

## Ball God 16

Chapter chapter 16

Soon MUYANG realized that his worries were unnecessary, and it wasn't even something that he should be worried about.

When he took the lens-like object in his hand and observed it, suddenly, there was a "beep" sound. The lens-like object seemed to be automatically activated, and the green light appeared in the lens. The moment it touched his skin, and a string of unknown symbols appeared on the bright green lens.

MUYANG was shocked as he looked at the scouter that had been activated, his complexion changed, and his heart swelled.

Remember that many of the alien probes were equipped with communication capabilities. Now, that this lens-like probe's activated, would it reveal the Earth's location?

Although Earth's location was not a secret in the universe, it was never a good idea to send out a rash signal. It would be bad if the aliens were attracted because with Earth's current power level, it wouldn't be able to withstand the aliens.

But speaking of it, this lens-like object was worthy of being alien's high-tech. It was still good even after all these years.

MUYANG sighed as he took the lens and looked at it again. He found that the printout on it hadn't changed since it turned on.

He looked closer at the character; it was only a short line. There weren't many digits of symbols, it was only four, and apart from the lens and the bracket that covered it, there was no antenna to be found.

After thinking about it, MUYANG didn't care whether he could read the symbols displayed on the lens or not. He directly retrieved the lens into the metal box and then continued to search through the ship for a while. After made sure that he couldn't find anything else useful, MUYANG picked up the box and left the crescent-shaped valley.

He rushed back quickly, avoiding the sight of countless wild beasts eyeing him.

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Finally, MUYANG returned to his place.

In the dim candlelight, he opened the metal iron box again and picked up one of the lenses.

"Beep!" "Beep!" "Beep!" Due to the fact that it sensed some heat on the skin, the lens automatically activated again, and a series of data quickly appeared.

Just like the previous printout, the data was very minimal, only a string of characters.

It didn't matter if he couldn't understand it, because MUYANG had roughly calculated that this should be something like a scouter. The data displayed would always have some pattern, whether it was decimal or binary.

Observing the data on the lens carefully, Muiyang pointed it at himself and gradually raised the ki in his body. Sure enough, the symbol at the end of the data changed. And as the data jumps around, there was a specific pattern of reciprocity on top.

Muiyang drew these symbols one by one onto the paper, then studied them carefully. Soon he discovered that the characters were actually divided into four sections, each of them supposed to represent a progression.

So far, the first two sections had remained unchanged.

Luckily, Muiyang was once an electrician and had learned the principles of digital circuits, so, at least this allowed him to find a hint of how to crack it.

**“Whatever the base is, it can be calculated from the fluctuation of the data.”**

Finally, after numerous trials and errors, Muiyang confirmed that there were sixteen variations on the last digit of the lens, which meant that what was displayed on the lens was most likely a hexadecimal data.

Comparing the characters displayed on the lens to the hexadecimal he knew, Muiyang pointed it at himself and measured the maximum ki of the data.

**“Beep!”**

The lens shows a string of data, and the characters are replaced with the Earth’s hexadecimal code, “002F”.

Convert to decimal – “47”.

In other words, Muiyang’s current ki number or “Power Level” was 47 points.

**“That’s not a bad number, at least not among earthlings.”**

Muiyang looked at the data and gasped. Knowing that a year ago, when Muiyang had just crossed over, his power level wasn’t even estimated to be 15. It had been a difficult year until he could finally triple it.

**“Well, now, with the specific data for comparison, the training looks even more clear. it’s just that I don’t know if this data is consistent with the universal power level calculation method, but at least, it should be about the same.”**

Compared to the Scouter of Frieza Force in the original story, the one that Muiyang had in his hands lacked the geolocation function. From the monotonous character display, it also seemed to not have a communication function.

Obviously, it was just a simple scouter, but according to the original, it seemed to have a wider detection range, with all four digits of hexadecimal filled, the upper limit could almost detect 65,000 power level.

It was such a shame that Muiyang could only make the last two digits jump slightly right now.

Mu Yang smiled slightly as his heart was rising with enthusiasm.

‘This was a quantitative comparison. In the past, I knew that I was growing every day, but the exact amount of growth was very vague. With this scouter, it was like playing a game, as I watched my level rising.’ This visual performance made MUYANG feel more motivated.

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Isaac and MUYANG sat face to face in the martial arts building.

After the seven-day guidance ended, MUYANG was left alone by Isaac.

“Teacher.” MUYANG nodded slightly towards Isaac.

He had tested Isaac and other elders with the probes before. In their everyday condition, Isaac’s numbers were between 60 and 70. Among the other teacher, Isaac holds the highest number, which was 74. Still, MUYANG knew the characteristics of martial arts practitioners on Earth, so he wouldn’t consider it their highest fighting power.

In a true full outburst, Isaac’s power level might be over 80.

“Have you encountered any difficulties during this period of training?” Isaac smiled as he asked.

“I feel good so far, and has not encountered a bottleneck,” MUYANG replied.

“Hmm.” Isaac nodded then solemnly and seriously said, “Mu Yang, in about three years, there will be a grand Martial Arts Tournament on Maple Island in the Southern Region, in which masters from all over the world will gather there.”

“It’s a rare opportunity to practice, and what teacher means is that I want you to go and represent the Heavenly Sky School.”

“A Martial Arts Tournament that brings together masters from all over the world?” MUYANG’s heart raced as he heard the words, wasn’t that the World Martial Arts Tournament.

“Teacher, please tell me about the Martial Arts Tournament details,” MUYANG said hurriedly.

Isaac laughed lightly and said, “Even if you don’t ask, I’ll still tell you more about it.” He looked at MUYANG with a light smile and moistened his throat.

“Speaking of the Martial Arts Tournament, the full name is ‘World Martial Arts Tournament.’ It has actually been held many times. The first time it was just a private exchange between the top schools, but as the scope of the exchange has expanded over the years, the Martial Arts Tournament has become grander. Now it’s still mainly held by the top schools, but the participant has expanded to include the entire martial arts community.”

“Three years from now, the 11th World Martial Arts Tournament will be held.”

“In the past, our Heavenly Sky School didn’t have any decency to send disciples to participate because we lacked strength. You are the most outstanding disciples in our new generation, so I hope you will be the representative of Heavenly Sky School. It doesn’t matter whether you get a good result or not, consider it as an opportunity to practice.”

Isaac explained patiently. In his estimation, if MUYANG could practice seriously in the next three years. It shouldn’t be difficult for him to get good results in the World Martial Arts Tournament. However, it would be too difficult to say that he would win the tournament.

Isaac’s expectations were not high, as long as he could get in the quarterfinals, it would be great. It’s just that Isaac didn’t know that he had actually underestimated MUYANG’s ability.

Chapter chapter 17

Three years later!

The 11th World Martial Arts Tournament!

MUYANG’s eyes were shining. This was the first time he had figured out the year of the Dragon Ball World he was in.

Previously, due to the current Earth’s undeveloped technology, the information was blocked. There wasn’t any accurate reference point. So, for quite some time, MUYANG hadn’t been able to figure out exactly how many years were left before the original story began.

Now the information Isaac brought about the World Martial Arts Tournament had allowed him to find a reference point.

At the beginning of the original story, Son GOKU participated in the 21st World Martial Arts Tournament, so he was ten years earlier than Son GOKU. According to the triennial calculation, that would be thirty years! No, it was not right, MUYANG shook his head, the interval of time before the 21st World Martial Arts Tournament was five years, not three.

So the tenth would be fifty years, and with the next three years, it would mean that there were at least 53 years left before the original story began.

According to this calculation, the time he “crossed over” to the Dragon Ball World was 54 years before the beginning of the original story.

MUYANG was speechless; it was really long, 54 years. By the time the original story began, he was already a rotten 60 or 70 years old man!

Upon learning the news of the World Martial Arts Tournament from his teacher, Isaac. MUYANG left and returned to his cabin, pondering about World Martial Arts Tournament in his heart.

After identifying the time period he was in, MUYANG’s heart was somewhat calmed down.

With his eyes scanning the scouter placed in the metal box, the corner of MUYANG’s mouth curled up slightly. “Let’s not think about what’s going to happen in fifty years or so, and focus on martial arts training first so that the next World Martial Arts Tournament will be my first step to make my presence known in this world.”

In the original story, Master Roshi, who had lived for more than 300 years, was still alive and well until the beginning of the story. He was known as the “God of Martial Arts” throughout history.

This showed that when the power was strong enough to reach a certain level, it was possible to extend life using certain techniques.

Legend has it that the reason Master Roshi could live for so long was that he had taken the Elixir of Immortality. In contrast, another legend said that it was because he had eaten Paradise Herb from the Forest of Terror. Which one of the claims was actually reliable, Muiyang couldn't figure out the details. But like Master Roshi, Master Shen, Tao Pai Pai, and Fortuneteller Baba, who lived for hundreds of years. It would be considered a miracle if it was only one or two. However, four of them appeared all at once, there must be a reason for that.

As long as this “cause” was on Earth, then with his knowledge of the Dragon Ball World, Muiyang believed that he also had a chance to obtain it.

When you think about it, the little goal of “living until the story original begins” didn't seem so hard to achieve

Of course, Muiyang's goal could never be the same as the Master Roshi or Master Shen, who were already old and senile by the time the story began. So, not only did he have to stay alive, he had to stay in good shape as well!

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The scenery was peaceful in the early morning.

The sound of the wind rustled the leaves rang in the ears, the frogs croaking on the ridges, the distant grass covered with dew, and the sounds of insects and birds chirping were heard from time to time in the quiet Great Forest.

On the hill, a young man was gathering the ki in his body.

Suddenly, the young man's body tensed up as if he was facing a great enemy, and the hot ki gathered at his fingertips, creating azure points of light.

With a dignified shot, the arm straightened abruptly, and a surge of ki burst out from between the fingers.

**“Heavenly Sky Beam!!!”**

Just like a laser swept quickly, the slender beam accompanied by the crisp surrounding whirlwind swished and hit a 70 pounds of stone in the distance. All that could be heard was a loud rumbling sound as the stone exploded, and shattering into tiny particles that splattered, while a thick layer of dust rose in place and blocking the view.

When the smoke dissipated, Muiyang gasped slightly, and there was a look of satisfaction in his eyes.

His ki waves had finally reached the level of his teacher, Isaac.

Three years had passed since Muiyang obtained the scouter.

One day after another, for three whole years, Muiyang was seventeen years old, and the boy grew into a handsome young man.

In the past three years, Muiyang's strength had been increasing. After such a long period of training, Muiyang's body had been strengthened a lot. The physique of earthlings wasn't comparable to Saiyans. That was why he couldn't compete in all kinds of extreme tests without fear like Son Goku. Still, thanks to the effect of the Acceleration Space, Muiyang's power level had now reached 85!

This value wasn't high enough to be compared to Son Goku and others in the same period, but it could be considered a master for the current earthlings.

In recent years, Muiyang didn't deliberately try to improve his power level; instead, he spent more time in the Acceleration Space on the comprehension of basic martial arts. He was striving to evolve each move into an infinite variety before integrating and optimizing it. Because Muiyang knew that the Earth was only a low-level planet, which means the "ceiling" was very low.

The low-level means that by the time he reached the top in the future, no one would guide him. Everything depends on his own exploration, so for future development, Muiyang, in the early "limited growth zone," consciously honed his own understanding.

In fact, even Muiyang's teacher, Isaac, didn't know that his disciple already had the ability to fight him secretly.

So far, every time he punches, Muiyang could feel his strength increasing.

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One day after three years, there was still a month to go before the World Martial Arts Tournament began.

Due to backward transportation, the journey from the Great Azure Mountains in the Northern Hemisphere to Maple Island in the Southern Region required a great deal of time along the way.

Today, Muiyang packed his bags and, accompanied by Uncle Sith, began his journey to Maple Island.

"Muiyang, do your best. It's surely great if you can get good results, but even if you don't, this still a great opportunity for you to practice." Upon his departure, Isaac's rough palm pressed on Muiyang's shoulder to encourage him.

"Please don't worry, teacher." Muiyang's gaze was divine, and his tone was confident.

"It's good to have that state of mind." Isaac smiled at the sight and nodded gently.

Muiyang had a faint smile on his face and a source of confidence in his martial arts skill. The surrounding junior disciples were probing their necks one by one and looked at Muiyang with great envy.

"As expected of a senior brother, he got a chance to participate in the World Martial Arts Tournament.

“I wish I was that powerful so that I could see the World Martial Arts Tournament with my own eyes!”

“Of course, we’ll definitely be able to attend the next one!”

So, under the gaze of the elders and fellow disciples, Muyang raised his hand in a dashing wave, carried his bag, and headed down the mountain with Sith.

To go to Maple Island, they’d need to go on the steam train, and the nearest train station was nearly 100 kilometers from the Great Azure Mountains.

Chapter chapter 18

The setting sun hung with a red tinge in the sky, and the falling clouds stained the horizon.

A full day had already passed when Muyang and Sith picked up their pace and entered the only nearby town with a train station.

The town was called Chongshan Town. It named after the Primitive Mountain that rose above the landless mountains. This was the only transportation route to the outside world from nearby villages. It was significantly more crowded than the villages at the bottom of the Great Azure Mountains. The existence of the train station has played a crucial role in the development of Chongshan Town.

Walking down the street, various shops open on both sides, with merchants standing in front of the door and hawking to sell their items. It had begun to take on a modern feel, a feeling of being back at the beginning of the 20th century.

Before the sunset, Muyang and Sith walked towards the train station with their bags hanging on their shoulders, then lined up to buy tickets. Soon, Sith bought the tickets and handed one of them to Muyang.

The long-distance trains to the South only came once every two days, while the trains passing through their “destination” were once every half a month. The closest train would depart tomorrow evening, so Muyang and Sith would stay in this town for a day.

“It’s still a while before the train leaves, so we need to find a place to stay first.” Sith, who was often going out of town, led Muyang to a hotel next to the train station, and then explained to Muyang methodically, “We’re going to be on the train for half a month trip. So, while you’re free tomorrow, you should go and purchase some things for your daily use.”

“Okay, I got it.”

Muyang followed Sith. For him who used to the rustic appearance of the countryside, the town in front of him finally brought a little bit of feeling from his “previous life”. It was an understatement, but it seemed like another world. It was kind of unfamiliar, but the freshness was definitely there.

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At night, Muyang once again entered the “Acceleration Space” to practice, which was the habit he had developed.

The night was silent.

The next day, Muiyang walked around the streets of the town alone. Considering that he needed to spend half a month on the train, Muiyang went and purchased some necessities.

This was the first time Muiyang left the Great Azure Mountain to come to a town this far since he had come to the Dragon Ball World. Although the scene before him was not the same as his impression of the endless flow of floating spaceships. The power of technology had brought drastic changes to the town, making him feel fresh and new.

After buying everything that he needed, Muiyang walked in the Chongshan Town, carrying large and small bags. At this moment, he couldn't help but exclaim over Dr. Brief, who invented Capsule Technology. He was indeed a super genius. No wonder Capsule Corporation could become the world's largest company. The Capsules was very convenient for travelers, it almost pulled an era.

But right now, it wasn't time to think about the Capsule. Maybe Dr. Brief himself hadn't even been born that long ago.

A white martial arts uniform whipped in the wind as Muiyang walked down the street, attracting glances from the surrounding people every now and then.

In this current era, martial arts practitioners were highly respected, but because of the limited transportation, not many people had actually seen them in person, which made even just a disciple become highly noticeable.

After returning to the hotel and packing their bags, it was almost time for Muiyang and Sith to go to the train station. The people around them were also in a hurry with their bags and luggage as if they were afraid they might not make it to the train.

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Steam trains were smoking with hot steam next to the platform, making the whole station look smoky.

After checking the ticket, they boarded the train and found their compartment. Muiyang stuffed his luggage onto the shelf in the compartment, then he sat on the edge of the bed and watched the scenery outside the window.

Their compartment was a large private room and could accommodate six people. Besides Muiyang and Sith, there were two other passengers who looked like businessmen. So, after they smiled and greeted them, Muiyang began to sit quietly.

“Whoo-hoo-hoo-“

As the steam train's whistle blows, the heavy train begins to rumble.

The sound of the wheels grinding over the tracks, echoing in their ears, as the scenery on either side of them kept receding backward. To be honest, the steam train's speed wasn't very fast; it was around seventy to eighty kilometers per hour. Muiyang could even be faster than the train if he used his full strength, it's just that he wasn't anything like a train.



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Maple Island was located in the middle of the ocean just outside the Southern Region, so when the train arrives at the station, they need to take a ferry ride to get there.

Clack-clack-clack, the steam train rolled over mountains, moving from the flatland to the hills, and from the hills into the mountains.

As the sky grew darker and the stars began to shine through the clouds, the train continued on its way after stopping at a few platforms along the way, and ten days passed quickly.

At this time, the passenger on the bunk opposite to Muyang had already changed. The two businessman-looking travelers had already gotten off, and the newcomer was a solemnly dressed young couple. The couple brought two daughters about five years old, and they were very cute. Both of their daughters were carved in jade. Looking at the way they dressed, it seemed like they came from a wealthy family.

One day, Muyang was sitting quietly while practicing his Ki Based Technique, when he suddenly sensed a chill on his cheeks. He opened his eyes and saw a little girl with brown hair staring at him with her bright, watery eyes.

“April, don’t disturb this big brother’s practice.” The one who spoke was the little girl’s mother. That young lady was very polite as she looked at Muyang with apologetic eyes and carried her daughter over.

“How come you haven’t apologized to the big brother!” The young lady said to Muyang, “I’m sorry, this child must have disturbed you.”

“It’s okay.” Muyang smiled and shook his head.

“Big brother, I’m sorry.” The little brunette girl then looked at her mother. She flattened her lips and apologized, then pulled a candy jar out of her arms and took out a few candies, “Big brother, these are candies for you.”

Seeing the little girl looked hesitant, Muyang smiled and shook his head, not accepting the candies.

“It’s okay. You can keep these candies for yourself.”

“Yeah, April loves candy.” The little girl named April smiled immediately. Her azure pupils were showing joy; she carefully peeled a candy and shoved it into her mouth.

“Sister...I want it too.” April’s sister, a little girl with blonde hair, said in a gruff voice.

“Here you are.”

“What a thoughtful little girl...” Muyang smiled softly upon looking at April, who had peeled out candy with her own hands and fed it to her sister.

Chapter chapter 19

“Giggle...”

A brunette girl named April let out a crisp laugh, and the young child seemed like she could be happy when she saw anything.

Looking at April’s playful and adorable appearance, Mexia’s image flashed on MUYANG’S mind. That girl hadn’t come back for a long time since she had gone to the Superpower Academy. It just happened that the Superpower Academy was also in the Southern Region. This time he came over to attend the World Martial Arts Tournament, but should he stop by to see her?

Well, let’s wait until he finished participating in the World Martial Arts Tournament.

‘When the time came, I would give her a surprise.’ MUYANG thought to himself.

Only after that conversation did MUYANG learn that the young couple in front of him was named Claren and Fiumia. They were researchers at the Synthesized Research Institute. This trip was taken as a holiday to bring their children home to visit their families. Their two children named April and Sipriel, who, in addition to their sapphire blue eyes, had inherited their parents’ hair color, one brown and the other blonde.

They said that innocent children were the most delightful, MUYANG didn’t believe it, not until he saw April and Sipriel. These two children were soft and cuddly; they were very delightful.

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The train raced along the tracks for a few more days, and apparently, the weather changing in the surrounding area indicated that the train had entered the Southern Region.

At this time, it was still summer in the Northern Hemisphere, while it was a cold winter in the Southern Hemisphere. So, when you got off the train, the air you exhaled would be cloudy.

“Brother MUYANG, I wish you the best of luck in the World Martial Arts Tournament.” The young man, Claren, put on his bowler hat and pulled up his suitcase to get off.

“I’ll accept your kind words.” MUYANG smiled in reply.

“Mr. MUYANG, Mr. Sith. We’ll see you if we’re fortunate enough to see you again. It’s been a very pleasant trip for us. Suppose we hadn’t already arranged our itinerary. In that case, we’d have wanted to get a proper look at the World Martial Arts Tournament.”

“Goodbye, big brother.” April waved her arms vigorously, then pulled the corner of her mother’s coat and headed out toward the outside of the busy station.

“Goodbye.” MUYANG smiled as well.

This ordinary journey was quite fun because of the little girl. So, although MUYANG knew that the possibility was very low, he hoped that he would have the chance to meet the little girl again.

At this point, Sith was watching them quietly while taking his luggage, and when the Claren's left, he said to MUYANG, "Come on, we need to hurry. We're still a strait away from Maple Island, and we'll have to switch to the ferry when we get out of the train station."

"I know Uncle Sith, let's go!" MUYANG smiled and nodded, increasingly lamenting the inconvenience of transportation in this era.

No wonder the World Martial Arts Tournament was held once every five years; it must be due to the time spending on the road that would take a long time.

Of course, if you had Son GOKU's strength, you could swim halfway around the earth, but sadly MUYANG didn't have that kind of ability yet.

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Maple Island was separated just a few miles of the strait from the vast Southern Region.

On this day, Maple Island was very lively. The people were welcoming the World Martial Arts Tournament that was held once every five years.

As the time for the World Martial Arts Tournament approached. The powerful practitioners from various martial arts schools around the world had gathered from miles away, making the entire island extremely lively.

Unlike the World Martial Arts Tournament that appeared in the original story, the World Martial Arts Tournament at this time was still just an exchange between various schools. Without being openly held by the official Earth government, the hosts were usually those highly reputable schools in the martial arts world.

The host of the World Martial Arts Tournament this time was the Maple Leaf School from Maple Island. Although the Maple Leaf School wasn't as powerful and famous as the Turtle School and Crane School. It was still a very outstanding martial arts school in the current martial arts world.

"Let's go find a place to stay, the World Martial Arts Tournament will be held in three days, for a total of two days, and there will be a three-day exchange after the tournament." Sith led MUYANG towards the town at the bottom of Maple Island's mountains, explaining as he walked.

"So, does everyone has to live in this small town?"

Looking at the surrounding people, MUYANG doubted that this town could accommodate so many outsiders.

Sith nodded, "According to the tradition, the host will arrange accommodation for those who finished in the top fifty in the previous tournament. At the same time, the disciples of the schools that were a quarterfinalist will also receive special treatment... Maple Leaf School is a big school, so they have enough rooms to accommodate the contestants to stay at the Maple Leaf School."

"But like us, Heavenly Sky School, where neither disciples achieved the quarterfinal places or even the top fifty in the last tournament, we will have to take care of our own accommodation."

Muyang nodded after hearing this; he knew that schools gave preferential treatment to the preferential players. The strong ones indeed would get preferential treatment wherever they went.

With a quick calculation in his mind, Muyang knew that this rule would divert about half of the people. The hotel in the town should be able to accommodate them.

As they talked, Sith and Muyang had found a hotel. After entering the guest room with warm hospitality from the staff, they went to get a simple meal. Then, Muyang began to prepare for the World Martial Arts Tournament that would be held in three days.

The daily meditation practice wasn't deserted, but considering the fact that he was new here, Muyang didn't enter the Acceleration Space. Muyang was practicing when Sith pushed the door and walked in.

"Muyang, do you want to take a walk outside and get familiar with the area?"

"Sure, that's a good idea." Just like the college entrance examination, when you have to get used to the environment beforehand. Muyang thought that he would simply end today's practice and walk around the town with Sith.

"Hehe, there were so many martial art practitioners from around the world."

Muyang followed behind Sith and looked around, as the participants continued to gather. There were already about a hundred people in front of Muyang. These were mostly young disciples of various schools. They were dressed in various martial uniforms; some teachers also led the team just like Sith.

With Muyang's current strength, he was still unable to perceive his opponents' strengths or weaknesses by using his ki. However, there was still some sense of the general threat. Muyang spread out his spiritual power but didn't feel any aura that posed a threat to him, which meant that the hundred or so people in front of him were actually not his match.

"Come on, we'll register at the Martial Dojo first."

Sith was unaware that Muyang was secretly scanning these martial art practitioners. He just led Muyang towards the Martial Art Tournament's registration booths.

As he walked, he said, "Those contestants just now were only from some medium or even small schools, so their strength isn't that strong. The really powerful schools have had good results in the past, so they are all personally greeted by Maple Leaf School disciples. As soon as they arrive at the dock, they will be led all the way to the Martial Dojo to rest."

Muyang nodded, Sith had already told him this before.

Chapter chapter 20

Things were gathered by kind, and people were divided into groups. Even in the martial arts world, there were differences between the strong and the weak.

This was a realistic topic. People, schools, and schools' styles could embrace each other due to the same martial arts philosophy. But, it was also possible for different gradients to be invariably divided due to their strengths and weaknesses.

There was no such complete equality of treatment. The more powerful the school was, the more attention would be paid to show courtesy, and this courtesy was built on the foundation of strength.

When strength was unequal, the courtesies given were probably only symbolic and courteous. But only when strength was equal would they really show enough respect for each other.

It was like the attitude towards the top players and big schools' disciples from the previous World Martial Arts Tournament. The hosts would arrange their disciples to greet them early. This was the example of strength speaking!

And for some ordinary schools that didn't get a lot of attention, they needed to go up on their own.

“The most famous schools in the martial arts world today are the Turtle School, Crane School, Orin Temple, Maple Leaf School, Thousand Cranes School, Cross Fist, Beast Group... and the legendary Guardian Lineage of the Sacred Land.”

Sith knew these schools like the back of his hand. He then shook his head at Muyang and said, “It's just that the Turtle School and Crane School have basically remained hidden over the years. The Guardian Lineage is said to have clan rules and won't easily go out of the Sacred Land of Korin.”

“So in this martial arts world, over the last few decades, Orin Temple, Maple Leaf School, Thousand Cranes School, et cetera, are considered to be the strongest schools.”

When it came to the martial arts world's current situation, Muyang could hear the sadness in Sith's voice.

This wasn't to say that masters of the big schools were stronger than other schools. There were also strong masters from small schools, for example, Muyang's teacher, Isaac. He was definitely a strong man as well, but because the overall scale of the Heavenly Sky School was small, it was only ranked as a Middle-Grade School.

Those big schools had many disciples, and the overall quality appeared to be naturally stronger than other schools.

In addition to these masters, there was another special group of masters on Earth, monsters who could speak human words. They generally had the appearance of beasts, but because of their intelligence, it was inappropriate to classify them as beasts...

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Maple Island was an island with a convex center and a low surrounding.

Like many islands, the temperature on Maple Island was pleasant. The breeze was warm and gentle, even in the cold winter in the Southern Region.

There was the main peak in the middle of the island, called Maple Leaf Peak, and halfway up of the Maple Leaf Peak, there was a magnificent Martial Dojo. It was the Maple Leaf School's Martial Dojo, where the World Martial Arts Tournament was held.

The path leading to the foot of the mountain was windy. The forest was green, and the trees were beautiful with birds chirping quietly in the mountain, and the dense forest on both sides surrounded the bluestone path. If you look into the distance through the pass on the mountainside, the clear blue water came in sight, showing a beautiful view of the waves. You could even smell the seawater through the breeze.

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As they entered the Martial Dojo, the number of martial arts practitioners who gathered around them increased.

Muyang roughly looked around and saw many people wearing Maple Leaf School martial arts uniforms, leading a group of people around. Judging by their appearance, Muyang knew those were disciples of the big schools.

“Muyang, hurry up, come here,” Sith called out from the side, Muyang hurriedly walked over and then wrote his name on the registration table.

“Heavenly Sky School, Muyang!”

The staff member read it again to make sure it was correct before handing over a number tag.

“Here’s your number, there will be a lottery straight away, and you will compete according to your number.”

“Thank you.”

Muyang thanked him politely and looked at the number “241” on the tag. Then, he put the number tag away carefully.

This time, the rules of the World Martial Arts Tournament were somewhat different from those of later generations, as it wasn’t yet an entertainment tournament for the audience.

There wouldn’t be any qualifying selections for additional entertainment in the arena here. Every match would be played directly in front of the masters of the big schools.

First, the contestants’ level was very different from the later generations, and there was no selection required. Second, professional viewers had sharper eyesight. By playing in front of them, more strengths and weaknesses could be seen. It would be a grind for every player!

Of course, this format also led to increased pressure, and it could be said that in every match, the players had to do their best not to embarrass their school.

After registering and visiting the martial arts dojo under the direction of the Maple Leaf School disciples. Muyang sat under the shade of a tree not far from the registration booths, quietly watching the competitors who had come to register.

The sunset was already slanting in the sky, and the seagulls were crowing in the distance. After looking at the time, the staff in the registration booths began to close down, Muyang and Sith didn’t wait to stay there, they quickly returned to the hotel.

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Three days passed, and when the registration closed, Muiyang learned that there were 315 players registered for this year's tournament.

This number was considerably higher than the 21st World Martial Arts Tournament on the original story, which showed that martial arts practice was actually still very thriving nowadays.

However, in later years, due to the development of technology and the tendency of the Martial Arts Tournament to become more entertaining, many schools chose to go into seclusion. That was where the number of professional players dwindled. This was the historical tendency, and there was no way around it.

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Early this morning, the World Martial Arts Tournament finally began!

The Maple Leaf School Martial Arts Dojo was overflowing with people.

"Ah, look over there quickly, that's Master Hulin from the Orin Temple, and the one next to him is his disciple, right?"

An exclamation sounded in their ears, and the entire martial arts dojo immediately became boisterous.

Muiyang turned back and saw from afar an old monk was wearing yellow monk's robes entering the martial arts dojo accompanied by a Maple Leaf School disciple followed by a delicate young monk.

"Orin Temple... isn't that where Krillin stayed before he left and became Master Roshi's disciple?" Muiyang narrowed his eyes; he could sense a magnificent aura from that old monk.

Muiyang quietly took out the scouter, he did a little scanning, and the data he got was 105 from that old monk!

105 power level, which was considered to be extremely strong among earthlings.

He knew that Master Roshi during the Dragon Ball Z period was only had 139 power levels.

"It's worthy of being a school with a long legacy; the foundation is really deep." Sith looked in the direction of the Orin Temple player, not knowing whether to be envious or impressed.

"Uncle Sith, I'm not going to lose over them either," Muiyang said.

"Well, you're in for a treat." Sith smiled and patted Muiyang's shoulder to encourage him.

For him, as long as Muiyang was able to finish in the World Martial Arts Tournament quarterfinals, he would be very satisfied.

As for competing with Orin Temple and other famous people, let's forget about it.

Seeing that Sith didn't take his words seriously, Muiyang grinned and said no more.

Uncle Sith, clearly didn't have as much confidence in him as Isaac, but it wasn't surprising, the Heavenly Sky School had been known to be weak for a long time. So, it was normal for it to be

unpopular compared to the other big schools. MUYANG wondered what kind of expression Uncle SITH would have when he showed his strength.

In today's martial arts community, the older generation of martial arts practitioners was basically on the sidelines. It was the younger generation that played the mainstay role.

As for Master HULIN, MUYANG admitted he was no match for him, but the others... he had the desire to put up a fight against them.