as wide as before.

When opening the second spirit vein, it took almost two hours to open the first spirit vein. After opening the third spirit vein, it took an entire night to open the first two spirit veins, and it seems that in the future, every time I open the second spirit vein, I need to spend more and more time. When I reach the ninth spirit vein, it might take more than ten days or even dozens of days to open the first eight spirit veins. Tang Huan pondered.

This was normal. The difficulty of widening the spirit vein was indeed increasing.

From's memories, some people might not even be able to fully open the ninth spirit vein after spending half a year.

Dozens of days were spent as little as possible.

"Now that I'm practicing that fist art, I wonder how effective it will be?"

Feeling the overflowing Innate Qi in the three spirit veins, Tang Huan was ready to move. He muttered and jumped down from the bed, running out of the courtyard in excitement.

"Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon."

These four words flashed across Tang Huan's mind, and related memories quickly emerged in succession.

This "Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon" was similar to the "Meteor Hammer" Tang Hong used yesterday. It was also a low level battle skill that the old blacksmith had taught him a few years ago. For the past few years, the youth, Tang Huan, had practiced this technique almost every day. This kind of fist technique was already deeply imprinted in the depths of his soul.

Unfortunately, he still hadn't been able to open his spirit veins. Without true qi, no matter how well he practiced the "Nine Style of the Wandering Dragon King", he wouldn't be able to display the power of this combat skill. At most, he would only be able to strengthen his body.

"The first move, Swimming Dragon Body!"

Tang Huan's body moved, and used the first move of the "Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon", as if he had just woken up and was stretching his body, stretching his muscles and bones. [Previous Chapter] [Table of Contents]

"Huh?"

After a moment, Tang Huan gasped in a low voice, his face filled with pleasant surprise.

Just now, with a move of his body, the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace" in his mind started spinning quickly, and then the true energy in his body started circulating rapidly along with the boxing technique. When he used the move "Swimming Dragon's Spreading Body", his fist immediately became magnificent.

This feeling had never appeared before.

Previously, although was able to use all of the moves of the fist techniques proficiently, he could only use the form and not the spirit of the spirit vein.

However, the form and form that Tang Huan used just now were both in shape and spirit.

"With zhenqi, things are indeed different."

Tang Huan returned to his senses and became excited. He immediately executed the second style, "Soaring Dragon Swirling Wave", and then the third style, "Travelling Dragon Sea", and the fourth style, "Swimming Dragon Dragons in Water" ... Until the ninth move, "Soaring Dragon Soars the Sky". Tang Huan's body was like a swimming dragon, his movements were continuous, as though flowing water.

The Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon King was being thoroughly displayed by Tang Huan.

Especially when the last form of "Soaring Dragons in the Sky" was executed, Tang Huan was like a dragon swimming in the air. His entire body was like a soaring cloud, and he moved in the air for around ten metres before falling to the ground, at the same time punching out, landing right on the huge boulder at the side of the courtyard.

"Bam!"

The stone shook, Tang Huan clenched his fists and hissed continuously.

Although he had used true energy in that attack, it still made his right fist feel pain and numbness. However, when he glanced at the long and narrow crack on the stone, he couldn't help but grin and immediately forgot about the pain. If he linked up another spirit vein, he would definitely be able to shatter a rock with one punch.

"The Nine Yang Divine Furnace is truly magical!"

Withdrawing his gaze, Tang Huan held his fist and let out a light breath, his heart was filled with emotions. If not for the guidance of the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace", even if Tang Huan was already familiar with the nine moves of the "Dragon Travelling Nine", he would not have been able to completely master the profundity of the technique so quickly.

I wonder if cultivating other battle skills would have the same effect?

Unfortunately, after the old blacksmith saw that the youth's talent was not good, he had taught him the "Spirit Arts of the Invigorated Meridian" and the "Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon" and had not taught him any other battle skill.

Otherwise, he could continue trying it out right now.

In a blink of an eye, Tang Huan concentrated his mind again, and consecutively practiced the "Nine Style Dragon Travelling Fist" three times in a single breath. Only then did he stop, and compared to when he first started, he was even more proficient in it.

"That's not right. The usage of the 'Nine Style of the Wandering Dragon' with the sword seems more suitable."

Tang Huan suddenly had a thought.

Before, when he did not have any True Qi, Tang Huan did not feel that it was right. But now that he had broken through three spirit veins, and used his fist

techniques, the True Qi in his body continued to circulate, causing Tang Huan to have a strange feeling. It was as if every move he executed was filled with longing, and the more he practiced, the stronger the feeling became.

"Could it be that this isn't a fist art but a sword art? The old blacksmith saw that he wasn't suitable for it, so he taught the sword art as a fist art and only taught it to strengthen the body?"

In a second, Tang Huan immediately took out a sword.

"Swimming Dragon Body!"

The sword in Tang Huan's hand trembled, following a strange trajectory, he slowly thrust it out.

It was like a giant dragon awakening from its slumber, lazily stretching its body. But a dragon was still a dragon, even if it was lazy, there was still a murderous intent hidden inside it, perfectly matching the first style's concept.

"It really is a sword art!"

Tang Huan was ecstatic, he immediately changed his sword posture and used the "Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon", "Soaring Dragon", "Swimming Dragon Ocean", "Swimming Dragon River", "Swimming Dragon River". "Soaring Dragon Soars the Sky"!

After finishing one set of sword technique, Tang Huan felt satisfied, no longer having the same feeling of wanting more.

Moreover, after the fist art had been restored to its sword art, the prowess of the 'Nine Steps of the Wandering Dragon' had been increased by more than twofold. Tang Huan believed that with this battle skill, even if three Tang Hong and the others joined hands to attack him, he would still have a huge chance of winning.

Tang Huan's interest was piqued, and he once again practiced the "Nine Techniques of the Wandering Dragon".

"Ding!"

After a while, the last move came out from Tang Huan's sword, the sword tip shot towards the huge boulder like an arrow, but in the next moment, a 'Bang!' sound came out, the sword had left a small hole on the huge boulder, and the sword blade actually split into two.

"This quality is really... "Too bad."

Looking at the section of the broken sword, Tang Huan could not help but shake his head.

In that instant, Tang Huan's mind moved: "I am already a first ranked Martial Disciples, if I can cultivate True Qi, if I can integrate True Fire, then I would no longer be an ordinary blacksmith, but a true blacksmith. When the time comes, I can forge a low-grade weapon of my own. "

When he thought of forging weapons, he felt every cell in his body stirring. When he was on Earth, he was able to become one of the most famous Sword Crafting Masters in the world at such a young age. It was not only because of his extraordinary talent, but also because of his interest and perseverance in Sword Crafting.

Tang Huan's family had a history of learning, his father was a sword craftsman, and after graduating from high school, his parents had passed away one after another, he was even more engrossed in sword crafting. Because of this interest, he didn't even have the time and energy to talk about love, marry a wife, and have children. Even after he died at the age of thirty, he was still alone.

Even after arriving in this world, Tang Huan's interest had not weakened in the slightest.

However, this place was very different from his previous life. In his previous life, on Earth, ordinary people could forge swords and could also forge weapons that were extremely valuable, but in this Honor Continent, one would have to at least possess true qi in order to become a true refiner and forge weapons.

However, in order to become an artificer, it was impossible to open a spirit vein or possess true qi, and one had to fuse true fire.