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## DRAGON BALL GOD MU

### Chapter chapter 6

In the morning, the light of the dawn was shining on the earth, and the hazy fog still filled the depth of the Great Azure Mountain.

In the crest formed by the connection of the two peaks, the lush branches swayed with the wind, the leaves rustled in mid-air. Any dispute seemed to be insignificant in this open field area.

Crackling, the sound of fried beans breaking the silence, accompanied by a low burst and broken air, the serenity that belongs to nature has become a little finer.

In the forest, a tall young man used his strength to support his feet on the ground. His body was half bowed, he was struggling to support himself like he was under some kind of great pressure, and the sound like fried beans was coming from the hard ground beneath the young man's feet.

In front of the young man, over three meters away, floating in the air, was a young girl with dark green hair.

Her hair was slightly curled, and her pretty face still looked a little childish. The girl's body was shining with a sparkling, glittering green light, and the pressure on that young man was coming from that emerald green light.

"Mexia, continue to increase the pressure!" MUYANG gasped and looked determined as he told Mexia.

Mexia looked at MUYANG. He was sweating heavily, and it made her hesitant for a moment. She whispered softly, "Senior brother, I think that's enough."

"It's okay, increase the pressure!"

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The voice was still firm.

“Un!” Seeing that she couldn’t persuade her senior brother, Mexia could only pout and raised her hand to continue exerting pressure on MUYANG. Her entire body was emitting a radiant green light, and the pressure released on MUYANG suddenly became even more intense.

Ho! The huge pressure passed over, and MUYANG’s body sank, his mouth and legs were trembling.

“Barely...tolerable.”

MUYANG was topped with a tremendous amount of strength, but he was still capable of holding it.

In these underdeveloped technological times, if you didn’t take a little practical approach, even if it took a few years, the rate of growth wouldn’t necessarily be noticeable.

MUYANG had a clear understanding of his own qualifications. He should be considered good among earthlings, but far from reaching the level of genius. The potential of earthlings was inherently incomparable to those powerful cosmic races. If he didn’t rush his training, he would sooner or later disappear into the tide of time.

So since last year, he had been consciously strapping on a load for practice.

And after discovering that Mexia’s superpower was actually telekinesis, he had the idea of letting her use the superpower on him...

Using superpowers as a way to achieve the same goal, which was to increase the pressure on himself.

Strengthen the body gradually by using patience that trickles down through the stone.

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This method seemed primitive to him, but this was a more reliable one because there were few shortcuts to honing the body.

As for the possibility of a developing body being over-exposed to external pressures, he was initially a little worried. But he had to be a little adventurous in doing things, nothing's cheap in this world, so how could he succeed if he didn't take any risk?

Judging by the original story in which Son Goku and Krillin tied sandbags to practice as children, it didn't seem to cause any harmful effects. Um...came to think of it, it seemed like Krillin ended up being quite short. Muiyang was wondering if it was due to genetics or he was being shortened during the development, did this method wasn't suitable for the earthlings? Because Son Goku, who had Saiyan blood, didn't have that problem.

Muiyang had thought about it carefully and took some time to try it first. If there was an unpleasant reaction, he'd stop decisively! He didn't want to end up to be a handsome boy that couldn't even reach 1.6 meters!

As a result, a few months down the road, Muiyang found that apart from his increased appetite, he grew taller during his adolescence. His height was scuffling, not affected by the weight load, which made him put his worries aside.

The next step was doing even more extreme training...

"Whew!" Exhaled a long breath, he felt the soreness coming from various parts of his body. Muiyang took a glance towards Mexia; this is it for today. He already knew what would happen if he overdid it. If he continued, then it was obviously a sign of arrogance to think that his body was made of iron and wouldn't actually break.

So, he signaled Mexia that she could stop.

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Mexia was instructed to withdraw her powers instantly. As the green radiant dissipated, the anti-gravity fluttering hair fell away.

Muyang stood in place to regulate his breathing, and after a moment, the soreness gradually disappeared.

He smiled back at his biggest hero and said, "What do you want as a reward for your hard work today?"

Mexia smiled, and her voice was bright and clear, "Really? Then I want my senior brother to prepare a barbecue meal for me; I want lots of good food."

Thinking about the golden, crispy meat that had been cooked to a perfect crisp and the unknown spices that had been sprinkled on top, Mexia felt her little belly protest, and she drooled.

What an innocent little girl.

Muyang looked at Mexia and happily agreed.

"Okay, today, senior brother will personally cook a barbecue for you, so you can eat it all."

"Umm." Mexia narrowed her eyes and smiled.

On the other side, Mexia's father, Isaac, was hidden behind the sea of forest. He was quietly watching Muyang and Mexia's practice, nodding his head from time to time with a pleasing smile plastered on his face. Then his body flickered and quickly disappeared.

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In the Heavenly Sky School's martial art building, several Heavenly Sky School's elders were gathering together to discuss issues regarding the training of their disciples.

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“There aren’t many medicines in stock. Suppose we don’t arrange someone to enter the Primitive Mountains soon to collect enough medicines. In that case, there will be a suspension of the disciples’ medicine baths starting next month.”

The one who spoke was a middle-aged woman with black hair, who looked to be about forty years old.

She was one of the six Heavenly Sky School’s disciples of the Isaac generation who was in charge of allocating resources within the school.

“Are we about to run out of medicines again?” A man next to him was surprised.

“A dozen disciples are consuming it together; how can it not run out quickly?” The middle-aged woman retorted with a glare.

The man stuck his throat and stopped talking.

This was what made their school different from other schools; the consumption of resources was just too fast.

But again, the benefits of doing so were obvious: it would give the disciple a more solid foundation.

“Yula, how many more days until the remaining resources are gone?” As the headmaster of the Heavenly Sky School, Isaac asked.

The middle-aged woman named Yula flipped through the warehouse records. She said, “It can last for ten days if you save a little, but the pressure is a little heavy back there, and over half the resources will be cut off in a month.”

After hearing what Yula said, Isaac tapped his fingers softly. He listened and said in a deep voice, “We can’t stop the disciples’ training. So, in a couple of days, Sith and Karl, you guys work hard and lead the team into the depth of

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the Primitive Mountain to refill the resources.” Isaac said as he looked at Sith and Karl.