

Ball God 21

Chapter 21

“Huft, this time, the disciples of the Turtle School didn’t participate again.” As he passed by the podium, Muiyang heard someone sigh.

“No way, legend has it that Master Roshi didn’t accept disciples for many years.” Another person said.

Muiyang side-stepped over, his ears perked up as he thought to himself, “It’s still fifty years before the original story begins. By this time, Master Roshi should have already taken Son Goku as his disciple. I suppose he didn’t think it was necessary for Son Goku to come to the World Martial Arts Tournament.”

Son Goku was the most outstanding disciple of Master Roshi, and he ended up achieving even more than Master Roshi.

However, it was 50 years before the original story, and Son Goku was in his golden age of development. He was probably not far from dominating the world. Participating in the World Martial Arts Tournament didn’t mean much to him.

“Muiyang, the tournament is about to start, so do your best later. Don’t underestimate any of your opponents,” Sith warned. In the past, Muiyang had only fought against beasts in the Primitive Mountains and had no experience fighting against humans. Sith was afraid that Muiyang would not be able to get used to it for a while, so he patiently advised him.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Sith.”

Muiyang nodded his head seriously and solemnly, and then tied the belt around his waist. He was going to go all out.

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On the podium, the Maple Leaf School headmaster began to explain the tournament rules, and the audience immediately applauded. The applause ended, followed by a deafening sound of the gong, indicating the tournament had officially begun.

Muiyang was at the bottom, constantly scanning the seniors above with his scouter.

105, 110, 98, 103, 118....

These were all famous people!

Apart from those old seniors, the younger generation was much weaker. Muiyang didn’t get to scan them, but he knew the excellent ones should only have 60 to 70 power levels, so there was a certain gap between them and him.

Soon, the tournament began.

According to the lottery order, the big schools' disciples were divided into eight major areas to compete in hegemony. Each area would determine to have one of the most powerful players to go to the quarterfinal.

There was no prior test of strength, nor was there a so-called resurrection mechanism. It was all tough competition of strength the whole time! Everything was as crude and straightforward as that, except for the top eight most powerful players from each area!

Muyang's blood was boiling; this was the match he was looking for!

Standing in the candidate zone, he could already feel his heart racing. This emotion was even comparable to when he had taken the college entrance examination.

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On the ring, the first match of different areas has begun, and disciples from big schools were fighting against each other. There were already some unlucky players who were eliminated because they encountered opponents who were far stronger than them. So, they could only sigh.

This result also drew a sigh of relief from the audience; it's just that luck was also a part of strength. Those who present were all the martial arts masters, so after slightly regretting those who were still good, their attention quickly went into the next match.

At this point, Muyang was also paying attention to the match on stage. Although these martial arts practitioners' movements on stage were fast and swift, they appeared in his eyes as if they were doing a slow motion. Every move was not only slow but full of loopholes.

Even at this level, how could he even participate in the World Martial Arts Tournament?

Muyang felt that if he were in their position, he would be able to knock the opponents down with just a casual wave of his fist, which was already a significant difference.

At this moment, Muyang concluded that he could definitely achieve good results in this tournament.

"Contestant number 241, please come to ring number 13!" The staff shouted loudly.

"It's my turn to go on the ring."

Muyang nodded gently, a hint of calmness flashing in his eyes as he walked towards the ring, leaped gently and landed lightly.

At that moment, Sith shouted from the blancher, "Muyang, just relax and don't stress too much."

"I know." Throwing a confident smile at the Sith, Muyang looked to his opponent.

Opposite him was a young man who had a not so big figure, and he wore a blue martial arts uniform. Upon seeing his opponent, Muyang showed a smile. "I meet a disciple from the Maple Leaf School in the first match, heh, then let me see how strong the disciple of a big school really is!"

Muyang became serious; he didn't use the scouter to check his opponent; instead, he relied on his own senses. By doing so, he was exercising his ability to perceive ki.

“Maple Leaf School, Kane!” The Maple Leaf School disciple, on the other side, clasped his hands together and slightly bowed in a very polite manner.

Muyang returned the salute, then said, “Heavenly Sky School, Muyang!”

The two of them then set up their positions, slightly estimating the strength of their opponents. Then, the Maple Leaf School’s disciple named Kane attacked first.

Muyang’s eyes moved slightly, and his entire aura changed. His eyeballs were constantly rotating along with his opponent’s movements. Since it was the first time he was participating in a formal match, Muyang had no intention of holding back from the start. When his opponent’s punches and kicks were about to touch him, Muyang screamed, and his body faltered. Then as his body swayed, he shifted behind Kane unknowingly.

This action proved that there was a big gap between this player named Kane and Muyang. With his feet changing pace, Muyang had found his opportunity.

“That was so fast. When did you get behind me?”

Facing the sudden appearance of Muyang, Kane broke out in a cold sweat. But since he was a disciple of a big school, Kane obviously had good skills. He lowered his body and, at the same time, crossed his arms, which made him capable of dodging the attack.

After several rounds of fighting each other, Muyang had roughly figured out his opponent’s power level.

‘So let’s speed up the pace to end this match.’ Muyang grinned, his heart was racing as his hands picked up some speed.

Kane didn’t expect Muyang’s movements to be so fast; his body couldn’t help but become sluggish. The simple attack had already made him fall behind, so he had to dodge to the side temporarily.

Bang! Muyang’s fist smashed hard on the ground with a muffled thud, and the stone slabs of the stage were slightly loosened, and a few cracks appeared.

Upon seeing Muyang’s sudden power, Kane was shocked. He continued to retreat until an unstoppable power rushed towards his face.

Wow! A blurred shadow suddenly appeared in front of Kane’s eyes. He was unable to dodge it and only resist it with his hands.

Boom! An enormous pressure that seemed like a rock wall fell on him. Kane was shaken and slid seven or eight meters away.

Kane smiled bitterly and made up his mind.

“Wait a minute; I’ll give up on this match.” After saying that, Kane walked out of the ring with a regretful look on his face.

After that, the staff announced that Muyang had rightfully won the match.

chapter 22

Outside the arena, the audience watching the match in ring 13 was surprised when Kane walked out of the ring on his own will. “Kane from Maple Leaf School has actually lost; it looks like we need to pay attention to that player named MUYANG.”

The game didn’t last long, but that was what made it rather a reflection of the gap between the two.

MUYANG was the one who pressed Kane throughout the fight. In the limited number of strikes, Kane couldn’t get any opportunity from MUYANG, which showed the gap was actually quite big. The incredible performance had allowed the audience and the other contestants to remember the player named MUYANG.

He couldn’t be underestimated.

“I can’t believe Kane got eliminated so quickly...” People who knew Kane well were a little surprised when they heard the news. They thought he’d at least survive a few rounds, but he lost right from the start.

The other players who had witnessed the match were throwing glares at MUYANG, adding his name to their list of people to watch out for.

“Brother Kane, what a shame!” A disciple came up. He saw that Kane’s face was a bit pale, “Brother, are you alright.”

Kane waved his hand and said, “I’m fine, just need some rest, the power of that punch was really unpleasant.”

“Ah, is that guy really that good?”

That junior brother was both startled and felt sorry for their Senior Brother Kane. He knew that Senior Brother Kane’s strength was absolutely outstanding among so many disciples of the Maple Leaf School. Even he couldn’t take a punch from him, so he was wondering if that person even stronger than their Maple Leaf School disciples?

“Don’t be careless. I’m afraid the person’s true strength is even greater than we thought!”

Kane said with a serious look on his face. Only by actually engaging in a fight would he know MUYANG’s strength. During fight just now, he knew that MUYANG definitely hadn’t used his greatest strength. “Maybe this year’s World Martial Arts Tournament is going to pop up a dark horse. Heavenly Sky School, why haven’t I heard of it before?”

At the same time, Kane was very frustrated and angry at his luck. But anyway, under the absolute power gap, he was convinced that he lost.

On the other side, after MUYANG finished the match, he returned to take a break before having another few more matches, and it was clear that MUYANG had won them all.

This also made the other players in the same area felt more threatened and paid attention to him.

Peng! MUYANG’s attack was as swiftly as lightning; it threw his opponent off the ring.

In another match, Muiyang defeated an elite disciple from the martial arts dojo, then returned to the bottom of the ring proudly.

“Uncle Sith, Now I know the levels of the World Martial Arts Tournament roughly.”

Sith’s face was a little red, and he was quite surprised, “Good job, you actually defeated those elite disciples of the big schools in a row, keep it up and strive for better results.”

Previously, Sith had been very optimistic about Muiyang, believing that he had hopes of winning the quarterfinal. However, in reality, being in the quarterfinal was just a vision or a goal. Sith wasn’t sure if he could actually get it. But now, with Muiyang’s current performance, the quarterfinal spot was basically reserved.

Looking at the opportunity, Sith was kind of looking forward to Muiyang to achieve better results, hehe. If he could win the tournament, then it would definitely shock the entire martial arts world.

Ah, he was thinking too much about things that weren’t even in the picture. It was just that he couldn’t help but keep thinking about it.

If Brother Isaac knew how Muiyang had performed at the World Martial Arts Tournament, he would be extremely happy.

Muiyang smiled towards Sith. He felt confident that without the older generation of martial arts practitioners participating, he wouldn’t find many opponents who were matched to him among the younger generation.

“The number of the participants in this year’s World Martial Arts Tournament is the same as last year; it’s just that there are a few elites have emerged this year.”

The tournament was in full swing, and on the second-floor bleachers of the Martial Dojo, one of the female elders of Thousand Crane School spoke up.

“Hahaha, Elder Nally, I have heard that you have a good candidate in the younger generation of Thousand Crane School.” The Maple Leaf School headmaster smiled, then pointed to one of the rings on the side, “That’s the little girl on ring number 2, right...”

Elder Nally smiled and said pleasantly, “Liz is indeed a good candidate, but I think the Maple Leaf School, Arlo, is also very good.”

Vote me in for a real-life version of a mutual bragging business. This made the Maple Leaf School headmaster very pleased and nodded his head graciously. He then turned to look at Master Hulin of the Orin Temple only to see the man sitting there with his half-closed eyes.

“He is still Master Hulin, who sees broadly.” The Maple Leaf School headmaster laughed lightly.

“That’s because Master Hulin is sure of winning in his heart.” Elder Nally said.

At that moment, a scream came from the other side of the martial arts arena. Several seniors looked to see a stone-paved ring, where a young man in a white martial arts uniform was pressuring a monk with the attack. That monk was an elite disciple of the Orin Temple.

Master Hulin suddenly opened his eyes, and his face was no longer as calm as it was before. He was gloriously humiliated.

“Who is that white-robed young man that can actually beat Wuting?”

The staff member who accompanied him panicked and hurriedly flipped through the register, finding the matching number and said, “That person’s name is Muyang, from a school called the Heavenly Sky School...”

“Heavenly Sky School? It seems like I’ve heard of it somewhere...” Master Hulin’s frowned, and his grey beard was shaking, but he still couldn’t remember.

Elder Nally spoke up at the other side, “This Heavenly Sky School seems to be a very old school, but it has not been well known.”

“So he’s from an old school. Indeed there are many competent people in this world, Wuting has met his opponent this time.”

Master Hulin lowered his head, wondering what he was thinking. Then he suddenly smiled.

Even if an old school was not well-known, to hold the fight for such a long time, there must be something remarkable about it. It looks like this time, Wuting didn’t come in vain!

Master Hulin was actually looking at the results of the competition openly. It didn’t matter whether he won or lost. It had been long since The Orin Temple lost its need to have this gilded fame. What he hoped that after this tournament, his disciples would be able to grow.

It was easy to encounter opponents, but to encounter a good opponent was quite difficult. Guessing what Master Hulin was thinking, the others nodded their heads.

“Hey, my disciple, Kane, had actually lost at the hands of that guy too.” The Maple Leaf School headmaster looked over the charts of the tournament. He was surprised to find that Muyang had actually beaten Kane.

Although Kane wasn’t the number one candidate of Maple Leaf School, he was also a disciple that the Maple Leaf School headmaster greatly admired. He thought that the opponent from the same area would be Wuting. It turned out he already got eliminated!

“It looks like we’ll have to keep an eye on that Muyang guy.”

Several seniors began to take this matter seriously and tease each other.

The martial world would only continue to prosper as young martial arts practitioners continued to emerge, and these seniors were undoubtedly happy to see this happen.

chapter 23

On the second floor bleachers of the martial dojo, the Maple Leaf School headmaster and the others continued to talk.

The changes in the ring were instantaneous. At this point, Muyang and a disciple of Orin Temple named Wuting had burst out a powerful force. Both of them constantly attacked each other, and a series of blurred afterimages gradually appeared above the ring. Those movements had exceeded the limits of the ordinary human eye to capture.

“Ho!”

Muyang and Wuting launched a counterattack, exchanging punches with a loud thud!

“Awesome!” Muyang gasped slightly, his body couldn't help but back out a few steps, and then stomped on the ground. The stone slab beneath his feet was shattering into sinuous cracks in response to the sound. After that, his body rebounded with a powerful force that penetrated down from the soles of his shoes, causing the shattered stones to bounce heavily and splash out in all directions.

Muyang's body flew out like a loaded cannonball swooping in.

“Heavenly Sky Beam!”

Muyang's eyes narrowed, his right hand raised vainly, and his fingers turned into a sword. His whole body was surging with horrifying aura.

There was a cold light between his bright eyes, and dazzling blue light was generated from between his fingers, whirling, and shooting ki waves like lasers. He was like a beast from the ancient times, surrounded by several whirlwinds, and attacking towards Wuting with a ferocious and bloodthirsty aura.

Feeling the vigorous aura erupted from Muyang's body and the powerful ki waves, the Maple Leaf School's Elders and the others stood up abruptly. Their expressions were incredulous.

“That's a ki wave. It's good, but it's not even close to the ki wave of the older generation of martial arts practitioners.”

“I didn't expect he has reached this level at such a young age.”

Several seniors of the martial arts world looked at the scene happening before their eyes in shock.

“Muyang's ki is already so strong!!!” Sith wiped his eyes in disbelief. Even he couldn't release the Heavenly Sky Beam casually, and Muyang actually used it in the middle of the tournament. Seeing Muyang effortless look, Sith was actually a little envious.

Only then did Sith realized that his nephew's power might have been above him.

At the same time, the audience was all boisterous.

“No... isn't he, performing a ki wave?”

“A player who can use ki waves, and his opponent, Wuting. It's really hard to predict who will win.”

Both the audience and the players all watched blankly.

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“Take my strike!” Muiyang shouted across the air towards Wuting. His breath gradually increased, and his powerful qi crushed over. His cold aura even made Wuting lose the ability to resist.

Huh!

Facing Muiyang’s extremely powerful attack, even the elite disciples of the Orin Temple couldn’t help but turn pale. This novel translated by System Translation. com. Now, Muiyang’s attack was close enough that the slightest difference between a good player and a bad player could determine the result. Wuting had already lost the lead, and the only way to deal with it was to lose.

Peng! The ki wave’s enormous attack landed on Wuting’s body, leaving his face pale as his body flew like a kite with a broken string and landed heavily outside the ring.

“Heavenly Sky School Muiyang, won and moved to the quarterfinals.”

As the dust settled with a whistle, Muiyang defeated the Orin Temple’s strong candidate in a powerful manner to move forward to the quarterfinals.

“Understood.” Muiyang bowed with a calm expression.

Wuting wiped off the bloodstains from the corner of his mouth and clapped his hands together to return the salute.

“Wuting has lost.” Thousand Crane School’s Elder Nally snorted and said silently.

“It’s normal, with the courage that person just showed, he might be able to reach our level in just a few years.”

“Is that possible? he’s still so young...”

“Well, the young generation has a lot of talent, and this failure is a good thing for Wuting.” Master Hulin silently mumbled the scriptures.

“Kane and Wuting both lost to that young man, I wonder how well Arlo and Liz can handle him...” the Maple Leaf School headmaster asked with interest.

“There’s not much hope.” Elder Nally shook her head, “Liz is no match for that guy.” Among the newcomers of the big schools, Wuting of the Oring Temple was considered one of the best. Now that he had lost to this person, the others might not have much hope of winning either.

The Maple School headmaster nodded.

Yes, to be able to release a powerful ki wave at a young age was considered very rare in today’s martial arts world. So he had roughly determined in his heart that the winner of this year’s World Martial Arts Tournament would be Muiyang.

“Hahaha, Muiyang, you’re awesome. If Brother Isaac knew that you had defeated the elite disciples of the Orin Temple, he would definitely be excited to come over. This novel translated by System Translation. com. Unfortunately, the Great Azure Mountain is a long way from Maple Island, and Brother Isaac won’t have the chance to see you sweep the world.”

As soon as Muiyang stepped off the ring, Sith came over with an excited face and praised Muayang. Muiyang smiled in humility and said, “Uncle Sith, I’ve only made it to the quarterfinals. The tournament isn’t over yet.”

Sith shook his head repeatedly, “No, it’s different.”

Getting into the quarterfinals and beating Wuting, that’s an entirely different story.

Actually, for Sith, as long as Muiyang was able to get into to quarterfinals in the World Martial Arts Tournament, he would already be considered to have completed his mission. Did you know how many of those schools could get into the quarterfinal? It had been very satisfying!

However, judging by his performance, it didn’t seem like he would stop there. Although both meant earning a spot in the quarterfinal, the feeling was completely different.

It had to be known that Wuting wasn’t only an elite disciple of the Orin Temple. He was also a popular candidate to win the tournament. So, if Mu Yang was able to defeat him, didn’t he also have a chance to take that winning position?

If Muiyang were to win the tournament, then Heavenly Sky School would be a huge standout.

Even if Muiyang immediately admitted defeat and didn’t participate in the following matches. Sith, who had seen Muiyang’s ki wave’s power, knew that Mu Yang’s name had definitely been proven through this tournament.

The number of martial arts practitioners in the entire martial arts world who could release ki waves was only a few, and Muiyang was considered one of them, which was a glorious thing.

“You don’t need to worry too much about the next few matches and just take it easy. The quarterfinals spot had already reserved anyway, so every other win is just an improvement.” Sith excitedly patted Muiyang’s shoulder, but then he saw that Muiyang’s face was a bit pale and became concerned, “You’ve just released a ki wave, how does your body take it?”

Muiyang shook his head, indicating that he was fine, “My body is fine. I just need to rest for a while.”

“Then you should have a good rest.” Sith nodded and said no more, staying aside to let him recover in peace.

Thud—

While Muiyang was resting and recovering quietly, there was still a dragon and tiger fight going on on top of several other rings.

All 315 players from all over the world had been fighting hard to win the tournament.

Crackling, the top of the ring flickered with unseen afterimages. From time to time, along with the sound of the players shouting, several holes suddenly appeared on the ground, and broken stones splashed everywhere, grazing the ground and exploding a spark.

“Thousand Cranes School, Liz wins and moves to the quarterfinals.”

“Maple Leaf School, Arlo wins and moves to the quarterfinals.”

“Cross Fist, Barney wins and moves to the quarterfinals.”

“Western Pulai Village, Gillo win and moves to the quarterfinals.”

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As the competition continued, all quarterfinals spots were taken up. Along with Muiyang, the eight strongest players in tournament had all been determined.

Muiyang took a glance at the list; none of the six other players who made it to the quarterfinals, other than himself and a player named Pry, were disciples from an ordinary school.

He had to admit that the big schools were really good at training disciples. No wonder that after these big schools chose to go into seclusion, the level of martial arts on Earth suddenly dropped.

After a short break to approve the validity of all the results, the gong's sound was striking again, indicating that today's tournament is over.

The quarterfinals were scheduled for the following day, with one night off.

chapter 24

When Muiyang and Sith returned to the hotel, they realized that they had become celebrities. Many disciples of medium and small schools, accompanied by their teacher, came up to greet them. The warm attitude made Muiyang feel the enthusiasm of this world for the first time.

“Haha, all of you young people can talk to each other alone, I won't get involved.”

Sith laughed and went off to drink with the other teachers from the other schools with a satisfying look.

Staying behind, Muiyang looked quite helpless, but it was good to take this opportunity to make some friends! Didn't Son Goku, in the original story, also get to meet a whole bunch of friends through the World Martial Arts Tournament?

People grew from strangers to slowly get to know each other. In a class, it may not be easy for an ordinary student to strike up a conversation with a top student, but it's definitely not the same for a top student to take the initiative to lower his or her profile and strike up a conversation with an ordinary student. It was the same thing as a goddess chasing the boy.

Muiyang didn't expect that when he was chatting with a group of “ordinary disciple”, Wuting, an unexpected guest, actually joined in. Wuting's figure was relatively big, somewhat like Jura, one of the “Ten Wizard Saint” in the Fairy Tail, but he was younger and a bit more handsome than Jura.

At first sight, the two discovered that their values and knowledge of the martial arts were surprisingly compatible with each other. If he couldn't figure out whether or not the monks of the Orin Temple were allowed to drink alcohol, Muiyang would want to have a drink with him.

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Early the next morning, the quarterfinals of the World Martial Arts Tournament began.

If the previous eight tournaments were just appetizers, then the quarterfinals tournaments were the core that brought together the essence of the World Martial Arts Tournament.

In order to focus on each match, starting from quarterfinals, every match would be held in the big ring, because this time, each match was no longer parallel.

The opponents and the order of the matches were determined directly by lottery, just like in later generations.

After Muiyang finished drawing straws, he came to the bleachers in the candidate's zone, specially prepared for the quarterfinalist and their divisions to have an even wider view.

The first one to compete was Liz from the Thousand Cranes School against Barney from the Cross Fist School.

It was an even match, full of spectacle. This novel translated by System Translation. com. Barney from the Cross Fist school was a lean and strong man of 1.8 meters tall, good at cross fists, a wide and open move, and was very explosive. Liz from the Thousand Crane School, on the other hand, was a small, exquisite beauty, less than one meter tall, soft and agile, with long hair, good at dodging, and inching strength.

The two, one firm and one soft, one tall and one petite, performed a realistic Beauty and the Beast that everyone in the room applauded.

Muiyang and Sith watched intently from the bleachers. As they commented, they didn't forget to think seriously about how they would have responded if they were in their place?

Muiyang was watching very carefully. Of course not because Liz's player was pretty, but because he wanted to gradually absorb other people's strengths and use them to perfect his martial arts skills.

Martial arts practitioners needed to constantly strive for progress; any complacency or laxity could leave them standing still, or even left behind.

Compared to the other earthlings, Muiyang was more aware of how frightening this world really was. In the universe, there were quite a few ruthless characters who destroyed the world and even played with planets as marbles. Earthlings' potential was not outstanding, so if they didn't work hard to catch up, they would really be slaughtered in the future.

This was something that could only be experienced by crossing over into the Dragon Ball World. It was definitely not as exciting as what you see on TV or CDs.

In fact, if a person lived on a planet that could be destroyed at any moment, and he knew it, it was unlikely that he would find it interesting. Some would probably just sink under the pressure and practice even more vigorously.

There was nothing like the lashings effect of a life-threatening situation.

One match after the other, later on, it was once again, Muiyang's turn to go up.

His opponent was Gillo from the Western Pulai Village. Gillo was a tanned teenager, perhaps not as old as Muiyang. This novel translated by System Translation. com. It was said that he hadn't received any formal martial arts training, but to make it to the World Martial Arts Tournament quarterfinals, he wasn't weak.

After landing on the ring, Muiyang looked at his opponent with a serious face, "Without receiving formal training, fumbling on his own yet being able to enter the quarterfinal. it seems that his talent is outstanding."

This Gillo guy might be a Yajirobe-style character.

In fact, since his opponent was Gillo in the lottery, the others felt that Muiyang was lucky and would basically win the match.

"The match begins."

As the initial whistle sounded, Muiyang and his opponent, Gillo, all looked straight, and both took their positions to attack.

It was a match with little suspense. Muiyang's power level was so much higher than Gillo's. It hardly took long for Gillo to fall under Muiyang's attacks and eventually lose the match.

"Thank you. This match has taught me a lot." After the game, there was a sincere voice came from Gillo.

Muiyang unexpectedly looked at Gillo and felt a sudden affection towards him.

"You're welcome. You can still become stronger if you receive proper training. Are you interested in joining one of the big martial arts schools?"

Gillo shook his head, "No, at least not yet, I want to fight through my own, I don't want to be tied to the framework of my predecessors..."

Muiyang was startled upon hearing the words and looked at him differently.

This Gillo guy seemed to be very much in his own type of pursuit. But without the guidance of those who had the experiences, the chances of going into misunderstandings were higher. Although you might be able to get out of them, you would be wasting a lot of time.

A good teacher could save you from many mistakes, and there were lessons you could learn from those who had experienced.

But then again, experiences depended on the person. If you met a low-level teacher, then that experience was harmful, and it would take you deeper into mistakes.

Seeing the unwavering conviction in Gillo's eyes, Muiyang nodded his head and jumped out of the ring without saying anything more.

Sith watched from the side of the ring with a very admiring face, "This Gillo guy is a good martial arts practitioner. and even though I don't really agree with him, this persistence deserves respect."

“Yeah, but it’s a path that’s destined to be difficult,” Muiyang said with emotion. He was also saying those words to himself.

According to the memories from his “previous life,” Muiyang could ensure that he wouldn’t take too many mistakes in his early training. However, once he reached the later stage, the earth’s level wouldn’t be able to keep up with his own development. At that time, he might have to be like Gillo, with his own comprehension to open up his own path.

That was also destined to be a steep path.

chapter 25

Muiyang couldn’t help but felt a bit sad about Gillo’s choice, but then he shook his head, throwing off this sentimental emotion and focusing on the next match.

The next match was Arlo from Maple Leaf School against Booker from Multi-Form School.

Muiyang was observing this match, as the name Multi-Form felt a bit familiar to him. Then, the player named Booker shocked him by performing his school’s technique, which turned his body into four.

It was the Multi-Form Technique! No wonder the name was so familiar. The Multi-Form Technique is a technique used by Tien Shinhan during his match against Goku in the 23rd World Martial Arts Tournament.

“Amazing. He’s become four at once, and now Arlo’s pressure has become stronger.” Sith’s eyes popped out upon seeing this unexpected technique.

“The Multi-Form Technique perhaps could be a killer move for an ordinary martial arts practitioner, but not for a master. That move has a fatal weakness.”

Looking at the two people who were fighting each other on the ring, Muiyang said faintly.

Sith was slightly stunned and surprised, “You said there were any weaknesses.”

Muiyang smiled lightly and said, “If this technique is used against someone with a relatively lower level, then four people attacking one person is, of course, an advantage. This was translated by System translation . com please don’t read on other site. Because even if there is a difference in their speed, the difference won’t reach an unacceptable level. Instead, it will be easy to defeat the opponent by using four against one rule. However, the same move may not be effective to use against a higher level martial arts practitioner.”

“Are you saying that dividing one person’s strength into four parts is more of a weakness than just a decrease in strength? And that no matter how good the skill is, it will be a waste if you can’t attack the enemy?”

Upon hearing this, Sith became silent.

Muiyang nodded, “Well, speed and strength have different focuses at different levels. The best players fight each other in a matter of milliseconds. Uncle Sith, look, that Arlo guy is going to counterattack.”

After speaking to the Sith, MUYANG looked up into the ring again. Sure enough, Arlo had recovered from the Multi-Form attack and had already seen his opponent's weakness.

"Booker's speed had slowed down," Sith said in surprise.

"That's what I'm talking about." MUYANG shrugged.

"I can't believe you saw it all at once!" Sith's eyes widened.

"Yeah." After a slight nod, MUYANG didn't say that he knew the Multi-Form Technique's weaknesses beforehand because he had read the original story.

"Hiss-" the Sith took a cold breath.

Since when did MUYANG have such good eyesight and judgment? It wasn't just about seeing the weaknesses of the moves; This was translated by System translation . com please don't read on other site. it was about changing the concept of fighting between different levels!

With the constant flow of young and talented people such as MUYANG, Gillo, and Arlo. Sith suddenly wondered if he was already old.

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In the ring, the match continued, and sure enough, Arlo had mastered the rhythm of the fight and was getting so closer to winning the match.

Soon after, with his opponent Booker running out of power, Arlo seized the gap and won the match.

At this time, all semi-finalists had already been decided. They consisted of Liz, MUYANG, Arlo, and a disciple from a big school. The semi-finals would be held after a short break.

In fact, at this time, the Maple Leaf School headmaster and the Thousand Crane School Elder Nally, already knew who would be the winner. As expected, This was translated by System translation . com please don't read on other site. MUYANG won the semi-final against Liz easily. Arlo also advanced to the final in the later match.

"It's the last match. The first and second place will be determined soon." The Maple Leaf School headmaster said with a faint smile.

"There's actually a shadow of who's winning and who's losing. and I'm optimistic about that player named MUYANG." Elder Nally smiled.

It wasn't so much of a contradiction for Maple Leaf School headmaster; rather, it was that MUYANG had a little more chance of winning.

Master Hulin also dialed his rosary beads and said softly, "If nothing unexpected happens, the winner will be that MUYANG guy."

"I think so, too."

"MUYANG from the Heavenly Sky School will win."

Everyone else was generally agreed with this opinion as Muyang had been brilliant in the previous matches for the quarterfinals. There were only a handful of people in the younger generation who could make a ki wave. It was really hard for anyone to beat him without the help of the older generations.

“You guys...”

Seeing that not a single person was actually optimistic about his disciple, the Maple Leaf School headmaster trembled with anger. How come no one considered the aspect of the home-field advantage?

But thinking about the previous match, the Maple Leaf School headmaster couldn't help but shake his head again.

“Hehe, since everyone is on the same opinion, then let's just watch. With such a talent flowing out of Heavenly Sky School, I'm afraid that no one among his peers in the entire martial world will be able to defeat him. except for the legendary Turtle School and Crane School.”

“Let's wait and see!”

“Haha.”

Take it easy; there was no shame in losing since your opponent was just too good.

It wasn't like they didn't have a backing anyway.

Looking at the other schools, the Maple Leaf School headmaster put a smile on his lips.

Not far from the bleachers, Sith was now nervous, and the whispers of the people around him made him ecstatic. His face flushed and shouted with excitement, “Come on, Muyang, do your best.”

“Please bring the finalists, Muyang and Arlo, to the ring!”

As soon as the staff's voice fell, under the ring, Muyang and Arlo were looking straight. Jumping into the ring with a light leap, and then staring at each other under everyone's eyes.

This was the most exciting moment of this year's World Martial Arts Tournament as the atmosphere seemed to be filled with a stalemate of confrontation.

At this point, both players and teachers in charge of the team all looked serious when they watched the match.

“The match begins!”

As the judge gave the order, both players straightened up, every muscle on their bodies trembled. This was translated by System translation . com please don't read on other site. With a swoosh, Muyang made the first strike. He instantly became an afterimage and disappeared from everyone's sight.

As soon as he reappeared, the crackling and fierce sounds of the fight began to be heard.

.....

Three days later, on the ferry boat, Sith was lying on the desk, writing a letter to inform the result of the World Martial Arts Tournament back to people in the Great Azure Mountain.

The nibs fell, and Sith still couldn't hold back his excitement as he wrote the tournament's final results.

Muyang was the winner of the 11th World Martial Arts Tournament.

Although the older generation of martial arts practitioners didn't participate, this tournament contained a certain amount of water. However, with this move, Muyang certainly became the leader of the young generation. Also, this could be considered as Muyang was officially made an appearance in the martial arts world.

chapter 26

After folding the letter and sealing the opening with glue, Sith carefully placed the letter in the mailbox.

The post office had a special line, and in about seven or eight days, the letter would arrive in Isaac's hands.

With that done, Sith walked out of the room, as the ferry was almost ready to dock.

As he passed by the restaurant, he saw Muyang eating inside. He then looked at the sky that was getting darker and darker, as if it was about to rain.

"Muyang, after the ferry docks, are you returning to the Great Azure Mountain with me, or are you going to travel around by yourself?"

Sith sat down next to Muyang and ordered some random snacks.

"I'll travel outside for a while first. I plan to take this free time to see the outside world before returning. This competition has given me deep insight, and there is room for improvement in many places."

Muyang put down his chopsticks and said straightforwardly, however, Sith's face had such an expression.

He nodded, "Well, it's good to expand your knowledge outside. Honestly, your martial arts are already very good, compared to us. The only thing that's missing is experience. It's good for you to see more of the differences outside."

"Get a grip on these; we can't teach you anything more."

Judging from the results of the World Martial Arts Tournament, Muyang's performance was beyond his expectations. The only thing he lacked was an improvement in his fighting skills. Perhaps, due to his lack of combat experience, Muyang was still a bit disorganized when it came to dealing with his opponents. It was clear that he could win more easily, but for now, it still took a lot of work. If it wasn't that his strength exceeded his opponents, it would be hard to say whether he would win or not in the end.

In low-level battles, skill is important. Even in high-level battles in the later stages where power is elevated, combat skills played an equally important role.

Neither the Sith nor Isaac could teach him any of this, so he had to understand it independently.

It all required practice.

Through this World Martial Arts Tournament, MUYANG expanded his vision and was truly integrated into this world of martial arts. He also discovered his shortcomings.

Like in the last final game, if his power wasn't as strong as Arlo's, the final result might have to be rewritten, and the winner would be Arlo from Maple Leaf School.

History was written by the winners, even if it wasn't written directly by the winners themselves. So, how was the history being written affirming the winners?

MUYANG was the winner of the tournament. During the post-match exchange session, all schools touted the sudden emergence of the dark horse and set him up as a role model. However, under the spotlight, MUYANG clearly knew that he still had very obvious shortcomings even when he was considered the best among people of the same age.

If you became adrift when you were touted, what else would you accomplish?

Flog! Flog!

The polite compliments were sugar-coated cannonballs. We had to eat the sugar-coating and spit out the cannonballs!

So after the post-match exchange session ended, MUYANG planned to practice outside like Son Goku. He wasn't in a hurry to return to the Great Azure Mountain with Sith.

Furthermore, since he was already in the Southern Region, he had to take some time to go to the Superpower Academy to see how Mexia was doing. Otherwise, who knows what she would complain about if she knew he was here but didn't go to see her.

After casually eating some random snacks, it was pouring rain outside.

The rain fell on the blue sea, creating a cloud of vapor. Meanwhile, the storm also intensified the waves, and the ferry had to slow down.

An hour later, the pattering rain gradually stopped. The ferry, which had been delayed for a while due to the heavy rain, finally docked in the afternoon.

"MUYANG, I'll go back first. Be careful while you're out and about, and return when it's almost time."

"I know."

"Take care!" Sith smiled and waved his hand.

He knew that with MUYANG's current strength, there wouldn't be any danger even if he was alone outside, so Sith didn't say anything else to him. After telling him goodbye, Sith took his luggage with him and headed towards the train station.

Watching Sith's back as it disappeared into the sea of people, MUYANG cheered up a bit. He then also turned his direction towards the other side and soon disappeared into the sea of people as well.

.....

The site of the Superpower Academy was located in a quiet, deep forest somewhere in the Southern Region. The exact time when this academy was established could no longer be verified, but it had existed for a long time anyway.

It was as mysterious as the Korin Tower at the Sacred Land of Korin, which was filled with many kinds of magical legends among local folk. It was said that they would recruit students every few years and set up enrolment locations in nearby cities, but the school's exact location was never revealed to outsiders.

In the quiet old forest, the sound of birds chirping croaked.

Suddenly, an azure light pierced straight through the forest. And the trees that were struck by the light along the way fell down.

The ground was shaking, birds were puffing out their wings, and the primitive forest was opened up as the thick trees collapsed with smoke.

Muyang had been wandering around in this forest for several days now. His body had already run out of nourishment. So, when he was hungry, he would hunt some animals to fill his stomach, and when he got sleepy, he would find a big tree, jump onto its trunk and go to sleep.

After a few days, he hadn't even seen a shadow of the Superpower Academy.

"It should be right around here somewhere."

Muyang wandered through the forest, stepping on the green ground and opening the road savagely.

The surrounding mountains and forests were beautiful and unusually quiet. There was no sign of civilization at all.

Muyang frowned slightly, his spiritual power spread out towards the surroundings, but he still couldn't find any strange places.

'It was quite difficult to find.' Muyang muttered in his heart, but he wasn't surprised. If this Superpower Academy was really a place to train superpowers, then it naturally wouldn't be easy for him to find it with his technique.

"If I don't find it this time, I won't get a chance to see Mexia."

Muyang sighed softly; he was feeling a little regret.

But since he had come here, Muyang didn't plan to leave easily. Even if he couldn't find the Superpower Academy, he was prepared to practice here for a while.

After thinking about it, Muyang found a pond and then found a relatively open area nearby. The ki wave in his hand split into several sections and spread out, rumbling and dusting, as he opened up space.

Then he found woods to build a simple hut.

Maximum hand skills!

“The environment here is very nice. It can be used as a place of temporary seclusion.” Looking at the bright and leisurely scenery around him, Muyang nodded his head in satisfaction. He planned to stay here for a while.

Next, he cleared the barrier between the pond and the hut, then got some stones to make a stove and set up a wooden rack for the barbecue. With that, the simple amenities were complete.

“This will do.” Wiping off the sweat on his forehead, Muyang clapped his hands before going to look for food.

With a swoosh, Muyang turned into a black shadow, scampered into the dense forest, and soon returned with a rabbit in tow.

After he skinned and gutted the rabbit, he placed it on a rack and toasted it finely over low heat. The flames slowly char the red meat. The transparent fat drips down the wooden frame, immediately filling the whole forest with the rich aroma of meat.

After eating the roast meat, Muyang’s strength was replenished, and he was ready to enter the “Acceleration Space” for training.

chapter 27

After a moment of sitting quietly, Muyang moved the ki in his body. Then with a single swoosh, he entered the gray-white Acceleration Space.

The speed of time flow here was twice as fast as the outside world. With Muyang’s current condition, he could continue to open the Acceleration Space for three hours.

If he went beyond six hours, it would cause spiritual dullness.

Practicing in the Acceleration Space would not only double the time and replenish the body’s consumption, but it would also have the effect of calming the mind and restoring the spirit. This would make it easier to get into comprehension without distractions.

After experiencing the World Martial Arts Tournament, Muyang had already gained a more detailed understanding of the Earth martial arts world’s level.

In general, there were still quite a few masters in the Earth martial arts world, like the headmaster of the Maple Leaf School, Master Hulin of the Orin Temple, Elder Nally of the Thousand Crane School, which were all top-ranked masters. Compared to them, Muyang still lacked a lot.

It was an accumulation of age and experience. It was impossible to catch up with them in a short time. However, purely in terms of power level, Muyang believed that he would soon catch up with them.

It was white and empty.

Inside the Acceleration Space, a strong, athletic figure performs a basic training exercise. He jumps vigorously, and with every jump almost touching the “ceiling” above his head.

“9997, 9998, 9999, 10,000!”

Muyang kicked and jumped continuously for more than 10,000 times. He only stopped when his legs became sore. He wiped the sweat from his face, his eyes revealed determination, and then started throwing punches again.

Huh! Huh! Huh!

The thin air vibrated in the impact with the punch. The violently vibrating air squeezed each other, emitting a dull thud sound. It was a pity that Muyang didn't have load-bearing equipment on his body; otherwise, his training would achieve better results.

Taking out the scouter and performing some tests on himself, he was motivated by the data displayed on the lenses.

“I've reached 97, which is the highest data I've ever seen under a full burst. At this point, the subsequent growth in power level has been slowing down...”

Muyang sighed as he looked at the data displayed on the lens.

After several days of continuous testing, he noticed that his power level growth was becoming slower.

By the time the power level reached close to a hundred, the limitations of the earthlings had begun to appear. A hundred power level was a barrier. There were only a handful of people who had successfully overcome it, each of whom was an amazing martial arts master.

That was no longer something that could be broken just by doing physical exercise.

However, for Muyang, he must overcome this hurdle! A mere one hundred power level was not enough; he had to become stronger.

“Well?”

Suddenly, a stabbing pain came from within his spirit. Muyang knew that his training time in the Acceleration Space had reached its limit.

This novel was translated by SystemTranslation, please read on their site.

So, he calmed down and adjusted the ki in his body. Then, with a swoosh, his body disappeared from within the grey-white Acceleration Space.

Returning to the outside world, the profound spiritual exhaustion made him grimace more than the soreness of long-term muscle exercise.

With a thud, Muyang's body fell back to sleep for about six or seven hours before he finally woke up. The spiritual exhaustion had been wiped away, and he was about to start practicing “ki.

“Muyang's use of ki was still very rough because he hadn't yet met a more proficient Ki Based Technique practitioner.

“Maybe I should make my way over to Korin Tower,” Muyang pondered.

But before that, he believed he still had some things he needed to do.

Korin Tower was ten thousand miles away in the Northern Hemisphere. If he relied on his feet, there was no telling how long it would take.

At this point, physical exercise was no longer necessary. Therefore Muiyang wanted to study the Dancing Sky Art because if he could soar through the sky, his speed could be greatly increased.

The Dancing Sky Art belonged to the secret technique of Master Shen, but it wasn't a brilliant skill, to say the least. Its principle was very simple and mainly focused on using ki within the body; however, it was complicated to master.

If ki wave was done by condensing and forming ki in the body and firing it out through the palm of the hand or fingers.

Then this Dancing Sky Art was done by shifting the mind to release a little bit of the ki in the body through the soles of the feet so that it enveloped the body and counteracts the effects of gravity.

This would overcome the attraction of the Earth's gravity and allow the body to float.

This technique is similar to the "wave rider" technique used on Earth in past times. By controlling the surface of the shock wave subtly, more power can be obtained.

Muiyang's mind recalled the picture in the original story where Son Goku guide Videl to practice the Dancing Sky Art. Compared to Videl, Muiyang's foundation was obviously much more solid.

The bad news was that the original story didn't reveal details of this technique, so he needed to explore on his own.

After a few failed attempts, it didn't take long for a small stream of ki to flow down his thighs towards the soles of the feet and release evenly through the feet.

During the release process, Muiyang's body began to float a little bit. When his bobbing body floated to four or five meters off the ground, Muiyang looked down at the green field from above, and he became extremely calm.

He then carefully adjusted his body posture and flew steadily to higher ground.

At this time, the azure sky was as flawless as a mirror, and at the bottom of the sky was a primitive forest of lush greenery. The mountain and rivers were beautiful. The ancient trees were jagged, giving an ethereality and immensity sense to the mind.

Flying!

This was just the most basic part of the Dancing Sky Art. It required diffusing ki all over the body, which was a step more difficult than merely floating.

Moreover, flying at high speeds required precise control over the shape of the shock wave surface so that the resistance became a potential driving force.

Muiyang gradually imitated Videl's training technique in the original story. After two days, he could really soar in the sky as much as he wanted.

"The Dancing Sky Art is considered completed, so it's time to go to the Sacred Land of Korin."

Muyang estimated that if he were able to climb the Korin Tower and received guidance from Korin, he should be able to make a great leap in his strength, which was enough to cross the first barrier that lay across his path.

Of course, this trip to Sacred Land of Korin wasn't only to learn more brilliant training techniques from Korin, but also to obtain the Earth's Healing Holy Medicine, the Senzu Bean.

In the early stages of the Dragon Ball World, many weird things existed on Earth, and Senzu Bean was one of them.

Senzu Bean didn't show much value in the early stages of Dragon Ball; it simply kept people from feeling hungry. In the later stages, it was worthy of being a life-saver.

Not only it could quickly restore physical strength, but it could also instantly heal any injuries.

Unfortunately, in the later stages of the Dragon Ball, the Senzu Bean production dropped drastically, making a Senzu Bean like a precious treasure that could only be used on a blade.

But for now, the Senzu Bean hadn't been ruined by Yajirobe, and there was still plenty of stock at the Korin Tower.

“Let's go...”

With a long roar in the air, Muyang raised his height. As his vision became wider and open, an otherworldly area in the distance caught his attention on his way towards the North.

Muyang's expression became a little stunned as he lightly laughed, “So the place I have been looking for all this time, far away from the sky, is actually there!”

chapter 28

The sky was bright, and the breeze was fresh.

The warm sun shone, and sprinkling spots of brightness through the leaves among the trees. Not far from Muyang, there was a rustle in the forest.

Some slender animals were frightened and fled to the depths of the woods.

“Shayton, your teacher told you to patrol around the academy. Why are you lying here and slacking off.”

An angry voice came from a young man in a blue uniform who flew up to Shayton's side with hesitation on his face.

The man called Shayton sat up with a jolt and smirked carelessly. “Sammi, what are you fussing about? I'm just lazy. There's no need to be so angry...” seeing Sammi's gloomy face that became as dark as ink, Shayton's voice grew quieter as he spoke.

Sammi glared at Shayton resentfully, “How can you still here when your teacher had asked you to patrol.”

“Yes, yes, you're right, but this is a superpower academy, it's not like this is some random place. What kind of people want to come here... And isn't there still Dean here, she doesn't know anything, why do we need to patrol?” Shayton responded casually, while got up from the ground calmly.

“Idiot, don’t you know it’s practice?” Sammi glared at Shayton.

“Okay, I’m not going to argue with you. I’ll go patrolling now.

Shayton didn’t bother arguing with Sammi. He used his powers to lift his body up, floating lightly and patrolling the large forest where the academy was located.

“Ugh, this guy.” Sammi shook his head and patrolled along with him.

The Superpower Academy is a place that specializes in training superpowers. It had existed for an unknown number of years since ancient times, just like the Sacred Land of Korin. It was considered a relatively transcendent place.

The students mainly came from two sources; one was the superpowers user transported in from the outside world, such as Mexia. The other was children trained by several Superpower Kindergartens affiliated with the Superpower Academy.

Sammi and Shayton were the ones who graduated from Superpower Kindergarten and advanced to the next level.

In the original story, both Oolong and Puar studied at the Southern Transformation Kindergarten, but Oolong was expelled for stealing his female teacher’s panties, and Puar, for some unknown reason, didn’t make it to the Superpower Academy anyway.

Earth was a magical place, with passages to the Demon Realm, the Yellow Springs, and other incredible places still existing in some obscure and remote areas.

In ancient times, monsters that disrupted human life often emerged from these passages. It was during this time that superpowers users and martial arts practitioners became the main force in fighting against these external threats because of their incredible powers.

However, with the rapid development of recent technological, superpowers users and martial arts practitioners had gradually become invisible.

Just as Sammi and Shayton were stumbling to patrol in relatively open territory, a black dot suddenly flew in the sky. As they got closer and closer, that black dot became larger and gradually became a humanoid figure.

Sammi and Shayton noticed the figure, and Shayton put his arm against Sammi as he said, “Sammi, who do you think that could be?”

“I don’t know, anyway, pay attention to the surrounding.”

Sammi also looked at the figure and became serious, his body floating up to stop the figure.

“Stop, this is the territory of Superpower Academy, if you don’t have anything else to do, please leave immediately.”

The young man who flew into the air that day was none other than Muyang, who was on his way to go to the Sacred Land of Korin.

However, when he reached a certain height, he discovered a place that resembled a paradise not far from him.

He flew over to take a look, and sure enough, it was the Superpower Academy he was looking for.

“My friend, this is the Superpower Academy, right? My name is MUYANG; I’m from a martial arts school called Heavenly Sky School. I’m here to visit my junior sister Mexia. I wonder if you can ask Mexia to come over for a while?”

MUYANG quickly introduced himself to avoid any unnecessary trouble.

Upon hearing this, SAMMI looked less guarded than before.

“So you’re here to visit Mexia, wait a minute, and I’ll have someone go inform her.” SAMMI smiled and stopped MUYANG, then gave SHAYTON a wink to go back inside the academy to make sure.

There weren’t many students in the Superpower Academy. They knew each other roughly even if they weren’t familiar with each other. SHAYTON was stunned but then flew towards the academy.

MUYANG watched the two communicating with their eyes, and he knew that there was still wariness in their hearts. He laughed lightly like a spring breeze, then landed on the ground and waited calmly.

After all, this was the territory of the Superpower Academy, and Mexia was a student here, so let’s just wait. There was no need to cause any trouble.

“What’s your name?” MUYANG asked.

“You can just call me SAMMI,” SAMMI said with a friendly attitude while hovering next to a tree.

“SAMMI, you must have been in the academy for a long time, right?”

“It’s been for many years. I was raised from Superpower Kindergarten.”

“Superpower Kindergarten? I’ve heard that Transformation Kindergarten teaches Shapeshifting Techniques there, have you ever learned them?” MUYANG’S eyes lit up as he heard about the interesting place and asked.

SAMMI looked at MUYANG in surprise and nodded, “The Transformation Kindergarten is one of the kindergartens under the Superpower Academy. I did learn the Shapeshifting Techniques, but I’m not good at it. My transformation can only last for 10 minutes.”

MUYANG nodded. He felt that it was already good, knowing that in the original story, Oolong and Puar’s transformations could only last for five minutes. They even needed to rest for one minute halfway through to continue their transformations.

Although the Southern Transformation Kindergarten teaches some simple and basic superpower techniques, such as Shapeshifting Techniques, which didn’t actually enhance the learner’s strength. Instead, it was quite confusing for the learner.

Muyang and Sammi chatted endlessly. After about ten minutes or so, Shayton returned from the Superpower Academy's direction, with a slender, small figure behind him.

With bright eyes, dainty teeth, and a dark green hair just above the ear flaps, it was the same Mexia that Muyang hadn't seen in years.

At this time, Mexia was already fifteen years old, her body had stretched out, and she had grown a lot taller. Her slender body already had the appearance of a cardamom girl.

When she saw Muyang from afar, a hint of joy flashed between her pair of turquoise pupils, then she cheered. Her body shone with a faint green fluorescent light. With a hint of an emerald green whirlwind tornado, she rushed towards Muyang.

“Senior brother, what brought you here?” Mexia's crisp voice surrounded his ears.

Muyang caught Mexia's body, the soft touch and the scent of fragrance made him stunned for a moment. He wondered if the pretty girl in front of him was the same Mexia who was dangling around him before.

She was wearing a black, long-sleeved, loose-fitting gown with a high collar and a hem scattered into several pieces like a trench coat. Don't mention how acerbic it would be to put on a pair of sunglasses.

But that was quite great! He muttered to himself, looking at the girl in front of him.

“I haven't seen you for a few years, so I came over to see you.”

Mexia giggled lightly and glanced at Muyang, “Who are you lying to? I don't believe it.”

“Forget it if you don't believe me.” Muyang shrugged his shoulders.

Mexia hadn't been back all these years. It was said to be an internal regulation of the Supernatural Academy.

It seemed that only those who reached the maximum school age limit or reached a certain standard of their own abilities that could graduate and leave the academy.

It was said that this was done to protect the beginners and hide the location of the academy.

Stroking the girl's fluffy dark green hair, Muyang turned to Sammi and Shayton and said, “I haven't seen Mexia for a long time, and I wanted to take her out for a walk.”

“Make yourselves comfortable.” Sammi smiled faintly.

“My teacher knew you were coming, and she gave me the day off.” Mexia happily held Muyang's hand; her white hand was icy cold, yet it was gentle like a jasper. “Senior brother, I haven't seen you for a long time. Tell me about the things in school...”

“Okay!” Muyang smiled, then nodded and said yes, pulling Mexia's hand towards the temporary hut that he had built.

The surface of the pond was rippling with blue waves, and the water was gurgling. It is surrounded by birds and flowers, and the tranquil scenery is dreamy and beautiful.

Muyang and Mexia sat on the floor, talking about the exciting things they had encountered over the years.

Muyang looked proudly at Mexia as he said that he came over to participate in the World Martial Arts Tournament and had won the title. And when he saw that she was indeed surprised, and it made Muyang felt even more proud.

“Senior Brother, it’s only been three years, and you’re already so powerful...” Mexia exclaimed, and her eyes were shining bright as she was chirping with excitement.

“Not really.”

The corners of Muyang’s mouth slightly raised. Mu Yang was unprecedentedly relaxed every time he faced this naive girl named Mexia.

The previous worries buried in his heart suddenly dissipated, and his mood became incredibly refreshed. It was like, at this point, everything about Saiyans and Frieza was all went up in smoke.

“Then I’m going to attend the next World Martial Arts Tournament, so I can beat you,” Mexia said seriously.

“I think that will be very difficult.” Muyang smiled, pressing his palm against her head, and suddenly remembered something. He pulled out a lens-like object from his pocket and handing it to Mexia.

“Mexia, this is for you.” It was a scouter.

Aside from the fact that he didn’t tell Mexia about Acceleration Space, he didn’t hide about the discovery of the spaceship.

After taking the scouter, Mexia looked at the lens-like object curiously and said, “Is this the scouter you talked about earlier, the alien technology?”

“Yes, there are only three of them on Earth, so you’ll have to keep them.”

Muyang looked at her with a smile. When he was excavating the ship’s wreckage, he found three Scouters from the iron box, and now he gave one of them to Mexia.

“Oh, I see.” Mexia was very happy. She then leaned in to give a peck on Muyang’s cheek.

Muyang was waiting for it, which made Mexia hesitated for a moment. Looking at Muyang’s face, she laughed, and instead of moving her mouth, she stretched out her hand, bending her index fingers and thumb slightly, and snapped her fingers on Muyang’s face.

“Ahem!”

Quirky! This wasn't how the script was supposed to work.

It was such a beautiful moment for two innocent teenagers. You shouldn't talk first before have a quick peck!

Touching the place where Mexia had flicked him, MUYANG lightly coughed, then he realized he didn't have loli control! But the girl in front of him wasn't a loli anymore! She was just a little young.

But it didn't matter if she was young, she'd be big in a few years.

MUYANG then taught Mexia how to use the scouter. This scouter utilized hexadecimal. So, MUYANG needed to teach her how to convert hexadecimal to decimal.

It was good that Mexia's brain was very agile and was able to learn quickly.

After learned how to use it, Mexia couldn't wait to test it on herself, and the data it showed converted to "41".

"Forty-one power level, how come it's only this much? Is this considered high or low?" Mexia lifted her head, her clarifying eyes looking at MUYANG.

MUYANG smiled, "It's already good."

Forty-one points of power level, which meant the energy in Mexia's body, was forty-one. That certainly wasn't a bad result.

The source of superpowers was also energy, but this energy was more restrained than a pure burst of power. It would be applied differently depending on the category of the superpower.

But the one thing in common was the greater the energy level, the more productive the combat effect. So, if Mexia used her superpowers at this point, even with the current power level that MUYANG had, it would be hard for him to break free.

"How much power level do you have, senior brother?"

"97! "

"Eh, that was a lot of difference!"

Mexia felt a little frustrated, she had thought that there wouldn't be that big of a difference between herself and her senior brother, but it turned out she didn't even reach half the amount of MUYANG's power level.

So she curled her lips and threw MUYANG down on the grass with her claws and teeth.

"Don't be ridiculous; your power level is really good already. The other brothers and sisters in the Great Azure Mountain only have twenty or thirty power level by now."

"Really?"

"I'm not lying."

Gulugulu – The scene went on for a while until there was a sound of protest from her stomachs.

“I’m hungry.” Mexia touched her stomach.

“Mexia, I’ll give you another taste of your senior brother’s cooking today.”

“Okay,” Mexia shouted happily. Muyang was in a happy mood. It felt like the two were back in their childhood, without worries and surrounded by a light warmth in their hearts.

Muyang found firewood and lit the smoke, while Mexia hunted the prey. Muyang was the one responsible for cleaning the prey and grilling it.

Soon, the transparent fat was dripping on the grass from the roasted meat. Muyang sprinkled a necessary amount of spices, and the two siblings gorged themselves on the food.

Happy times never last long, time passed unnoticed, and soon it was time to part.

Mexia was reluctant to leave, and her tears were streaming down.

“Senior brother, I have to go back. You should visit me often from now on.”

“I will.”

“I’ll be mad if you don’t come.” Mexia wrinkled her little cocked nose.

“I got it.” Muyang smiled as he looked at her pitiful expression.

After getting Muyang’s promise, Mexia reluctantly flew towards the direction of the academy. Watching Mexia’s back gradually became smaller, Muyang stood in place for a moment to adjust his mood.

Muyang raised his head to look at the clear and flawless sky; his eyes gradually became determined. Then he soared up, swooshing towards the sky, and quickly disappeared into the boundless firmament.

chapter 30

Legend had it that the Sacred Land of Korin was the place where the martial arts of Earth originated.

It was located on a massive plain in the Northern Hemisphere of the Earth. It was backed by a majestic mountain range that was often covered in ice and snow.

The mountain soared high from south to north, blocking the humidity from the Western Ocean. It kept the Sacred Land of Korin near the sea from becoming a rainforest with too much rain.

The whole Sacred Land of Korin was a large basin that sunk downward. It covered more than a hundred kilometers of dense forest that looked like a green wave swaying in the wind from afar.

Right in the middle of the Sacred Land of Korin, there was a Korin Tower connected to the Heaven Realm.

Legend had it that if someone could climb the Korin Tower with bare hands, they could meet the immortals who dwelt above it and receive guidance from them.

More than two hundred years ago, when the martial arts on Earth were extremely prosperous. There was an endless stream of martial arts practitioners coming to challenge Korin Tower.

However, with the disaster that hit the world two hundred and fifty years ago, the martial arts schools on Earth suffered heavy losses and hadn't recovered until this day. That was why the number of people coming to challenge Korin Tower was not as high as it used to be.

But today, a figure was approaching at a rapid pace towards Korin Tower.

A flash of light passed through several snow-capped mountains, and a flat skyline came into view.

When Muiyang was flying in the sky above the Sacred Land of Korin Great Forest, he saw a long soaring tower rooted in the horizon and penetrating into the sky above, covered by the white puffy clouds.

“Finally, I arrived at the Sacred Land of Korin, and that long line is supposed to be the Korin Tower. It's so long!”

Muiyang was far more shocked than he had imagined when he looked in the distance and actually saw Korin Tower.

He gradually lowered his height and approached the Korin Tower.

The base of Korin Tower was about two meters wide and deeply rooted in the ground. The ivory tower was only about a meter thick and was made of an unknown material. There were various totemic patterns carved on it, including flowers and birds, human faces, and animal faces, which probably an ancient human belief of nature.

After landing his feet on the ground, Muiyang raised his head to look up at the tower whose peak was invisible. Then, he moved his body in place, preparing to challenge Korin Tower officially.

It should be said that this world was worthy of being the Dragon Ball World. As long as earthlings found the right training that conformed to the world's rules, they could even possess great power!

Anyway, Muiyang clearly knew that in his original world, he wouldn't be able to train his body to become this powerful. However, it could probably happen because of the power field called “ki” that pervades the universe.

Now, he was about to challenge Korin Tower!

Suddenly, an arrow flew towards him, its icy tip flickering. Muiyang immediately stretched out his hand and grabbed the arrow in his hand.

“That's not a nice way to treat a guest!”

Muiyang said in a cold voice while sticking the arrow in the ground.

“Stop, what are you doing here?” A male voice came from behind. With a whoosh, six or seven Indians with stripes painted on their faces, and carrying quivers of arrows, came out of the woods.

These Indians were dressed much like Bora in the original story. They were holding spears, arrows and wearing beast tooth necklaces around their necks. All of them were looking at MUYANG with a wary face.

“Are they Karinga Tribe that guard the Sacred Land of Korin?”

MUYANG raised his eyebrows and immediately recognized these people.

Strictly speaking, not anyone was qualified to challenge Korin Tower, because Korin Tower rose into the sky, challenging it would be dangerous. These guardians lived in the Sacred Land of Korin Great Forest all year round.

They took the responsibility to protect the Great Forest. So, they were considered to be the first hurdle before challenging the Korin Tower.

“Stranger, you are a good fighter, tell us who you are.” An Indian who was at the front of the line came forward with a spear in his hand.

“My name is MUYANG, from Heavenly Sky School. I came here today to challenge the Korin Tower.” MUYANG said with a serious face.

The Indian looked surprised after hearing that and said unexpectedly, “You are MUYANG, the winner of this year’s World Martial Arts Tournament?”

MUYANG was surprised. He didn’t expect that the guardians who lived at the Sacred Land of Korin would actually know the information regarding the World Martial Arts Tournament.

He thought that this must not be the state of martial arts seclusion in later generations because the communication between schools was still frequent. MUYANG then nodded and said, “That’s right; I am MUYANG.”

Hearing MUYANG confirming his identity, the Indians’ demeanor became enthusiastic.

“Sorry about earlier, I’m Oz, the guardian of Korin Tower.”

The Indian named Oz, who led the group, expressed his apologies. He waved for the tribe behind him to put their weapons down, he exclaimed,

“Did you just say you’re here to challenge Korin Tower? After all these years, someone has finally come back to challenge it, and to tell you the truth, it’s not an easy thing to do, and you can lose your life if you’re not careful.”

“My people have tried and failed, are you sure you want to challenge Korin Tower?”

There weren’t many members of the Karinga Tribe. Only the most outstanding warriors were eligible to live near Korin Tower. And still, they failed to challenge the Korin Tower, so you could imagine how difficult it would be.

MUYANG said, “Thank you for your concern, but I’ve already prepared myself.”

Seeing Muiyang's determination, Oz nodded, "I see you've made the long journey to get here. Why don't you recuperate and wait until tomorrow around this time to take on the challenge?"

"No, I'm in good shape, and I'm going to challenge now."

Muiyang shook his head to reject Oz's kindness. Actually, he had already adjusted his body when he flew over, so he didn't have to wait until tomorrow. As for the Indian's kindness, he appreciated it.

Oz looked at Muiyang in amazement and stepped out of the way, "If that's the case, good luck then."

"Thank you."

After saying that, Muiyang faced Korin Tower, and his legs muscles suddenly exerted force. "whoosh," a whirlwind suddenly rolled up the ground. Along with this explosive force, Muiyang used the Quicker Than Lighting Technique and flew towards the sky.

His toes lightly stepped on the raised node of Korin Tower, and after three or two strokes, he turned into a black dot and disappeared from everyone's sight.

Underneath, the Karinga Tribes looked stunned towards the sky. They were suddenly dumbfounded as they lost track of Muiyang. They never expect that Muiyang could be so powerful.

After quite some time, Oz closed his mouth. He looked at his people and said incredulously, "That teenager is so strong, maybe he can actually meet Korin!"

"Yeah, worthy of being the winner of the World Martial Arts Tournament!"

The others praised him as well.

"I think he's much better than previous winners."

Oz shook his head and looked again at Korin Tower, which was peering into the clouds.