

Ball God 131

Chapter 131

Sacred Land of Korin.

The rolling forest seemed to undulate like the sea. The verdant branches stretched out, full of infinite vitality.

Suddenly, with a swoosh, a shadow swept across from the void and soon became a small dot.

Behind it, a series of the violent whirlwind was stirred up belatedly.

Bang—

A piercing roar broke through the air's sound barrier, and the hazy horizon began to become apparent.

When a black line connecting the world appeared in his vision, Muiyang calmly watched.

His sharp eyes had seen every detail of the tower. The direction of speeding suddenly changed, and Muiyang flew towards the top of Korin Tower.

Soon, the flat dome-shaped top of the Korin Tower appeared in front of the eyes.

Korin saw a black figure suddenly fly into the Korin Tower and was surprised while looked up at the person.

When it became clear that it was Muiyang, Korin said dumbfoundedly, "So it's you, Muiyang boy. How come you have the time to come to me?"

No one knew the news of Muiyang's departure from earth except for Mexia. So, Korin had always thought he was practicing somewhere on earth.

Muiyang smiled indifferently, "After all these years, Korin's life is still so comfortable. Have you eaten all those seafood?"

Korin washed his beard, "There is still a little bit left. Why don't you go get me some more, Muiyang..." said Korin. His eyes were glowing at Muiyang.

"Sure, trade the Senzu Beans with me!"

Korin hesitated, "Well, I'd rather not. I don't have many Senzu Beans here anymore!"

In the beginning, Korin's inventory of Senzu Beans was over fifteen thousand. After the ten thousand were taken away by Muiyang, there were still over five thousand left.

Muiyang was thinking about those remaining Senzu Beans all the time. However, after becoming clear about the potential function of the Senzu Beans, Korin hadn't even had time to hide them, so how could he sell them at a low price!

Seeing that he couldn't gouge out another Senzu Bean from Korin's hands, Muiyang couldn't help but sigh.

At the same time, he also knew in his heart that this guy, Yajirobe, had no hope of spoiling Senzu Beans with Korin in the future.

“How about exchanging a bit of something else. I should have... a bit of something you fancy here, right?” Korin had made up his mind that he couldn't sell the Senzu beans, but the others should be okay. Maybe there was a treasure on top of Korin Tower that he didn't know about!

Korin's throat squirmed at the thought of the delicious taste of seafood.

Uh...how about selling a little bit more Senzu Beans? Just a little bit... Korin hesitated in his heart, but in the end, he was determined not to sell it.

Muyang said at this point, “If you want to get something good, I will exchange it with something else.”

“What is it?” Korin's eyes lit up. Was Muyang planning to ask for Ultra Divine Water? But that stuff was highly poisonous; it wouldn't do anything for him either.

“Elixir of Immortality!”

Korin frowned after hearing this, “What do you need this for? That thing will deplete a person's potential.”

Muyang said, “Of course it's not for my use, but for my loved ones. Look at my current state...” as he said, Muyang let go of his ki. Long and leisurely ki came out, and the entire top of Korin Tower was swept away by a whirlwind.

“This ki...” Korin leaned on his crutches; he was shocked.

Korin was shocked not only because Muyang's ki was indeed incredibly strong, but also because there was a sense of depth in the higher dimensions. Upon closer inspection, Korin was even more surprised.

“When did you raise your dimensional level?”

Human's dimension was usually less than his own; that was why Korin was surprised.

“Dimension?” Muyang silently memorized the word. He gathered his ki, and all the whirlwind dissipated in a whisker at that moment.

“Remarkable. This is the first time I've seen a human dimension cross its natural life level. I wonder how you did it?” Korin looked at Muyang with a puzzled expression, muttering to himself.

There was a clear hierarchy for every life in the universe. Dimension was the level that life was at. All human beings and other naturally born beings are in the most common first level.

Earth immortal like Korin was at the second level, and Kami was in the third level.

This is a relatively low “planet level.” As the name implies, the influence of beings below the third level was limited to one planet.

Higher beings, such as the King Yemma, Kai, and Grand Kai, were Level 4, Level 5, and Level 6 Dimension, which was at the “Galaxy Level.”

The highest level would be the “Universe Level,” like Supreme Kai Apprentice, Supreme Kai (God of Destruction), and Angel, which were Level 7, Level 8, and Level 9 Dimension.

Although the rank of a dimension wasn’t indicative of the strength of a being, beings of higher dimensions were in charge of more power in the universe.

To High-Level Dimension God, the Low-Level Mortals were insignificant. Even if they were strong, they had to abide by the rules of the universe.

Death was forever equal, and after a thousand years, even if it doesn’t take a hundred years, it will be a pinch of loess.

Korin was a secondary dimension, so he could also command a portion of God’s rights.

However, he never imagined that Muiyang, an ordinary earthling, would have no less than his secondary dimensional rank.

“Korin, what is a dimensional level?”

“This dimension... refers to the level of living beings in the universe...” Korin lowered his head and contemplated for a while. He then told Muiyang what he knew about the concept of the dimension.

After listening to it, Muiyang chirped. He probably knew that this was a way to divide the gods’ rights and that the gods with higher dimensions enjoyed a higher status.

If the universe was compared to a computer, then the dimension was the operating authority.

Just what was going on in his case, even Muiyang, himself was muddled.

He then took out Dominian’s Lifeform Scouter and showed it to Korin. It detected that Korin had 800 years to live.

“800?”

“This thing is true, accurate. I took four Elixir of Immortality in the first place; one can extend my life by 400 years. This is a miracle elixir only for the immortals guarding the tower. Ordinary first level beings can only take one at most.” Korin had originally given the remaining four Elixir of Immortality to Master Roshi because he could only take four of them.

After flipping the Lifeform Scouter like a magnifying glass, it shone its light on Muiyang. It detected that he had 205 years of life left.

Korin shook his head in puzzlement, “This is strange. It’s the first time I’ve seen something like this. In your case, you’re obviously a human, yet your dimension and lifespan are out of limits. What’s going on?”

“Don’t ask me. I’m muddled anyway.”

Muyang didn't know, but he guessed it had something to do with him breaking his life limit and absorbing those limit fragments.

Ever since he knew that his lifespan was far from ordinary earthlings, Muyang was trying to find ways to extend Mexia's lifespan.

He didn't want his mate to die of old age in the future.

Korin gently spun around, "Although the Elixir of Immortality is something that can extend life span, it also depletes people's potential. Are you sure you need it?"

Muyang said, "I'm getting married soon, and this is for my family."

Since it wasn't Muyang himself who wanted to take it, Korin was able to tell him liberally.

"Alright, I'll tell you, making the Elixir of Immortality requires a very precious herb, which is the Paradise Herb. It's a magical herb that grows in the Forest of Terror. However, the Forest of Terror is extremely dangerous, and ordinary people can't enter it." Korin then looked at Muyang. With Muyang's strength, he was able to enter the Forest of Terror.

"After retrieving the Paradise Herb, it is then ground specially and combed with the Divine Water from the three water tanks I have here. It takes a year of refining before it can be completed."

The water tank of the past, present, and future can be seen above the Korin Tower.

The Divine Water inside can be blended to produce highly toxic Ultra Divine Water. However, it can also be combined with Paradise Herb to make different formulations to create the Elixir of Immortality.

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"Is there a way to eliminate the Elixir of Immortality?"

The Elixir of Immortality would deplete the human body's potential. Still, Muyang didn't want Mexia to be as stagnant in strength as the Master Roshi.

Korin shook his head, "There's no way. It's a recipe passed down from ancient times; even I couldn't refine it."

After all, the lifespan was a natural law of the universe. Even King Yemma of Other-World had no way to change a person's lifespan at will.

However, Muyang wouldn't give up; he felt that there must be other ways to circumvent the flaws of the Elixir of Immortality in this world.

"I wonder if Shenron has a way?" Muyang suddenly remembered Shenron, and his mood suddenly came alive.

Muyang had the Dragon Ball Radar made by the Dominionian in his hands; collecting the Dragon Balls was no longer difficult.

After attending the World Martial Arts Tournament with Mexia, he would search for the Dragon Balls with her.

Just like the original Son Goku and Bulma, such a trip could also be considered a kind of honeymoon.

Now Muiyang's mood turned better; he tossed a booklet containing the Kami School Training Technique to Korin.

“Immortal Korin, this is the Kami School that I perfected in combination with Kami Noah inheritance. You can take it for reference. If, in the future, after I collect the materials to make the Elixir of Immortality, you can make it for me!”

“Don't worry.”

Korin received the booklet and flipped through it. Korin was instantly captivated, his eyes glowing, praising it incessantly, “Awesome, this is awesome. It's the martial arts suitable for earthlings' training. With this, the level of all martial arts practitioners can be raised by a large margin.”

Seeing that Korin looked obsessed with it, Muiyang knew that he wouldn't come back to his senses for a while.

He then smiled and directly stepped out of the Korin Tower and flew towards the Lookout.

.....

The long, turquoise blue sky was clear and flawless. The miles of clear sky was as calm as the sea.

On the Lookout, the pristinely dressed Mr. Popo was sweeping the ground of the Lookout with a broom.

Although the ground was spotless, Mr. Popo was still repeating the work as if it had all been integrated into his life.

Suddenly, a dark shadow came towards him. It was as fast as a bolt of lightning and was in front of Mr. Popo instantly.

“Huh?” Mr. Popo's lifeless eyes aimed at the shadow and brought the broom up to his chest, blocking the opponent's attack.

The wooden broom broke in two with a gurgle, and that was when the opponent's attack came again.

This person who was attacking Mr. Popo was none other than Muiyang. For many years, Muiyang had never found out how strong Mr. Popo was.

Now that he had returned from outer space, wrapped with an 830 power level, he officially challenged Mr. Popo.

Swiftly, just as Muiyang's attack was about to land on Mr. Popo, he saw the opponent suddenly turn sideways and flatten his body, dodging it again.

At this time, on the flat and open temple square, two silhouettes kept flashing.

In the air, Mr. Popo floated expressionlessly, stretched out an arm towards Muiyang, who was flying towards him.

With a bang, Mr. Popo's attack hit Muiyang's chest. Muiyang's mouth grimaced, and his entire body flew far away.

It was continuously flipping several circumlocutions in the air before landing on the ground!

Turning his feet apart, Muiyang slid on the stone floor for another ten meters, leaving two deep skid marks. Muiyang leaned over and pushed his palms on the stone slab.

“Come again!”

With a crack, the floor of the Lookout suddenly collapsed in a place under pressure.

The concrete stone slab shattered into countless sinuous cracks, and tiny stones began to burst and splash.

With this powerful impact, Muiyang's body rushed up, his fist tips bringing forth intense vibrations.

“.....”

Without a hint of fluctuation, Mr. Popo's eyes methodically took Muiyang's attack, then lightly threw a punch.

Wow!

The fist wind broke the air, Muiyang felt the pressure on his body multiply, and his body involuntarily retreated out.

When he flew fifty meters above the ground, Muiyang steadied his body. His palms began to close together, and a brilliant light gradually condensed between his palms.

This move was Muiyang's combination of the Thunder Shock Surprise and Tri-Beam.

Which created a great technique.

“Heavenly God, Beam!”

At this moment, bright white energy rushed in, like a tiger, like a hungry wolf, and like a dragon roaring.

The huge energy enveloped the ground, and the strong electric current locked fifty meters below the ki wave. Nothing could move under the lock of the force field.

At this time, Mr. Popo was also surprised. The plush fibers on his body continued to crackle with electricity as if his body was imprisoned.

However, Mr. Popo is Mr. Popo. The countless years of practice had long made him capable of rippling through anything he encountered. Muiyang only saw him slowly stretch out a hand, flattening it in front of him.

Poof!

The ki of the Heavenly God Beam fell but stopped a foot away from Mr. Popo's palm. The ki that followed gathered together and merged into a bright white ball of ki.

This ki ball continued to spin and squeeze the air in front of it, trying to break through the barrier.

"Hahaha, so that was how strong you are, Popo." Muiyang's two eyes glowed. His emotions were high as he strengthened his ki again.

Crackle, puff, puff, puff!

The ki of Heavenly God Beam moved forward with an ear-piercing low buzzing almost punctured the eardrums.

Just then, Mr. Popo's palm was a grasp, and a huge force actually squeezed all the ki of Heavenly God Beam.

Muiyang looked dumbfounded for a while before he came back to his senses.

"Awesome, Popo!" He couldn't help but praise.

Mr. Popo moved his palms. His black skin somewhat burnt, "This is the result of many years of training by Popo. Muiyang, you have almost passed me."

"No, not even close!" Muiyang humbly laughed.

This was the first time he saw Mr. Popo's strength. According to the power level estimation, Mr. Popo's energy had at least 900 power levels.

With his inscrutable skills, he could win easily even if he encountered an alien with 1200 power levels.

"You haven't been seen on earth for the past few years, did you leave earth?" Mr. Popo's tone was still so calm as if nothing could break his mind.

This level was beyond Muiyang's reach.

"That's right. I left earth!" Muiyang frankly admitted, then told his experience.

"...I see, Kami's house turned out to be a spaceship." Mr. Popo stopped talking after he figured it out.

At that moment, Muiyang asked, "Popo, you can see everything in the lower realm here; how about helping me find someone?"

"Who are you looking for?"

Observing the lower realm can be done by the water tank there in Korin Tower, but it's still up to Mr. Popo here to find someone.

Muiyang said, "My fiancée, Mexia!"

Mr. Popo said, "Oh, it's her. She came to the Lookout two days ago. She actually flew right up here without Korin's permission. She was on the Lookout for a few days and then left."

"Mexia came to the Lookout?" Muiyang was surprised.

“Yes, she came to look for you. When she didn’t find it, she just left.” Mr. Popo told the whole story. Mexia stayed on the Lookout for two days and left without waiting for Muyang.

“Do you know where she went? Can you help me find her?”

When he remembered that Mexia, whom he hadn’t seen for a long time, had actually flown to the Lookout to look for him, Muyang felt a little guilty. So he asked Mr. Popo about it.

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“Wait for a moment. I’ll go find her for you.”

Upon hearing Muyang’s request, Mr. Popo walked to the edge of the Lookout with his hands behind his back, then looking at the lower realm of clouds rolling in below.

Muyang stood by the side and watched. The hazy clouds obscuring the view, so Muyang squeezed his eyebrows and wondered how Mr. Popo was observing the lower realm.

After a while, Mr. Popo turned around and said to the warped Muyang, “I’ve found her.”

“Where is it?” Muyang hurriedly asked.

“Land of Extreme West, Mount Five Element!”

Mount Five Element. Isn’t that Annin’s territory? Muyang was a little surprised, and said in his heart, ‘That girl, Mexia, why would she go to that place?’

No matter what, he had to find Mexia first.

The longingly nostalgic Muyang got the exact address of the Mount Five Element from Mr. Popo.

He then waved his hand at Mr. Popo and was about to jump down from the Lookout.

Just then, Mr. Popo suddenly asked, “Muyang, you are the successor of Kami Noah, have you ever thought of inheriting the position of Kami in the future?”

Muyang was startled at the words and shook his head in refusal without much thought, “I think I shouldn’t serve as Kami.”

Reasonably, Muyang, the heir of the Kami School, was the most qualified to hold Kami’s position.

Regardless of his strength or origin, as the inheritor of Kami Noah, he was the perfect candidate.

It was just that Muyang knew his own business. His heart couldn’t calm down, and he couldn’t stand the thought of him staying on top of the Lookout.

This position of the Kami, let’s leave it to someone else! There was always someone better than him.

“Oh!” Mr. Popo uttered a loud voice and gave up. “If you see Annin, tell Son Gohan there that Kami wants him to come to the Lookout.”

Since Muyang had no intention of inheriting the Kami’s position, the candidate fell on Son Gohan.

However, that guy hadn’t come back much since he went to the Mount Five Element.

Even when he did, he'd been heading over to the Mount Five Element every three days.

Also, Mr. Popo didn't think that Son Gohan was the most suitable candidate, either.

"I got it." After agreeing to Mr. Popo's request, Muiyang leaped down and flew towards the lower realm's Mount Five Element.

Not long after Muiyang left, a pale figure walked out of the entrance of the Lookout.

Kami's vicarious face was covered with wrinkles, and sighed, "Muiyang refused to serve as Kami. He was the most suitable, and apart from him, the only other person left was Son Gohan."

Mr. Popo stood to the side, "Son Gohan seems intent on the Mount Five Element and may not return."

"Alas, I was fighting with Garlic over the position of Kami. But now Muiyang and Son Gohan actually turning down the position of Kami. This era has become too fast." Kami smiled bitterly and shook his head.

Two people who were qualified to inherit the position of Kami had hardly appeared.

Once he found the candidate, they all despised Kami's position. Kami couldn't see the reason for Muiyang's rejection, but Son Gohan... that guy was purely blinded by Annin.

Frankly speaking, if Muiyang knew what Kami was thinking at this point, he would have sided with Son Gohan.

Knowing that Annin was a great beauty, to be able to spend time with such beauty, Son Gohan was brain-dead to return to the Lookout!

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After leaving the Lookout, Muiyang traveled alone. Soon, he arrived at the domain of the Mount Five Elements.

The Mount Five Elements was located in the extreme west. The entire mountain was covered by a boundary that blocked contact with the outside world. On the Mount Five Elements, there was a huge Furnace of Eight Divisions. The rising water vapor in the furnace condensed into mist-like clouds.

There was a cracked passage in the shadows, which was a passage to the Other-World.

At this time, Mexia was floating in the Furnace of Eight Divisions. The moist steam dyed her dark green appearance.

Mexia was wearing a tight-fitting dress in the clouds and mist, her voluptuous and exquisite body undoubtedly visible.

Next to her, there was a gigantic, beautiful woman. This woman was holding a large bowl of ramen in her hand and eating it.

She wore a red divine robe and shawl, with two long pheasant tail feathers rising upwards on her crown. It was the Supreme God of Mount Five Element, Annin.

“Gohan, the fire doesn’t seem to be enough; the ramen isn’t even cooked.”

Annin’s clear voice shouted towards Son Gohan at the bottom of the Furnace of Eight Divisions.

Upon hearing the words, Son Gohan immediately and passionately released ki waves towards the mouth of the Furnace of Eight Divisions. The water of the Yellow Spring boiled and rose with even more ample vapor.

“How about now?” Son Gohan wiped the sweat off his forehead and asked loudly.

Such physical work was a massive drain on energy, but Son Gohan enjoyed it. Not only could he keep a beautiful women company, but he could also hone the ki in his body.

In the two years since he came to Mount Five Elements, Son Gohan felt like he lived in paradise every day.

‘Master Roshi, I felt like I understand your quest now.’

“Much better.”

Son Gohan’s efforts allowed Annin to have a stronger fire to cook ramen.

“Nah, Mexia, isn’t the man you’re looking for on earth?” Annin asked, holding a huge bowl of ramen noodles.

Mexia sat quietly over the Furnace of Eight Divisions, covered in glistening, flawless green light. “He hasn’t come back yet, but we’re supposed to go to the World Martial Arts Tournament.”

“Ahhh, is this what it’s like to be in love? I don’t understand!”

It had been tens of thousands of years since Annin was in charge of the Furnace of Eight Divisions. Since she never left the Mount Five Elements, Annin’s mind was still as pure as a young girl’s.

“Hey, Gohan, do you know what love is?”

Son Gohan suddenly smiled stupidly at the words, “No, I don’t know...”

“Huh?” Mexia glanced at Son Gohan there and snorted. He was relying on the Mount Five Elements to stay.

What he had in mind was already obvious. Only Annin, a goddess with a pure and simple heart, would know nothing.

Just as Annin was happily fishing for her ramen, suddenly, powerful ki rammed into the boundary outside of the Mount Five Elements.

Mexia, Annin, and Son Gohan soon sensed the ki, and different expressions appeared on their faces.

“This ki is so strong, and it’s already entered the boundary.” Annin opened his mouth; her expression seemed surprised.

There were actually such powerful earthlings in the outer world.

Son Gohan frowned, "This familiar sensation, is it Muiyang..."

Mexia, on the other hand, was dumbfounded. Her lips slightly parted and closed in surprise, "It's him; he's finally back."

A whirlwind swept over; the entire Mount Five Elements was swept away by the intense storm.

The mist clouds above the Furnace of Eight Divisions were stirred violently by that storm.

"Mexia, I've finally found you."

Muiyang's body flickered. He appeared directly beside Mexia and embraced her whole body in his arms.

The warm feeling that came from the other person's chest, making Mexia suddenly felt at ease. Not knowing what to say, her tears flowed down.

"Senior brother..."

After floating in the air and embracing for a while, Muiyang carefully measured the girl in his arms.

Compared to two years ago, Mexia was more gentle and mature. Her body should be convex where it should be concave, concave where it should be convex. Her exquisite and voluptuous body became tall and full of charm.

She had also grown a lot taller.

"Hmph!" Muiyang didn't know why; Mexia suddenly angrily broke away from Muiyang's embrace. Her proud face was so deep, and she didn't look at Muiyang happily.

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"Such an arrogant."

Muiyang smiled faintly at Mexia's profound appearance. He also cooperated with her, so he pulled up her hand and landed at the bottom of the Furnace of Eight Divisions.

At this time, Annin also put the large bowl down. Her body condensed to the size of an average human, and carefully examined them, "Wow, you two are hugging each other..."

Annin's pretty cheeks were a little red as if she never knew about things between men and women.

Suddenly she was amazed and saw that Muiyang's life was different from ordinary people.

She then pointed at Muiyang and shouted, "How can your lifespan be so long when you're obviously an earthling?"

Muiyang then looked back at Annin and nodded slightly towards her.

The goddess in front of him was not really strong, but because she managed the passage to the Other-World for years, she could also tell at a glance how long the others lived.

She was true, beautiful. No wonder Son Gohan refused to leave after sending a gourd once and relied on this place in a deadly manner.

With his eyes swept over the Annin's body Muiyang greeted Son Gohan, "Gohan, long time no see, your strength has grown a lot."

Muiyang took a glance at Son Gohan. In a few years, Son Gohan's strength had increased to a level close to 300 power levels.

It seemed that he hadn't deserted his training in the Mount Five Elements. In fact, it was the result of continually burning the Furnace of Eight Divisions.

"It does growth, but nothing compares to you. Your ki just now scared me."

Son Gohan was in a good mood seeing his old friend. His eyes turned to Mexia and Muiyang, wondering, "What's the relationship between you two...?"

"Mexia is my fiancée, and her parents have approved me. The wedding will be in a little while, and you'll have to come." Muiyang said without flaunting. As he said that, he also took Mexia's soft and delicate slender hand.

At this moment, Mexia was also like a good wife who snuggled up to Muiyang and let him hold her hand. Her cheeks were blushing slightly.

Son Gohan was very surprised and envious, "Congratulations, you two will get married soon. I don't even know how long I have to wait." Saying that her eyes glanced towards the goddess Annin. Annin was checking the Furnace of Eight Divisions' fire and saw Son Gohan looking towards her; she gave him an innocent smile.

"I see you have a long way to go." Muiyang said sympathetically.

"In a few days, it will be the new World Martial Arts Tournament, do you want to go there?"

Son Gohan said, "Are you all going?"

Muiyang replied, "Well, Mexia and I have arranged to attend, in addition to those of my younger brothers and sisters."

Mexia interjected at this time, "I'm sure I'll beat my senior brother."

Just after saying that, she was knocked on her head by Muiyang and immediately covered her head and stared back.

Reasonably she was an adult now, being knocked on the head in front of others; it felt very humiliating.

Seeing that both Mexia and Muiyang were going to participate, Son Gohan was a little touched.

His eyes hesitantly swept a glance at Annin. Annin brittle quickly understood and said in a lovely voice, "If you want to go, just go. I can manage the Furnace of Eight Divisions by myself, and I can also see the scenery outside through the steam on the furnace."

Now Son Gohan had nothing to worry about, and chirped, "In that case, Muiyang, I'll see you at the World Martial Arts Tournament."

“That’s right!”

After making a pact with Son Gohan, Muiyang was about to leave. He wrapped an arm around Mexia and picked her up without giving her a chance to resist directly. He then flew towards the outside of the Mount Five Elements.

As they left, he said, “By the way, Mr. Popo ask me to tell you to go to the Lookout. I think they want you to inherit the position of Kami.”

“No, no, no, no!” Son Gohan shook his hand repeatedly. If he inherited the position of Kami, then he would have to stay on the Lookout. He wouldn’t be free anymore!

Muiyang didn’t say much at the news. He then directly hugged Mexia and disappeared into the Mount Five Elements.

Once martial arts practitioners were fighting for the position of Kami. Now that Muiyang and Son Gohan were offered the position, both of them actually turned it down and did not want to inherit it... this world has changed.

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After leaving the Mount Five Elements, Muiyang held Mexia in his arms as they traveled through the boundless sky.

“Senior brother, you should let go of me. I can fly on my own!” Mexia’s clear lake-like eyes looked at Muiyang. Her turquoise starry eyes were as clear as crystal.

“I love holding my fiancée!”

“Well!” The phrase “fiancée” suddenly dispersed the energy that Mexia had just mustered up. Her body softly shrank into Muiyang’s embrace.

“Senior brother, tell me about the things you’ve been doing for the past two years,” Mexia said grudgingly.

“These two years, ah...” Muiyang as he flew, recalling his experiences in the two years since he left earth. He then landed on a flat upland and narrated to Mexia a little bit.

As Muiyang told the story of his training above the Red Planet, Mexia smiled warmly.

When Muiyang spoke of the Saiyan Bazita, Mexia’s small hands clenched, her emotions rising and falling as he told the story.

“...Then I kept training above the Red Planet until I defeated that Saiyan.” Muiyang continued, describing his travels in the universe and the gains of the technological Planet Domini.

Mexia opened his eyes, “Senior brother, where are those spaceships you’re talking about?!”

Muyang smiled mysteriously, “This is what I want to tell you.”

After saying that, Muyang was serene for a moment. Suddenly a mighty spiritual power spread out, and Mexia instinctively tried to resist. As Muyang’s genial voice sounded in her ears, “Don’t resist, I’ll take you to a place.”

The two figures suddenly disappeared from the spot with a clatter, reappearing already in the middle of the Acceleration Space.

Seven ships were on display in a vast area a kilometer in radius: Namekian’s Shell Spaceship, Dominion’s Gravity Spaceship, and five silvery-white spaceships.

Originally there were six silvery-white spaceships, but a cannonball from the Frieza Force’s as they roamed the cosmos destroyed one.

“What is this place?”

Mexia was so surprised at where they were, even the six towering spaceships in front of her did not make her come back to her senses.

Muyang opened up, “This is the Acceleration Space, er... sort of a space form by my abilities. The time flow here is four times that of the outside world.”

“Senior brother also has that kind of ability?” Mexia stared, then took it for granted that her man really was the best. She was so filled with sweetness that she didn’t ask any more questions.

After staying in the Acceleration Space for a while, Muyang took Mexia on a tour of each spaceship.

Mexia quickly fell in love with these gorgeous looking spaceships, so Muyang immediately decided to give one of them to her.

As soon as the Gravity Spaceship appeared, its huge size and weight crushed the ground, immediately causing the rocks to shatter.

Although Mexia was confused about why her senior brother brought out the Gravity Spaceship, she didn’t ask too many questions. It wasn’t until

Muyang brought her into the bedroom on the third floor of the Gravity Spaceship that she felt something was wrong.

“Senior brother, what are you doing?”

“What are you talking about, punishing you, of course!”

“Punishment for what?” Mexia’s face was flushed and a little guilty.

“Stupid Mexia. Senior brother always thought you were innocent, but when did I let you be so ‘scheming’?” Muyang was heartbroken. He pushed Mexia onto the bed.

Mexia’s bodysuit was torn into strips of cloth with a hissed, quickly revealing her white and delicate skin.

“Senior brother, I’m just telling the truth, there’s no such thing as a…….”

“I don’t believe you. Ugh, disobedient children need to be punished. This is retribution!”

“Well, I’m not afraid of you, anyway. So if you want to come, then go ahead!” Mexia stubbornly raised her head, aiming at MUYANG’s magnificent body. Her cheeks flushed, and her turquoise eyes seemed to ripple to the point of dripping.

Chapter 135

The next day, the sky was hazy. Outside of a continuous drizzle, a thread of rain connected, silk-like crystal clear.

On the third floor of the Gravity Spaceship. After a night of negative distance contact, Mexia crouched on the soft bed “unlovable.” Her face was a little white.

There was no trace of her body, and her white skin seemed to be exposed in the air. The whole room was filled with an ambiguous breath.

In the meantime, Mexia was tiredly curled up into a ball. Her body moved randomly, and a curved eyebrow was knitted up.

Last night, MUYANG had fulfilled his promise and made it impossible for Mexia to get out of bed.

“Senior brother, I’m thirsty. I want to eat Senzu Beans!”

MUYANG sat on one side and slapped her ass, “No, I just gave you one. Also, your attitude is too arrogant.”

Every time she ate the Senzu Beans, she started to ripple. Now she was sickly begging for forgiveness. This woman’s skin was really thick. She needed to be disciplined.

Mexia said, “Don’t. Please give me the Senzu Beans. I don’t have the strength; I’m going to die.”

MUYANG rolled his eyes, “I see you’re still very energetic. Do you want to do it again?”

Mexia shivered for a while. Her face was pale and sheepish, “I dare not. Senior brother, spare me this time. I will definitely listen to you in the future.”

“Hmph!” MUYANG glanced at Mexia, looking at her pitiful appearance. His heart softened, and put a Senzu Bean into her small mouth.

With a crack, she ate the Senzu Bean. Immediately Mexia was in a full state of resurrection but no longer dared to provoke MUYANG.

Last night, she was truly terrifying.

Upon looking at a mess of sheets, Mexia’s pretty face blushed. She turned over and twisted to lie on MUYANG’s body.

Her upper body pressed tightly on MUYANG’s chest, fair and smooth skin. With a hint of coolness, the restless little hands were playfully paddling in MUYANG’s body.

“Nah, senior brother, how many Senzu Beans do you still have there? Please give me some!” Mexia was petulant.

“Why? Do you want to get ready early? You’ll be dead trying to get it.” Mexia was up to something; he could tell by the look in her eyes.

“No way, I need to keep a little for myself. I will use it in case of danger. Will you give it to me or not?”

“No one wants a woman with a bad mouth.” Although he said so with his mouth, MUYANG still separated a small bag of Senzu Beans and put it in Mexia’s arms.

Sure enough, after getting the Senzu Beans, Mexia smiled. Hehehe, her expression immediately becoming rippled again.

“Senior brother, come again if you can!” Mexia said, very deadly.

Idiot, MUYANG, covered his head. He felt that Mexia could be stupid sometimes.

It wasn’t like you had any portable space on you. When you were stripped naked, the Senzu Beans would be gone! However, MUYANG didn’t say this out loud.

The so-called self-made sins can’t be lived. Mexia, who was usually cold and exceptionally open in bed, made him have an unexplainable feeling.

Don’t look at Mexia’s usually cold and holy appearance. Her heart was filthy deep down.

The reason for this was because of when she just became an adult, he unlocked the positions in the room and brought her into the “dirty girl” path.

In addition to the fact that he can’t indulge her anymore, he must give her a profound lesson. Let her remember it.

He turned over and pressed Mexia underneath him. At this time, Mexia seemed to realize that she had made a severe mistake.

.....

This lasted for a total of four days. After four days, the sheets had changed so much, making Mexia felt her legs weak at the sight of the bed.

“Senior brother, I need to go back to the Superpower Academy.” Mexia changed into another black dress with a white plush draped over it.

At first glance, she looked like a goddess who was as serene and elegant and graceful as a pavilion.

MUYANG asked, “Haven’t you already graduated from the Superpower Academy?”

Mexia said, “I did graduate, but I still have a lot of stuff I haven’t gotten back, so I’m going over there this time to pick it up.”

“I’ll come with you.”

Mexia wryly shook her head and refused, “No, I’ll go by myself. Senior brother, you can go to the venue in Malan City and wait for me.”

Muyang nodded, not worried about Mexia’s safety.

Mexia was definitely a genius. Even when the ki on her body seemed to be only 150, her ability was so strong that basically, no one on earth would be able to hide from her.

Then again, even if she put her ability away and didn’t use it, Mexia’s 150 power level wouldn’t be anyone’s match.

“Go early and come back early. I’ll be waiting for you at the World Martial Arts Tournament!”

“Alright!” With a soft chant, Mexia’s body shone with a cluster of glowing green light before flying off into the sky, heading towards the Superpower Academy at the mainland Southern Part.

Muyang also cleaned up his room after Mexia was far away. He then entered the Gravity Space on the second level and raised the gravity to 7 times earth gravity.

In the few months that he had gotten his Gravity Spaceship, Muyang had overcome many difficulties and could practice in 7 times gravity.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In a more challenging environment than the outside world, Muyang practiced his single board’s punching techniques.

He then raised his level to dodge nimbly in the training room.

Swooping, crossing, dodging, Muyang’s level had been swift. With the rapid movement of his body, his forehead gradually permeated with shimmering sweat.

The feeling of waving sweat like rain made him hearty. Every trace of ki growth in his body made him even more intoxicated.

Phew—

After finishing his training, Muyang turned off the gravity machine. The entire training room immediately returned to a normal state. After opening the hatch, Muyang walked out with a wet towel...

.....

Two days later, a city on the Eastern Capital edge there was a city called Malan City.

All of the ferry and train tickets to Malan City were sold out during this time, as the World Martial Arts Tournament hosted by Central City was held in this city.

The entire city had been preparing for this event for a month. The sharp-eyed merchants had already taken up their stalls and used their best hawking skills to attract tourists’ attention.

This was the twelfth of the five annual World Martial Arts Tournament. The first time the right to hold it had been transferred to the government.

Early on, the registration point for the World Martial Arts Tournament was already swarming with people.

Martial arts practitioners from all over the world converged here.

Because of the government side's publicity, some wilderness practitioners who practiced alone also knew about the tournament and rushed over in droves.

In addition to that, there were also those from the fighting and wrestling worlds.

Even some laymen, relying on their strength, wanted to fight for the first place that day.

Compared to previous editions, this year's World Martial Arts Tournament could be described as a mixed bag of fish and dragons with unclear levels.

Isaac and his disciples waited under the shade of a tree near the World Martial Arts Tournament's registration point.

The registration deadline lasted until the sunset, and it was now more than halfway through the afternoon.

"Yiya, Aso, Lida, you three represent our Kami School in the competition, I wish you good luck."

After a lot of competition before the match, Yiya, Aso, and Lida were finally the first three to arrive at the match venue. So they would be the ones to represent the Kami School.

At this time, the twenty-three people of the Kami School, including the six elders, were all present. The only two missing were Muyang and Mexia.

"Don't worry, teacher. We will definitely not going to let you down."

The three disciples were fighting with high spirits. Their faces full of confidence, and they couldn't wait to start the competition immediately.

"We also want to participate in the competition!" Ness was secretly annoyed that she was losing at her best extent.

"Teacher, senior brother, and Senior Sister Mexia haven't come yet." April stood on her tiptoes and didn't see Muyang's figure. She felt so lost.

Alice smiled and touched April's head and said, "Don't worry, they'll definitely make it in time."

Isaac looked at the time, "Let's not wait. Sith, you take them to the hotel first, and I'll take Yiya and the others to register first."

Sith nodded at the words. He led the group towards the hotel, while Isaac led the three disciples in line at the registration desk.

Chapter 136

“Yiya, from Kami School!”

“Aso, from Kami School!”

“Lida, also from Kami School!”

At the registration booth, Yiya, Aso, and Lida lined up to check in with the staff.

“Are they all disciples of Kami School?” The staff looked at them with some surprise, then fill out the form carefully. The staff handed it to them for confirmation before giving them three number tags.

“Take them; these are your entry numbers.”

The three of them put the numbers away and were about to leave, but they turned around and bumped with a figure.

With a bang, a sudden bounce of ki knocked back at them. Lida, who wasn't prepared for it, was swept up by the ki and stumbled backward a few steps.

“Sorry!” A young girl bowed in apology with a sweet voice.

“It's okay.” Lida looked up, and his face flashed in shock. The other girl was a tanned young woman, dressed in a light blue robe.

She was beautiful and tall. By now, she had finished apologizing and had gone to the registration booth to register.

“Mellie!” Filled in her name on the list.

“Lady, here's your number plate.”

After confirming the registration information, the staff handed over the number.

“Thank you!” With a clear thank you, the black girl, Mellie, turned around, and her graceful figure disappeared into the middle of the crowd.

“Lida, what are you looking at?” Yiya saw Lida lagging behind and came over just in time to see him staring at the girl's back from earlier.

Lida didn't say a word, and after a moment, he seriously said, “That girl from earlier, she's strong!”

Although he was a bit negligent just now, it wasn't easy to knock him away like that. It could be imagined that the other person wasn't an idle person either.

“No way. We've just arrived, and you've met a master?”

“I don’t think Lida’s judgment was wrong. That girl just now gave me a very dangerous feeling.” At this time, Aso also spoke up.

Yiya was a bit surprised, “It seems that this competition is a crouching tiger and hidden dragon. We all have to be careful so that we don’t disgrace the school.”

“You guys have to be careful of what?”

At this moment, a calm voice was heard, followed by the sight of Muiyang walking towards them in a casual outfit.

His majestic presence causing the people on either side to make a path unconsciously.

“Senior Brother Muiyang.” Yiya and the other shouted enthusiastically when they saw Muiyang walking towards them.

Muiyang looked at them and nodded. He then wrote his name on the registration, “Muiyang, Kami School!”

“Muiyang. Isn’t this the winner of the last World Martial Arts Tournament? He’s actually so young.” The staff looked towards Muiyang a few times in surprise and carefully collected his information among the folders.

“We were just talking about a girl we ran over after she bumped with Lida.” Yiya walked up to Muiyang’s side and described the scene just now.

Muiyang nodded, “Is that the girl who just walked away?”

“Yes, does Senior Brother Muiyang saw it too?”

“No, I only saw her back. It seemed familiar. What’s her name, by the way?” Muiyang had seen the black girl’s back from afar and somehow had a sense of familiarity.

“She seems to be called... Mellie!”

“Mellie...” Muiyang mouthed the name, while a smile appeared on his face.

“Senior brother, do you know the girl from earlier?” Aso sensed the smile on Muiyang’s face and opened his mouth to ask.

Muiyang said, “Probably I have a good idea of who she is. If she really is the person I think, you should be careful when you run into her. She is nine times out of ten... No, you guys are definitely not her match. If you run into her in the match, it’s your bad luck. “

Yiya and the others all sucked in a breath of cold air at the news.

Who was that girl who could make their senior brother make such a judgment? It wasn’t that they were arrogant.

But after practicing the Kami School Martial Art, even if they looked at the entire martial world, only a few people were their match among the younger generation. So, how could they be inferior to the girl from earlier?

Yiya was incredulous, “She’s not that strong, is she?”

Muyang waved his hand, and squarely said, “She’s stronger than you think.”

If he guessed correctly, that so-called “Mellie” should be Mexia. There was no mistaking with his eyes.

That back figure, there was a good chance that it was her... As for why her appearance was different, it should be because she had used a Shapeshifting Technique.

The Transformation Kindergarten was a basic class under the Superpower Academy, so shapeshifting isn’t a magical secret technique in the Superpower Academy.

Interesting. What was Mexia planning to do?

Did she want to scare him?

Well, since Mexia wanted to play like this, then he would make it happen for her.

Suddenly, the corners of Muyang’s mouth curled up slightly. With a smile on his face, he recalled the image he had seen through the tank of the future at the top of Korin Tower. The image of himself fighting a waist-length woman at the bustling convention.

Today would be the day he’d remember.

Next, he generously encouraged the three junior brothers: Yiya, Aso, and Lida, and then walked with them to the hotel.

There, Muyang met his elders and his fellow disciples; he then joined them for dinner.

“Muyang, didn’t Mexia come with you?” Perhaps worried that he was having trouble with his daughter, Alice spoke to him alone.

“No,” Muyang replied and then told his teacher’s wife what happened in the afternoon, “I’m pretty sure that the black girl that Lida and the others saw is Mexia. That girl lied to me about going to Superpower Academy to get something; she must have been thinking of surprising me at the World Martial Arts Tournament.”

Alice crowed. She was a little speechless at her own daughter’s expense. “This girl. She’s becoming more and more nonsense.”

“Hehe, since Mexia wants to fool around, then I’ll have fun with her. I think it’s fun too.” Muyang fell in line with Mexia’s intentions.

With his strength, participating in the World Martial Arts Tournament was purely to play around.

Also, since his fiancée was so childish, it would be good to play along with her.

Alice smiled and looked at Muyang, “Do whatever you guys want!”

Anyway, it was a game between the unmarried couple. So, she, as a mother, would not spoil their fun.

It was not harmful to increase the relationship between the couple in this game-like form.

.....

The next day, it was already dawn.

The 12th World Martial Arts Tournament in Malan City officially began. Since it was the first time the government held it, this tournament was unusually grand.

People from all martial arts schools and world fighters, wrestlers, boxers, and sumo wrestlers participated.

This also led to the largest number of participants ever. In this year's event, it reached a staggering 768.

The previous selection rounds alone took a long time.

When Muyang and the others entered the competition martial hall, they realized that the participants had already filled the venue.

The martial arts practitioners worldwide had a strange expression; there were werewolves, giants, and even fierce beasts.

At this time, the format of the tournament has been very similar to the future tournament.

The spacious martial arts dojo had been set up with sixteen stage rings. Because there were so many people, the black crowd made the entire venue become extremely crowded.

“This has the appearance of the World Martial Arts Tournament that I am somewhat familiar with!” Muyang grinned with no pressure at all.

Chapter 137

The first thing to come next was the qualifying round. According to the tournament requirements, more than 90% of the contestants would be eliminated in this session, leaving only sixteen to advance to the open-air tournament later on.

After all, this was the first Official World Martial Arts Tournament. Although the model was transplanted from the tradition of the martial arts world.

The lack of a ruler for reference led to many participants from all different backgrounds.

As a result, there was a mixed field of participants, all of whom thought they had a chance to participate in the tournament.

However, those who held such thoughts might not even make it to the top fifty.

Therefore, it was necessary to hold a qualifying round to select the best of the best.

With the organizers putting the pre-drawn World Martial Arts Tournament schedule on the wall, the preliminary rounds will soon begin.

The contestants found their zone according to the number plates they had received during registration, corresponding to the wall's schedule map.

“Senior Brother Muyang, I’m in the ring number 4.” Yiya found the corresponding ring based on his number.

“I’m in ring number 9.”

“I’m in the ring number 11.”

Aso and Lida said excitedly. The fact that they didn’t meet in the preliminaries showed that they were lucky.

Muyang took his number plate and smiled, “I’m in the ring number 8. We had good luck; we didn’t meet in the preliminaries. You guys have a good chance of making it to the top sixteen by playing properly!”

When Yiya and the other three disciples heard what Muyang said, they were immediately filled with confidence and clenched their fists, looking expectant. Due to the exertion, their entire fists were slightly shaking.

“Ah, Muyang, you’ve come so fast.” A man in an orange martial arts uniform squeezed out from the crowd and came before Muyang and the others.

“Son Gohan, you also arrived quite fast!” Muyang smiled and looked at the visitor.

Son Gohan laughed, “It took quite a while to get here from the Mount Five Elements, but at least I didn’t miss the registration.” As he said, he showed off his number plate in his hand, “Hey, where’s that beautiful fiancée of yours? Why isn’t she with you?”

Muyang smiled, “Mexia is actually here, but hiding in the crowd and refusing to show herself.”

Son Gohan was startled and reflected that this could be a game for the unmarried couple. He then shook his head, “I wonder what you’re up to.”

At this time, Muyang introduced Son Gohan to his fellow disciples, “Yiya, Aso, Lida, this is the disciple of the ‘God of Martial Arts,’ Master Roshi, Son Gohan. He has been training in the Lookout with me for some time. “

Then he said to Son Gohan, “These three are my junior brothers. They’re also going to participate in this World Martial Arts Tournament.”

“Hello, guys.” Son Gohan greeted generously.

“Hello.” The three junior brothers also returned the greeting politely.

However, this young man in front of them, like Senior Brother Muyang, had received training in the Lookout.

They had heard their senior brother mention the matter of the Lookout training.

Those who were qualified to train there must be very remarkable martial arts practitioners.

Moreover, the other person was also a disciple of Master Roshi, so several people looked at Son Gohan with curiosity and surprise.

“All of you don’t need to be polite. By the way, what’s your number, Gohan?”
Muyang smiled and asked about Son Gohan’s contest number.

“532, ring number 4.”

“Wouldn’t that be a collision route with Yiya?” Muyang said in surprise.

The 768 contestants were divided into sixteen rings, which meant that there were 48 in each ring.

Only one person could come out in the end. The purpose of the qualifying round in the World Martial Arts Tournament was to determine the first place, which could be considered a very cruel way.

“I’m also in ring number 4. It looks like I have bad luck!” Yiya said, shaking his head with a helpless face.

Initially, he thought that he could get out of the line by his strength. However, who knew that the goddess of fortune was so ungrateful to him that she put him in the same ring with Son Gohan, a senior disciple of Master Roshi, a strong man who had also trained in the Lookout.

He had a feeling that the hope of getting out of the line was leaving him.

“It can’t be such a coincidence, can it?!” Son Gohan said in surprise.

However, that was how the tournament was. The element of luck was essential in the process.

“There’s no need to be discouraged; it’s all about participation. Even if you run into Son Gohan, it would be a rewarding experience to be able to experience the process of fighting at a high level.” Muyang patted Yiya’s shoulder, comforting.

Yiya adjusted his attitude and cupped his fist to Son Gohan and said, “Please take care of me when the time comes.”

Son Gohan smiled and said, “Don’t worry. I won’t let you down when the time comes.”

After saying that, he looked at the black crowd and shook his head, “There are a lot of people here.”

“Yeah.” Muyang also nodded his head.

There were indeed a bit more people coming to the World Martial Arts Tournament this time.

Upon looking at their smug looks, the vast majority of them must have been a champion or high ranking people.

Of course, many people like Yiya, Aso, and Lida had the foresight to participate in the tournament from the very beginning. They never had the extravagant hope of winning the tournament.

What Muyang and Son Gohan could do for them was to make sure that they would not leave any regrets in the tournament.

At that moment, a gong sounded with a thud. A staff member with a loudspeaker announced there, “All participants, please go to the front of your respective rings; the match will begin soon.”

“Let’s go; the match is about to begin.”

“I wish you all good luck,” Muyang said and walked towards ring number 8.

“Come on!”

Son Gohan and a few others also got serious. They nodded their heads and went to their respective ring.

At this time, in front of ring number 8, Muiyang scanned the black crowd in front of him.

Although each group only consisted of 48 people after grouping, one person occupied a large area because some of the contestants' size is particularly huge. That was why it looked particularly crowded.

As the referee at the edge of the ring announced the numbers of the two players of the match, Muiyang saw a grey-haired werewolf and a burly man in animal skins climbing onto the tournament ring.

Soon the match began. The grey werewolf roared and snarled, clenching his fist and slamming it into the strong man.

The fierce battle drew gasps of surprise from the participants on stage.

Muiyang watched calmly, shaking his head slightly.

These two people above were obviously not heirs of the traditional school. Their movements and patterns were very rough. They relied on a body of brute strength...

It seemed that with the gradual officialization and expansion of the World Martial Arts Tournament, the contestants had begun to lose their standards... What kind of quality would dare to enter the ring?

“Brute strength is more than enough, but there is no pattern. Those who don't know would think they are two choppers.”

Muiyang only glanced at the two and knew roughly the outcome of the match. In fact, for this kind of fight that had no foundation and was very similar in strength, it was the least easy to tell who won and who lost, because anything was possible!

But comparatively speaking, that werewolf had a much better chance of winning. Sure enough, soon after the match began, the grey werewolf gradually gained the upper hand with that beastly nature of his.

“The result is already obvious. That werewolf is going to win.”

The participants in the arena were shocked and began to comment.

“Boom!” The grey werewolf jumped up and smashed the chest of the strong man with an attack. The man fell to the ground with a violent shudder.

As the referee blew his whistle, the grey werewolf roared to victory and advanced to the second round.

The match continued. There were 48 contestants in ring number 8, so the first round would require twenty-four matches.

Muyang stood in the corner with his hands clasped behind his chest. The boring match was making him look like he was about to fall asleep.

Hey, this year's contestants were no good!

Muyang's eyes were boringly scanning towards everywhere and saw the situation above the next ring.

The light blue robe girl called Millie was now climbing into the ring, and her opponent was a shirtless man.

When Muyang looked at it, he couldn't help but smile on his face. Millie's opponent was Oman, the third-place winner of the so-called World Fighting Competition, who had provoked the Kami School Martial Arts Dojo a few days ago.

"It's terrible luck. This guy just lost at Ness, and now he's fighting against Mexia."

Muyang shook his head but wanted to see how Mexia, who disguised as "Millie," was going to humiliate that ignorant but arrogant fighter.

"Little girl, I'll let you make the first move." The fighter named Oman was acting quite generous. He had learned from his pain and reflected on his previous arrogance since Ness put him down with a single punch.

However, he would never have thought that a young girl he randomly met in the World Martial Arts Tournament, who looked so slim, was actually a mighty master.

"..... Then you're going to lose." The opponent's clear and cold voice came.

"Huh?"

Oman's eyelids fluttered as if he sensed a hint of something terrible. His heart was rising when he heard a thud, and his chest took a hit.

The violent impact brought his heart to a sudden stop, and Oman's face began to turn blue as his brain fell backward in dizziness.

"How did this happen? This girl is so powerful too!"

"..... Is this the best martial arts tournament in the world?"

Moments before he lost consciousness, Oman's face was filled with incredulity that he had lost again to a twenty-year-old girl.

Knocked out in just one blow, was he, the fighter's third-place winner, made of mud or water? That was too weak!

No, it wasn't that he was too weak, but those martial arts practitioners were too abnormal.

Chapter 138

"Beep!"

The referee's whistle sounded.

"Contestant number 312 Mellie wins and advances to the next round."

After saying that, using a watercolor pencil to sketch on the match list, Mellie won and advanced to the next round.

Mellie's win drew whispers from the crowd in her district. Those amateurs all couldn't believe that a slender young girl could defeat the World Fighting Competition's third-place winner.

"Oman actually lost. Is that woman called Mellie that strong?"

"..... Maybe Oman isn't in the form today."

"It's possible. After all, he was the third-place winner of the World Fighting Competition; there's no reason why he couldn't beat a woman."

"But I've heard that the martial arts world is not simple"

The people beside them were whispering. Some of them might have realized that they and others had underestimated the martial arts community's strength.

However, they didn't rashly say what they thought as they kept those thoughts to themselves under the crowd's tongue.

"Hmph!" Mellie turned her head and snorted. She ignored these ordinary people who hadn't even stepped into the martial arts threshold.

When she jumped out of the ring, she happened to meet MUYANG's smiling eyes. Mellie immediately looked away and swept her eyes to the other side.

MUYANG smiled and shook his head, even more, sure of Mellie's identity.

At this time, the ring number 8 had several matches going on, and it was finally MUYANG's turn to take the stage.

He was seen tapping his toes on the ground, his entire body sprinkled and floated on top of the ring. The whole movement was full of unrestrained and writing.

"Contestant No. 337 MUYANG, from Kami School, is the winner of the last World Martial Arts Tournament."

After MUYANG entered the stage, the referee beside him focused on introducing his identity.

As the referee introduced MUYANG, a shout of surprise rang out from under the ring.

The crowd was amazed that MUYANG had actually won the World Martial Arts Tournament once at such a young age.

This made the hearts of the players aspiring for the championship throne feel heavy.

"Player MUYANG, your opponent is number 458, Palon contestant from Boxing Circle."

Up on stage were powerful looking men with a bare head and a body full of gnarled and explosive muscles.

Especially when posing in a boxing stance, the muscles on his arms arched into a cluster of small hills.

“Ho, a young martial arts practitioner, I’ll show you what a boxer can do.”

The boxer named Palon clashed his fists with a dull boom. His cross flesh-strewn face filled with unstoppable confidence, clearly confident in his strength.

Another Oman-style figure!

Muyang smiled lightly and sighed. That Oman had at least toned down his attitude after the lesson, he got from Ness, but the boxer in front of him was very revealing and arrogant.

“Let’s start the match!” Muyang didn’t bother to talk to him and directly signaled the referee to start the match.

The referee was startled for a moment, but this honor still had to be given. He then nodded gently and blew his whistle to announce the start of the match, “The 11th match of ring number 8, the match will now begin.”

“Kid, whether you were the winner of the last tournament or not, running into me, Palon, is your bad luck!” The boxer named Palon moved his wrist in a bullish manner and then prepared to win the match.

But at that moment, Muyang’s figure flashed, and Palon felt a blur as he lost Muyang in his line of sight.

“Hey, where’s the man?” Palon looked to his left and right, but he never found Muyang’s figure.

“Wow, that’s amazing. He defeated the boxer Palon with just one blow!”

“My eyes can’t see it at all.”

“It’s over, lined up with such a strong person; we have no hope at all.”

The tournament continued. After one match, the number of remaining contestants grew smaller.

Some good people did some tallying and discovered to their dismay that most of those who had advanced were martial arts practitioners from all the major schools.

The seeded favorable fighters from the Fighting Circle, Boxing Circle, Wrestling Circle had been eliminated, except for a few.

After witnessing the strength of those martial arts practitioners with their own eyes, those who had doubted the last World Martial Arts Tournament quality suddenly realized that they were still a long way away from the level of a true martial arts practitioner.

“This is the real martial arts practitioner!”

“They are too strong. A single blow defeated Oman of Fighting Circle, Palon of Boxing Circle, all of them. You see those players above the ring; I can’t even see their moves.”

“I truly can't see it at all.”

“I don't know if it's too late for me to switch to martial arts now.”

After seeing the strength of martial arts practitioners, many of the participants from other professions could not help but entertain the idea of learning martial arts.

However, they were quickly told that learning martial arts required talent. Those without talent would not even be able to get started.

‘Forget it; let's just do our jobs. As long as we didn't get involved with martial arts practitioners, we were considered big in our field.’

The fighter Oman, on the other hand, was ashamed of himself down below. He was ashamed of his arrogance earlier in the day.

When the idea of turning to the martial arts actually came to him, compared to fighting, the martial arts seemed more promising. Even if he couldn't do it, he wanted his child to practice martial arts.

.....

Meanwhile, over in ring number 4.

“Wow!”

“So many shadows. I have no idea which ones are real.”

There were bursts of exclamations below the ring. On the ring, Son Gohan and Yiya were entangled in each other.

Countless residual shadows spread throughout the ring. There were images residue caused by excessive speed and the fixed shadow fist caused by the Afterimage Technique.

It isn't easy to distinguish between people. Anyone outside the martial arts community had never seen such an exciting battle, so they couldn't help but stare in disbelief.

It was clear that Son Gohan did not show his full strength, and thus the battle with Yiya looked evenly matched. It was this kind of indistinguishable battle.

However, from time to time, it drew constant shouts of surprise from the crowd below.

Muyang's line of sight went over to ring number 4 and was able to see clearly the battle between Son Gohan and Yiya.

“Son Gohan has already shown mercy. However, this is just right to let Yiya know further about the strength of the higher level martial artists.” Muyang's eyes were very vicious. He could immediately see what was happening above the ring.

With Son Gohan's current power levels of over three hundred, it would only take one move to defeat Yiya, who had less than a hundred power levels.

The reason he was entangled in the fight for so long: firstly, for the sake of Muyang's face; secondly, he wanted to experience the wonders of the Kami School from Yiya's body so that he could seize the upper hand in his battle with Muyang afterward.

“I’m impressed by your strength, but unfortunately, you’re no match for me.”
During the battle, Son Gohan smiled at Yiya.

Yiya sank his face, “Do your best and let me see the best of the Turtle School.”

Son Gohan’s eyes flashed with appreciation and said with a smile, “If you want to see it, then I’ll do as you wish.”

After saying that, Son Gohan presented his hands like claws and slowly gathered them together. He then placed his hands on his waist, and suddenly, a radiant azure light condensed between his hands.

Chapter 139

With a ball of ki waves condensed in his hands, Son Gohan shouted with a serious face, “Junior brother of Muyang, my attack is not that easy to take, you have to do what you can.”

Although he had lowered his ki power to a shallow level, Son Gohan was still worried that his ki wave would hurt his opponent.

Yiya snorted and slowly raised his finger as well. “I don’t need you to remind me. I know what to do!”

Son Gohan sniffed and barred his mouth, reminding himself that he’d already warned Yiya, and he wouldn’t care if something went wrong.

So with a low sigh, the ki wave in Son Gohan’s hand-launched forward with a great deal of force, and the azure color irritated everyone’s eyes.

“KAMEHAMEHA!!!”

With a loud splash, a wave of shining bright ki whistled out, stirring the air and creating a huge whirlwind.

At this time, Yiya had finished saving his strength and pointed his finger in the direction of the whirling Kamehameha.

“HEAVENLY SKY BEAM!!!”

The straight beam of light shot out, also azure in color. It was much slimmer than Kamehameha.

The two ki waves met halfway, suddenly creating a foggy mass of ki at the point of impact, scattering shockwaves around ninety degrees. Afterward, there was a rumble, and an intense whirlwind blew everyone around.

The referee in charge of deciding the winner of the match was closest to the ki center.

At this point, he could only hug the pillars around the ring to stabilize himself. “What’s going on here? Why are their hands glowing?”

There was a buzz below, and the players who were unaware stared, thinking they had light bulbs in their hands.

“That’s a ki wave!” The martial arts participants were silent for a moment and couldn’t help but give a reminder even when they had never seen a ki wave before.

“That person just now used Master Roshi’s best technique, Kamehameha!” A somewhat knowledgeable contestant said excitedly. He didn’t expect that he would see the legendary trick in the qualifiers.

Did the one that went up against the Kamehameha was the Heavenly Sky Beam? Right now, he truly felt that even if he didn’t come out of the qualifiers round, just seeing these two great moves would already be worth the trip.

“Kamehameha? What’s that? Who’s this Master Roshi you’re talking about?”

“Master Roshi.....”

People outside of the martial arts community rarely knew about the secret matters. They didn’t even know Kamehameha or Master Roshi.

Gradually, the ki mist dissipated and only then did the two upright figures gradually emerge.

Son Gohan was still smiling without a problem, while across from him, Yiya, who was wearing a white martial arts uniform, was already panting. His cheeks were slipping with beads of sweat.

“I lost,” Yiya said breathlessly, tired.

“You’ve been great.”

Yiya shook his head, “But it’s still a far cry from you, so it seems I’ll have to work harder in the future.”

Because he had mastered the Kami School’s training technique, Yiya didn’t feel demoralized by a momentary defeat.

His training time was short, and he believed that he could become even more vital if he were given a few more years.

Son Gohan calmly looked at Yiya and nodded thoughtfully.

“This match is won by contestant Son Gohan.”

The referee’s face was pale, and his voice was trembling.

.....

“Such a pity for Yiya. Son Gohan is too strong.” After the match ended, Aso and Lida came up to console him.

Yiya was in a good mood even though he lost the match. He smiled and shook his head, “It’s my training that’s not enough, but it’s a pleasant thing to be able to fight with such a great player.”

“You guys should also work hard, so you don’t get eliminated.”

“That’s true.”

Aso and Lida saw that Yiya wasn’t frustrated by losing the match. So, they both put their heads down and laughed at the fun.

.....

The latter matches continued one at a time because there were so many participants. By the time the qualifiers round were over, the sky was dark.

In the dark, the results of the qualifiers came out. Muyang, Son Gohan, Mellie, Aso, and Lida all made it into the top sixteen.

Ten of the other eleven advancing contestants were also from the martial arts school.

The participants from other communities were almost completely wiped out.

In response to this result, players from all different backgrounds were silent. All the criticisms and accusations against the martial arts community disappeared, and the martial arts practitioners could defend their dignity in front of the world.

.....

The next day, the sun shone brightly, and the sky was clear.

The azure sky was spotless without a single cloud. The blue sky was clear and flawless.

The official tournament of the World Martial Arts Tournament would take place on the open-air martial stage. So early in the morning, after saying goodbye to Isaac and the others, Muyang prepared to take his two advancing junior brothers, Aso and Lida, to the back hall of the World Martial Arts Tournament to wait.

“Don’t be stressed. It’s already very good for us, the Kami School, to have three people advance to the top sixteen.” Before separating, Isaac instructed, his heart was relatively calm.

Because of Muyang’s existence, basically, the championship position had been locked.

As for the other two disciples, regardless of their results, it was considered an exercise.

Isaac didn’t have harsh requirements. It was just that Isaac couldn’t see Mexia’s figure anywhere, so his heart was slightly unhappy.

This daughter of his hadn’t shown up so far; it was so shameful.

Knowing everything, Alice glanced at the dark-haired woman in a light blue robe, and then pulled Isaac towards the audience.

Isaac arrived at the venue with a few elders and a group of disciples, including April.

They took up a good spot in the center. From here, they could see the competition more clearly.

In the backyard of the tournament hall, a burly man in monk’s robes walked over.

“Muyang, long time no see.”

Muyang looked back and saw that it was Wuting of the Orin Temple. Several years without seeing him, Wuting’s ki had become stronger and stronger.

“Wuting, congratulations, you have also entered the top sixteen!”

Wuting smiled, “Not only me, Liz of Thousand Cranes School, Arlo of Maple Leaf School, Kane of Barle, Barney of Cross Fist, Booker of Multi-Form School, and Gillo of Pulai Village, also advanced. “

“That’s quite a few acquaintances I’ve met.” Muiyang smiled. Upon closer inspection, the top sixteen contestants were all familiar faces!

After five years of not seeing each other, everyone’s strength had risen by a considerable amount.

“These two are my junior brothers, Aso and Lida. This is Wuting from the Orin Temple.” Muiyang introduced them. Aso and Lida nodded towards Wuting and the others properly.

Muiyang also pointed to Son Gohan and introduced him, “This is Son Gohan, a disciple of Master Roshi.”

Wuting immediately straightened his face and politely said, “So he is a disciple of Master Roshi. I’m neglecting you.”

Son Gohan waved his hand, “It’s fine; it’s fine.”

Muiyang laughed, “Let’s compete on the ring later.”

Because most of the players who participated in the top sixteen were familiar with each other, the next few people got together and chatted.

When Muiyang glanced at Mellie, standing in the corner without saying a word, Muiyang directly walked over as he knew her identity.

“Why don’t you go and talk to them?”

Mellie blinked down her eyes and said coldly, “Do I know you?”

Muiyang was startled and nodded, “It’s true that we’re not familiar with each other, but I think we’ll be acquainted in the future.”

“Hmph, don’t accost a pretty woman for nothing!” With a cold snort, Mellie was covered in cold ki and turned away in an unhappy mood.

Junior Brother Aso leaned in and looked at Mellie’s back, “Senior brother, what’s wrong with that woman? She can’t even say a word; she’s also too cold. Wasn’t she quite polite when we met her before?”

Muiyang looked at him, “That’s you guys; she’d never want me to accost her.”

“Why?”

“You don’t need to know that.” Muiyang directly sent Aso away.

Any other woman would feel uncomfortable seeing her fiancé hitting on other women even when that woman was disguised as herself.

It wasn’t very sensible to be green with your affairs!

After bumping into a wall with “Mellie”, Muiyang didn’t care too much. His fiancé had some tempers, but it was nothing serious.

Anyway, he was confident that he could calm her down and teach her not to be arrogant.

While Muiyang and others were chatting, the staff of the Martial Arts Tournament was busy debugging various instruments.

Because it was the first official Martial Arts Tournament, all the work had to be done very meticulously.

Soon, the top sixteen matches would begin, and there would be a lottery before that.

Muiyang and the others put their hands into the draw box and took out the numbered balls from inside.

Soon, the order of the top sixteen matchups was determined, and the order was:

First match, Aso vs. Booker.

Second match, Barney vs. Joluth.

Third match, Liz vs. Yayori.

Fourth match, Mellie vs. Furse.

Fifth match, Lida vs. Arlo.

Sixth match, Son Gohan vs. Kane.

Seventh match, Muiyang vs. Wuting.

Eight match, Gillo vs. Enmundi.

In the top sixteen, only four whom Muiyang had never seen before; Arjory, Jorut, Foss, and Enmundi.

All of the remaining contestants had either participated in the last World Martial Arts Tournament or were Muiyang’s acquaintances.

After the schedule chart was hung up, Wutian took a glance at it and grinned, “My luck isn’t very good. I ran into Muiyang in the first match; I might be eliminated soon.”

Kane didn’t look excellent either, and shook his head depressingly, “I ran into Muiyang in the last tournament, but now, although I didn’t run into him again, I met Master Roshi’s disciple. I’m sure I’ll be eliminated as well; my luck is so bad too.”

“You can’t say that...” Son Gohan shrugged his shoulders, “According to the arrangement of the tournament; I might meet Muiyang in the semi-finals.”

“Well, at least it’s in the semi-finals!” Kane looked envious.

Muiyang laughed, “You all should stop badmouthing. The lottery decided it, you were going to run into each other sooner or later anyway, so you don’t need to have such expressions.”

Son Gohan, “.....”

Kane, “.....”

So that meant it was just a matter of time?

It always felt sadder somehow.

Son Gohan clapped his hands and said, "Forget it. We joined the World Martial Arts Tournament to train ourselves, not to compete for that championship title. The result of the competition isn't the most important thing, do you agree?"

If the previous World Martial Arts Tournament was still a competition between the major schools, then with the World Martial Arts Tournament's officialization, this competition was much less of a rivalry and more of a competition between the participants.

"I guess that's you guys. I feel like as a real person, the title of champion is quite a catchy...." Kane leaned aside and envied.

Thud—

The sound of the yellow bell's gong sounded. The official host of the World Martial Arts Tournament stepped into the ring to announce the tournament rules in front of thousands of audience.

As it was a tournament open to the general public, the World Martial Arts Tournament organizers had effectively considered the general public's knowledge of martial arts.

That was why they had arranged for the host to explain the matches during the tournament. This would become a standard routine at every future martial arts event.

The host didn't need to be powerful, but he had to do his duty and explain the tournament situation clearly.

"I have kept you all waiting for a long time. The World Martial Arts Tournament has been going on for decades and is now in its twelfth year. From this tournament onwards, it will be officially hosted every five years, with the venue chosen to be held in a different part of the world. Yesterday, 768 masters from worldwide had been selected after a day's selection, and the top sixteen of the tournament had been decided."

On the tournament stage, the host held a megaphone and enthusiastically announced.

The entire martial arts arena was about fifty meters long and wide. The ground was paved with hard stone slabs, and a green lawn was left between the martial arts stage and the fence, where the staff maintained order for the tournament.

The arena faces the audience on three sides, with one side leading directly to the competition hall.

The entire venue's layout was roughly the same as the World Martial Arts Tournament in the original story.

However, since it was officially hosted, a great deal of effort had been put into the venue's layout.

There was an elevated platform built over the audience stand, enough to accommodate thousands of audiences watching the match simultaneously without worrying about any crowding.

“Without further ado, let’s proceed to the first match. Aso of the Kami School, versus Booker of the Battle Multi-Form School!”

“Kami School was formerly known as the Heavenly Sky School; it is the same school where the previous tournament’s winner, Muyang, belongs...”

The host introduced the information about the two participants as he announced the first match.

With the host’s introduction, the originally lively crowd became even more boisterous and noisy.

The audience peeked their heads one by one towards the competition ring. They were all watching such a unique match for the first time.

“Aso, it’s your turn to go on stage.”

Muyang patted Aso’s shoulder. He then looked to the other side, where the Battle Multi-Form School, Booker, was also ready. After that, the two tightened their belts and leaped onto the sides of the martial ring.

As the two entered the stage, there were even more loud cheers from the venue.

The two fighters looked at each other for a moment, adjusting their status to battle mode.

Without any unnecessary pleasantries, the battle began immediately after the two sides showed each other a salute. An overpowering whirlwind swirled above the ring.

The two moved quickly, and the crackling sounds of a fight rang out in the venue.

The host holding the megaphone was slightly stunned. For him, who had been hosting the Fighting Competition for years, hosting the World Martial Arts Tournament for the first time was both refreshing and a grind.

He didn’t expect the fight’s pace to be so explosive when it was only the first match.

The good news was that his excellent professionalism made him quickly adjust to the situation and provide an excellent commentary for everyone.

These commentaries were not necessary, but they brought the atmosphere of the scene on fire.

.....

“Muyang, who do you think will win between the two of them?” Wuting looked at the two men in the ring with a smile on his face.

Muyang said, “It doesn’t matter who wins or loses. We might as well see how long the match can last.”

“For a short period, Booker will have an advantage, but as time goes on, they’ll both increase their consumption, and then Aso will have the advantage.”

Both the former Heavenly Sky School and the current Kami School had excelled at sustained combat.

Their use of ki was longer. With Booker's Multi-Form School that excelled at assault combat, if the winner couldn't be decided in a short period, then Aso's advantage would become more and more apparent.

Wuting was surprised, "In other words, you're optimistic about Aso?"

"You could say that. As long as he carries it through upfront!" Muiyang was very confident.

Wuting nodded and continued to watch the two men in the ring. Sure enough, with the inability to affect Aso for a short period, Booker's ki began to get disoriented.

Even after making a Multi-Form Punch, the scales of victory still tipped towards Aso.

Seeing this, Wuting admitted that Muiyang's eyesight was much better than his.

.....

In the audience, Isaac clapped his hands to his chest. A faint smile on his face.

As he watched the disciple's performance on stage, his heart was pleased, without a doubt.

In addition, the disciples of the Kami School also stood up; they were very excited.

"Go senior brother Aso!" April shook her arms and cheered. Her brown hair was blowing in the wind.

"Aso's performance hasn't lost its class. This match should be a solid ten." Despite being eliminated in the qualifier round, Yiya kept her mind in good shape.

He was now sitting on top of the stands with her peers' rest, watching intently with one eye.

Sure enough, as the match heated up, Aso's advantage became more and more apparent.

Even some of the laymen were gradually seeing that he might be winning. Finally, in an airwave sweep, he took the first win.

Isaac and several other elders from the sect were grinning from ear to ear. This was another ki wave.

The ki wave, which they were proud of before, was now "blossoming" among the younger generation.

Upon looking at the younger generation, it had to be said that the Kami School was developing better and better. They, however, gradually felt that they were getting old.

How could they feel this way, when they were only middle-aged!

.....

The second match was Barney vs. Joluth.

Barney was the Cross Fist School's descendant, and Joluth, Muiyang had never heard of him before.

He was said to be a perennial champion of the Fighting Circle. The audience at the scene, on the other hand, consisted of many people who had come for his name.

Although this match was not so exciting, it could only be described as moderate.

Even though Cross Fist, as a martial arts school, had some similarities with fighting techniques, which was initially born from this school, Barney won the match after a tough fight.

The atmosphere was surprisingly bizarre for a moment as Joluth's defeat heralded the fighting circles' annihilation and other representatives of regular events.

The banners that had been unfurled were taken back. The salutes used to celebrate the victory were no longer necessary.

Some of the fanatics even cursed spouted blackouts and whatnot, then left the arena in anger.

Of course, many more people still saw a whole new world through this World Martial Arts Tournament, broadened their horizons, and became interested in martial arts as a result.

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The third match was Liz vs. Yayori.

This one didn't have much suspense; Liz of the Crane School was, after all, a seeded player from the last World Martial Arts Tournament, while Yayori was only a disciple of a small school.

This time she had made it to the top sixteen and already belonged to the short ones picking the tall ones, with a few luck elements.

In the end, Liz was victorious.

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In the fourth match, Mellie took the stage, and her opponent was the previously unknown Furse.

Although the opponent didn't have much of a reputation, Muyang still focused on this match.

After all, it was his fiancée Mellie (Mexia) who participated in the match. So, he also wanted to get a glimpse of how much Mexia had grown.