

Hammer God 149

Chapter 149 Fire Ether

Kyle looked at the volcano in the distance.

It was... quite imposing.

This thing was probably over three kilometers tall and constantly released a thick, black pillar of smoke.

Some several-meters-wide streams of lava were continually rolling down the volcano, and Kyle could see some more smoke in the distance.

"This is a Cradle with a Fire Ether Source," Theodor said. "The Fire Ether Source fills the land with Fire Ether, creating unique flora, fauna, and minerals."

Kyle looked around as he listened to Theodor.

"Flora? I barely see any flowers," he commented.

The only plant life Kyle could see was a couple of thorny weeds growing on the black ground.

"Flora doesn't refer to only flowers, imbecile," Theodor said. "It refers to all plant life."

Kyle rolled his eyes. "I know. I mean, there are barely any plants."

"Many Fire Ether plants live underground, within caves. They are valuable materials for potions and diverse magical rituals," Theodor explained.

"Potions?" Kyle asked. "That's the first time I've heard that there are potions."

Of course, Kyle knew what potions were from his gaming experience on Earth, but he hadn't heard about them in fantasy land.

"Potions are concoctions made from plant matter that give unique effects," Theodor explained. "They are useful for people in the First Realm, but they quickly lose their power as people grow more powerful. They are mostly used by hunters or regular guards in case of emergency."

"A recovery potion can save someone's life when there is no healer present. A Fire Ether Potion can make it easier for you to conjure Fire Ether if you do not have an Affinity for it and are fighting a beast weak to Fire Ether."

"Huh," Kyle uttered. "Are there also potions that make you stronger?"

"Yes, but they are dangerous and expensive. Taking one can throw your Ether Equilibrium off, and taking too many will damage your body almost irrecoverably."

"Almost?" Kyle asked.

"You can recover from almost everything," Theodor explained.

"You just need the necessary funds."

As Theodor explained more, Kyle started to walk forward.

It wasn't hard for him to look into the distance since there were barely any trees, and he could see a town a couple of kilometers away from him.

"Imbecile, don't you want to repair your armor before entering human civilization again?" Theodor asked with a snort.

"Oh yeah, right," Kyle said as he looked down.

There were several holes in his armor.

Then, he took out the ball of Wasteland Metal, which had shrunk quite a bit.

"I'm not sure if my funds keep shrinking or increasing," he uttered.

Kyle held the ball of Wasteland Metal to one of the holes, closed his eyes, and focused on his Soul.

A moment later, part of the Wasteland Metal became liquid, and Kyle's soul moved it over the holes.

The corroded parts flowed off the armor as the new metal took its place.

Theodor had taught him how to smith a set of armor, but the technique was very basic.

Kyle was essentially just molding the metal into place.

Its power could be further refined by tempering it, but tempering required a lot of practice and knowledge, which Kyle didn't have.

If he could temper his metal, he could improve his armor.

He could make it just as hard with only half the weight or make it twice as hard and retain its current weight.

Theodor said that he could teach Kyle how to do these things when they had the time and funds.

Learning how to temper metal required a lot of funds since it was risky.

If one failed at tempering a material, its properties would change.

Naturally, one chose materials for armor for their specific properties, and when these properties changed, the materials were no longer useful.

Even more, the change in properties would be different in different places since the change was very chaotic.

So, in order to learn tempering, one needed to practice a lot, and all the materials would become useless.

After a couple of minutes, Kyle managed to repair his set of armor.

By now, the ball of Wasteland Metal was only a bit bigger than a fist.

When he was done repairing his armor, Kyle walked over towards the distant town.

As he looked through the open landscape, he saw a couple of hairless cats scurrying from thorny bush to thorny bush.

"What's that?" Kyle asked.

"Scavengers," Theodor said.

"Weird name."

"It's not a name, imbecile! It's what they are. They are scavengers," Theodor said.

"Then, what's their name?" Kyle asked.

"Do I look like I know what a random hairless cat in a random Cradle is called?" Theodor asked with annoyance.

"I don't know what you look like," Kyle answered.

"It's a phrase!"

"And now you know how I feel when talking to you," Kyle said.

The two of them kept bickering until Kyle arrived near the town.

The guards of the town threw a couple of glances at Kyle.

"Sir, welcome to Blackrock Town," one of the guards said politely, running over to Kyle.

Kyle was a bit taken aback by the polite greeting.

He wasn't usually treated this well by towns.

But then, he remembered how he must look to the guards.

Kyle was quite tall, carried a huge hammer, and wore an entire set of armor made of Wasteland Metal.

To the guards, Kyle looked like a Knight or a Fighter who had traveled through the wilderness.

These people were powerful, and quite often, they had important positions.

"Thank you," Kyle answered. "I'm just here to visit."

"Please, do come in," the guard spoke. "If there is anything you need, feel free to ask any of the guards."

"Speaking of," Kyle said as he pulled the ball of Wasteland Metal out of his little container. "Any idea where I can sell this?"

The guard recognized the Wasteland Metal, but he wasn't surprised.

People who traveled through the wilderness on their own could easily procure metal of such rarity.

"Of course! You can find a couple of ore merchants in the town, but if you want to make more money, you should sell it to the Fire Smiths in the capital," the guard answered.

"Where's the capital?" Kyle asked.

"At the base of the Fire Ether Source."

