

Ball God 61

Chapter 61

Regarding his future partner, MUYANG actually didn't have many thoughts. Two people as a partner, first of all, they must first meet each other.

Second, they must feel comfortable with each other, not entangled nor restricted. No one should be a burden to the other, or if they felt "I'm okay with you," then it would be enough.

It was hard to have a shelf life for passionate love. In the end, when the heat cooled down, it was the blandness of firewood.

Then if this blandness remained familiar, as if her scent was the scent of your own body, it was actually the right person to choose.

Love and family affection was a thin line apart, and family affection could last longer. At this point, a flexible figure came to mind.

MEXIA...

MUYANG smiled slightly as he whirled and frowned. She was a little younger than him!

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After taking a short break inside the restaurant, MUYANG watched through the window as pedestrians on the road carried all kinds of farming tools and set up ox carts and wagons. Some of them were local farmers, while others were passing traders.

THUD, putting down the wine glass in his hand, MUYANG stood up and walked to the counter to pay the bill.

For him, who was currently carrying a huge amount of money, nothing bothered him in terms of money anymore.

It should be said that as long as you were a martial arts practitioner, there were countless ways to make money.

You could find a treasure trove, exterminate robbers, open a school and teach disciples, or even become a mercenary to uphold world justice.

You could have a large source of income and basically wouldn't be trapped by financial problems.

Therefore, MUYANG wondered why SON GOKU, KRILLIN, and the others always lived in such poverty.

After he continued wandering the streets alone for a while, MUYANG entered a blacksmith shop, where the set of weights he used for training was built.

"Ah, Junior Brother MUYANG, come in and take a look. I wonder what you need this time?" The blacksmith shop owner greeted warmly.

"Boss, you're busy, so I'll just look around." MUYANG smiled and nodded to him, then strolled around the shop.

This iron shop was stocked with farming utensils and then kitchen utensils like knives and iron pots.

A few crossbows were hanging in the corners instead, as well as a few sets of weights for training.

As Muyang took it, the owner glanced at him. Muyang didn't expect him not only to be able to use and learn but actually to sell the props he had asked him to build.

It was estimated that the blacksmith shop owner had also made a small profit by borrowing this martial arts training style that made him won the World Martial Arts Tournament.

After wandering around the shop, Muyang shook his head. These weights made of ordinary metal materials would no longer work for him now.

“Boss, do you have any metal here that's smaller and heavier?”

The owner shook his head in embarrassment, “Junior brother, we don't have the kind of metal you're talking about in a small place like this. You'll have to look for it in the big city.”

Muyang nodded and had another polite conversation with the owner before walking out of the shop towards the martial arts dojo.

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Back at the dojo, the disciples had finished their lunch and were now resting in the backyard. Martial arts practitioners needed to make reasonable arrangements for their training.

It wasn't good enough to train all the time, so after lunch, the dojo would arrange a two-hour break for them.

“Brother, brother!”

April's delicate and pleasant voice was heard.

Muyang turned around and saw April sitting under a shade tree in the corner of the dojo facing him and waving, while the young blue dinosaur was lying next to her, napping.

“April, what are you reading?” Muyang saw that she was holding a book in her hand.

April spread out the book in her hand, “Brother, I'm reading mathematics.”

Muyang smiled, “You can learn these things in class. You've worked hard all morning. You should rest like those senior brothers and sisters.”

“I can't sleep...” April curled her lips.

Muyang smiled and rubbed April's head with his hand. Children's energy was always high. He didn't know if they were tireless or what.

They were making trouble all day long. Compared to other children, April was much quieter and knew how to learn at a young age.

“By the way, how does it feel to practice martial arts?”

April's face was bitter, “It was so tiring.”

Muyang smiled, "It's okay to be tired, but you have to practice well because it will strengthen your body."

"Hmm." April chirped softly. Her attention was then turned to the books in her hands, leaning back against the young blue dinosaur's body to find a comfortable position.

Muyang smiled at the sight. He whirled around to stand up and head over towards the other fellow disciples.

After Muyang's morning teaching, the dojo's disciples seemed to have found some kind of sense.

However, it was a pity that the connection wasn't deep enough, and they were stuck in a layer of mist.

So, when Muyang came towards them, they eagerly gathered around, hoping to get the answers they wanted from Muyang.

Of course, Muyang knew everything and explained it patiently.

After he answered his junior brothers' questions, Muyang returned to his room and began his training.

With a swoosh, Muyang entered the Acceleration Space. After he broke the first limitation of his body, the Acceleration Space's time flow rate had become four to one.

The opening time had been strengthened as his strength grew. Now he could maintain opening the Acceleration Space for five hours, which was equivalent to twenty hours inside.

In a blank space, a thousand-meter radius was filled with a thin layer of ki. As Muyang breathed in the ki-filled air, he felt his body was nourished and relaxed.

Then Muyang began his training in this vast and boundless space.

With a swoosh, the body moved quickly, and the shadow of the man faltered. Another image of himself appeared not far from him, the residual shadow left by the Afterimage Technique.

"Heavenly Sky Beam!"

"Dancing Air Art!"

"Afterimage Technique!"

The various moves were all displayed. The azure-colored light traveled through space, making it colorful for a while.

Apart from these few moves, Muyang didn't actually have much involvement in ki application.

Although there were still some profound things in the Heavenly Sky School's inheritance, it was all theoretical. It hadn't even been figured out by Isaac before. That was why it hadn't been passed on to Muyang.

Now that Muyang's strength had already surpassed Isaac's, Isaac had handed over all the inheritance he knew to Muyang some days ago. This was to train Muyang as the next headmaster.

According to Isaac, the ancient legacy of the Heavenly Sky School might have originated from the Lookout. So for the next move, MUYANG was preparing to study it properly.

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Time flew by, and the days went by like lightning.

Half a year had passed in the blink of an eye.

During this period, apart from teaching his junior disciples and April in the martial arts dojo, MUYANG had spent his time in Accelerated Space studying the secrets of the Heavenly Sky School inheritance.

Of course, in the meantime, MUYANG also took the time to attend the wedding of the restaurant owner's daughter, Marlene.

She was married to a hunter in the village who had once trained in a martial arts school, so he was pretty skilled.

After that, he went to the Southern Region to see Mexia again.

After all, she was the future wife that he had decided to have. So, he had to keep her from being taken away by others.

It was necessary to go over there to declare sovereignty without any problem.

Of course, it was worth mentioning that this time over, he also got Isaac and his wife's support.

In their minds, perhaps they also decided that MUYANG was the most suitable for their daughter to marry even when their daughter was only fourteen or fifteen years old.

After dealing with these trivial matters, MUYANG settled down to practice wholeheartedly.

The Heavenly Sky School inheritance was worthy of being the essence of the Lookout. In just half a year, even with the addition of the Acceleration Space's internal support, MUYANG had only comprehended a little.

Of course, he had benefited greatly from it, and now if MUYANG exerted his full strength, his power level had reached 150 points.

It had exceeded Master Roshi so much.

It was roughly on the same level as Son Goku when he killed Mercenary Tao.

This half a year could be considered the golden period of the Heavenly Sky School. Not only did MUYANG's strength soar, but even a few of his junior disciples had also made full growth. Their power level had reached forty to fifty.

Although it wasn't comparable to MUYANG, it was actually very powerful. It had already reached the level of those great school rookies.

Besides, the disciples who resided in the martial arts dojo were also benefited. Their strength was scuffling up under MUYANG's guidance.

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One day, after six months.

Muyang decided to go out for training again after this submersion period.

After all, he wasn't like Son Goku, who had a special bloodline and could be wretched. Muyang could only keep up his vitality if he traveled more and drew on his knowledge of martial arts to supplement his own.

Therefore, after explaining the situation to Yiya and the others, Muyang packed up his bags and prepared to leave.

“Brother Muyang, I wish you a safe journey.”

At the entrance of the martial arts dojo, Aso and the others gave Muyang a farewell.

“Senior Brother, when you come back next time, I'll definitely impress you.”
Brother Yiya said seriously.

Ness and April were very reluctant to say goodbye. They kept waving their hands to say goodbye to Muyang, “Brother, remember to come back and visit often.”

Muyang almost tripped over and fell. This was a bit strange to say. It felt like he had married someone who lived far away.

However, the martial arts training outside was unpredictable. Three to five years might have passed in a flash. It was indeed the same as a daughter who married away and occasionally returned to her mother's house.

“Don't worry. You guys practice well on your own.”

Muyang smiled faintly as he waved at everyone. He then leaped into the air and soared straight into the sky with the Dancing Sky Art, quickly disappearing into the vast clouds.

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In the clear blue sky, Muyang passed through layer after layer of thin clouds and mist. He kept moving forward against the moist vapor, which stuck to his hair's tips and quickly condensed into liquid droplets.

There were still quite a few ancient martial art schools on Earth. They might not be as strong as Muyang, but it's always beneficial to exchange knowledge.

Muyang's first stop was the Orin Temple. So, after leaving the Great Azure Mountain, he turned around and rushed towards the Orin Temple.

The Orin Temple was located in the Southern Hemisphere. It was a very ancient heritage, just like the Maple Leaf School in the same Southern Hemisphere.

Legend had it that the Orin Temple was rebuilt on the foundation of the ancient Shaolin Temple that had burned down.

Muyang didn't know whether it was true or not, but he wasn't interested in finding out.

However, there was no doubt that Orin Temple was one of the most powerful schools rarely found on Earth, and Master Hulin was a great martial arts master.

As a place where Z-Fighter Krillin used to stay, the popularity of Orin Temple derived from this. However, it would be fair to say that the impression of Orin Temple was generally not good in Dragon Ball fans' eyes.

This, of course, came from the hatred towards harlequins. Several Senior Brothers of Krillin, who appeared in the original story, looked more like embroidered pillows that were knocked off the stage after three or two hits.

They didn't have much to show, and even the Orin Temple itself was scandalized to some extent.

Just after participating in the World Martial Arts Tournament held at Maple Island, Muiyang knew that the Orin Temple couldn't be underestimated. There were quite a lot of masters in it.

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The cold wind whistled, and the seasons changed.

A silhouette quickly crossed the sky, as the distant horizon took on a curved shape.

Muiyang had already arrived not far from the Orin Temple's location, as the quiet mountain forest was already close by.

Located on a steep mountain, the Orin Temple was remote and often haunted by fierce beasts. The surrounding area was sparsely populated, with countless dangerous peaks, making transportation very inconvenient.

The mountain path leading to the Orin Temple was paved with rocks, and it was dug along a cracked rock fault, winding to no end.

At the top of that mountain, an ancient and towering temple stood there.

"My name is Muiyang from Heavenly Sky School. I come here to pay my respects!" The loud voice spread through the entire mountain with layers of echoes continuously resounding. After a moment of waiting outside, Muiyang saw the closed door open.

A monk in yellow-colored robes came out. It was Wuting who had fought with Muiyang at the World Martial Arts Tournament.

"Hahaha, Muiyang, what brings you here? Please come in."

Wuting's burly body moved to face Muiyang and greeted him warmly.

Muiyang smiled indifferently, "Like the best ancient inheritance, Orin Temple has always been hidden. I came here today not only to visit Master Hulin, but I also want to get a little gain in terms of training."

Wuting was surprised, but then he greeted Muiyang and led him into the temple. He found a monk and gave him a few instructions.

After a year of not seeing each other, Wuting found that the gap in strength between himself and Muyang hadn't shortened, but had become even larger.

He then said to Muyang, "Master is discussing martial arts insight with a few elders, I'm afraid you'll have to wait a little while. In the meantime, I'll take you for a walk around the temple."

"I hope it's not going to bother you."

Muyang nodded lightly. Of course, he didn't object. He then strolled around the Orin Temple under Wuting's guidance.

Although Orin Temple was located on the corner of a steep mountain range, the temple's space wasn't small.

In addition to the temple for disciples to pray, there was also a large open space in the temple, which was a place for monks to practice martial arts.

When Muyang walked past with Wuting, he saw many monks lined up to hone their moves under the martial arts master's command.

"You have quite a lot of people here." Muyang pointed at the monks in the distance.

The monks were neatly lined up in that area, all energetic and vibrant. There were hundreds of them, and the number alone was much greater than the Heavenly Sky School.

Wuting smiled and said, "These are the newly arrived disciples. Please come this way."

Wuting acted as a tour guide as he showed Muyang around, "Muyang, how do you practice your techniques? Why do I feel like I have less ability to see through you?" In the past, the gap between the two wasn't that big, so how come he couldn't see Muyang's profoundness at all after not seeing each other for a year.

"If you also go outside to pursue your training and experience, you can also have the same martial arts level as me." Muyang said as he watched, "This is the result of my training at the Sacred Land of Korin."

"Sacred Land of Korin?" Wuting was surprised and remembered the name in his heart.

As Muyang was strolling around the Orin Temple, Master Hulin came out from the inner hall. When he saw Muyang, a faint and compelling aura suddenly came towards him.

Master Hulin felt this astonishing light flashed in his eyes. A look of disbelief appeared on his treacherous face at the same time.

"This young man, how exactly does he do his training?"

Compared to when he was at the World Martial Arts Tournament, this young man in front of him was simply a different person in terms of aura and temperament. There was a hint of a master's presence.

Master Hulin didn't dare to slow down and went forward hurriedly.

“Master Hulin,” MUYANG said calmly.

He was a senior the last time they met, but now their identities had been reversed. With Master Hulin’s power level was only 105, he could only be considered not bad in front of MUYANG’s right now.

Master Hulin wasn’t angry at all at MUYANG’s calm tone. Instead, he smiled and said incessantly, “Junior brother, please come inside.”

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Strong people always needed to be respected. This was an unchanging truth. Even though MUYANG looked very young, his martial arts were already ahead of everyone else.

No matter how aloof they were, it was still the dignity of the strong ones. Not only would no one accuse them, but they would take it for granted.

MUYANG only stayed in the Orin Temple for one day and left on the second day accompanied by Wuting and Master Hulin.

In that one day, MUYANG fully interacted with Master Hulin and shocked everyone with his astounding strength. Surprisingly, no one in the entire Orin Temple was able to match him.

He was so young, yet so much stronger than everyone else.

A whole new legend seemed to be slowly taking shape.

And the Orin Temple was just a stop in his path.

Looking at MUYANG’s back as he gradually disappeared between the mountains and forests, Wuting was overwhelmed with emotion.

The two who were able to fight each other not so long ago, but now he could only admire MUYANG.

“Teacher, I think it’s time for me to go out and have some training as well.” Wuting’s expression was very determined as if he had made some sort of decision.

Master Hulin said, “Have you thought about where to go?”

Wuting was silent for a while, but then remembered what MUYANG had told him before, “Yes, I am preparing to go to the Sacred Land of Korin.”

Master Hulin nodded at the words, “Well, Sacred Land of Korin is the origin of martial arts. There is a Korin Tower there; you can try to challenge it. Back then, I didn’t manage to climb the Korin Tower, so I hope you can succeed.”

Master Hulin also tried to challenge Korin Tower when he was young. However, with his strength at that time, he fell down halfway up because of physical exhaustion.

So, after several unsuccessful attempts, he gave up.

Now he pinned his hopes on Wuting’s shoulders.

“Yes, I’ll keep that in mind.” Wuting clasped his hands together and silently bowed.

“Mm.” Looking at Wuting’s determined look, Master Hulin recalled his youthful days and smiled. As he looked out over the distant cloud-covered mountains, he was a little lost...

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On the other hand, after leaving Orin Temple, Muyang continued to visit various schools according to his plan. It wouldn’t be an easy task to blend a hundred schools’ strengths, and Muyang was ready for a long struggle.

Next, he visited the “Cross Fist” School, which was similar to Heavenly Sky School. There were also many dojos in the area.

Muyang came directly to the door. This time he didn’t reveal who is he. Instead, he used physical force to fight one-on-one, pushing the opponent to do his best.

It was easy to offend people this way, but the gains were obviously becoming even greater.

Muyang didn’t care about offending people. That was why the next thing he did was simply and brutally hit the doorstep and learn the best of all.

At some point, a rumor began to spread in the martial arts world that a certain mad disciple was challenging all the great schools of martial arts.

Several of the schools that were already in the news were all defeated by him, not knowing who he was.

At first, everyone thought that the mad disciple wasn’t strong enough to win a battle, but gradually, more and more masters were defeated. He defeated even some legendary masters.

It only then did they realize that this disciple might be a legend.

Muyang’s constant challenges had caused all schools to become alarmed and busy closing their doors. They were afraid that they would become the next target.

At the same time, many of them also came back to their senses. Something was wrong. If this man was really trying to become famous, why would he hide his identity?

It seemed that the rumors were unreliable after all. However, regardless if it was true, it was better not to get involved in this mess.

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One day, on a beach.

The white waves lapped the shore, cracking into tiny splashes of water.

Muyang’s eyes were slightly condensed, the ki in his whole body fused and gathered on his palm. With an “ooh” sound, a ball of light appeared on the palm.

The bright and flawless color looked as translucent as a night pearl. However, this small ball of ki was gathered with most of the ki in Muyang’s body.

“After practicing for so long, I’ve finally managed to build this ki ball.”

Muyang smiled at the corner of his mouth as he looked at the ki ball that was buzzing with a piercing sound.

Suddenly, his arm shook, and he pushed forward with one hand—

“Heavenly Sky Beam!”

A surge of ki was violently emitted from his waist. The sparkling ki ball shook abruptly, transforming into the shape of a crescent moon.

It spun and accelerated to its fullest, whooshing straight out along the surface of the sea.

The sea’s surface boiled with a sudden rush, splitting in half along the path where the Heavenly Sky Beam was flying out.

The subtle waves looked like the heat had burned them. It was vaporizing directly under the extremely hot ki, accompanied by a blazing ball of fire rising into the sky as the blinding white light wrapped around the furious storm, spreading in all directions.

Muyang stood in the storm’s sweeping spot, allowing the hurricane to hit him.

This ki attack might be insignificant in the universe, and only equivalent to a normal blow from a “martial arts” alien.

But at this stage on Earth, its power should be no weaker than Mutaito’s Tri-Beam, or Thunder Shock Surprise.

After watching the sea spray gradually calm down with satisfaction, Muyang took a short break and prepared to leave.

Just then—

A small boat floated on the sea. There was a figure on top of the boat, shouting at Muyang, “Hey, are you the one who just released the ki wave? What kind of move was that? Can I see it again?”

Upon hearing that, Muyang stopped his preparations to leave and swept his gaze towards the small boat.

It was an ordinary-looking young man, around twenty years old. He looked similar in age to Muyang.

He was carrying a cloth bag bundle behind him and had a remote outfit. However, upon examination, Muyang let out a light sigh as he sensed a slight difference in that person’s appearance.

“Interesting, he doesn’t seem to be weak!” Muyang’s face showed a trace of surprise.

The small boat gradually approached. The person on the boat jumped in front of Muyang. After that, regardless of whether Muyang agreed or not, he unexpectedly attacked Muyang directly.

“Did you just attack me without permission?”

A cold light flashed across Muiyang's face. With a sneer, his palm flew out, grasped the opponent's striking fist, and then threw it with a powerful swing, throwing the opponent out with his belongings.

Then his body quickly flickered, rushing to the man before he could hit the ground.

As his body floated down, his arm bent, and an iron fist slammed out.

“Waaaahhh!” The man shouted wretchedly, but a roar caused his body to pause in the air.

“Kamehameha!!!”

The young man shouted strangely. His palms gathered together, and a beam of shining deep blue light ki waves blasted over towards Muiyang.

Muiyang's eyes flashed with surprise, but his hands didn't pause. As he was facing the blasted ki wave, he immediately transferred his ki, his fingers stretched forward, and the faint beam shone's light.

“Heavenly Sky Beam!”

The two ki met in the air, rumbling and crashing into a terrifying airfield. The atmosphere shook for a moment, and the ki's aftermath turned into an intense whirlwind spreading out.

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At this time, Muiyang had already roughly guessed the opponent's identity based on his attacking moves.

If he combined it with the current era's background, the answer would be even more accurate. Heh, needless to say, this person in front of him must be the Master Roshi's proud disciple, Son Gohan!

However, Son Gohan had attacked him without permission, which still made him feel very upset. To put it nicely, he must be straightforward, but to put it bluntly, he had no brains and was quite offensive.

Did you really think you could just attack people and call it a spar? It was a spar only when both sides agreed!

That was why Muiyang was ready to teach his opponent a little lesson.

After the ki wave subsided, Muiyang constantly stepped in a void. His body was rapidly approaching Son Gohan.

As soon as Muiyang got serious, Son Gohan couldn't help himself. His body, which was already a bit flimsy from releasing the Kamehameha, could no longer maintain its balance. As Muiyang's attack became unsettled, the difficult situation was unbearable.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The waves on the surface of the sea were split apart by a single blow. Son Gohan's face began to turn pale with astonishment.

Muyang's face was expressionless as he fought back and forth with Son Gohan. He flew into the air, then immediately entering the bottom of the sea, and the whole surface of the sea was being churned up.

A little while later, Son Gohan collapsed on the sand like a dead fish. He was panting, his face bruised and purple, and his clothes were stripped.

On the other side, Muyang was much better. Although his face was also a bit pale, his image was much better.

“Hey, I'm just saying hello to you. You don't have to be so cruel, do you?” Son Gohan cried out as he felt very unlucky.

Muyang's face was cold, “Is that how you greet people, by attacking without asking permission?”

Son Gohan chuckled twice, “My hands are itchy. I just saw you releasing ki waves, so I didn't hold back for a moment. I would say that your martial arts skills are not bad. Besides my master, you are the first one to fight me for so long, and you actually defeated me.”

“Hmph.” Muyang snorted and took out his scouter to test Son Gohan. The data he got was 143.

What a great guys, they were all already more powerful than Master Roshi after decades.

However, it was still a little bit less compared to his.

Son Gohan was definitely a talented character. In the original story, Son Goku, who easily defeated Mercenary Tao, was still defeated against Son Gohan.

Although Son Gohan was aging at that time, his power level was still over 150. This time, he was still very young and wasn't far from his golden age.

Upon seeing that Muyang didn't pay any attention to him, Son Gohan laughed awkwardly, “Hahaha, I'm Son Gohan, a disciple of the Turtle School.”

“I'm Muyang from the Heavenly Sky School,” Muyang said indifferently.

“Yeah, are you Muyang, the winner of the last World Martial Arts Tournament?” Son Gohan was surprised, but then he nodded, “Hmmm, with your strength being as strong as it is, it's reasonable for you to become the winner. It's a pity that my teacher didn't think I needed to participate in the last tournament. Otherwise, I would have met you much earlier.”

‘Luckily, you didn't participate last year. Otherwise, I wouldn't be a match for you at all,’ Muyang said in his heart.

His strength had only improved by a huge leap after he had climbed the Korin Tower. A year ago, his power level was only 80, how could he be a match for Son Gohan.

It wouldn't be nice to be tortured back then.

“Hey, your ki just now was so powerful, is it called ‘Heavenly Sky Bram?’ Can I see it again...” Son Gohan seemed to have a lot to say. His words kept bothering Muiyang’s ears.

Muiyang gave him a blank look, “Do you still want to get beaten up?”

Son Gohan smiled and quickly shut his mouth.

“Anyway, since you’re Turtle School’s disciple, if you’re not training with your teacher, what are you planning to do out here now?” Muiyang asked.

Son Gohan replied, “Oh, my teacher thought I was ready to go out, so he sent me out to practice on my own. However, shortly after I went out to sea, I saw the ki wave you just unleashed, so I rowed over here.”

“Oh.” Muiyang nodded after he figured out that he was the one who had drawn Son Gohan here. Son Gohan said he had just started out, so that meant he hadn’t planned to settle down in the Mount Paozu yet.

“Where are you planning to go?”

Son Gohan touched his head and said honestly, “I haven’t thought about it yet.” He suddenly thought of something and suggested with interest, “However, I have suddenly thought of a good place. Are you interested in going with me to see it?”

“What place?” Muiyang asked.

“Fortuneteller Baba Palace.” Son Gohan shouted, “I’ve heard from my teacher before that he has a sister living inside the desert. Fortuneteller Baba knows a lot about the world, and she has five great masters there. I think we can challenge them.”

Muiyang was impressed by the words.

Legend had it that Fortuneteller Baba knew everything about the Earth and had the ability to communicate with the Other-World. Many people would make a special trip to ask her for advice. That was why Muiyang was impressed by Son Gohan’s offer.

It was just that the masters at Fortuneteller Baba’s place seemed quite average.

“Are you sure the masters there are great?”

Son Gohan was confused at the words, “I’ve heard that there are many other races there, even those from the Other-World, so it should be very powerful.”

“Alright, then, it would be good to go over and take a look.” Actually, Muiyang wasn’t planning to go there, but then he realized no other place could grow his strength on Earth except for the Lookout. So why not go over to Fortuneteller Baba’s palace? Maybe he could gain something.

The two of them hit it off and decided to go to Fortuneteller Baba Palace.

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Fortuneteller Baba Palace was located on top of a dry river. It had once been an oasis, but it turned into a desert all around with the change of climate.

When Muyang and Son Gohan approached the desert, a hot wave of air swept over them. The temperature soared to over forty degrees.

“It’s just ahead.”

The two flew ahead according to the map. Soon an oasis appeared in front of them, with a clear lake in the middle. Fortuneteller Baba Palace was in the middle of it, with a few coconut trees planted around it.

As soon as they stepped into Fortuneteller Baba Palace, the hot air outside disappeared like magic. A pleasant breeze blew in, which felt like a spring breeze.

Muyang couldn’t help but be shocked. Judging from the changes in the surrounding environment, this Fortuneteller Baba was indeed good at something.

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“Huh?” After officially stepping onto Fortuneteller Baba Palace, Muyang and Son Gohan clearly felt that the air was filled with a mysterious power that they had never seen before. It didn’t seem like it was from the Earth.

Inevitably, Muyang began to look at the Fortuneteller Baba squarely. It didn’t seem like she could live for so many years because she had coincidentally eaten the Elixir of Immortality.

“Everyone line up, and don’t crowd. If you don’t follow the rules, you’ll be disqualified.”

A ghostly thing floated in the air with a pointy hat on its head, directing a group of people at the entrance.

“Look, it looks like a ghost.” Son Gohan whispered.

Muyang took a closer look, “What is it? It seems like it’s simply a ghost. Fortuneteller Baba has the ability to travel between the Other-World and the World of the Living. Her skill is truly remarkable to have a ghost working for her.”

In the middle of the conversation, Muyang and Son Gohan walked to the back of the crowd and started to line up.

Most of these people who came to Fortuneteller Baba Palace were famous and wealthy people worldwide.

They were looking for treasure or valuables and wanted to have Fortuneteller Baba give them divination.

However, no matter how powerful and influential they were, they had to line up and behave properly in Fortuneteller Baba Palace.

“Look at those two, tsk, they actually came empty-handed. They really don’t know how to be polite.” A wealthy man with a suitcase laughed and talked to the next person who was also in line.

“Yeah, if you dare to come without money, you’ll definitely be blasted out by Fortuneteller Baba later.” Some others who felt good about themselves laughed disdainfully. They straightened their backs and acted like successful people.

Because Fortuneteller Baba charged a hefty commission for each divination, this wasn’t a place where poor people should come.

Those who were in line right now were almost all dressed in suits and clanky shoes. Many of them even brought more than one bodyguard with them.

“Cut it out. You guys don’t need to say anything. Maybe people are planning to have their fees waived by Fortuneteller Baba through the challenge route?” A skinny rich man with a crutch sneered out of the corner of his eye.

“Hahaha, with their little arms and legs, they want to pass the challenge too? I don’t think anyone in the World could ever pass Fortuneteller Baba Challenge. The reason Fortuneteller Baba set up the challenge was just to give those poor people some illusions! Ooh... I also saw a two-meter tall, strong man trying to challenge the Fortuneteller Baba warrior the last time I was here, and guess what?”

“What?”

“It was a complete disaster in the first round.”

“Hahahahaha...”

A group of rich people, who were of the same stench, chatted and laughed at each other’s jokes. It seemed like they could be superior by making fun of the poor.

“Those bastards!” Anger appeared on Son Gohan’s face. He waved his fist as he planned to go up and beat them up.

Muyang looked at them coldly and shook his head gently, “Don’t be impulsive. Why bother with this bunch of trash? Certain people have Money to spend anyway.”

Son Gohan, “???”

“What are you talking about, kid?” A rich man with a big belly got annoyed. His bodyguards immediately surrounded him.

“Huh?” With a sweep of Muyang’s eyes, the cold humming sounded like a thunderbolt exploding in his ears. The rich man’s devilish face suddenly turned pale. “You... what are you guys waiting for? Go on and teach them a lesson?” The rich man yelled in annoyance. However, when he regained consciousness,

he suddenly heard a puffy sound, and his bodyguards had all collapsed to the ground.

“Ah, what are you doing? Don’t come here. This is Fortuneteller Baba Palace!” The rich man saw MUYANG keep approaching. He was scared to death and fell on his ass.

MUYANG came in front of him and looked at him despicably, “Didn’t you hear what I just said? Some people have Money to take, but no life to spend... It seems like it was referring to you.”

“You... want to kill me?” The rich man reacted, looking frightened.

“You’re the one who jumped out at me.

“I...” the rich man opened his mouth. He was speechless.

“What?”

“Nothing.” The rich man looked at his fallen bodyguard. The other rich men retreated in fear of getting into trouble were in tears.

“You got a nice case.” MUYANG suddenly moved his gaze away and pointed at the suitcase on the floor.

“... Sir, since you like this suitcase, I can give it to you.”

“It’s not good, is it?” MUYANG gave him a stern look.

“Money is a possession outside of my body. It would be my honor for you to see it!” The rich man looked righteous, but couldn’t hide the guilty sweat on his forehead.

“If that’s the case, then I will not reluctantly to do so.”

He said and lifted up the suitcase on the ground, heading back to Son Gohan. He then said to Son Gohan, “Look, there were people who said we were empty-handed earlier. Now that we’ve stretched our muscles a bit, we have everything, don’t we?”

“Heh, it’s pretty heavy,” MUYANG said as he shook the box in his hand.

Beads of sweat appeared on Son Gohan’s forehead, “You just told me not to be impulsive... why did you rush out yourself?”

“Stupid, I’m telling you not to be impulsive because I’m afraid you’re going to beat them up, but don’t get anything back! When you think about it, wouldn’t that be a real loss? You have to think about everything, and impulsiveness won’t solve the problem.”

Son Gohan suddenly came to his senses and slapped his head, “So that’s why. Okay, I understand now!”

A naive boy.

“Ugh, you people. Can you please stop arguing at my door?” An old sigh came from an old woman in a black witch’s uniform sitting on top of a crystal ball floated over. Her wrinkled face drooped somewhat, looking like a ghost from a distance.

“Fortuneteller Baba, help me, please. These two insolent people are trying to provoke the rules you have laid down. They are also stealing the gifts I was going to mourn you in your palace...”

Seeing Fortuneteller Baba appeared, the rich man, acting as if he had found a savior. He immediately crawled over.

Fortuneteller Baba ignored his cries and waved her hand to call guards, “Someone, drag him away. I don’t want this guy here, and the ones next to him, throw them out.”

“Fortuneteller Baba, I’m not breaking any rules, please let me go.”

The several rich men who opened their mouths to taunt earlier suddenly turned pale as they begged for mercy. However, the guards wouldn’t listen to them.

They picked them up directly and threw them out into the desert. The hot sand suddenly burned those rich men’s snot and tears, and they had no choice but to run away in disgrace.

Muyang was now staring at that old woman.

To be exact, he was staring at the large crystal ball beneath her. It looked like a crystal ball on top of Korin Tower.

“She is Master Roshi’s old sister, Fortuneteller Baba.” A huge figure in the universe called “Master Zuno” emerged in Muyang’s mind. Master Zuno knew everything in the universe, while Fortuneteller Baba knew everything on Earth.

“You two boys are very disrespectful... Well, you’re the disciple of that Roshi guy...” Fortuneteller Baba looked at Muyang and Son Gohan and immediately knew a lot.

“Never mind, you two come with me.”

As if she had already seen their intentions, Fortuneteller Baba didn’t ask any more questions. She turned and walked towards the palace. Muyang and Son Gohan looked at each other and followed her.

“Whew! It’s a good thing we didn’t talk much before, or else we would have been disqualified from the divination like those people.” After a few people disappeared, the other rich men in line shook their heads in fear. They were glad that they hadn’t been as talkative as the ones before.

The people who came here were either seeking wealth or looking for opportunities to grow. None of them wanted to lose their chance.

“Yeah, if I get disqualified, I won’t be able to find the underground gold mines.”

“Nellius has lost a lot. The mine in his possession has not yet been contemptible, so it must belong to me.”

Chapter 66

While the people outside were talking, Fortuneteller Baba brought MUYANG and SON GOHAN to a ring above the lake’s center.

“Boy, you two are going to challenge my warriors. Hey, there aren’t much more powerful earthlings above your level anymore, but you guys have me here!”

Fortuneteller Baba laughed, her husky voice a little creepy, “If you can defeat two of my warriors here. I’ll do a free fortunetelling for each of you.”

MUYANG was stunned and asked, “Don’t you have to defeat five people?”

Fortuneteller Baba looked at him with a sour expression, “There are only two. I don’t have that many experts here.

It was still hard for me to find them. Ordinary experts are meaningless to you, even if I have two or three more.”

That was right, MUYANG nodded his head.

“Let’s make an agreement beforehand. Even if you guys succeed in the challenge, I’ll only give you one fortunetelling. So you can’t rely on this challenge to keep me giving you fortunetelling.”

Fortuneteller Baba had set up the rules of the challenge just to add a little fun. She was never thinking of giving free fortunetelling for people.

“She is such a person who sees money as life.”

After listening to Fortuneteller Baba’s words, MUYANG had a clearer understanding of her greedy character. She and her siblings, Master ROSHI, were really strange.

One was greedy for money, and the other was lustful. In addition, Master SHEN and his brother Mercenary TAO were sinister and vicious.

These four people who had lived long lives, none of them were normal.

“Fortuneteller Baba, the guests have come.” At this moment, the ghost man next to her walked closer.

Fortuneteller Baba nodded her head and said, “My guests are already here, so don’t be surprised later.” After saying that, Fortuneteller Baba glanced at the palace entrance, as two figures came out of that passage.

One of them was not very tall and had a white beard. However, what attracted people’s attention, in particular, was that red “WU” printed on his chest. As for the other man, he looked like an old man, but his body was covered with wonderful ripples, which made it hard to see his face.

“Are these the masters that Fortuneteller Baba was talking about? How could they be two old people?”

Son Gohan could clearly see the two of them and was really worried that he might accidentally kill them.

“Don’t be careless. We might lose over them today.” Muiyang looked condensed since those two people came out.

Son Gohan was very surprised at what he heard, “What, you mean we can’t beat them?”

Muiyang nodded, “Look at the light circling their heads. That’s the sign of the Other-World people.”

Son Gohan sucked out a breath of cold air, “You’re saying those two old men are dead.”

“Yes.”

Muiyang’s gaze swept over those two people. He had already guessed the identity of the one with the red “Wu” character on his chest. If he wasn’t mistaken, that person should be Mutaito, who had personally sealed the Great Demon King Piccolo over two hundred and fifty years ago.

As for the other person, he was even more mysterious, and Muiyang couldn’t guess at the moment.

Hey, when he was young, the Great Demon King Piccolo had almost 260 power levels, and Mutaito was no match for him.

That was why it was only through painstaking training of the Evil Containment Wave that Mutaito could seal him off.

But then again, Mutaito power level that time was over 200, to say the least.

Saving the Earth was his great achievement. After entering the Other-World, Mutaito had also retained his physical body and could still continue to practice in the Other-World.

However, after two hundred and fifty years of hard training in the Other-World, where there were so many powerful people, how much Mutaito’s strength had grown. Muiyang couldn’t estimate.

The next battle would be fascinating and exciting. Upon thinking of this, Muiyang’s blood was faintly boiling.

“Haha, it looks like someone has already recognized us, Mutaito.” That old man who was standing beside Mutaito said gently.

Mutaito smiled and looked at the two young men not too far away, “That young man is called Muiyang, right, his eyesight is indeed good.”

Fortuneteller Baba sat in a crystal ball and floated up to the two men.

“I’m tired,” Mutaito said softly.

Fortuneteller Baba said politely, “No problem. Don’t worry about it.”

In front of her, the old man was the teacher of her younger brother, Master Roshi, who was also considered her teacher.

Also, Fortuneteller Baba had a close relationship with Mutaito's daughter, Wu Fanfan, back then. So in every aspect, Mutaito could be considered her elder.

“Kid, you're a disciple of Turtle School, so your opponent is Grandmaster Mutaito. Do well, and don't let anyone down.”

Fortuneteller Baba floated back to the center of the ring and said to Son Gohan.

“Mutaito?”

Son Gohan pronounced the name confusedly. He felt the name was somewhat familiar. Suddenly, as he remembered who Mutaito was, he pointed at Mutaito with his trembling fingers, “Are you Master Mutaito, the one who sealed the Great Demon King Piccolo?”

“That's correct. You're Roshi's disciple, right. It's great, you're not as jumpy as Roshi, but your strength has completely surpassed him, even me. When I was your age, I wasn't even comparable to you.” Mutaito laughed lightly. Overall he was very satisfied with Son Gohan.

After all, Son Gohan was still young. Upon hearing Mutaito praise him, his entire body stiffened and stammered, “Grandmaster... Grandmaster, you're too kind.”

Mutaito waved his hand, “Alright, aren't you going to challenge the warriors here? Now I'll be your opponent, put out your full strength, don't worry about hurting me. I can handle that strength of yours.”

“Yes, yes!”

Son Gohan nodded his head repeatedly and said yes loudly.

His opponent was Grandmaster Mutaito. Winning or losing had become unimportant. He was sure he could learn a lot from this battle.

“Fortuneteller Baba, Grandmaster Mutaito is a figure from over two hundred years ago. It wouldn't be such a coincidence for him to be here today, did you know we would come over?”

As Son Gohan prepared to fight Mutaito, Muiyang walked up to Fortuneteller Baba's side.

Souls from the Other-World could only return to the World of the Living for one day. Muiyang felt that no matter how lucky he was, he wouldn't just happen to stumble upon the day when Mutaito returned to Earth.

The only explanation was Fortuneteller Baba pre-arranged these. Just like in the original story, when Son Goku met Sun Gohan.

Fortuneteller Baba laughed, and her slumped skin squeezed together even more creepily.

“There are only very few things on this planet that this old woman doesn't know about. Isn't it exactly what you wish to get when you want to fight a powerful person.”

“Did you really arrange this?”

Muyang was stunned.

“What? Don’t you trust Fortuneteller Baba skills? I also know that you killed Mercenary Tao with your own hands six months ago. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. I’m not fond of those two Crane School brothers, either.” Fortuneteller Baba said aside.

Muyang nodded. As long as this matter wasn’t exposed, it wouldn’t attract Master Shen.

Then a sudden flash of clarity flashed through his mind. He looked at the old man beside him. Since Master Mutaito was Son Gohan’s elder, then the one next to him, could it be he was the elder of Heavenly Sky School?

It just so happened that the old man also turned his attention to him. Muyang was shocked, but he quickly smiled.

Chapter 67

With a doubt arose in his heart, Muyang looked at the old man beside him, and the feeling became completely different.

He didn’t care about it before, but now he seemed to see something familiar in that old man when he looked again.

‘Could he really be an elder of the Heavenly Sky School?’ Muyang pondered. However, he knew that this was by no means a bad thing when he thought about it.

Somehow, facing his school’s “ancestor,” even if the ancestor were already dead, his brain was a little numb.

Forget it. I didn’t want this.

Turning his attention to the martial arts ring, by now, Son Gohan was standing side by side with Mutaito.

They were both in fight mode. At this moment, the atmosphere on the ring was extremely oppressive!

It was as if an invisible cyclone surrounded the two of them in a trance, causing them to become somewhat misty.

There was a slight tremor in the air. Neither of them on the martial arts ring took the lead to attack first.

Muyang saw Son Gohan’s body start to move constantly, as if looking for an angle to attack, and yet after some time passed, there was no movement.

There was even sweat seeping out from Son Gohan’s forehead.

“He is truly worthy of being Grandmaster Mutaito. This composure is simply unmatched.”

On the martial arts ring, Son Gohan was panicking. Whenever he met Mutaito's seemingly smiling eyes from the opposite side, he had the feeling that Mutaito had seen all of his moves, causing him to wonder where to start.

Across from him, Mutaito looked calm. He was always smiling calmly, and with an unruffled face, he turned his body as Son Gohan shifted.

Before the battle had even begun, Son Gohan was in a predicament.

“The difference between the two of them is too big.” Muiyang looked at it seriously.

It would be impossible to perceive Mutaito's ki strength. From what Muiyang saw, Mutaito's strength and martial arts knowledge were far above Son Gohan's. This battle would be a tough one for Son Gohan.

“Huh!”

After stagnating for a while, Son Gohan finally decided to attack. At the same time, Mutaito's body started to move just as Son Gohan attacked him.

Then the crackling and fierce sounds of fighting were heard continuously. The rocks on the ground started to crack, bursting out small stones in the surroundings.

Click! Click!

The two flashes of light collided and staggered apart. With every pause, they exploded into a strong cyclone that blew the surrounding lake into waves.

This was a relatively advanced fight. The ordinary martial arts practitioner could no longer see their movements. Luckily, no one present was an idler.

Muiyang's eyes kept rotating, his vision following Son Gohan and Mutaito's movements constantly switching angles.

“Son Gohan's start was good, but the next situation is detrimental.” Muiyang looked focused, his eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Son Gohan had used all of his strength on the martial arts ring. All sorts of strange tricks were being used endlessly.

However, facing every Son Gohan's attacks, Mutaito seemed as if he had predicted it. His figure shifted slightly to dodge them, not to mention that he was using Son Gohan's ki to counterattack.

Upon searching for the straightness in the curve, accumulated and then released it... this technique called borrowing the strength to strike people and using it to move a thousand pounds with four twists.

The whole process was easy and effortless, giving people an indescribable enjoyment.

Peng! Peng! Peng!

There were rumbling sounds of breaking and crashing alternated with each other, coming in rhythm like a music performance.

It was like time had lost its meaning over them at this moment. The two often engaged in dozens of battles in the blink of an eye.

From time to time, the ground and the air shone with a blinding light, as if there were countless fists intertwined with each other.

Fortuneteller Baba smiled, "It's been many years since I've seen such an exciting battle. Today is a rare occasion."

Next to her, the old man named Noah gazed at the ring and said calmly, "That young man named Son Gohan is very good, but unfortunately, he is a bit young. His strength alone is not enough to face Mutaito."

Muyang nodded, agreed. From the beginning of the battle until now, he also saw some doorways. The battle on the ring was intense. In fact, Son Gohan had fallen into Mutaito's rhythm.

This was quite scandalous in a battle. Once the rhythm was lost, it was extremely easy to fall into a beneficial opponent's situation.

Both mental and physical energy would be consumed at an accelerated rate. If he couldn't break free and wrestle back, he wasn't far from losing.

Seeing this, Muyang sighed. He knew Son Gohan couldn't win. Compared to Mutaito, Son Gohan was far behind in both experience and strength.

He then thought, what would be the result if he were in Son Gohan's place?

'I'm going to lose!'

This answer was undoubted, which also made Muyang silent.

Even after so many years of training, his strength was only a notch above Son Gohan's, and to be honest... he really had never experienced such a top-level battle!

In other words, if he were to face Mutaito himself, it would be the same situation.

Well, he was worthy of being a Grandmaster Mutaito. The fact that he continued to practice even in the Other-World was compelling.

The battle between the two men on the martial arts ring had reached its climax. Each of them displayed their best moves-

"Kamehameha!!!" Son Gohan shouted and launched the ki wave in his hand.

Mutaito was surprised but smiled when he faced the furiously sweeping Kamehameha as if he hadn't used his real power throughout.

He only took a step backward, placed both hands gently in front of him, and sipped lightly.

"Tri-Beam!!!"

Correspondingly, more majestic ki than Kamehameha rose into the sky. In front of the terrifying Tri-Beam, Son Gohan's Kamehameha was like a weak kindergarten child.

The Tri-Beam attacked Son Gohan and instantly devoured the Kamehameha, while the ki continued to approach him.

When Son Gohan saw this, his face turned pale. He gritted his teeth to make another desperate move.

He roared, “Thunder Shock Surprise!!!”

Wow, a flash of electric light flickered for a moment, and endless pale golden light wrapped around Son Gohan’s palm, probing over towards the Tri-Beam.

“Okay! There are two strikes!” Mutaito’s eyes glowed, then shouted, “Then watch this move!”

A beautiful arc was seen as his palm turned in the void and pushed forward across the sky. The power of the Tri-Beam was suddenly strengthened by several times.

Son Gohan’s heart ached. The Thunder Shock Surprise’s ki directly dissipated, and his entire body was now blasted away.

Son Gohan flipped over a dozen times in the air continuously. He landed in a mess, and at this point, Mutaito appeared behind him...

“Son Gohan had lost.” Seeing this, Muiyang shook his head regretfully.

In his heart, however, he was satisfied.

Although he already knew that the end of this fight was doomed, the process was still breathtaking to watch.

Mutaito had his hands behind his back and smiled, “Kid, you’ve even learned the Thunder Shock Surprise. The ki wave you just used is a great technique invented by Roshi. The move is not bad. It’s just a pity that the ki force is a bit low.”

Son Gohan smiled bitterly and said, “Grandmaster, I’ve lost. I’m not a match for you at all.”

“Hahaha, don’t underestimate yourself. I’ve been practicing only a few hundred years more than you.”

As soon as Son Gohan heard that, he would definitely reach this level if he were to practice for a few hundred years. He then regained his confidence on his face and politely bowed towards Mutaito.

“Alright, Grandmaster Mutaito wins this fight, Son Gohan, you stand aside first.” Fortuneteller Baba announced the results of the match, then shifted her eyes to Muiyang’s side.

The old man named Noah nodded and said, “It’s our turn to play.”

Chapter 68

Next Chapter

Upon hearing this, Muyang nodded solemnly in his heart and leaped forward onto the martial arts ring.

Muyang didn't dare to be reckless in dealing with this mysterious old man. Therefore, from the moment he climbed onto the martial arts ring, he fought with all his strength.

The whirlwind suddenly rose and surrounded his body. However, in front of Muyang clinging's battle intent, this old man, Noah, had his hands behind his back.

He made no preparations and was as calm and relaxed as Mutaito, showing a faint smile.

“Awesome!”

Lightly glancing towards his opponent, Muyang's eyes shrank sharply. Just from that clouded attitude, he was filled with a confident style of a martial arts practitioner.

With a slight frown on his brow, Muyang deliberated on the timing of his attack.

Suddenly—

His body leaned forward slightly, and his toe muscles trembled. He exerted a sudden force, cracking the blue and white stone slab beneath his feet with two radiating fractures, and the fine stones flew out abruptly.

With this strength, Muyang dived at high speed, attacking Noah, who was not far away.

Wow, his body shot out like lightning, leaving behind a long afterimage. After that, he raised his fist... the tip of his fist against the air resounded with a muffled sound.

“Haha, come on!”

Upon Facing Muyang's menacing attack, Noah moved his body. His figure swooshed and disappeared as Muyang's attack fell. He reappeared on Muyang's side and threw his palm over as if it was covering the sky.

“That was fast!”

Muyang was shocked. His eyes popped out with a brilliant light. He was quickly changing direction to defend his opponent's attack.

The purpose of the offense is to react at this critical moment.

“A little slow...” Noah smiled. A pair of arms that didn't look like a palm of an old man stuck out, and suddenly seemed enchanted. Muyang was horrified to find that his opponent's hands unexpectedly carried over his body.

Then a palm slapped out. Muyang couldn't dodge it and was struck in the chest with a thud. His chest was in pain, and his body sliced through a beautiful arc in the air.

In the air, Muiyang hurriedly opened his arms. His body violently vibrated. The powerful strength spread out, causing his body to stagnate in the air before leaping downwards and landing back on the ring.

“Young man, your eyesight is still not good enough. You need to practice!”

As soon as the words fell, Noah disappeared once again.

At this time, Muiyang’s entire body emitted a bright light. His fist wrapped around a stream of ki. He turned around and fiercely struck in one direction.

With a muffled thud, Muiyang’s fist was taken by a palm.

“Hehe, not bad with the improvement, but still not enough.” The old man named Noah praised as his next attack became even more fierce.

Swish, swish, swish...

Muiyang even flashed his body to avoid Noah’s attack. This Noah guy looked dry and thin, with a pale face, but the way he fought wasn’t like an old man at all.

The waves of attacks came one after another, like a wolf and tiger, constantly roaring and shrieking. Several flashes in a row, making Muiyang’s forehead seeped sweat.

He retreated one after another, withdrawing dozens of meters in a row. Still, Noah pursued him relentlessly, not giving him any time to rest.

“Heavenly Sky Beam!”

Muiyang looked gloomy and gave a sullen sigh. As he raised his hand, a crescent-shaped ki wave swung out. The thin air blade shined with radiant light and attacked towards Noah.

When Noah saw it, the corners of his eyebrows furrowed, and the same attack came over.

“Heavenly Sky Beam!!!”

A beam of light pierced through the void and crashed frontally on top of Muiyang’s Heavenly Sky Beam. The atmosphere above boiled up, spreading endless gales in all directions.

“Sure enough, it’s the Heavenly Sky School’s technique!” Muiyang subconsciously narrowed his eyes. However, he couldn’t care about that at this point.

Tuk Tuk Tuk, the two of them were soon battling again after a collision. Only to see two short streaks of light and shadow on the martial arts ring kept clashing, and a shuddering drumbeat shocked the mind.

Muiyang looked heavy. His eyes were swirling with his opponent’s trajectory, and he struck when he saw an opportunity. One punch, two punches, three punches, bang bang bang... swish! When the fist struck the martial arts ring, the sand flew away, and a huge pit appeared on the flat martial arts ring.

It was like a thunderous rumble.

“Not bad. It’s a powerful and ruthless shot, but that alone isn’t enough...” Noah took the iron fist blasted by Muiyang over and over again with a smile on his face, making comments from time to time.

“Okay... awesome!” Son Gohan gulped, unable to see what was happening in the ring anymore.

“So this is Muiyang’s true strength. He was merciful before! I don’t know who that person across from him is, but he isn’t a match even for Muiyang.” Son Gohan looked horrified as he spoke with a shaky voice due to astonishment.

When he had met with Muiyang on the beach, Son Gohan thought that Muiyang was only a little more powerful than him.

However, after watching the current battle, he realized how much of a difference it was. Muiyang’s ki may only be a little higher than his, but whether it was his fighting skills or his grasp of timing, he was far above him.

Maybe if he really fought with Muiyang, he’d be spiked in a few shots.

Son Gohan swallowed his saliva; his scalp felt a little numb.

How exactly did he train himself?

“Hehe, that young man called Muiyang is deeply aware of Korin’s essence. He will surpass me in no time.” Mutaito lamented beside him.

Son Gohan asked, “Grandmaster, is Korin you are talking about is the immortal who lives above the Korin Tower? You mean... Muiyang had received guidance from Immortal Korin?”

Mutaito nodded, “That’s right. If you have time, it would be good for you to go to the Korin Tower as well.” As he said that, Mutaito was somewhat nostalgic. He seemed to recall the scene when he was training hard on the Korin Tower to practice the Evil Containment Wave.

Son Gohan nodded and took Muiyang’s words to heart. He then returned his attention to the martial arts ring again.

At this time, on top of the martial arts ring, Noah had already seen Muiyang’s background and nodded, “It’s okay, I already know your strength. To be able to reach this level at this age, you’ve already met my requirements.”

Muiyang took the opportunity to ask, “Are you the senior of the Heavenly Sky School?”

Although he had doubted in the beginning that this old man in front of him could be a senior in his own school, it wasn’t until the old man used his Heavenly Sky Beam that he’s sure that Noah was the senior of the Heavenly Sky School.

“Oh, you could say that I’m the Heavenly Sky School senior, but I’d rather you call it the ‘Kami School!’” Noah smiled.

Muiyang was astonished, “Kami School?”

“Yes, Kami School.” Just when MUYANG was surprised, Noah shook his head, “As for why it’s called that, I think you’ll know soon enough. In the meantime, I’ll let you see the real gap between you and the strongest.”

As soon as the words fell, Noah’s look became serious. He then stopped playing with MUYANG. His figure suddenly flickered, disappearing directly from MUYANG’s sight.

Chapter 69

“Is he gone?” Outside the ring, Son Gohan wiped his eyes.

“Master Noah is finally making his move.” Mutaito’s expression was severe. Even Mutaito had to address him as Master, so it was easy to imagine how great this guy named Noah was.

MUYANG was busy observing the surroundings, looking for signs of his opponent. However, his opponent seemed to have disappeared with complete invisibility.

No matter how hard MUYANG searched, he was unable to find his tracks.

“Senior Noah couldn’t have left this ring. He must still be near the martial arts ring.” MUYANG was cautiously on guard. Since there was nothing around, he could only be in the sky.

As soon as this thought crossed from the bottom of his mind, MUYANG’s eyes hurriedly looked towards the sky.

There was none.

Apart from a few white clouds in the clear sky, there wasn’t a trace of Noah at all.

Where on earth had he run off to? MUYANG’s brain was spinning fast.

Suddenly, an old voice sounded in his ears, “Young man, I’m here.”

There was a movement in the void, and Noah’s figure suddenly flashed out. MUYANG was horrified; he suddenly realized that Senior Noah hadn’t actually disappeared. He had been standing right where he was!

He was clearly standing right in front of him. He had just been shrouded in a very mysterious atmosphere that made people unconsciously ignore his presence.

At this time, MUYANG thought of those profound legacies of the Heavenly Sky School that Isaac had handed over to him, and his mind was suddenly enlightened.

This was the Heavenly Sky School’s use of Spiritual Power, which was also different from the public’s training.

The martial arts on earth focused on the training of ki, and other schools were simply practicing ki. Perhaps Turtle School and Crane School had a spiritual practice portion because they had inherited the Mutaito’s martial arts, but they were very superficial.

Only the Heavenly Sky School had a completely different understanding of ki, emphasizing spiritual practice and ki training.

At that time, he still wondered if Heavenly Sky School was overly concerned with essence, which led to an over-interpretation of “ki” – striving for perfection to the point where it was stuck in a narrow alley, nitpicking and unable to extricate itself.

Now, it seemed that I was still too young and naïve at that time. The Heavenly Sky School wasn't going down the wrong path, but the other people just couldn't understand its depth because they couldn't see the flowers in the fog.

Muyang suddenly laughed, “So there's still this kind of use of Spiritual Power.”

When he thought about it carefully, he should be grateful to the Heavenly Sky School's training. Wasn't it because of the Heavenly Sky School's training that he was able to open the Acceleration Space?

After he figured this out, Muyang's face showed a hint of excitement. He then calmed down and put what he had learned into action, darting over towards Noah with a flash.

Noah smiled and shook his head. He stretched out a finger, flicked it in the void, and pounced on it. Although it didn't make contact, Muyang's entire body flew backward.

As soon as he landed, Muyang rubbed his forehead, which had been flicked by Noah's fingers, and dived again to accelerate.

Noah cut an arc again. This time, Muyang was even worse; he was directly bounced outside the martial arts ring.

After falling outside of the ring, Muyang suddenly thought of Mr. Popo on The Lookout for some reason. The person in front of him had an extremely similar attack technique to Mr. Popo; both were hitting people lightly.

In the original Dragon Ball story, Mr. Popo's character was afraid that he was the most severely overlooked supporting character.

“Alright, let's end it here.” After saying that, Noah nodded towards Fortuneteller Baba.

Fortuneteller Baba got the message and floated to the center of the martial arts ring with her crystal ball, “Oh my, Muyang and Son Gohan. You all failed the challenge, so it seems that I can't give you any divination.”

Muyang jumped up from underneath the martial arts ring and asked, “Fortuneteller Baba, may I ask them?”

“These two are indeed your seniors. Needless to say, Grandmaster Mutaito is Master Roshi's Master, and as for Master Noah...” Fortuneteller Baba looked towards the white-haired Noah, her eyes filled with respect, “This one is the Master and the founder of your school. He is also the previous Kami!”

The founder of the Heavenly Sky School?

The previous...Kami!

Fortuneteller Baba's words fell on Muiyang's heart. It was like throwing a boulder at a lake, creating huge waves in his heart.

The founder of the Heavenly Sky School was actually a Kami?

The sudden news startled Muiyang.

There were only a few information about the previous Kami throughout the story, which was only mentioned in the current Kami words.

This was because the previous Kami saw an evil thought within the son of Namekian Katas, which eventually split the Great Demon King Piccolo and caused the catastrophe two hundred and fifty years ago.

However, Muiyang didn't dare to delude himself by connecting the previous Kami to his school. However, he knew that a senior of his school had once lived in the Lookout, either as a disciple of the Kami or... as the Kami himself.

Based on the impression that the Heavenly Sky School was 'decadent'. Muiyang was, of course, more inclined to the former- Being able to climb up to the Lookout and receive training from the Kami was a legend in the earth's martial arts world.

This was more consistent with the common people's logic. How could they dare to go one step further and covet the throne of the Kami?

However, the news he received now was so hefty. How could it not surprise him?

Muiyang asked in shock, "You are the founder of the Heavenly Sky School?"

Noah, no, the previous Kami nodded, "Yes, the Heavenly Sky School was indeed created by me to select a new Kami. Unfortunately, in the end, no one was able to meet my requirements."

No wonder he was willing to call the Heavenly Sky School "Kami School." It was because he was a Kami himself, and the purpose of creating the Heavenly Sky School was to select a new Kami.

"It's unbelievable." Muiyang shook his head emotionally.

Son Gohan was now dumbfounded. He then asked Mutaito, "Grandmaster, are there really Kami in this world?"

Muatito said, "Yes, there is an even more sacred place above Korin Tower, which is the Lookout. You can go there to practice later."

"Then!"

The previous Kami, Noah, shouted and threw an object towards Muiyang and Son Gohan's side. It was a bell, which Muiyang subconsciously caught. He took and saw it was a string of delicate bells.

Kami Noah said, "I know you have already passed the Korin Tower's test. This is a token to go to the Lookout. If you take it to Korin Tower, he will send you to the Lookout. As for the young man next to you named Son Gohan, he can temporarily practice on Korin Tower for a while."

"Am I qualified to go to the Lookout now?" Muiyang asked. He had previously received a promise from the Korin that he would be allowed to go up to the

Lookout to practice whenever he was suitable. Now that he had Kami Noah's approval, he could ascend the Lookout at any time.

Was this the benefit of having a supporting background? His own ancestor...a former Kami, was he giving him a backdoor?

Noah smiled, "You are qualified. Only the training on the Lookout can help you. This universe is so big; the earth is like a drop in the ocean. We, earthlings, have limited potential. It is bound to take a lot more than just uncovering and developing good seedlings."

Muyang thought deeply. In the entire universe, the earthlings' physical strength could only be described as weak.

However, he possessed the Acceleration Space as his cheating tool. He was always walking on thin ice, fearing that his strength would be stagnant one day.

"Grandmaster, and Senior Kami, did you come to Earth this time to test us?" Son Gohan, who was beside him, soothed in shock and asked.

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"Yes, as far as I know, people from the Other-World can't easily come to the World of the Living. Even if they do, it's only for a day." Muyang said, as his eyes looked towards Fortuneteller Baba. He had learned that Mutaito and Kami Noah could come to the World of the Living because of her.

So, was the purpose of their special trip is really to test their junior's strength?

At that moment, Fortuneteller Baba said, "Hey, it's all thanks to me. I had brought them here."

Son Gohan asked strangely, "Fortuneteller Baba, why did you do that?"

"Oh, it's a foretelling!"

Fortuneteller Baba jumped down from the top of her crystal ball, "Because I've been dreaming of strange things lately, which might be a bad premonition. I went to the Other-World to seek answers. It just so happened that I ran into Grandmaster Mutaito and Kami Noah at that time, so I invited them to come with me to the World of the Living."

Fortuneteller Baba's ability to enter and leave the Other-World was considered an inheritance. She was very popular in the Other-World herself.

She would often go into the Other-World to serve as a guide for others there.

Legend had it that her abilities were related to Annin from the Mount Five Element, the closest place to the Other-World. Even Fortuneteller Baba's crystal ball might have come from there.

"Fortuneteller Baba, what was that unpleasant vision you were talking about?"

Muyang recalled the details of the original story. The only disaster on Earth before the story started was when Great Demon King Piccolo dominated the world.

However, that was more than two hundred and fifty years ago. It was long past, and there wasn't any other disaster after that until the beginning of the story.

Fortuneteller Baba shook her head, “I’m not sure about that, maybe it’s my illusion.”

Muyang nodded his head lightly and didn’t ask any further questions.

Kami Noah then took up Fortuneteller Baba’s words, “At that time, Mutaito and I happened to haven’t been back to the World of the Living for hundreds of years. We wanted to come back to visit. When Fortuneteller Baba extended an invitation to us, we agreed and asked Fortuneteller Baba to perform a fortunetelling to choose the day you came specifically.”

“Alright, we only have one day. So, as your ancestors, we should teach you some things that you must remember.”

With that, Kami Noah and Mutaito looked at each other. Fortuneteller Baba smiled as well and returned to the main hall with her ghostly servant, giving Kami Noah and Mutaito time.

“Gohan, you come with me.” Mutaito waved towards Son Gohan.

Son Gohan ascended respectfully at the words, “Yes, Grandmaster Mutaito.”

Mutaito then led Son Gohan under a coconut tree next to the ring to teach him his own martial arts techniques alone. He was leaving the other side of the ring for Kami Noah and Muyang.

After Mutaito left.

Kami Noah was silent for a while, then opened his mouth to introduce the universe’s basic situation to Muyang. “There are countless living planets in the universe we live in. Earth is just one of the very weak ones. The people of Earth are inherently weak, so their potential cannot be compared to other races. This is an inherent difference.”

“The Heavenly Sky is a training technique that I created after becoming a Kami. It aims to improve the physical strength of the earthlings in addition to choosing a new Kami. Unfortunately, it still has many obvious shortcomings compared to the popular training technique in the world, so it has only been spread on a small scale...”

Muyang listened attentively. This was probably why only the small group of people from the Great Azure Mountain’s Heavenly Sky School practiced this technique.

Kami Noah then analyzed the Heavenly Sky’s wonders a little bit and passed down a brand new training technique.

Muyang felt a sudden burst of thatch and figured out many things that he couldn’t understand before.

The Heavenly Sky School’s training technique was more particular about physical training compared to the training techniques of the Turtle School and Crane School.

Its main idea was to conceive and nourish the body and replenish the vital energy, instead of paying much attention to the power level.

It was only now that Muyang realized that this training technique had been created by the last Kami of the Lookout – Kami Noah – to improve the physical strength of earthlings.

According to Innate Talent, the races in the universe were divided into Low-Level Race, Middle-Level Race, and High-Level Race.

Earthlings were only the very slightest of Low-Level Races.

According to the classification of planets in the universe. Planets with the highest power level below 1000 were classified as Low-Level Planets.

Those with the highest power level between 1000 and 10000 were Middle-Level Planets, and those with the highest power level above 10000 were High-Level Planets.

Low-Level Races naturally referred to the races that lived on top of Low-Level Planets. The highest power level of these races would not exceed 1000 when they reached adulthood. However, like earthlings, the single-digit power level was so shabby that it was saddening.

Of course, Low-Level Planets and Low-Level Races still made up the majority of the universe. The number of Middle-Level and High-Level Races wasn't much, and could even be said to be quite rare.

This might be a balance mechanism that exists in the universe between the Other-World and the World of Living.

Usually, this kind of race with a very low power level will occupy an absolute advantage in population, with billions of people.

Kami Noah had seen a race with a power level of only 1 in the Other-World. Their number was terrifyingly high, reaching hundreds of billions of people.

On the other hand, the higher the power level of those races, the more sparse their population was, just like the Saiyans, whose entire race did not add up to much, or the Frieza Clan, which was even more pitiful, almost on the verge of extinction.

Compared to those terrifying races that were born with the power to destroy the universe, the individual strength of the earthlings was too weak.

Since entering Heaven, Kami Noah had broadened his horizons considerably. As he saw the various powerful races in the universe. It was a shame to look back at his earthlings, whose power level had generally only been in the single digits throughout their lives.

“The development of the Heavenly Sky School training technique is not perfect yet. I have tried to perfect it for the past few hundred years that I have been in Heaven, but the results have been limited.”

At this point, Kami Noah's old face revealed a trace of helplessness.

Although the Heavenly Sky School training technique had been perfected by him to fit the earthlings' life characteristics as much as possible, it still couldn't fundamentally enhance the earthlings' physical strength.

In his estimation, even if the brand new Heavenly Sky School training technique was spread out, it would only raise the earthling's power level miserably under 5 to 20, which was considered the best effect.

Kami Noah looked at MUYANG, “You are the heir to the Heavenly Sky School. Perhaps even the best heir in all these years. I hope that you can go on and continue to pioneer the Heavenly Sky School. I want to eventually see it finally evolved to become the ‘Kami School.’”

Kami Noah hoped was to make earthlings’ power level surpass the one hundred mark. Although this still couldn’t shake off a Low-Level Race identity, it was a great improvement compared to before.

MUYANG sighed at the words, “I’ll try my best.”

MUYANG couldn’t give promises, as he didn’t have such grand ambitions in mind. He was just a mere mortal, and minding his own business was enough.

When he was strong, he would give the earthlings a certain amount of shelter, which was something he could do.

As long as he was an earthling, he would have this kind of self-awareness. However, he would have to sacrifice his own interests and set sail with the entire earthlings if he were to do this.

Forgive me, but my ability was limited, and I didn’t have such lofty ambitions.

A poor man was good at being alone, and a rich man took over the world. MUYANG always felt that he would only be a poor man.

It seemed that Kami Noah had seen what MUYANG was thinking. He then sighed. He knew this was a difficult task, and he wouldn’t force anyone to do it.