

WEAPON MASTER

Chapter 5

According to the words of his previous life, true fire was a form of fire energy. The flames contained an incomparable heat.

In order to become a refiner, one had to merge the True Fire into the Dantian.

That was where the nine spirit veins met.

The difficulty of fusing true fire was extremely high in the Honor Continent. Although there were many people who cultivated this technique, it was unlikely that even a thousand people would be able to successfully fuse it and become an artificer.

From ancient times until now, there had been countless examples of people who had tried to fuse true fire and ended up suffering the backlash from it.

"The question now is, how do we get the True Fire?"

Tang Huan had a headache. True Fire was a common sight in the Honor Continent, it was sold at the biggest weapon store in the southern region of Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City. A strand of True Fire would cost around 500 gold coins.

This price was not considered expensive.

However, to the current Tang Huan, this was an astronomical figure. Even if he sold all the normal weapons in the shop, he would still not be able to gather a thousand gold coins. Unfortunately, before the old blacksmith left, his talent was too mediocre. Otherwise, the old blacksmith would have prepared the primordial flames for him.

This time, the old blacksmith didn't know when he would return, so he still had to rely on himself.

Tang Huan thought about it, and in the end, still thought about what he had done in the past.

Although the treasured sword that he forged in his previous life could not be compared with the famous swords such as the Ancient Fish Intestine and Great Ravine, it was still an extremely rare weapon in this world. Otherwise, it would not have been able to sell at such a high price.

Yesterday evening, Tang Huan had compared those ordinary weapons he had observed in the shop.

There was a reason behind the fact that they could only sell farm tools, and that was because their quality was about the same as this world's farm tools. Even if they were strong, it was still very limited, and could not be compared with the sharp tools Tang Huan had forged in his previous life. If he were to choose any one of the works from his previous life, he would be able to cut them all in half.

Of course, all of the weapons in the store were actually the "masterpieces" of the young Tang Huan. [\[Previous Chapter\]](#) [\[Table of Contents\]](#)

Even though this shop was opened by the old blacksmith, he rarely forged weapons, especially in recent years. This made the business of the blacksmith shop extremely depressed.

"Although I am currently unable to forge a low-grade weapon, but with my skills, the sword I forge is definitely incomparably sharp. I presume the price should not be too low."

Tang Huan thought, and quickly made his decision.

After casually making some food to fill his stomach, Tang Huan headed towards the shop in front.

Although the young Tang Huan was not good at forging weapons, he had a strong body, had some strength, and was very patient. There were many sword billets that he had forged in the shop.

This way, Tang Huan could save quite a bit of effort.

After familiarizing himself with the locations of the various tools, Tang Huan started to get busy. Not long later, tinkling sounds came from the shop.

Tang Huan's upper body was naked, the hammer in his hand struck the red sword billets on Dun Zi's Dun one by one, and he quickly sweated profusely.

As soon as he made his move, he noticed that it was much easier for him to forge a weapon than it was in his previous life.

In his mind, the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace" had already started to revolve as it continuously drew true energy towards Tang Huan's right hand. If Tang Huan was on the Earth of his previous life, he would definitely not be able to handle this hammer that weighed twenty to thirty kilograms. But right now, he felt as if lifting it was as easy as lifting it.

The heavy hammer was like a light branch that could be swung around by him.

With zhenqi, the speed at which weapons were forged would definitely be greatly increased.

In addition, after personally forging the sword billets, he discovered that the most common weapon forged in the Honor Continent, "Black Profound Iron", had a quality that was much higher than that of the iron ore on Earth. If it was forged well, even if it was not of the superior grade, it would at least be able to cut one's hair and slice through iron like mud.

This discovery made Tang Huan extremely excited.

Following that, Tang Huan became even more focused, and completely forgot about the time. Quenching ... By the time he woke up from his hunger, the sky had already darkened. It was already late at night.

Tang Huan heaved a sigh of relief, and looked towards the wooden platform. Over there, three swords were placed side by side.

The first sword was a heavy sword. The sword was more than a meter long, and the blade was as thick as an adult's palm. This was the first time he had forged such a heavy sword. In his previous life on Earth, the heaviest treasure sword that he had ever forged was only eight kilograms. This was the first

time that he had ever forged such a heavy sword, and it was also the first time that he had ever forged such a heavy sword.

The second sword was about two fingers wide and seventy centimeters long. The third sword was a short sword that was also two fingers wide. It was only twenty centimeters long and had two grooves on both sides of the blade.

The three swords lay there silently, their shiny black bodies seeming to be slowly flowing with a layer of ghostly light.

Tang Huan picked up the long sword in the middle and quickly drew a few flower swords. It was extremely cold and oppressive, after a while, his Innate Qi entered the sword blade and slashed onto the iron ingots on the stage.

"Ding!"

After a series of clanging sounds, the iron ingot was split into two, and its cross section was very smooth.

Following that, Tang Huan put down the long sword, and picked up the heavy sword and the short sword one by one. Just like how it was before long, the table was split into two halves.

"Alright!"

Tang Huan's face revealed a satisfied smile.

In terms of delicacy and beauty, these three swords were far inferior to any of the treasured swords he had forged in his previous life. However, in terms of quality and sharpness, they far surpassed any of his previous works. The reason for this was, firstly, that the Black Profound iron ore's quality was even better, and secondly, that Tang Huan possessed Innate Qi.

The usage of his Innate Qi allowed Tang Huan to perform his skills even better. Compared to these three swords, the weapons that young Tang Huan had forged in the past were simply trash.

However, apart from his joy, he was also somewhat surprised.

In his previous life, he forged a treasure sword in either a few days or several days' time, but in Honor Continent, there were actually three swords every day.

Of course, he had only made these three swords to earn money, so he had saved a lot of time.

Even so, three rounds a day was beyond his imagination.

"Low level weapons are only mediocre. I think they can be sold for a good price."

On the second day, after finishing breakfast, Tang Huan went out of the blacksmith's shop.

At this time, the Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City had already become very lively. Walking on the small dirt road for a few hundred meters, after entering the city's streets, Martial Warriors could be seen everywhere with weapons on them.

In Honor Continent, it could be considered a big city.

This world was extremely vast. Besides the Honor Continent, there were also the Origin Continent, the Holy Spirit Continent, the Tranquil Continent, and three large continents, as well as countless large and small islands and endless sea regions.

The Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City was built right on the shore of the Honor Continent, wanting to go out to sea and visit the Origin Continent s on the other side. This Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City was the best choice, because of its unique geographical location, the city was always filled with mixed fish and dragons, and a large number of Martial Warriors s went in and out of the city every day, going back and forth between the two continents.

Tang Huan walked very quickly, and after about fifteen minutes, he arrived in front of the small weapon store that sold knives the day before yesterday.

The owner of the weapon shop was a fat old man. He smiled like the Maitreya Buddha in his previous life, he was the good friend of the old blacksmith and was also very familiar with Tang Huan. It was said that he had already

condensed his spiritual wheel as a Martial Master. Of course, he had revealed this to Tang Huan himself.

Whether it was true or false, no one knew, but Tang Huan had never seen him make a move before.

In the past, Tang Huan had forged ordinary weapons, but he had always sold them to this Fat Old Man ... After his soul had taken over this body and received his memories, after these few days of fusion, he realized that he would unconsciously think of himself as that youth.

In fact, Tang Huan realized that his personality was affected, and had undergone a huge change. In his previous life, he was actually a very taciturn person, but now he was much more lively and cheerful.

Fortunately, this wasn't a bad thing, so Tang Huan just let it happen.

The moment Fat Old Man opened the shop's door, he stood at the door and yawned. The moment he saw Tang Huan, he asked with a smile: "Little Tang, what kind of weapon are you planning to sell this time?"

"Little Tang?"

Hearing this address again, Tang Huan could not help but shiver in disgust, he rolled his eyes and snorted twice, "You haven't finished selling your weapons, and can't sell anymore?"

Tang Huan quickly walked past the Fat Old Man and into the shop. He placed the bag on his shoulder on the counter heavily, and as he opened it, he asked casually, "Old Fatty, how much is it worth?" As he spoke, the three swords that he had forged yesterday were revealed.

In the shop, there was already a sword sheath, Tang Huan equipped each and every sword, hiding its sharpness.

"It's still the same as the day before yesterday, an ordinary weapon cost 1 gold."

With a relaxed expression, Fat Old Man grabbed the heavy sword and casually unsheathed it.

A ray of black light pierced into the eyeball, bringing with it a bone-piercing chill. Fat Old Man shuddered and felt his hairs standing on end, goosebumps rising all over his body.

"Eh, not bad. Your cooking skills have improved a bit."

Fat Old Man's squinted her eyes as a hint of surprise flashed past her eyes, but she immediately said with a face full of smiles, "This sword's quality is much better than the three blades. How about this, Little Tang, I will give you 6 gold coins? That's twice as much as the night before. "

"One?" Tang Huan opened his eyes slightly.

"No, three!"

Fat Old Man smiled as he stretched out three fat fingers.

Tang Huan didn't say a word as he snatched the heavy sword and scabbard from the old fatty's hands, wrapped them in cloth and was about to leave the room.

Seeing that, the Fat Old Man pulled Tang Huan back: "Little Tang, what are you so anxious about? Alright, alright, I'll take a step back. Each sword costs six gold coins... Six gold coins? Your blade was only one gold coin last night, and now your sword has been increased by several times.

"Old fatty, why don't you go and die?"

Tang Huan scolded, he withdrew his hand and was about to leave, but he was held onto by the Fat Old Man, "Little Tang, don't be angry, tell me yourself, how much do you want to sell it for?"

"One sword for two hundred gold!"

Tang Huan said without any trace of politeness.

Of course, he did not really want to leave, as the weapon shop in Nu Lang (Furious Waves) City was the one he was most familiar with.

However, Fat Old Man was really too stingy. If he could really sell it to him for 6 gold coins, how many weapons would he have to forge to be able to afford a bunch of True Fire?

"Two hundred gold coins?" You're robbing money! " Fat Old Man screamed, the fat on his face trembling.

"Old Fatty, touch your own conscience and tell me. Is the price excessive?"

Tang Huan sneered.

Although he had never forged a preliminary weapon before, he had seen plenty of beginner weapons. The three swords he had forged yesterday were all stronger than the average beginner weapon. The starting price was two hundred gold coins. Of course, he also left plenty of room for bargaining.

His mental price was around 180 gold coins.