

WEAPON SELLER IN THE WORLD OF MAGIC

Chapter 5 Exchange Rates

Skills:

Dismantling: Dismantle any object that belongs to the host and exchange it in equivalent credits. Cost: 0 Ether energy points. CD: 0 seconds.

"Finally, I got the chance to scrap away these weapons." Mark then ordered the Android assistant to gather all the displayed weapons and also the ones in the storage.

Meanwhile, he went ahead and closed down the shutter.

Soon, a small heap of various weapons and armors formed in the middle of the store.

Once again, opening the skill tab, he clicked on the skill. A new window opened on the holographic screen before him.

There's a circle with some mystic symbols around it. Below it, there's a word *dismantle* which was grayed out.

Mark wondered whether he should place the weapon inside it.

He took a sword from the heap.

Just as it touched the new window, the sword disappeared from his hand and its image appeared in the circle and the word 'dismantle' now glowed.

He touched it.

A system warning appeared before him.

*Ding! The item will disappear forever and cannot be retrieved. Proceed?

Mark clicked on yes.

A ray of light was blasted by the mystic symbols at the sword before it glowed brightly for a second and disappearing.

*Ding! You dismantled a nameless sword. You received 0 credits.

"What the..." The system's notification surprised him as he didn't expect it is for nothing.

"System, what is the meaning of this?" Mark immediately questioned the system.

*Ding! Ungraded weapons are considered trash and aren't worth a credit. Please dismantle some better weapons if you need credits.

"You should have told me that beforehand," Mark commented with a disapproving tone. If he would have sold it to a customer, he would have atleast pocketed a few silver coins.

Even if he didn't think much of silver coins, still, something is better than nothing, right?

So, he asked for compensation to test the waters. However, the system was adamant and countered his statement in return.

*Ding! The Host should have asked about it, beforehand. This System cannot pay the compensation for the host's mistake.

"Hmm? I see..." From this small conversation, Mark at least understood that the system can hand out compensation if the mistake lies on its side. He thought of looking for loopholes in the future.

Putting aside the matter, he asked, "Okay. Answer me, then. What is the exchange rate?"

*Ding! Copper-graded equipment is worth 1-5 credits.

Silver-graded equipment is worth 10-50 credits.

Gold-graded equipment is worth 100-500 credits.

Platinum-graded equipment is worth 1k-5k credits.

Diamond-graded equipment is worth 10k-50k credits.

Crystal-graded equipment is worth 100k-500k credits.

Ruby-graded equipment is worth 1m-5m credits.

Mythril-graded equipment is worth 10m-50m credits.

Celestial-graded equipment worth 100m-500m credits.

God-graded equipment worth 1B-5B credits.

As the system have a lengthy list of exchange rates, Mark went into a daze.

As far as his knowledge about this world is concerned, he only knows the existence of platinum-grade weapons.

Only now, he understood that there's a big list even after that.

Remembering how the previous shopkeeper was so protective of a mere gold-grade weapon, Mark couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Allen tilted his head in confusion. He didn't know what's going on with this master of his.

What Mark doesn't know is that this long list wasn't as complicated as he thought.

Diamond graded to Ruby graded weapons were grouped as Semi-divine weapons in this world from low to high respectively.

As for Mythril graded to God graded weapons, they are called Divine weapons from low to high respectively.

Only powerful royal families and sects have their possession. The civilians like Lu Zhen alias Mark don't even know their existence.

"Anyway, let's continue. There are a lot of them to dismantle." Shrugging his shoulders, Mark continued with dismantling one by one.

It took three hours to dismantle all 445 pieces of equipment, earning him a meager 687 credits in total.

As the credits weren't of any use, for now, he closed down the screen and left upstairs.

Even though this world wasn't advanced enough to have things like a refrigerator, thankfully, Mark had the inventory to store down the food where it will never get expired.

So, he took out the leftover rice from the system inventory and made a bowl of quick egg-fried rice to fill his stomach.

After having his quick dinner, Mark went to sleep right away. Meanwhile, Allen, the Android assistant sat down in the living room to protect his master from possible danger.

The next morning, Mark came downstairs with his assistant waiting for him after his cleaning was done.

His eyes wandered around the place. "Ah! That's right. I dismantled the weapons. Okay, let's do this."

*Ding! You created Single-shot Pistol

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After creating roughly around 20 of them, he ordered the Android to place them on the shelves on the wall.

As Allen gets to work, Mark then proceeded to create 9 mm bullets. He doesn't know how many times he created, but he believed the number was over a hundred.

He placed all of them into a box, which in turn was kept in one of the drawers of the counter.

"Now, we are set. Allen, open the shutter."

Meanwhile, at the Song Manor;

Bang

A loud bullet sound was heard for the fourth consecutive time through the compound as Song Yue pressed the trigger with a smile on her face.

With a couple of maids standing behind her, she tried shooting at the vase placed 10 meters away from her.

The first time, the bullet shot another vase that was located a few meters away from her target.

The second time, the bullet shot nearby the gardener's foot, scaring the hell out of him.

Decreasing the distance to 5 meters, as she tried again, this time, the vase was successfully destroyed, although due to the sound and the recoil, she wasn't able to open her eyes.

By the time, she shot for the fourth time, not only she was able to get used to the sound but she also managed to get used to the recoil.

In the meantime, the explosive sounds attracted the attention of a few people from the mansion. The most important of them is her father, Minister Song

Yun, who stared at the weapon in her hands curiously from the balcony of the first floor.

"Dear, did you know what that thing in our daughter's hands?" He asked his wife who also came outside with him, to which she responded with shaking her head, "I'm afraid, not."