THE WAY OF RESTRAINT

Chapter 131: The Art of Air Throwing and Deception

"Zhou Chun has always regarded that incident as a disgrace," Song Qiong said.
"I'm afraid he will challenge you again, so you should be prepared."

"You seem to know me quite well," Su Jie said, somewhat surprised. "This is my first time meeting you."

"Uncle Su and my grandfather are old friends. Occasionally, my grandfather mentions this incident, and since I pay attention to the fighting scene, I watched the video of you defeating Zhou Chun and even analyzed it with my master. My master said you are a once-in-a-century talent. Given time, you will surely achieve greatness, but you are still not polished. You haven't yet mastered the principle of 'using the opponent's force against them, feigning to attack when they defend, and exploiting their weaknesses.'" It turned out that Song Qiong understood some principles of martial arts.

"Your master is the new Judo god, Omo Hoshikawa from Japan?" Su Jie recalled that Song Qiong had managed to lift such a heavy box earlier, indicating she had considerable strength, and he had heard her mention Omo Hoshikawa.

This person was a genuine Japanese who admired Chinese culture and named himself Hoshikawa. In his youth, he was a Judo expert and later joined the Shaolin Boxing Alliance. He frequently traveled to Shaolin to seek roots, learn martial arts, and find masters, bringing knowledge back to Japan for further study.

The Shaolin Boxing Alliance was a community organization founded by a monk in Japan. Later, Omo Hoshikawa seemed to have grasped some profound truths of martial arts and joined a Judo organization, where he reproduced the legendary technique of the Judo god, Mifune Kyuzo, known as the "Air Throw," and was hailed as the new generation Judo god.

Su Jie studied martial arts and had knowledge of both domestic and international practices, including ring fighting, expert training, competition videos, and the achievements and records of famous fighters and martial artists from around the world. He had also meticulously studied their signature techniques and moves. This was a vast field of knowledge, and Su Jie had not yet mastered it, merely scratching the surface.

The so-called "Air Throw" is a technique where two wrestlers do not physically contact each other during the throwing process, causing one to fall. At first glance, this seems to defy the laws of physics, akin to a scam. However, there are instances in daily life where this occurs. When someone attacks me fiercely, thinking they will hit me, I can dodge at the critical moment, causing them to lose balance and fall.

This is actually a high-level skill that manipulates the opponent's force and plays with their psychology. Of course, this requires the practitioner to have exceptional agility and accuracy; otherwise, they would be hit.

Thus, this technique was only mastered by Mifune Kyuzo, a disciple of Judo's founder, Kano Jigoro. Mifune weighed only 48 kg and stood at 1.48 meters tall, yet he could throw a 200-pound, 1.8-meter tall man using Judo techniques. This truly exemplified the principle of using four ounces to deflect a thousand pounds.

His signature technique was the "Air Throw," where he caused his opponent to fall without making contact. Unfortunately, after his death, no one could replicate it.

However, Omo Hoshikawa managed to demonstrate this technique again. "It is said that your master realized the Air Throw when he discovered the similarities between Judo and Tai Chi techniques, so he went to H Province to learn Tai Chi. During a meal in the cafeteria, his companions jokingly pulled his chair away, causing him to fall to the ground. Instead of being upset, he laughed heartily and finally understood the Air Throw, returning to competitions with great success. Is this true?" Su Jie recalled watching an interview with Omo Hoshikawa.

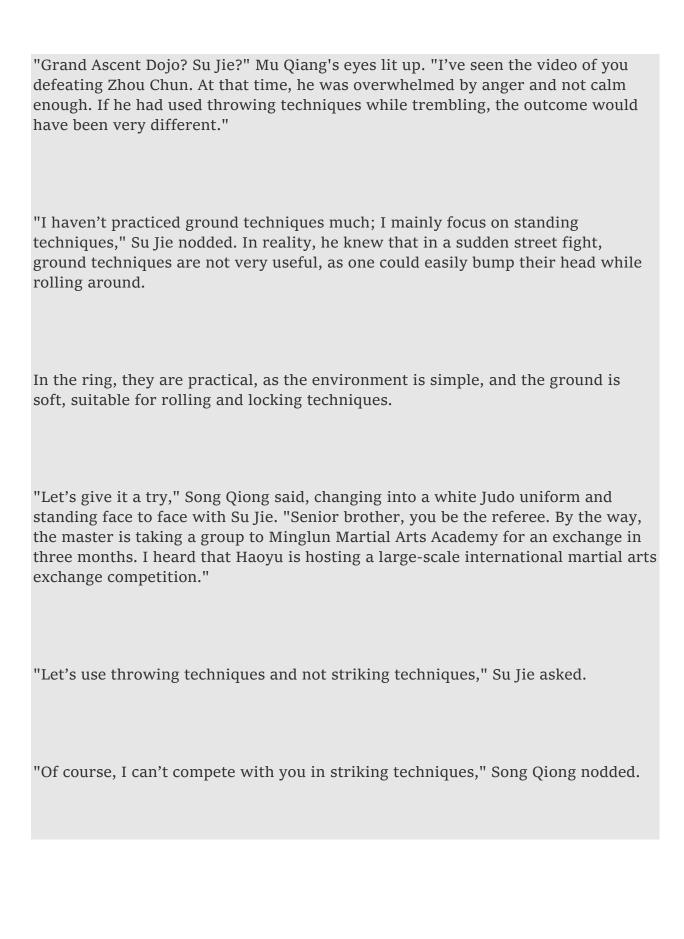
"That's true," Song Qiong replied. "My master told me that everyone has a 'root' that supports their actions and balance. The highest realm of martial arts is to see the opponent's 'root' and destroy it. This 'root' appears as the center of gravity to ordinary people, but to my master, it also includes inner stability."

"The balance nerves deep in the brain can create illusions under the influence of deception. Just like a drunk person, even without anyone confronting him, he will sway and fall," Su Jie said. "I didn't expect you to understand so much."

"Are you interested in trying some Judo?" Song Qiong asked. "No punches or kicks allowed."

"Sure," Su Jie nodded. Various martial arts have rules, and within certain rules, each has its strengths.
Su Jie often heard discussions about how, in a no-holds-barred situation, certain martial arts are the most powerful, which is self-deception. In a no-rules scenario one could use guns, even bombs, or weaponized drones.
Even in street fights, there is a distinction between armed and unarmed combat. Weapons are divided into cold and hot weapons.
Song Qiong swiped her card to enter the Judo dojo, where the Judo coach was training some students.
"Junior sister, you're back from Japan? How was your visit with the master?" The Judo coach was a young man in his late twenties, not particularly muscular, but his bones seemed as strong as steel, visible through his skin. He wore a pristine white Judo uniform, and his hands bore clear signs of training, with calluses and cauliflower ears from repeated grappling.
"This is my senior brother, Mu Qiang. He has been practicing Judo for fifteen year and has competed many times. He is now retired and teaching here," Song Qiong introduced. "This is Su Jie, a coach from Grand Ascent Dojo and my friend. He is the one who defeated Zhou Chun."

S



In Judo, "striking techniques" refer to using fists, elbows, knees, and legs to strike the opponent, similar to free fighting. "Throwing techniques" are purely wrestling, bringing the opponent to the ground to subdue them.
In international competitions, even in the Olympics, Judo primarily consists of throwing techniques, akin to the pushing hands in Tai Chi.
"I'll be the referee," Mu Qiang said. "Begin."
As the signal sounded, Song Qiong assumed a Judo stance and advanced aggressively.
Hey!
Suddenly, she made her move, directly grabbing Su Jie's clothing, preparing for a "back throw." This was somewhat similar to a "shoulder throw," with a graceful and beautiful motion, often used in real combat. However, it requires significant grip strength, waist strength, and explosive force from the user. In fact, Judo practitioners generally possess better physical fitness than ordinary free fighters, with immense strength.
In Judo, technique is crucial, but physical fitness and strength, along with agility, or speed, are even more important.

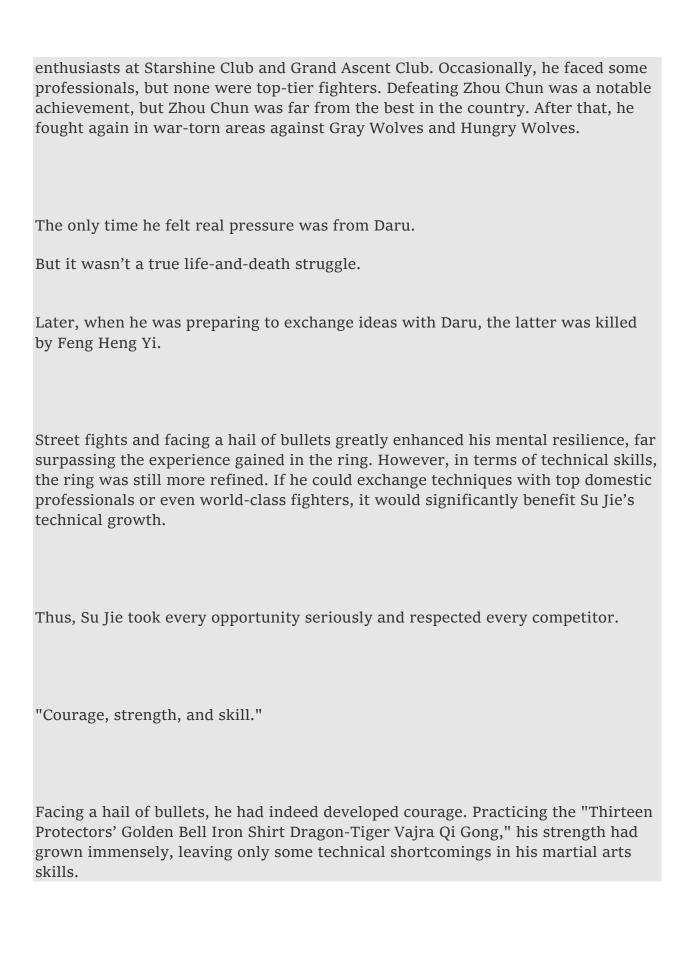


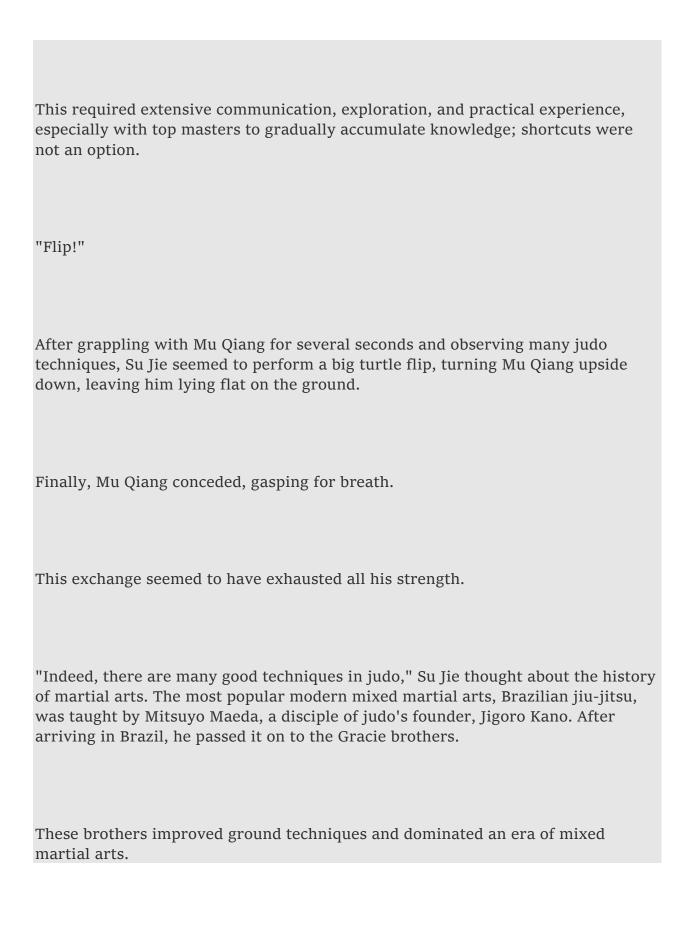


An ordinary person would likely bruise or even feel pain to the bone from such a grip, immediately losing their strength.
Even Su Jie felt the opponent's grip like an iron hoop, especially as it caught the critical nerve in his wrist.
Hey!
Mu Qiang let out a loud roar, like a fierce tiger descending the mountain, shaking the dojo, startling many students.
He swayed and charged, closing in, grabbing, pulling, and with each action, there was a roar, a throw, a slam!
This was strikingly similar to Su Jie's "hoe and shovel" technique.
A series of actions resembled predatory tactics of animals, fierce and ruthless, embodying the brutal spirit of nature's competition.

Even a master, once caught and roared at, would likely soften and be at the mercy of the capture and throw.
"This Judo technique is quite formidable," Su Jie felt his body shake as he pressed down hard, like an eagle catching a rabbit, surprisingly matching Mu Qiang in strength.
Bang!
Mu Qiang felt as if he was facing not a person, but a several-ton elephant. Not only was his strength no match, but he couldn't even apply his techniques effectively.
When strength exceeds a certain level, technique becomes useless.
In that moment, his master's words echoed in his mind, and then his body was thrown to the ground.
Chapter 132: Masters Challenge
"Come again!"

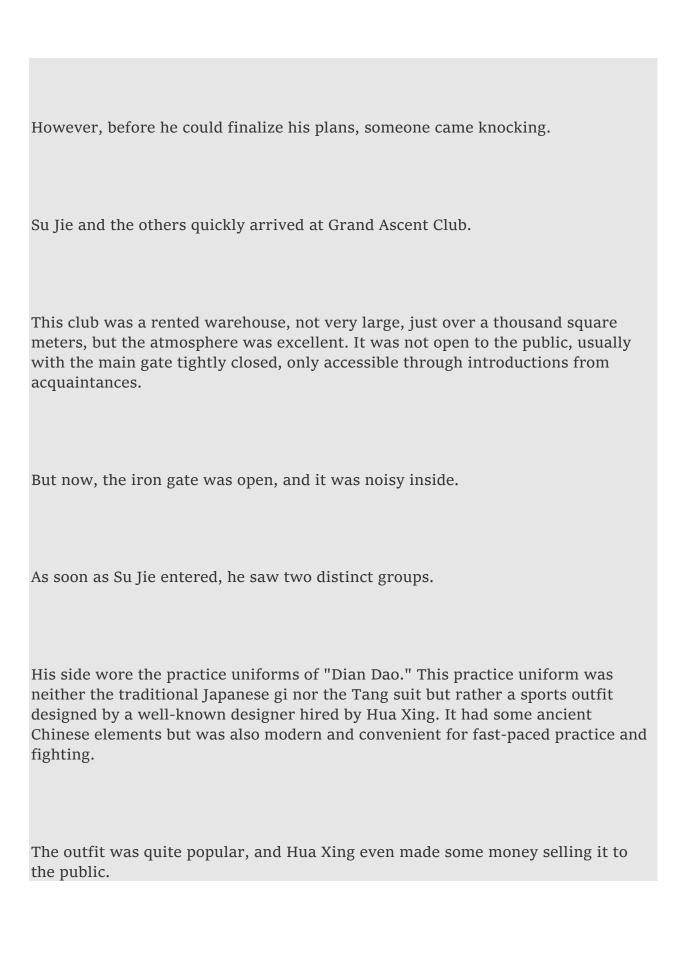
Mu Qiang, a professional judo player, was not discouraged after being thrown down. He quickly got back up and launched another attack.
Su Jie waited for him to approach, and the two grabbed each other's clothing, starting to grapple once more.
Mu Qiang repeatedly employed various judo techniques—foot sweeps, hip throws, shoulder pushes, body presses, and a mix of feints and real attacks, all aimed at shaking Su Jie.
Su Jie, on the other hand, was intentionally assessing Mu Qiang's strength. Coming from a prestigious school, Mu Qiang had a wealth of judo techniques, many of which were worth learning from. Su Jie had a solid foundation in martial arts, but to say he had reached a transcendent level would be far from the truth.
He prided himself on two aspects: first, his physical fitness and resistance to blows; second, his mental fortitude. Having experienced the chaos of war-torn areas where bullets flew, close combat felt trivial in comparison.
As for technical experience, he still had some shortcomings and had not encountered many masters.
Su Jie's competition experience was also not extensive. He had participated in small-scale tournaments at the Minglun Martial Arts Academy, later fought on Gray Wolf Street and A Ding Street, and exchanged techniques with various

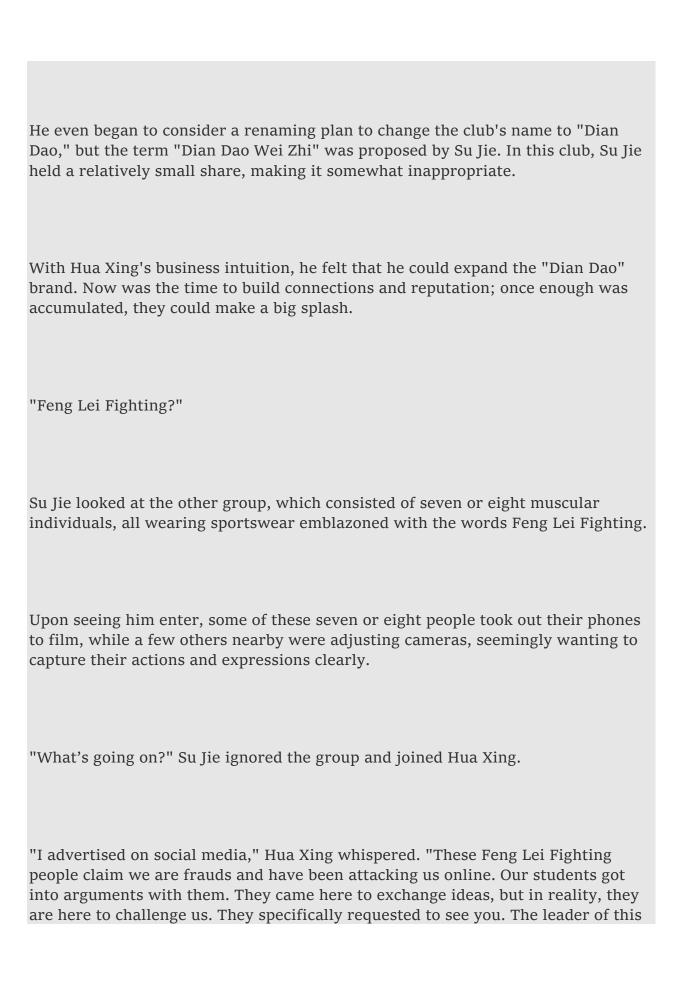


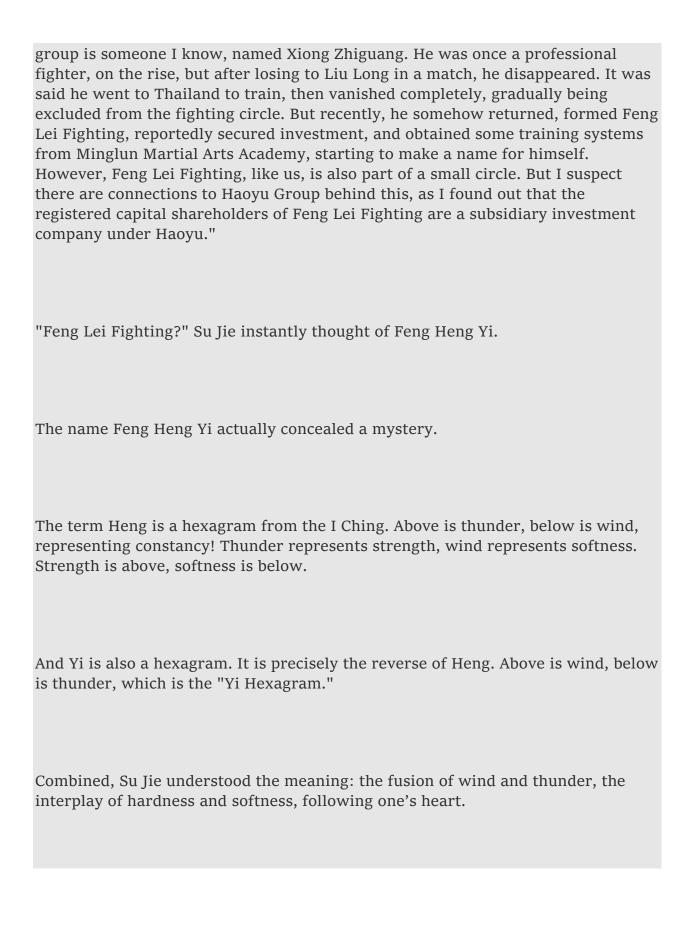


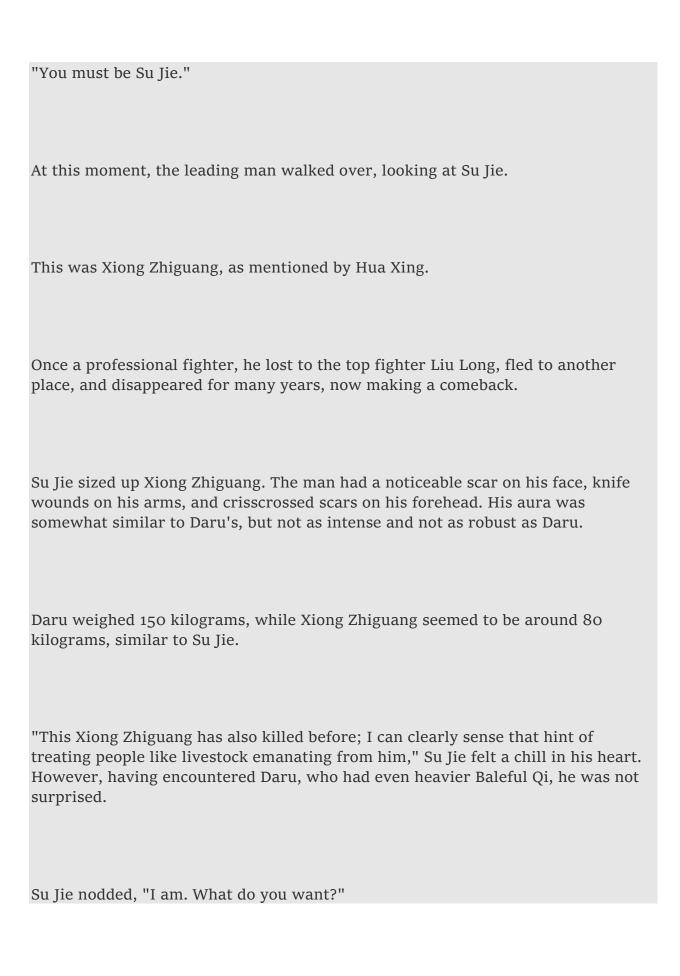
Even now, many victories in mixed martial arts are still decided by ground techniques. However, as everyone's skills have improved, the instances of standing strikes resulting in direct KOs have increased.
"No wonder you could defeat Zhou Chun," Mu Qiang said after resting for a moment, standing up. "Your judo techniques are still not very refined, but your stamina is incredibly strong, your stance is stable, and your strength is immense. I think only Brother Geng Tianyi could match you."
"I hope we can exchange more in the future," Su Jie knew that the Japanese martial arts community had already completed the modernization of martial arts. Back in the Meiji Restoration era, after the samurai disarmament, some martial arts masters emerged, innovating judo, karate, kendo, and founding aikido, finally achieving scale. This was much better than the traditional martial arts circles in China, which were stuck in their ways and rife with deception.
The modernization of Chinese kung fu was a significant matter, one that he could not accomplish alone.
Just as he was about to chat with Song Qiong and Mu Qiang, his phone suddenly rang.
It was a call from Hua Xing.

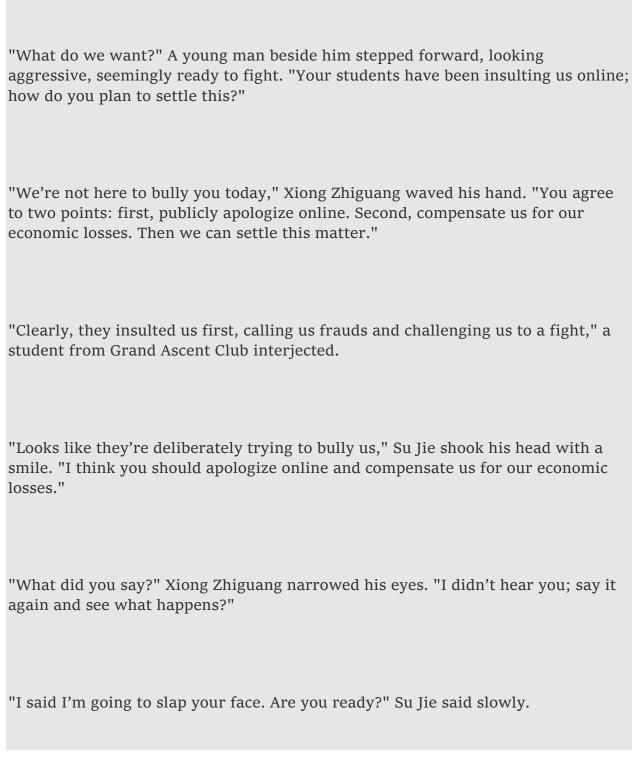




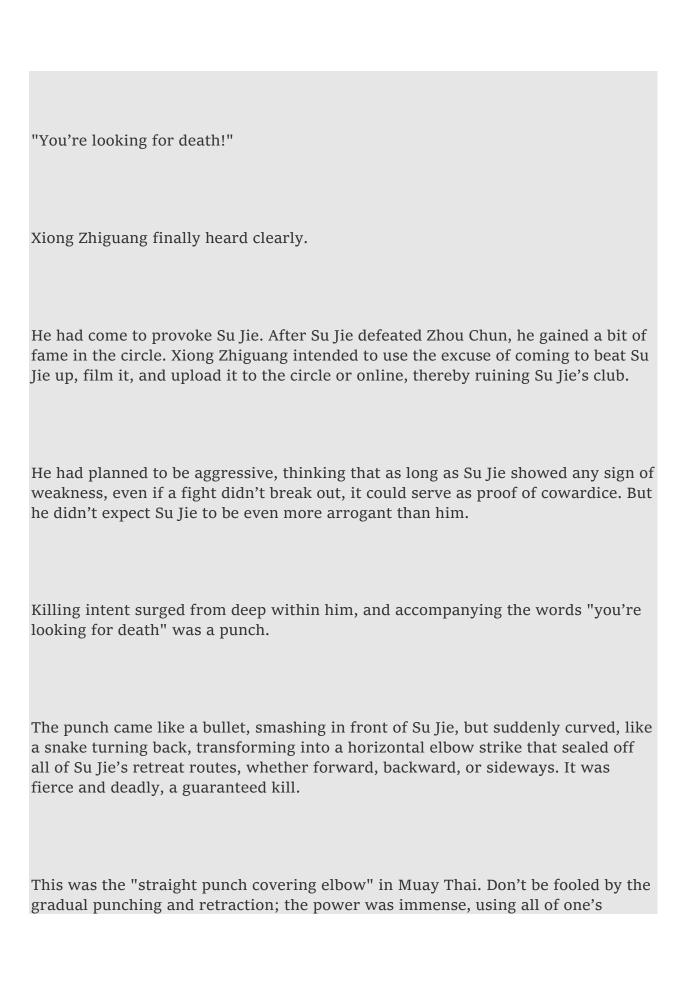






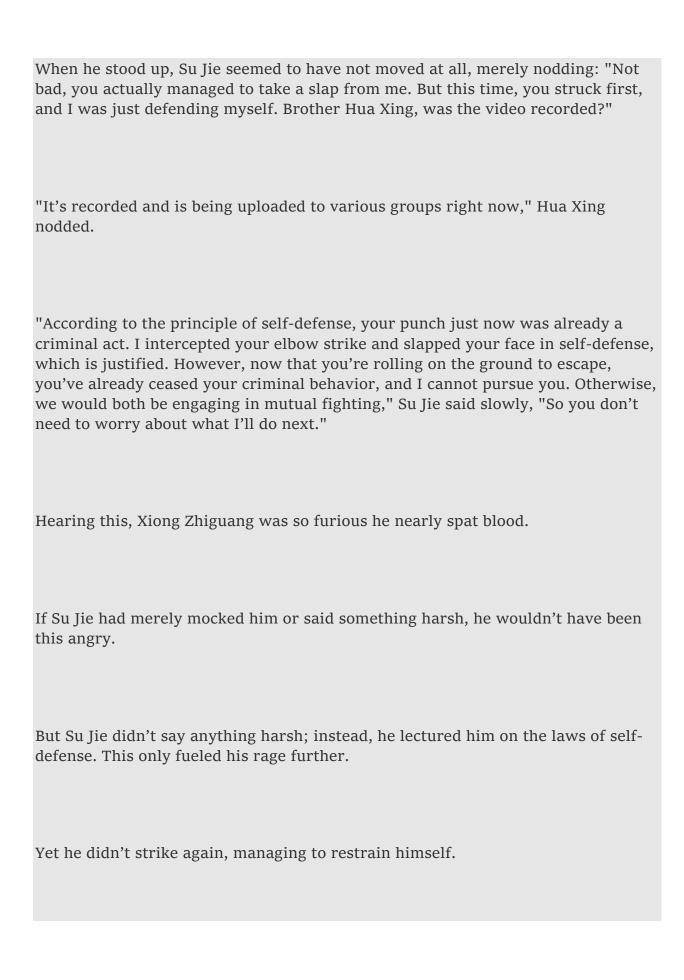


Chapter 133: Moments of Anger

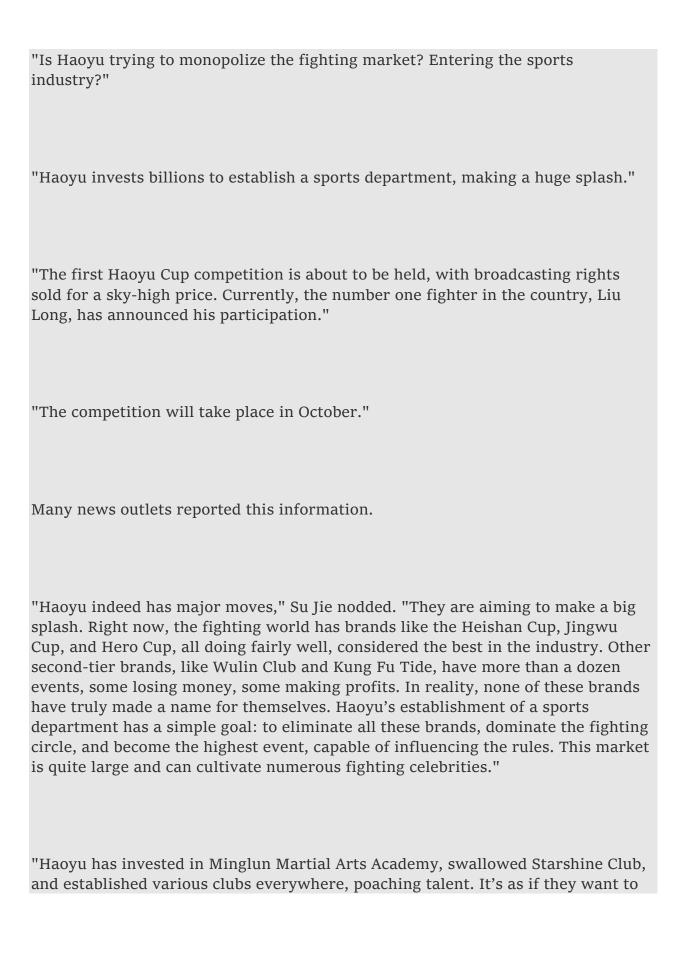


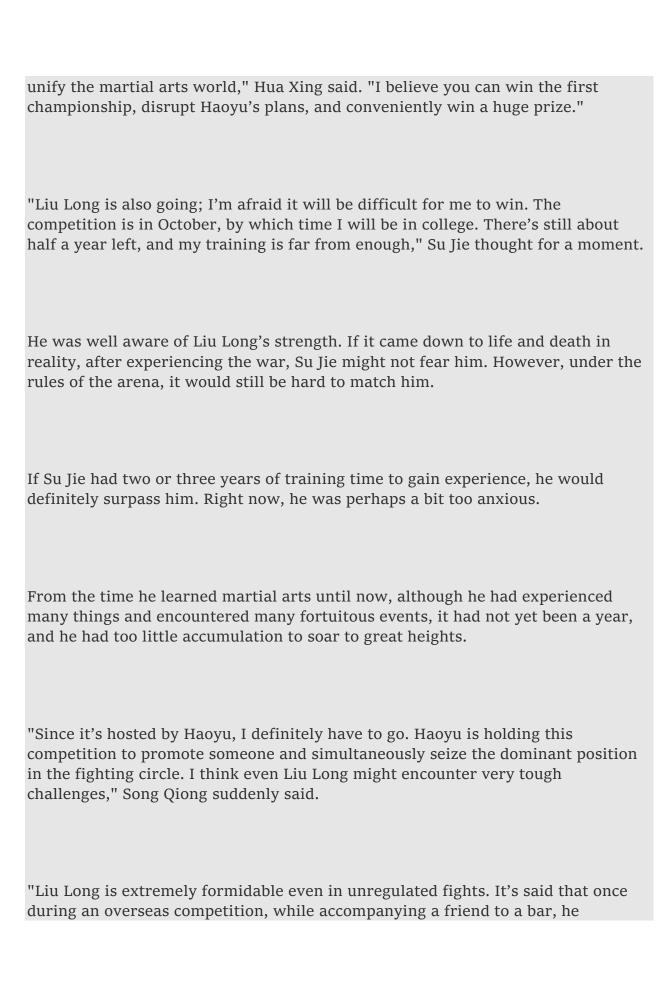
strength to press forward. The elbow struck like a knife, capable of slicing off a person's skull.
A punch is a bullet, an elbow is a cannonball. Better to take ten punches than one elbow.
This is a martial arts saying; generally speaking, elbow strikes are not allowed in free fighting.
The simpler the martial art, the harder it is to practice, and the more practical it becomes.
At the moment Xiong Zhiguang struck, Su Jie also moved.
He didn't retreat, squat down, or dodge; he stood firm on his legs.
When the punch came, he didn't move. When the punch curved into an elbow, his palm had already shot out.
It was still a "Hoe Strike" technique.
The palm was as fast as lightning, almost invisible to the naked eye; unless filmed with a high-speed camera and slowed down tenfold, one wouldn't be able to see the speed of Su Jie's "Hoe Strike" technique.

Since returning from the war-torn lands, Su Jie's skill had become increasingly formidable, especially when facing the disguised panda-masked man, Odell; this technique had reached a new level.
At this moment, he seized the tiny gap, striking hard, a technique that could rival dodging bullets—dangerous yet masterful, breaking through Xiong Zhiguang's "root".
Clap!
A crisp sound echoed.
It was the sound of a slap.
A handprint appeared on Xiong Zhiguang's entire face, from top to bottom.
He was knocked down by the slap, rolling away in a panic, fearing that Su Jie would pursue him again.



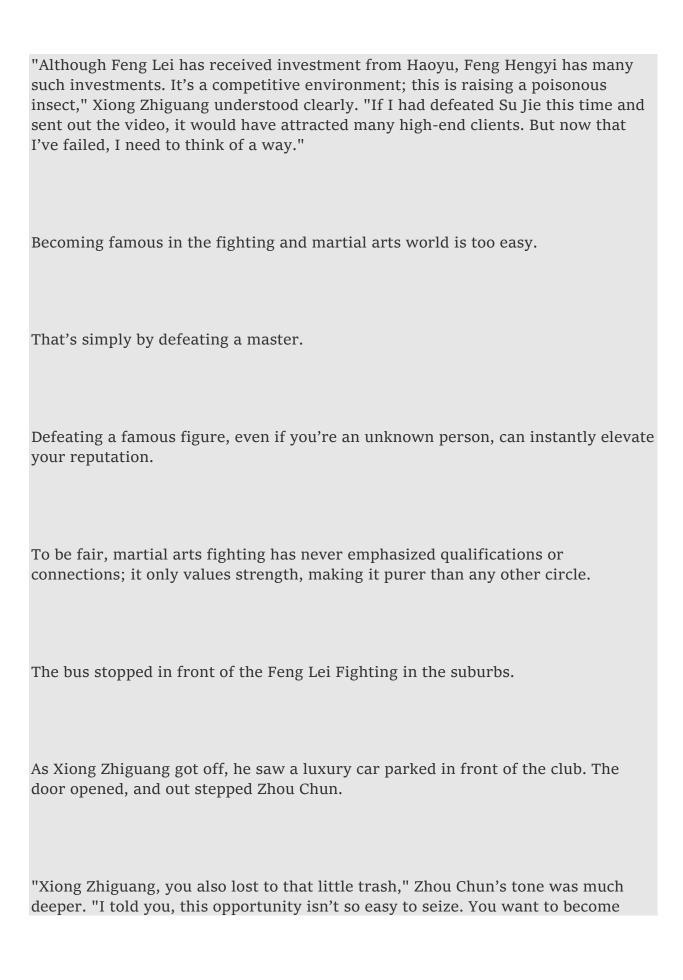
"Fine, Su Jie, you actually attacked me first. I won't fight you here," Xiong Zhiguang said. "If you have the ability, let's see who's better in the competition. Our Feng Lei Fighting will sign up for the Haoyu Cup. If you have the ability, defeat me there; a sneak attack doesn't count as skill. We're leaving."
He immediately took his people away from there.
"What a pity," Hua Xing quickly came up. "I've already uploaded the video of you slapping Xiong Zhiguang's face to many groups; many people have become active. Unfortunately, Xiong Zhiguang used to be famous, but now he's just another face in the crowd. Even if you slapped him, it doesn't have the same impact as defeating Zhou Chun. However, you can participate in the Haoyu Cup; if you can defeat some famous figures there, our club can officially expand."
While speaking, Hua Xing showed Su Jie the news online.
Su Jie looked at it and indeed found many big news stories from the fighting world.
"Haoyu Group invests heavily in the sports fighting circle, partnering with Minglun Martial Arts Academy to host the Haoyu Cup fighting competition, which will be divided into individual and team events. Individual competition points will count towards the team, and the individual champion will receive a prize of ten million"





encountered robbers. He fought against more than ten people with his bare hands, and even though they had weapons, he knocked several of them out," Mu Qiang said. "He's even more powerful in the arena; basically, no one in the country can compete with him. It's said he seems to be on the verge of breaking through to a certain realm. Once he breaks through, he could even challenge many world-class experts for the title of world fighting champion."
"Liu Long is indeed strong, but there are those stronger than him," Su Jie recalled Feng Hengyi. "Of course, I'll participate. If I can encounter Liu Long in the arena, even if I lose, I can still gain experience from interacting with a master."
"You're too humble," Mu Qiang said. "I believe you really have a chance to fight him. Your advantage is your youth; you're much younger than him."
"This place is quite interesting," Song Qiong said. "Get me a card; I'll come here often to practice."
"Me too," Mu Qiang nodded. "If I have the chance, I'll bring my Japanese brothers here too."
Outside, on a bus, Xiong Zhiguang and a group of people from the Feng Lei Fighting were on it.

Xiong Zhiguang had a clear handprint on his face. He took out a blood circulation ointment and kept applying and rubbing it on his face. Slowly, the handprint began to fade; the ointment's effect was simply miraculous.
If Su Jie were here, he would find that the "ointment" Xiong Zhiguang was applying was the same kind he practiced with, said to be developed by the Tifeng Training Camp.
"Boss, what do we do now?" a burly man asked Xiong Zhiguang. "The plan has failed."
"I didn't expect Su Jie's strength to improve so dramatically," Xiong Zhiguang said unfazed by his loss. "He defeated Zhou Chun just a few months ago. I analyzed his videos, and the techniques were calculated by artificial intelligence; my chances of winning were quite high. But even artificial intelligence didn't account for how quickly he progressed."
Su Jie had his sister Su Muchen's artificial intelligence analysis module, and Xiong Zhiguang clearly had one too, and it was even more advanced. He had come prepared, believing he could defeat Su Jie through intelligent analysis. He thought that after suppressing him, he could ruin this club's reputation and business.
Unfortunately, he failed.



famous in one go; it's not that simple. That little trash is stepping on my fame; you want to step on his to gain fame, what does that make me?"

Chapter 134: Martial Arts Gradually Takes Shape

"Zhou Chun, you probably still aren't his match right now." Xiong Zhiguang said, "Even though I was just testing him, he was able to exploit the tiny flaws in my movements in an instant and counterattack me. Our strengths are about the same, but if we go underground to fight, my chances of winning are higher than yours."

Although Xiong Zhiguang was slapped in the face by Su Jie and lost all face, his strength was actually quite formidable. He had lost to Liu Long in their earlier encounters, but after reflecting on it, he trained in Southeast Asia. He didn't know how many underground fights he had been through or how many times he had escaped death.

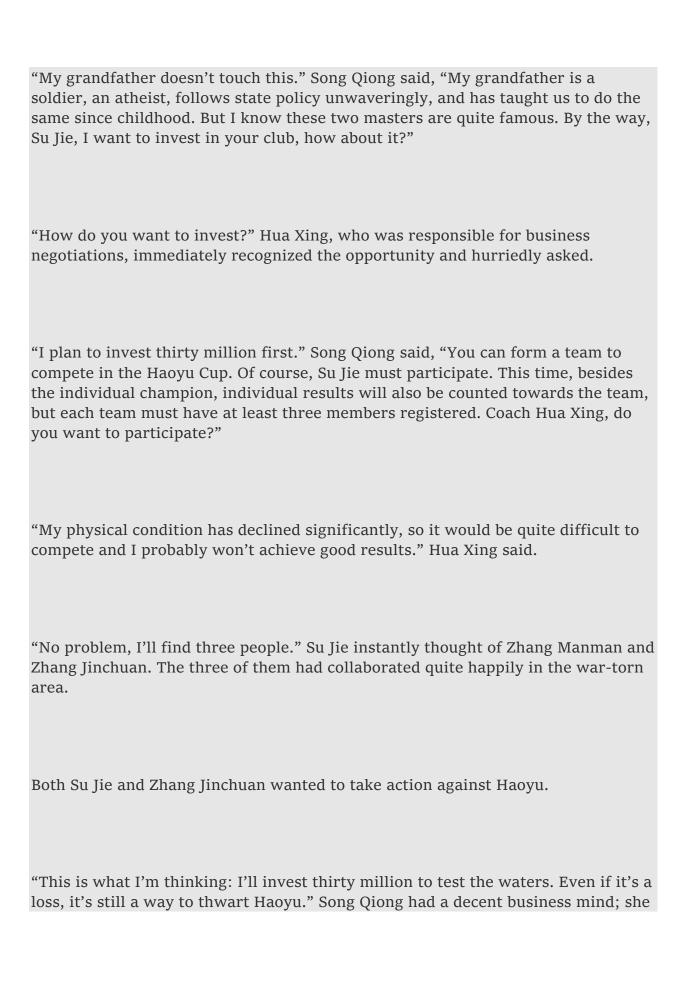
He returned this time wanting to make a name for himself.

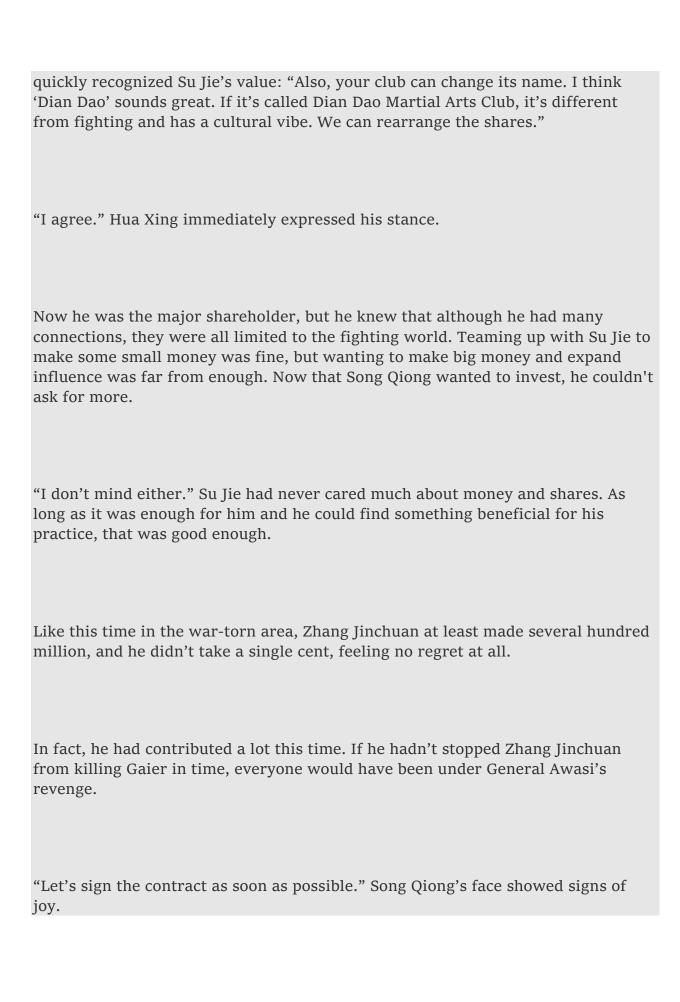
But he just happened to run into Su Jie, who directly knocked him into the abyss.

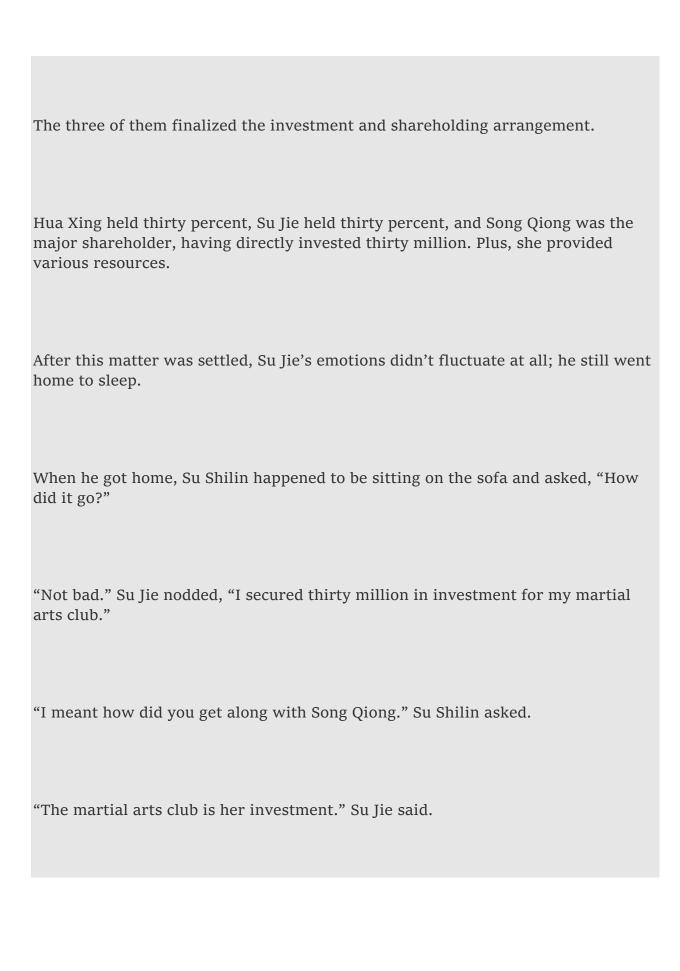
However, he didn't feel discouraged at all. Instead, he was actively planning some countermeasures. For someone like him, who was used to life and death, as long as he wasn't dead, there would always be opportunities.

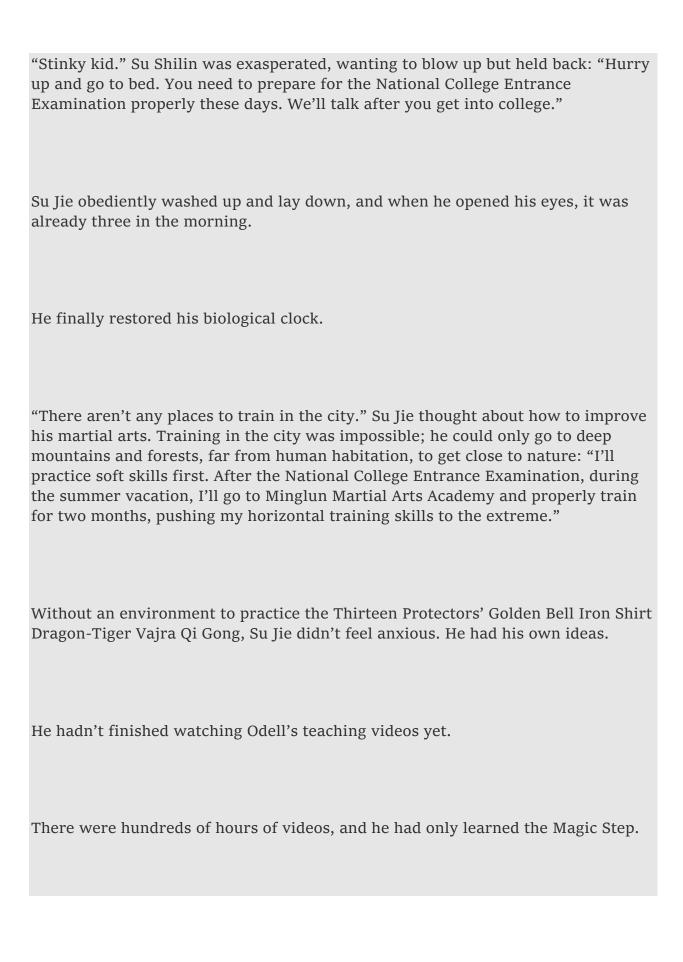
"But you still lost to that little trash." Zhou Chun was indeed a bit wary of Xiong Zhiguang.
"Let's not talk about that. Let's think about how to join forces and expand." Xiong Zhiguang said, "This time when I went to his club, I saw someone I shouldn't have seen, which is Zhonglong Group's chairman Song Longhua's granddaughter, Song Qiong."
"Could it be that Zhonglong Group has already invested in him?" Zhou Chun's expression changed drastically. He knew that Haoyu was running rampant in business, but it also had rivals, with Zhonglong Group being the foremost. They had fought many times, and it had always ended in a tie. If Zhonglong Group got involved, many of his schemes would be meaningless.
Xiong Zhiguang's observational skills were outstanding. In this short time, he had not been dazed by Su Jie's slap and had even noticed who was beside Su Jie. "Let's take our time to discuss this." Xiong Zhiguang said to Zhou Chun, "I have
some ideas, but I need your help." The two walked into the club.
At the same time, at a table next to Grand Ascent Club, Hua Xing, Su Jie, Song Qiong, and Mu Qiang were chatting.

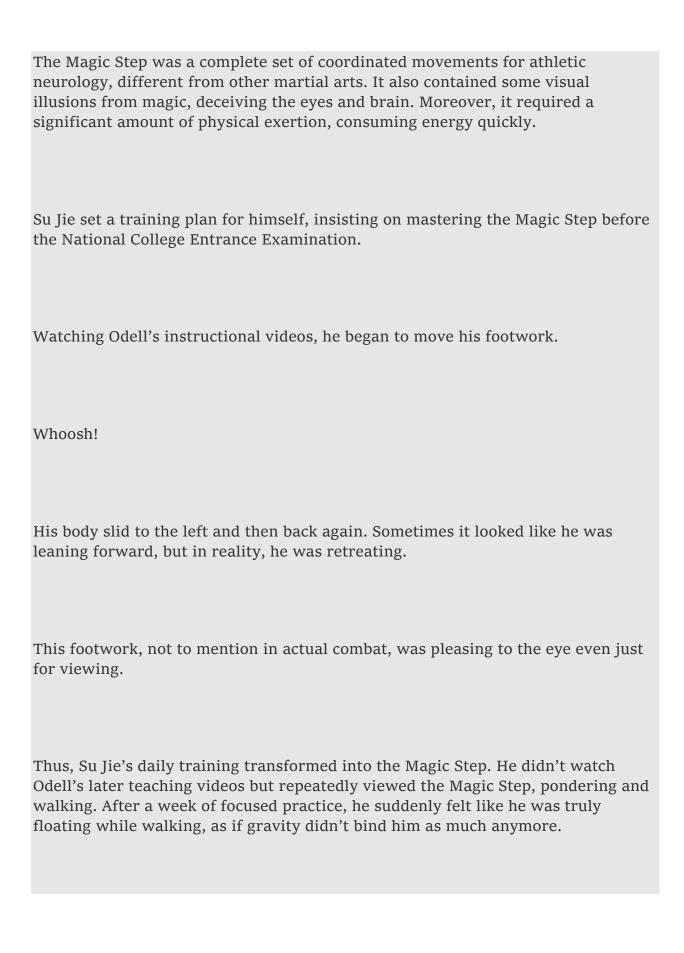
"That Xiong Zhiguang is much calmer than Zhou Chun. He can still endure after being slapped." Song Qiong, though a little girl, had a keen observational ability: "When he left, his gaze lingered on me for a while."
"This person has a sharp and angular face, with a straight nose and uneven features. It can be seen that he is a person with determination, able to endure hardships, tenacious, but also has a sinister heart. He can tolerate and endure humiliation, but has a strong desire for revenge. This is a typical 'night owl' face in physiognomy. He definitely will retaliate after being at a disadvantage, and will hide in the shadows, like a venomous snake, striking at you once, and if he misses, he will hide again, waiting for the next opportunity to strike." Su Jie said, "Indeed, we need to be careful of him. He is more terrifying than Zhou Chun. Zhou Chun is relatively shameless and rogue, but sometimes he can't endure it. I'm not afraid of dealing with such people, but Xiong Zhiguang is different."
"You even understand physiognomy?" Song Qiong asked in surprise.
"I know a little, I learned from Professors Luo and Ma." Su Jie nodded, "I don't know if you know them?"
Whether it was Luo Weiji or Ma Fengnian, these two "masters" actually disliked being called masters and preferred to be referred to as professors.
They believed they were scholars, academic experts like Socrates, Plato, and Da Vinci, and in reality, they were also studying academics.

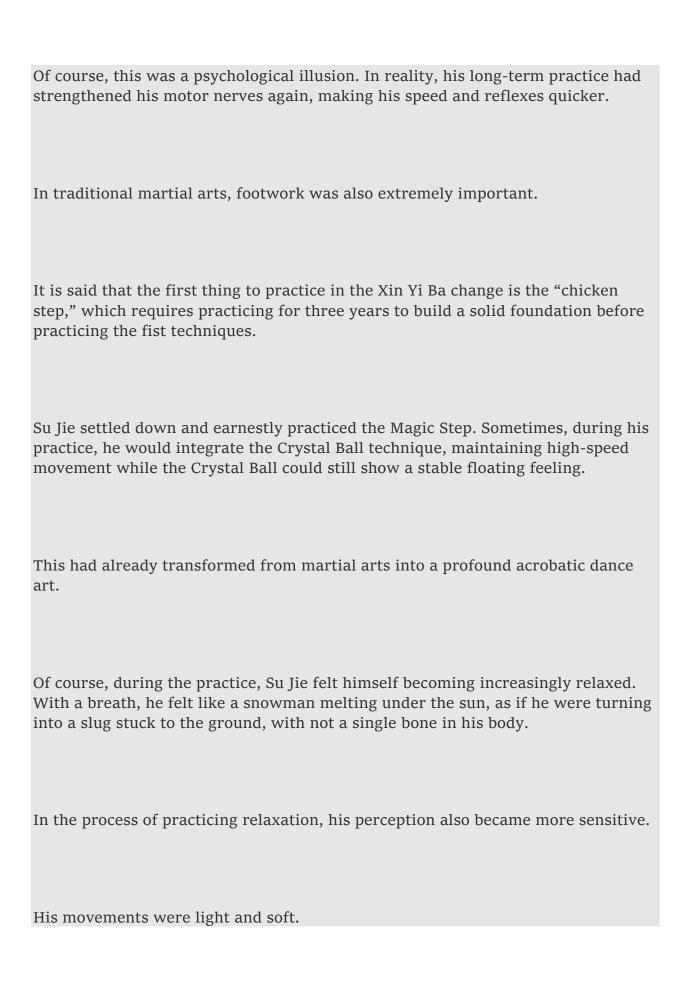








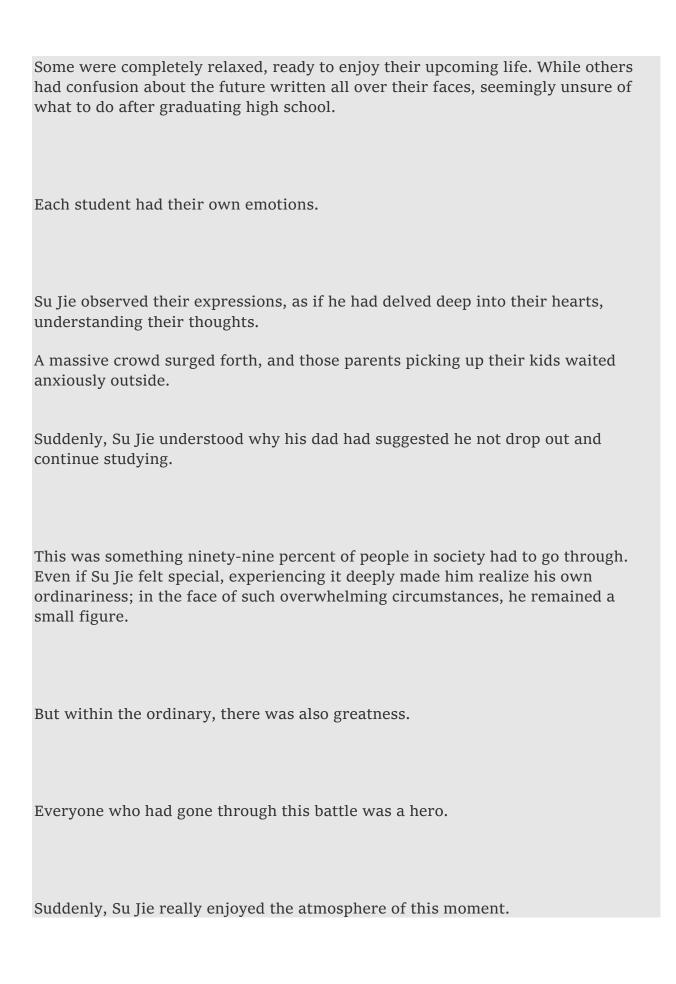


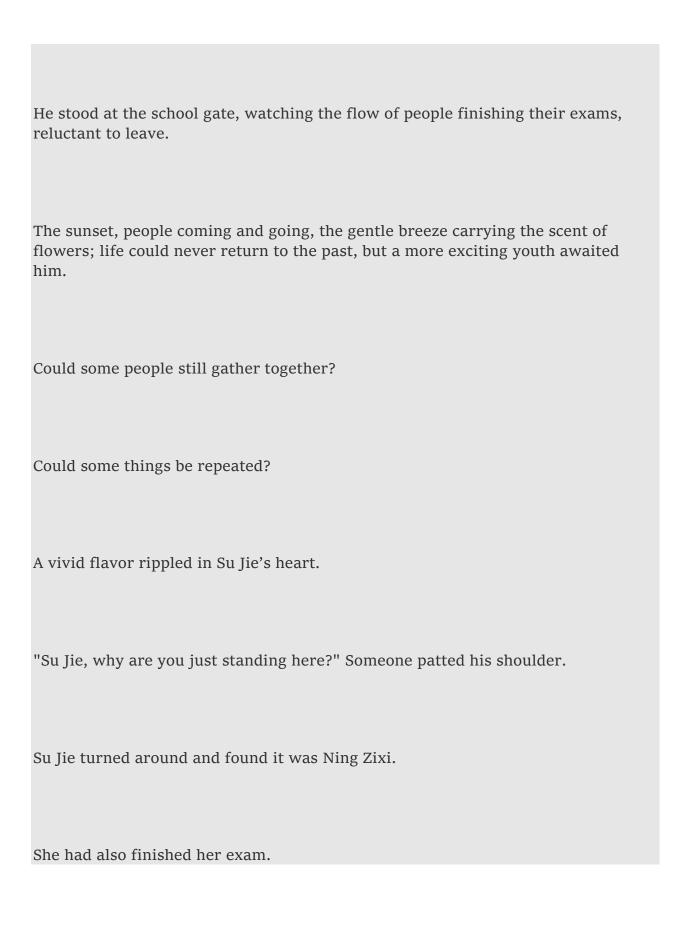


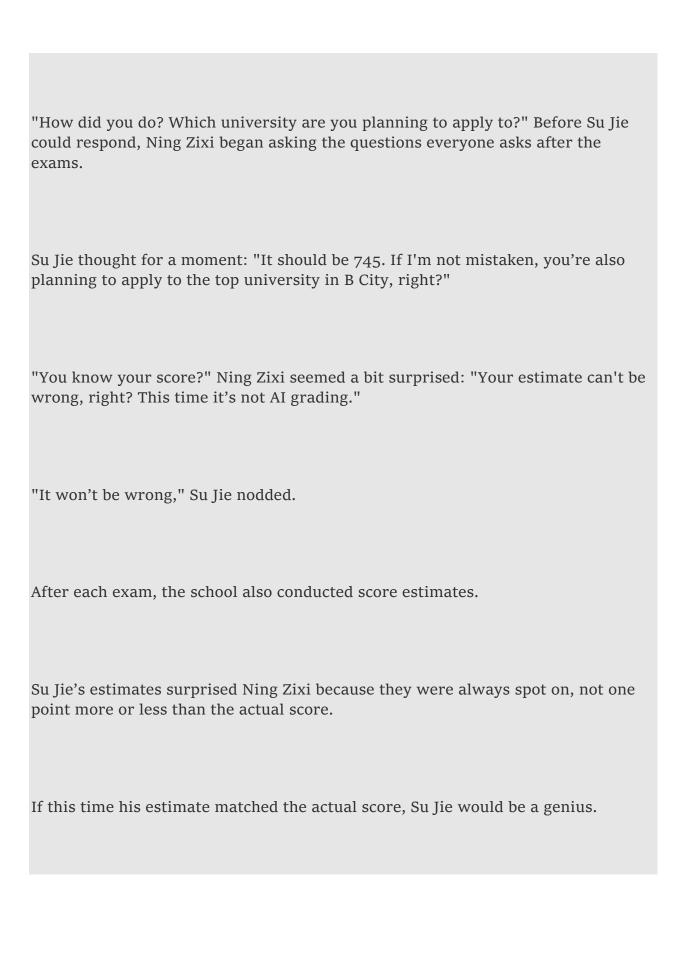
Time flew by, and soon it was June.
During these days, Su Jie had no fluctuations, just practicing the Magic Step and the Crystal Ball, relaxing himself. As for studying, he wasn't worried at all; the National College Entrance Examination would definitely not be a problem for him
Finally, June 7 arrived.
It was the day of the National College Entrance Examination.
For all high school students, this was definitely a significant day that could determine their fate, but Su Jie felt it passed quite blandly.
During the two days of exams, he still practiced every day, not disrupting his biological clock.
On the evening of June 8, after finishing the last exam, he walked out of the examination hall, looking at the sunset hanging in the sky, the evening glow splendid, another beautiful day.

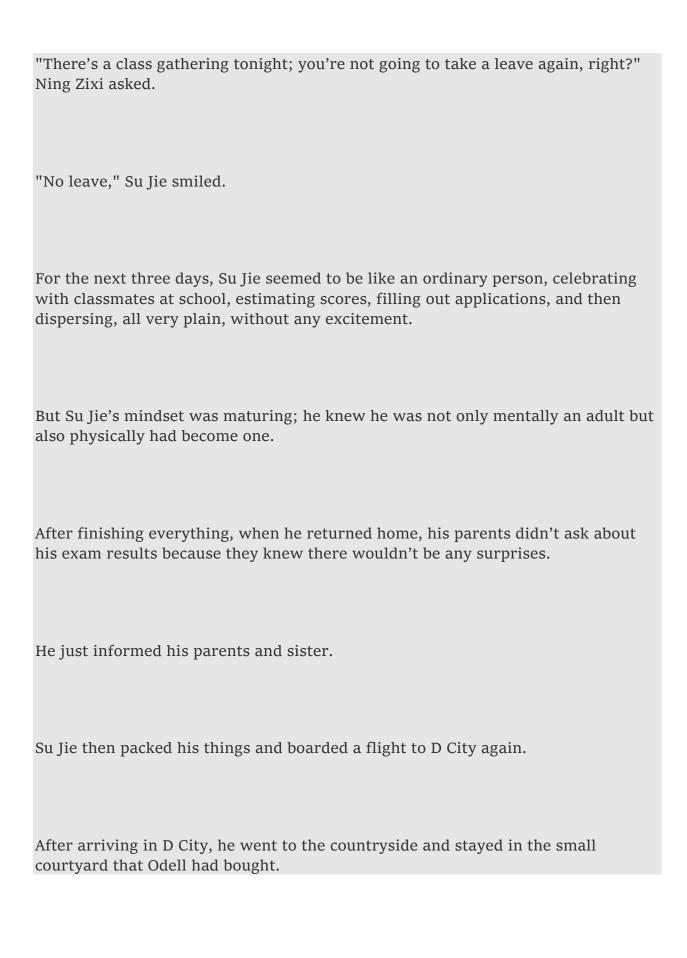
Chapter 135: Unity of Heaven and Man Has Its Mysteries

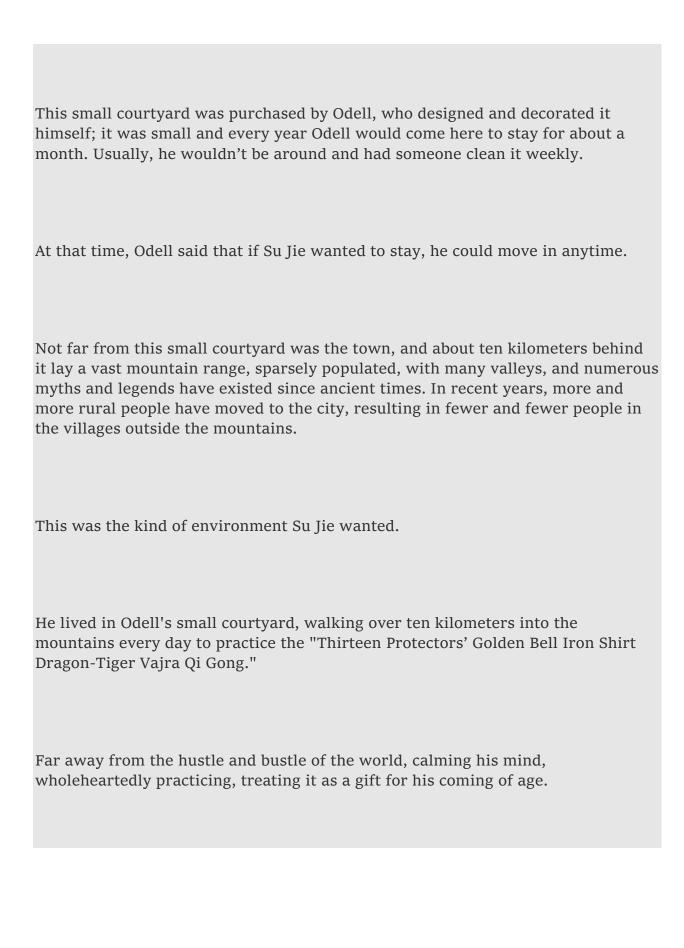
"High school, my youth, goodbye."
Su Jie felt a surge of emotions within.
Even though he had experienced things that many ordinary high school students hadn't, he still wanted to savor the important experience of life.
At the moment the National College Entrance Examination ended, he had essentially become an adult.
Not just him, every graduating high school student had to go through this test.
Looking at the faces coming out of the exam hall, some were beaming with joy, feeling they had done well. Others looked anxious and dejected, probably because they didn't manage to answer the questions, yet still hoped for a miracle.

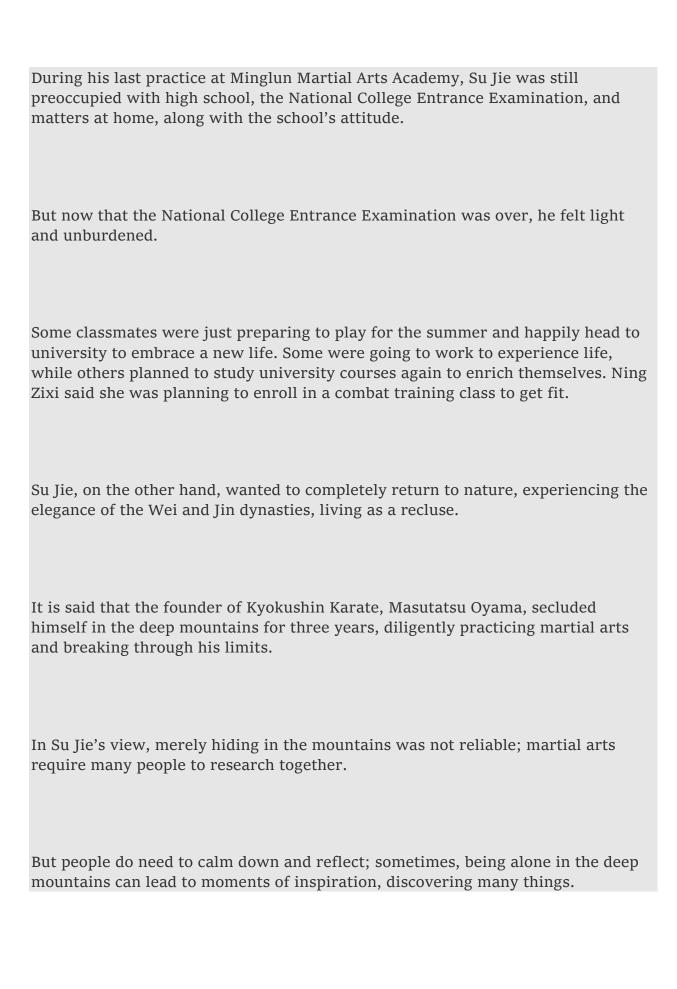




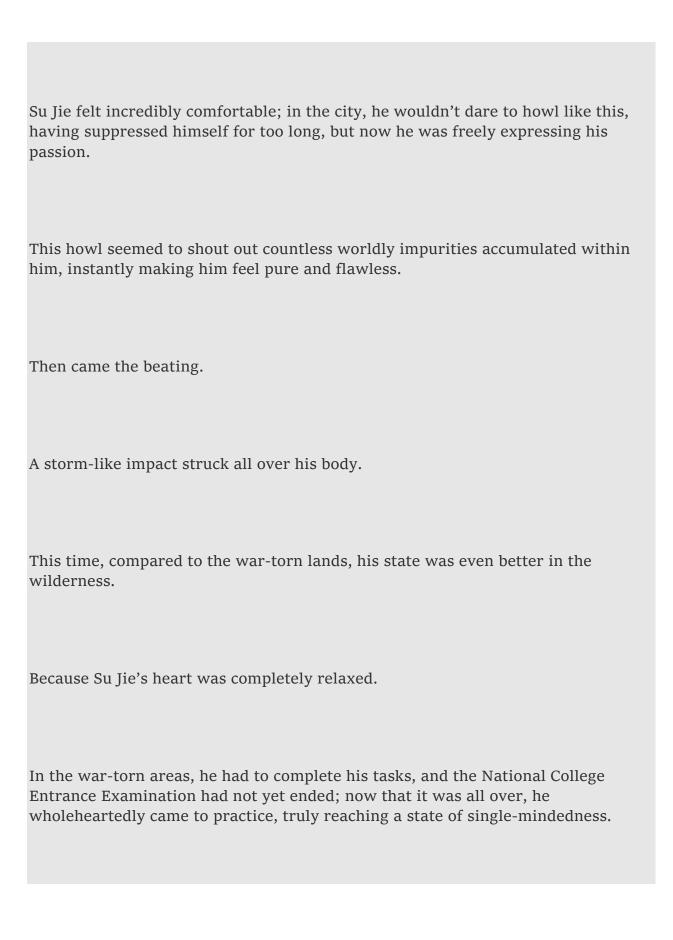


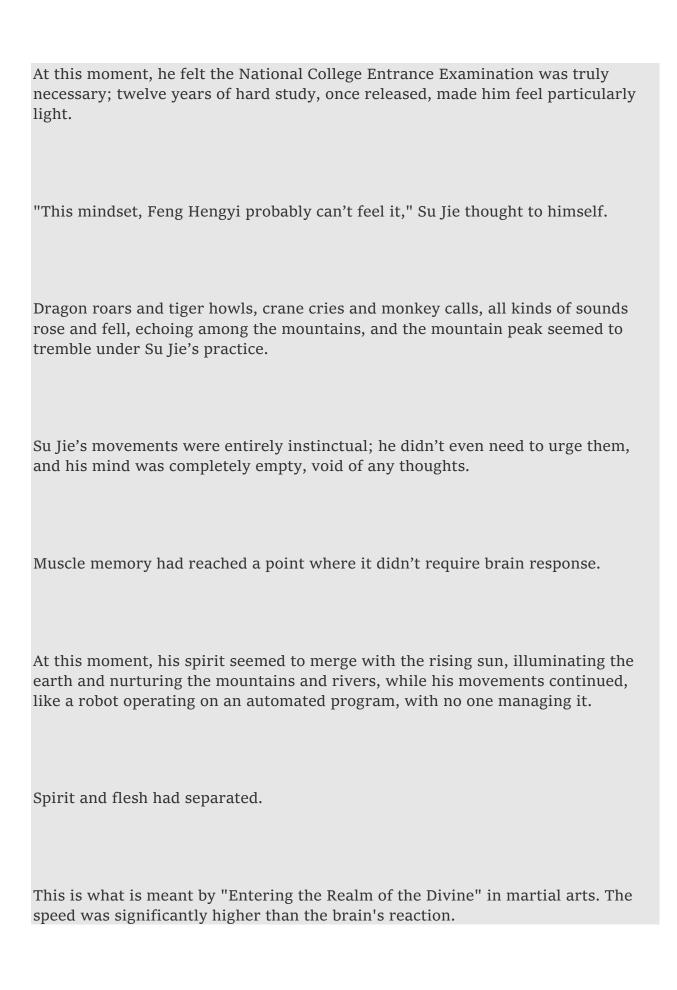


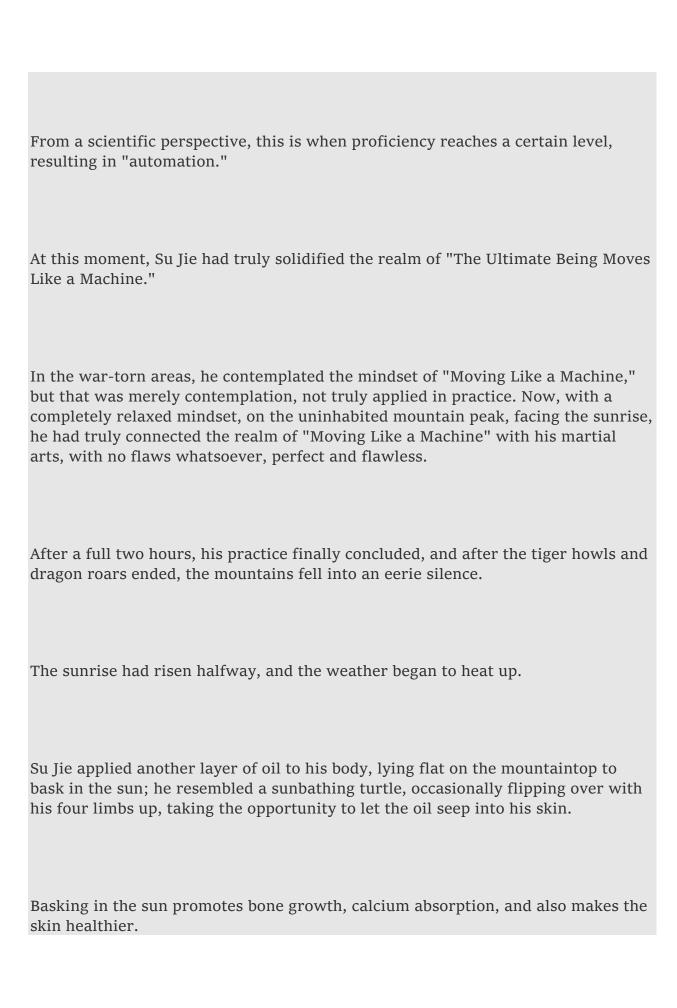


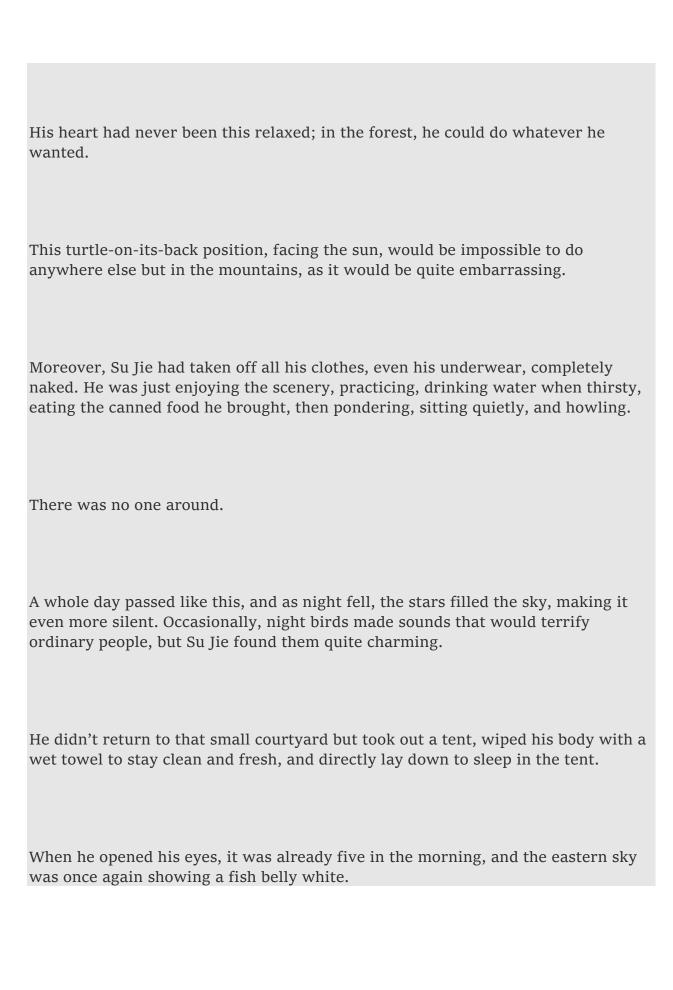


One should never take extremes.
On June 13th, early at three in the morning, Su Jie got up from Odell's small courtyard, had some canned food, drank water, moved around, warmed up, packed his backpack, and then directly ran over ten kilometers into the depths of the mountains.
By the time he climbed to the top of a mountain, the sky was already showing a fish belly white, and the sunrise seemed about to rise.
All around was truly silent and deserted; that feeling of being the only one in the world returned to Su Jie's heart, making him feel extremely peaceful, as if everything mundane had nothing to do with him.
He took off his clothes and began applying oil to himself, continuously kneading and pressing to completely eliminate the lactic acid from running and climbing, his whole body heating up until the sunrise suddenly broke over the horizon.
At the moment the sun appeared, Su Jie seemed to sense it and let out his first long howl.
This howl echoed far away, piercing the sky, and the mountains responded.









This was a biological clock he intentionally set for himself, just to practice at sunrise.

For several consecutive days, Su Jie was in the mountains alone, feeling nature, watching the sunrise and sunset, not speaking to anyone, and not going online for information, completely in a closed state.

Restlessness gradually disappeared.

Chapter 136: A Year of Change, Reaching the Pinnacle

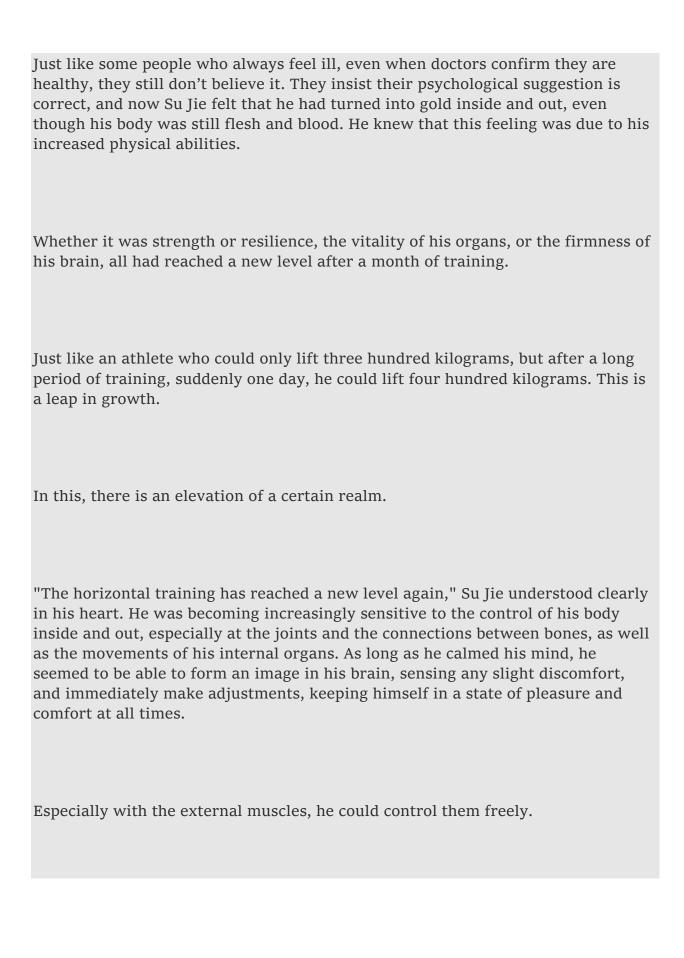
For this month, Su Jie was completely alone.

When he ran out of food and water, he returned to the small courtyard to fetch some, not speaking a single word to anyone.

In the small courtyard, he had long prepared a large amount of nutrient water and high-grade military canned food for his secluded life in the mountains.

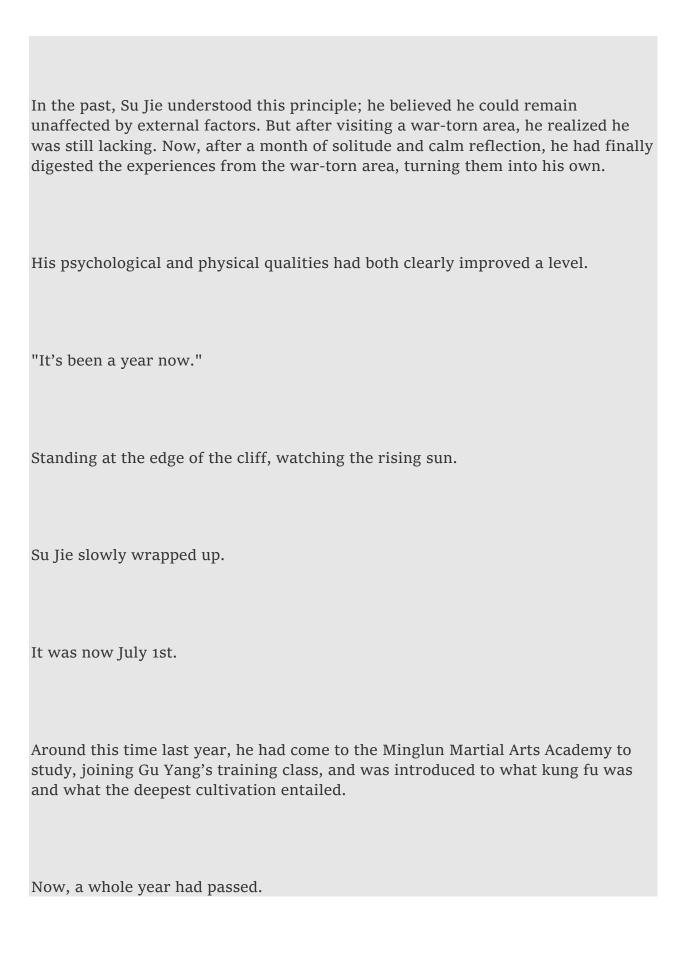
In the mountains, he returned to the small courtyard every seven days, cutting his hair, shaving, and bathing by himself, truly living a peaceful and carefree life. Throughout June, he didn't turn on his phone or computer, nor did he communicate with anyone, just like a profound monk practicing "Silent Meditation" in Zen.
This was to train his heart to be purer, not allowing impurities to enter.
In the mountains, he ate, drank, slept, listened to the wind blowing through the trees, heard the chirping of birds and insects, watched the sunrise and sunset, and observed the rolling sea of clouds.
At times, Su Jie would let out a long howl, sometimes run 'naked', sometimes sing, and sometimes dance, as if he had found the Zen essence of the hermit madman howling in the mountains from years ago.
Every day, he practiced the "Thirteen Protectors' Golden Bell Iron Shirt Dragon-Tiger Vajra Qi Gong," feeling his body becoming increasingly flexible, as if the rigid shell was being 'kneaded' into a malleable dough, yet deep inside, a certain will was becoming harder.
Bang! One time, he casually threw a punch without using much force, hitting a large tree, and surprisingly, the trunk cracked open.
cree, and our prioringry, the trains ordened open.

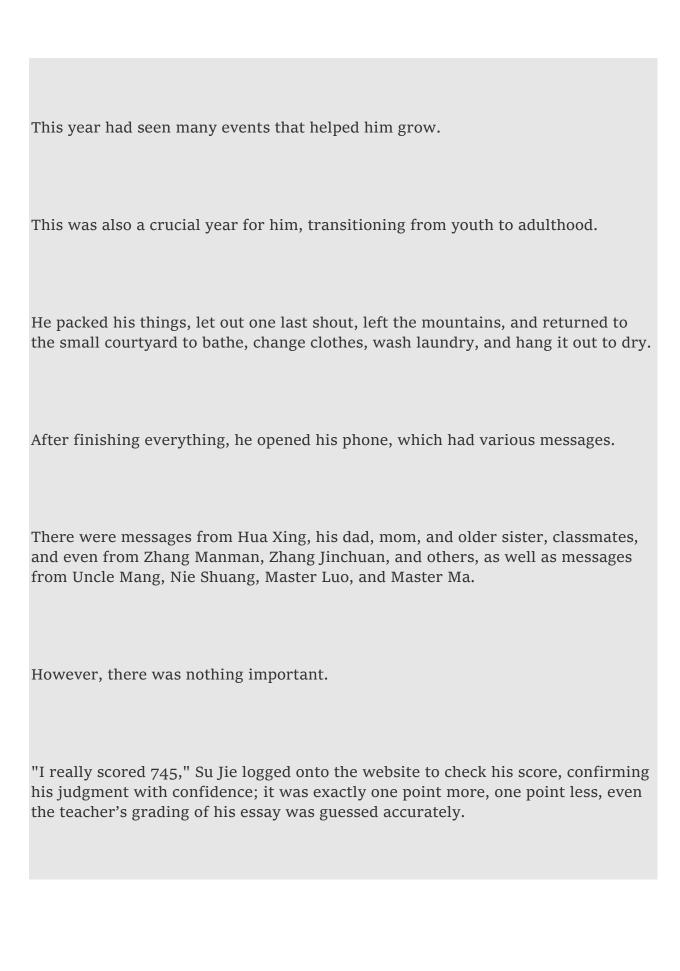
Such a level of training seemed very lonely to outsiders, but he felt increasingly at ease, able to continue for a long time.
One day, while facing the sunrise, he howled again, feeling different this time. He sensed that his spirit was connecting with the sun through his howl; each call seemed to establish a certain channel, and within this sound channel, a warm current seemed to flow into his body from the rising sun, forging his body like a furnace, completely refining the impurities within his consciousness and marrow, then circulating and flowing repeatedly.
Su Jie felt as if he was entirely bathed in the golden hue of the sun from the inside out.
The blood, bones, and soft tissues within him had all turned to gold.
Of course, this was just an illusion, a state of mind.
Gold represents immortality, a kind of symbolism.
In ancient cultivation, the Golden Core and Golden Body represented a psychological suggestion.



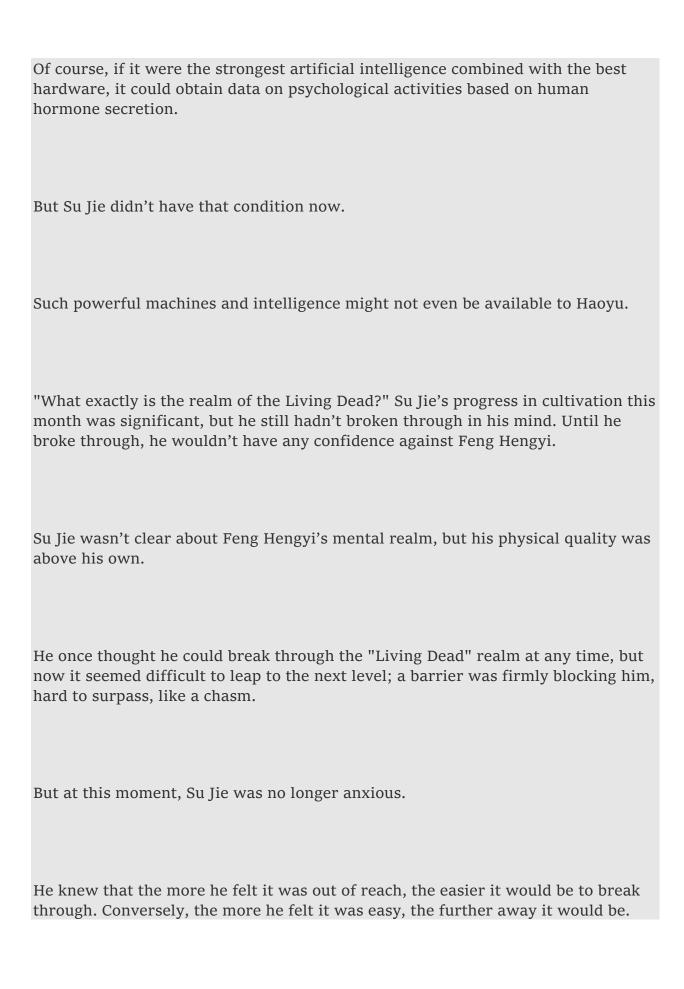
Even the accumulation of lactic acid and slight soft tissue injuries, he could sense immediately.
This meant that in a fight, he could accurately protect himself from any harm.
Jumping in the mountains and forests, his jumping ability and balance had greatly increased. Sometimes he even learned to climb trees like Tarzan, jumping from one tree to another. Although he still couldn't match the agility of a monkey, he could definitely amaze ordinary people.
Moreover, he disregarded danger, gazing over the cliff, moving without a hint of fear deep within.
Just like those extreme challenge athletes, running and jumping on rooftops dozens of stories high, performing various parkour moves, ordinary people watching the videos would feel their scalp tingle, but the participants felt exhilarated.
However, Su Jie didn't feel excited.
He was calm, exercising at the edge of the cliff, feeling no different than on flat ground.

In reality, it was the same.
The edge of the cliff and flat ground were just psychological deterrents for people Once this psychological deterrent was eliminated, he could run and jump as usual without affecting his balance.
Those who felt excitement from extreme sports still hadn't eliminated their psychological barriers; they could still feel the thrill of the cliff.
But Su Jie treated the cliff as flat ground and flat ground as a cliff, doing whatever he wanted deep within. This calm mindset allowed him to avoid any emotional fluctuations that could affect his brain's judgment and thinking when faced with danger.
Su Jie thought about driving on the highway, for example, if a tire suddenly blew out, the correct response is to drive straight, not to turn the steering wheel, then slowly brake, reducing speed until coming to a stop.
Yet almost ninety-nine percent of people would lose their composure in such a sudden situation, wildly turning the steering wheel, leading to destruction and loss of life.
These are all influenced by external environments affecting brain thinking, swayed by external factors.



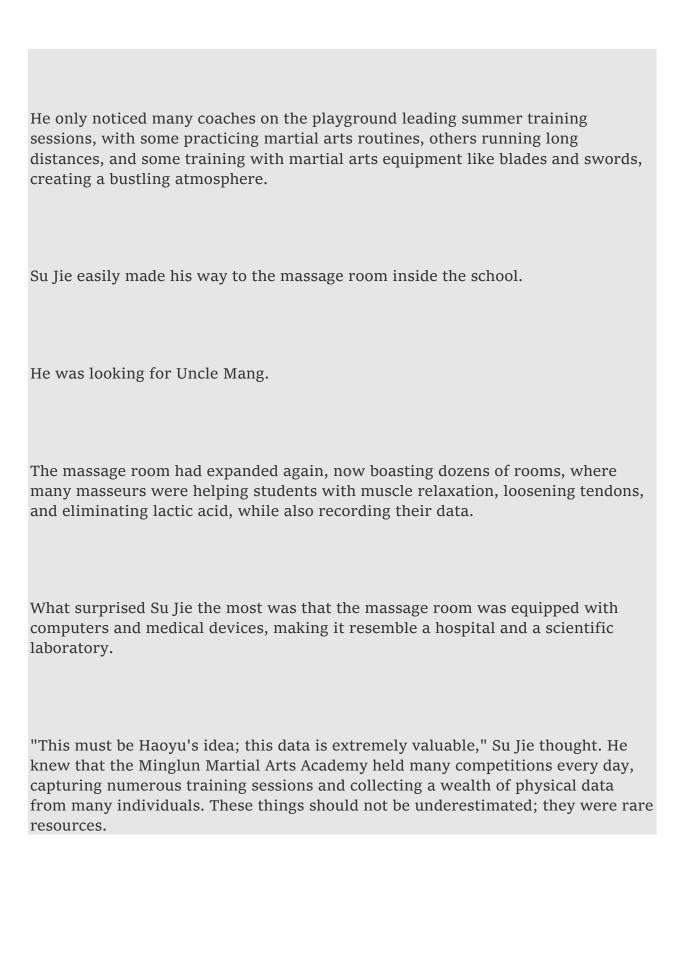


After replying to each message, Su Jie opened the smart module computer for analysis, inputting the videos he had practiced over the past few days.
The smart module computer digested his videos, first calculating the amount of exercise.
"Hello, your exercise volume this month is five times that of a professional fighter," the smart module provided the result, then began analyzing against Odell's videos.
"Hello, your action accuracy rate has reached ninety-nine percent, and your posture is almost identical to the coach's, very accurate."
Seeing such ratings, Su Jie was very satisfied.
He also saved Odell's horizontal training video, adding it to the smart analysis module, along with his own training videos, comparing and analyzing them with the smart module to find some errors and inaccuracies for correction.
The only thing that couldn't be corrected was the activity of thought and the realm of the mind.



Life always brings surprises.
"My physical quality has temporarily reached its peak; next, it's time for the improvement of technical experience. The small Arena Competition at Minglun Martial Arts Academy is becoming increasingly popular. It wouldn't be bad to seek out experts for exchanges and earn some money, but for now, I should go find Uncle Mang and Coach Gu Yang to catch up. I wonder if the second summer class has started yet, and if Coach Gu Yang is still teaching students to dig and turn the soil? Has anyone thought he was just scamming money?"
Su Jie recalled his experiences from last year, a smile unconsciously appearing on his face.
He strode into the Minglun Martial Arts Academy.
However, the Minglun Martial Arts Academy was different from what he imagined; it was undergoing extensive renovations. In a nearby vacant lot, high-rise buildings were being constructed, with signs for Haoyu Minglun hanging above. Everywhere he looked, there were advertisements for the Haoyu Cup competition.
"Million-dollar grand prize!" "Strongest event!" "Martial Arts Conference!" and other slogans were plastered everywhere, with many foreigners stopping to watch. The flow of people was much greater than last year.

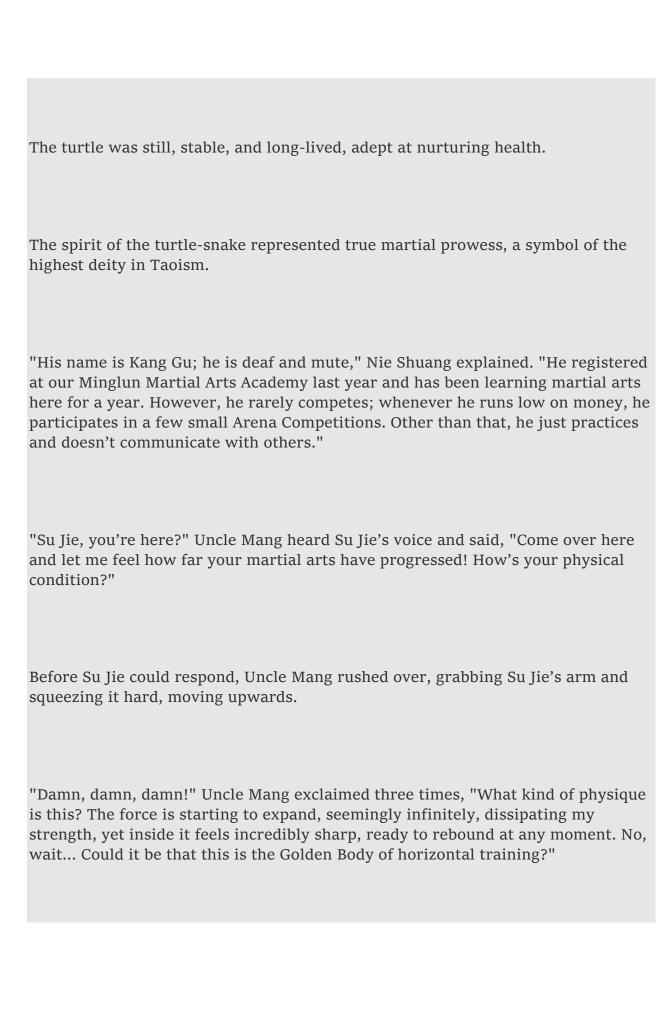
This was Haoyu promoting the events.
Su Jie frowned, instantly sensing a feeling of purity being tainted.
Minglun was Minglun; what did it mean to add Haoyu?
Although many of his skills were taught by Odell, his enlightenment was at Minglun, and he had a deep emotional connection to the Minglun Martial Arts Academy. Even with Liu Zihao present, he still felt it was a pure land.
Chapter 137: Deaf, Mute, and Dull-Witted
The Minglun Martial Arts Academy looked just like it did a year ago.
However, there were noticeably more people, mostly foreign faces, along with some vibrant young individuals.
Su Jie did not see Gu Yang.



If one were to ask what was most precious in this era, Su Jie would certainly say data.
Big data, cloud computing, artificial intelligence could calculate results that scientists had struggled to determine for thousands of years.
What humanity had calculated over millennia could be surpassed by a supercomputer in just an hour.
"Feng Hengyi probably wants to consolidate this data and sell it to the Typhon Training Camp to earn considerable virtual currency." Many people were unaware that their data could be sold for a high price.
He arrived at Uncle Mang's massage room.
The sign still hung there: as long as one could endure, they could receive a free massage.
Just as he was about to knock, the door opened, and Nie Shuang came out. Upon seeing Su Jie, she paused for a moment: "How did your National College Entrance Examination go? Have the results come out? Are you back for further studies? How's your martial arts practice?"
Faced with Nie Shuang's barrage of questions, Su Jie simply smiled: "I scored 745; that should be enough for any university. I've made some progress in my martial

arts, so I wanted to consult Uncle Mang again. By the way, I want to learn how to cook from you; would you be willing to teach me?"
Su Jie had an interest in cooking. He had experimented at home, making the best stir-fried cabbage with meat, but it was still far from the standards of the Nie family's private cuisine. He was determined to master this skill, as cooking was actually more useful in daily life than martial arts.
Moreover, cooking involved nutrition, which had immense benefits for body conditioning, indirectly enhancing his martial arts.
"745? You might have the highest score in the country, a super scholar! No wonder your martial arts progress so quickly," Nie Shuang exclaimed in surprise. "You want to learn cooking? I can teach you. After all, some of the dishes in our Nie family's private cuisine can only be mastered by those with exceptional talent. By the way, you can go in and take a look; Uncle Mang has encountered someone who is no less impressive than you. This person can actually endure his massages and withstand electrical stimulation. During the first stimulation, he remained completely unharmed."
"There's someone like that?" Su Jie was taken aback. Only he knew how terrifying that electrical stimulation was; during his first experience, he had even lost control of his bodily functions. Now, hearing that this person could endure it on the first try was definitely impressive.
As Nie Shuang spoke, she pushed the door open again and entered with Su Jie.

Inside, Su Jie saw Uncle Mang operating a machine, with an assistant managing things beside him.
On the massage table lay a young man, around twenty years old, covered in silver needles, with electrical currents stimulating many of his neurons and muscles through the needles.
Uncle Mang switched to another machine, which seemed to output electrical currents with a precision far exceeding the one that had shocked him before.
'This person is actually asleep?" Su Jie observed the young man on the massage table. He was of average build, neither muscular nor thin, looking completely ordinary, with no apparent special qualities.
Yet, under the kind of electrical stimulation that even agents would find hard to endure, he was sound asleep.
Moreover, his sleeping posture was quite strange, coiled like a snake, occasionally moving, resembling a turtle. From him, Su Jie vaguely sensed the shadow of a turtle-snake.
The snake was agile, twisting and turning, able to climb trees, scale cliffs, and burrow into the ground.



"Golden Body?" Su Jie suddenly remembered that when he faced Chaoyang's long howl, he had indeed felt a golden essence within his body, a sense of immortality.
This was a psychological suggestion, an illusion, yet it felt so real that he believed he had truly achieved the Golden Body.
However, if one were to dissect him, his blood was still red, his skin was skin, and his flesh was flesh, no different from an ordinary person, except that his bone density and resilience were extraordinarily high, and his muscle contractions were explosive, with overall coordination and cerebellar balance far exceeding that of normal individuals.
That was all.
But for Uncle Mang to have sensed his "Golden Body" was indeed astonishing.
"What exactly is the Golden Body?" Su Jie asked.
"The Golden Body is achieved through a series of secret exercises, breathing techniques, Qi Gong, medications, flexibility training, internal and external strengthening, psychological suggestion, and mental meditation, combining to push the body's strength and sensitivity to a certain level. It allows for better elasticity against impacts, just like gold; no matter how much it is hammered, it merely turns into gold leaf, getting thinner and thinner without breaking like iron Furthermore, the structure of gold is very stable, not reacting chemically with

other substances. It represents a body that is also stable, not easily eroded by diseases, with extremely strong immunity. It's just a metaphor, not that a person's body is literally like gold," Uncle Mang explained.
"This kind of physical quality is extremely rare; even world-class professional athletes may not possess it. In short, your body can withstand blows, falls, and hits, recover quickly, and has strong immunity. As long as you don't overexert yourself, you could live to be over a hundred years old, and even after a hundred, you could still run, climb, and fight with young people."
Upon hearing this, Su Jie couldn't help but ask, "Uncle Mang, have you seen anyone else who has achieved the 'Golden Body' like me?"
"Of course, but they are few and far between," Uncle Mang replied. "But don't go getting yourself killed; you're still flesh and blood. A blade can still cut you, and a bullet will still create a large wound."
"I know that," Su Jie nodded.
Just as he was about to discuss the electrical stimulation further, the machine automatically shut off, signaling the end of a treatment session.
The young man opened his eyes, silently removed the needles from his body.

He was mute and deaf, unable to speak or hear, so Su Jie wasn't surprised by his behavior. "Kang Gu is quite the hidden gem; his martial arts are strong, and he has received specialized training. Although he doesn't speak, I can tell from a few instances that he has some secret training methods similar to yours," Nie Shuang said. "I've approached him several times to sign with our Minglun Martial Arts Academy, but he refuses, just as you did back then." "I need to focus on the National College Entrance Examination and go to university," Su Jie quickly explained, but deep down, he was curious about this deaf-mute youth, Kang Gu. The fact that their training methods were somewhat similar made him wonder if he had also been taught by Odell. Odell, the foreigner, was always looking for talented young individuals to teach, and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment.	
"Kang Gu is quite the hidden gem; his martial arts are strong, and he has received specialized training. Although he doesn't speak, I can tell from a few instances that he has some secret training methods similar to yours," Nie Shuang said. "I've approached him several times to sign with our Minglun Martial Arts Academy, but he refuses, just as you did back then." "I need to focus on the National College Entrance Examination and go to university," Su Jie quickly explained, but deep down, he was curious about this deaf-mute youth, Kang Gu. The fact that their training methods were somewhat similar made him wonder if he had also been taught by Odell. Odell, the foreigner, was always looking for talented young individuals to teach, and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment. Su Jie was certain that during Odell's travels, he had taught many students, and the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods	Then, he stared at Su Jie for about ten seconds before directly pushing the door open and leaving.
specialized training. Although he doesn't speak, I can tell from a few instances that he has some secret training methods similar to yours," Nie Shuang said. "I've approached him several times to sign with our Minglun Martial Arts Academy, but he refuses, just as you did back then." "I need to focus on the National College Entrance Examination and go to university," Su Jie quickly explained, but deep down, he was curious about this deaf-mute youth, Kang Gu. The fact that their training methods were somewhat similar made him wonder if he had also been taught by Odell. Odell, the foreigner, was always looking for talented young individuals to teach, and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment. Su Jie was certain that during Odell's travels, he had taught many students, and the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods	He was mute and deaf, unable to speak or hear, so Su Jie wasn't surprised by his behavior.
university," Su Jie quickly explained, but deep down, he was curious about this deaf-mute youth, Kang Gu. The fact that their training methods were somewhat similar made him wonder if he had also been taught by Odell. Odell, the foreigner, was always looking for talented young individuals to teach, and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment. Su Jie was certain that during Odell's travels, he had taught many students, and the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods	"Kang Gu is quite the hidden gem; his martial arts are strong, and he has received specialized training. Although he doesn't speak, I can tell from a few instances that he has some secret training methods similar to yours," Nie Shuang said. "I've approached him several times to sign with our Minglun Martial Arts Academy, but he refuses, just as you did back then."
he had also been taught by Odell. Odell, the foreigner, was always looking for talented young individuals to teach, and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment. Su Jie was certain that during Odell's travels, he had taught many students, and the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods	"I need to focus on the National College Entrance Examination and go to university," Su Jie quickly explained, but deep down, he was curious about this deaf-mute youth, Kang Gu.
and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment. Su Jie was certain that during Odell's travels, he had taught many students, and the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods	The fact that their training methods were somewhat similar made him wonder if he had also been taught by Odell.
the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods	Odell, the foreigner, was always looking for talented young individuals to teach, and for him, Su Jie was merely an experiment.
	Su Jie was certain that during Odell's travels, he had taught many students, and the feedback data from these students helped him understand which methods aligned better with human evolutionary patterns.



Chapter 138: The Martial Arts Academys Turmoil

"This matter is beyond our control," Nie Shuang said. "Moreover, since Minglun Martial Arts Academy partnered with Haoyu, the number of students has increased several times, and now the venue is insufficient. This is good for the development of martial arts."

"With more people, there are also more data," Uncle Mang said. "Regardless, Haoyu has provided many research facilities, which is beneficial for me. Su Jie, now that you've returned and achieved the Golden Body, I may not have much to assist you with, but if you cooperate with me on experiments, we can study the data together. Perhaps we can push your body to a higher realm; human potential is immense and definitely goes beyond this. Have you seen the recent scientific news? Scientists discovered a new organ in the human body called interstitial tissue, and many suspect that this new organ is what Traditional Chinese Medicine refers to as the Sanjiao."

"I've noticed that too," Su Jie nodded.

Recently, there was a significant news story about foreign scientists researching patients' bile ducts for cancer signs, discovering some cavities that did not match previously known human anatomical structures. They collaborated with several medical doctors and inadvertently found interstitial tissue, which could be the largest organ in the human body.

The theory of meridians in Traditional Chinese Medicine cannot be seen in anatomy, but some people can perceive it through thought and nerves.
Although modern anatomy has studied various human tissues and organs in great detail, many secrets of the human body remain undiscovered.
"Uncle Mang, are you researching this entirely new topic?" Nie Shuang asked.
"I am a naturally curious person," Uncle Mang replied. "Traditional Chinese Medicine has its own theories, which are experiences summarized by many people by chance, and there must be some truth in it, though there is certainly a lot of dross. I want to push human physical capabilities to a higher level and see just how far it can go. The world record for various physical activities is broken every year. In the coming decades, it will continue to be broken. Unfortunately, I know that many laboratories have developed super stimulants with no side effects, and after long-term injections, they create super soldiers whose physical abilities far exceed Olympic champions. But I can't access this data; it's truly a pity."
"Uncle Mang, do you have any data on Feng Hengyi, who defeated me in two punches last time? He came from the Typhon Training Camp, which supposedly possesses the most advanced life science technology and a wealth of data, along with cutting-edge artificial intelligence," Su Jie said.
"I can't get his data either, but Gu Yang told me about this matter," Uncle Mang became excited upon hearing this. "The Feng Family has a conspiracy; they want to monopolize the formulas for Inner Strength Wine and the secret ointment. In fact, Liu Zihao knows this too; he just wants to obtain certain things from the Feng Family. You might as well have a match with Feng Hengyi; I can get the video and analyze the data. Unfortunately, my eyes are gone; many things need to be seen with my own eyes to touch the soul."

"With today's highest technology, is there anything that can restore your sight, Uncle Mang?" Su Jie asked.

"In theory, yes. The optic nerve can be connected to the brain through surgical transplantation, and it can succeed. After all, if heads can be replaced, what are eyeballs? Of course, this is very complicated; it requires precise surgical robotic arms to connect the nerves one by one, and the eyeballs need to be cloned. These technologies haven't undergone clinical trials; only the most cutting-edge secret laboratories have them. I fear only the Typhon Training Camp possesses this technology," Uncle Mang shook his head. "The Typhon Training Camp was initially established as a life science laboratory by a group of fearful oligarchs, but later it was taken over and grew larger, becoming a monster. By issuing virtual currency, it amassed immense wealth and infiltrated many areas. However, their research is indeed very advanced."

"By the way," Su Jie took out some ointment, "this is the ointment Professor Luo Weiji gave me. It is said to have been purchased from the dark web of the Typhon Training Camp and is effective for treating external injuries, strengthening bones, and protecting the skin. I want to see how it compares to the secret ointment from Minglun Martial Arts Academy."

"I've studied this ointment; it is not on the same level as the secret ointment from Minglun Martial Arts Academy. Simply put, even if you obtain the Typhon Training Camp's ointment, after research and understanding its components, it would be nearly impossible to replicate because many of its ingredients are extracted using special instruments," Uncle Mang said. "Our secret ointment, if obtained, could be analyzed and the formula acquired. With an investment of a few hundred million to build a factory and procure machinery, it could be manufactured. That's why we have never sold it externally, including the Inner Strength Wine."

"By the way, does Zhou Chun seem to have Inner Strength Wine? Could he be giving it to the Feng Family for research?" Su Jie reminded.

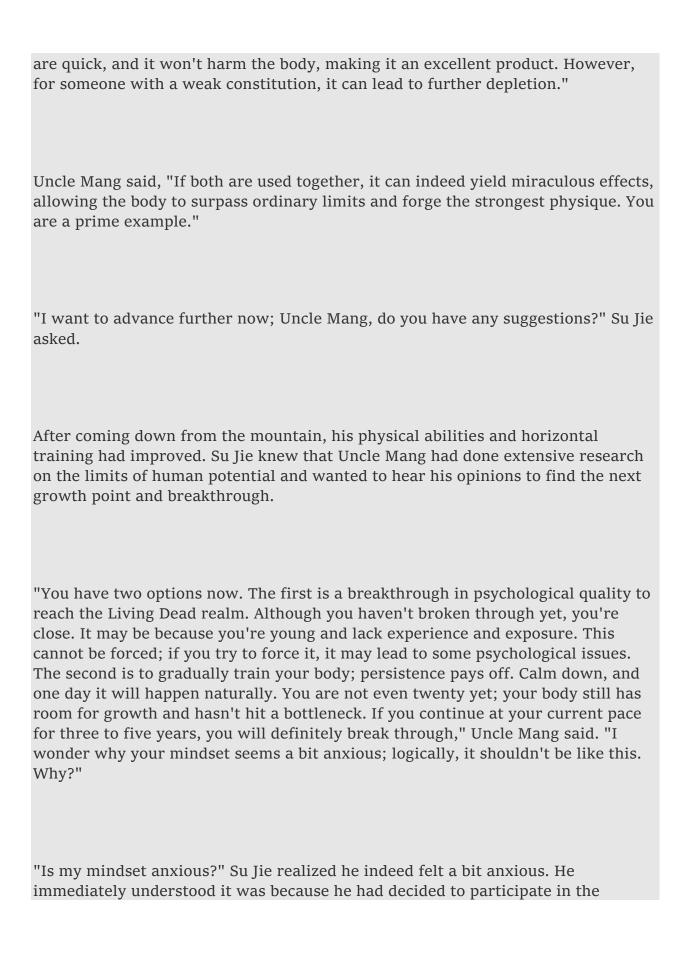
"It's not that easy; making Inner Strength Wine also requires a formula. Without the right timing and many key steps, it is impossible to produce successfully," Nie Shuang said. "The secret ointment was originally from our Nie Family, but later my grandfather gave the formula to Principal Liu Guanglie due to a certain incident. After many rounds of research and improvement, he finally perfected the secret ointment. In fact, it complements the ointment from the Typhon Training Camp."

"I feel the same way," Su Jie said. "Actually, my body became stronger because I started using the secret ointment from Minglun Martial Arts Academy and later combined it with the ointment from the Typhon Training Camp, which played a crucial role. That's why I came this time; I want to buy some Inner Strength Wine and some ointment to mix with the ointment from Minglun Martial Arts Academy to cultivate my hard Qi Gong, hoping to advance further."

"Do you know how expensive this ointment is?" Nie Shuang laughed. "Not to mention that you can't buy it even if you have money; even some old principals' good friends who seek medicine and wine have to pay a lot. For example, a jar of Inner Strength Wine costs at least three to five million, while the ointment is a bit cheaper; for a box this size, it would be around a hundred thousand. Your Typhon Training Camp ointment is probably about the same price or even more expensive."

Nie Shuang held Su Jie's "ointment," which was a tin canister, and Su Jie's box could last about half a month.

So far, he had used three jars of ointment.
All given to him by Luo Weiji.
It was surprisingly expensive.
"Too expensive," Su Jie shook his head, dismissing certain thoughts.
"Our ointment from Minglun Martial Arts Academy is green," Uncle Mang took out a glass jar from the drawer. Inside was the ointment that had been applied to Su Jie, while the Typhon Training Camp's ointment was dark golden.
Although Uncle Mang couldn't see, he had used this stuff long ago.
"The ointment from Minglun Martial Arts Academy is called 'Born-Perfect Ointment.' It can compensate for congenital deficiencies, used externally and internally, and when combined with Inner Strength Wine, it can remedy the physical weaknesses caused during childhood. It is the mildest tonic. If a child is malnourished at a young age, it can be used in conjunction. The ointment from the Typhon Training Camp is called Typhon Oil, which contains some of the latest stimulants. When applied to the skin, it can quickly suppress pain, causing the internal tissues of the skin's blood vessels to contract, thereby stimulating vitality. From a Traditional Chinese Medicine perspective, it is a potent medicine. Of course, the effects are very noticeable; for someone as strong as an ox, the results



competition organized by Haoyu Group in October, where he might encounter Feng Hengyi. With his current strength, he was still not a match for Feng Hengyi.
This urgent feeling unknowingly affected his emotions.
His emotions were usually stable, but there were still some vulnerabilities.
The person involved is confused, while the observer sees clearly; Uncle Mang noticed this immediately, which made Su Jie feel a sense of alertness.
"Su Jie, I heard you also started a club and want to participate in the competition held by Haoyu?" Nie Shuang asked. "Do you have some grievances with the Feng Family?"
"I have some," Su Jie replied. "However, I feel there must be some conspiracy behind Haoyu's collaboration with Minglun Martial Arts Academy for this competition." Su Jie said, "The situation with the Feng Family, as Professors Luo and Ma mentioned, has the aura of ancient ferocious beasts. Anyone associated with them will be left with nothing but bones. I want to remind you that Minglun Martial Arts Academy is my foundational martial arts school, and I wouldn't want it to be swallowed by the Feng Family."

Chapter 139: The Rare Judgment

Uncle Mang and Nie Shuang held considerable authority within the Minglun Martial Arts Academy. Su Jie's efforts to persuade them were part of his broader attempt to sabotage the Feng family's plans.

Last time, when he went with Zhang Manman and Zhang Jinchuan to a war-torn region, he managed to persuade the local warlord, Awasi, to release the Xu family's shipment. It had been a brush with death—he'd gained nothing personally, but the blow to the Feng family's Haoyu Group had been severe. The experience had also given him a profound sense of renewal, which made it all worthwhile.

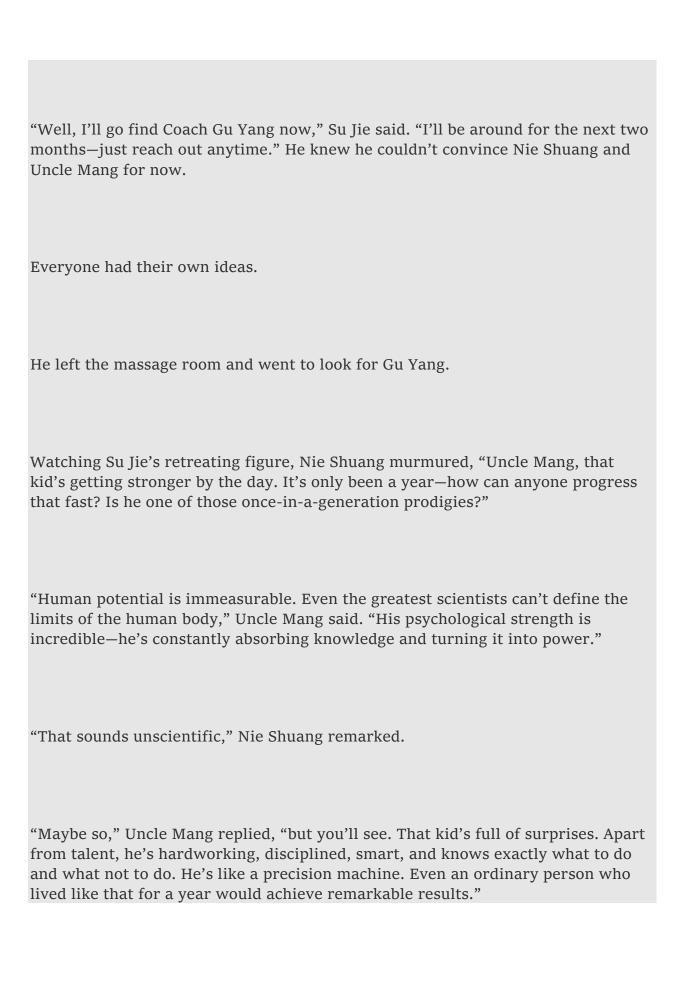
This time, his instincts told him that Haoyu's sudden commotion inside Minglun Martial Arts Academy was part of a major strategic move. Naturally, Su Jie couldn't just stand by; whether he succeeded or not, he intended to give it everything he had.

Participating in the tournament, winning the championship, and disrupting Haoyu's plan—that was one part of it. The other part was getting the academy's administrators and higher-ups to resist Haoyu on a strategic level. Ideally, he hoped they could pull a "Zhang Jinchuan" move and make the Haoyu Group's scheme backfire spectacularly.

With that in mind, he already had a plan: for this upcoming Pointing Path martial arts team competition, he wanted to recruit Zhang Manman and Zhang Jinchuan again.

The three of them had handled warlords in a war zone before. In the relatively tame environment of home, they'd surely thrive.

Sometimes, an individual alone couldn't achieve much—but a united team could move mountains.
"You think we don't already know that old ghost Feng Shoucheng's scheme?" Uncle Mang chuckled. "Don't worry. Liu Guanglie knows what's going on too. Of course, we might still need your help. As for your current situation, I can't really teach you anything—only study alongside you. But that guy Gu Yang has some good stuff on him. You might want to learn a thing or two from him—if he's willing to teach."
"As for the ointments and internal strengthening wine you want to buy, that's beyond my authority," Nie Shuang said with a grin. "I can try to introduce you to the old headmaster sometime. He's the only one who can make that call about whether the Fengs can buy in."
The old headmaster—Liu Guanglie—was a remarkable man. He'd founded Minglun Martial Arts Academy with his own hands, built multiple enterprises, created the Minglun Daoyin Technique, and developed miraculous tonics like Internal Strength Wine and Heavenly Ointment.
Technically, they weren't medicines but health supplements.
Su Jie had seen the slow, deliberate movements of the Minglun Daoyin Technique performed by Zhang Jinchuan, and it struck him as both fascinating and mysterious.
If he could meet Liu Guanglie in person, it would surely be a great opportunity.

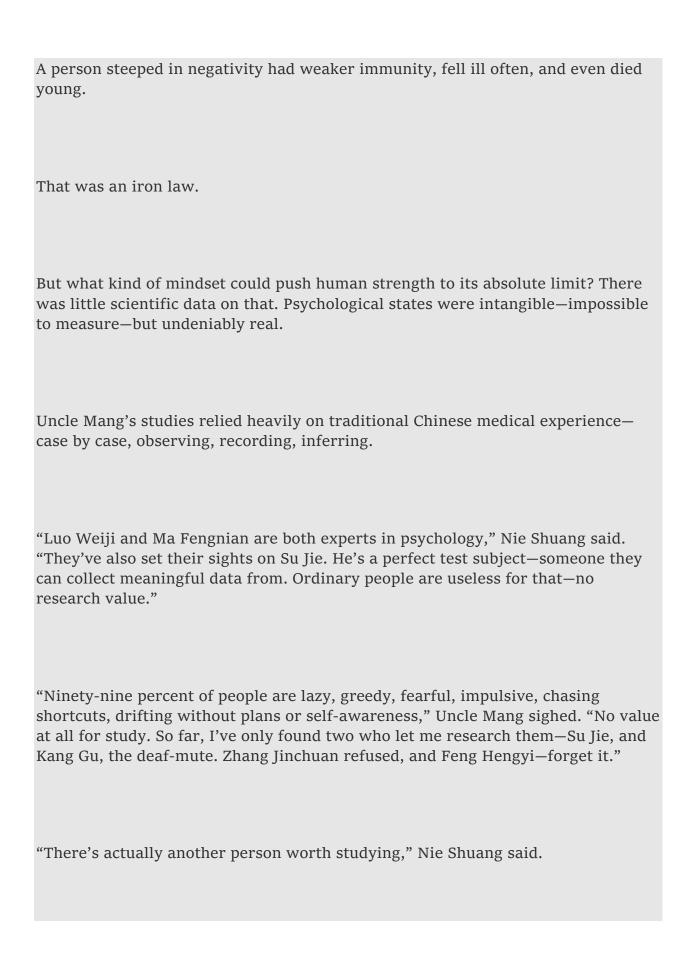


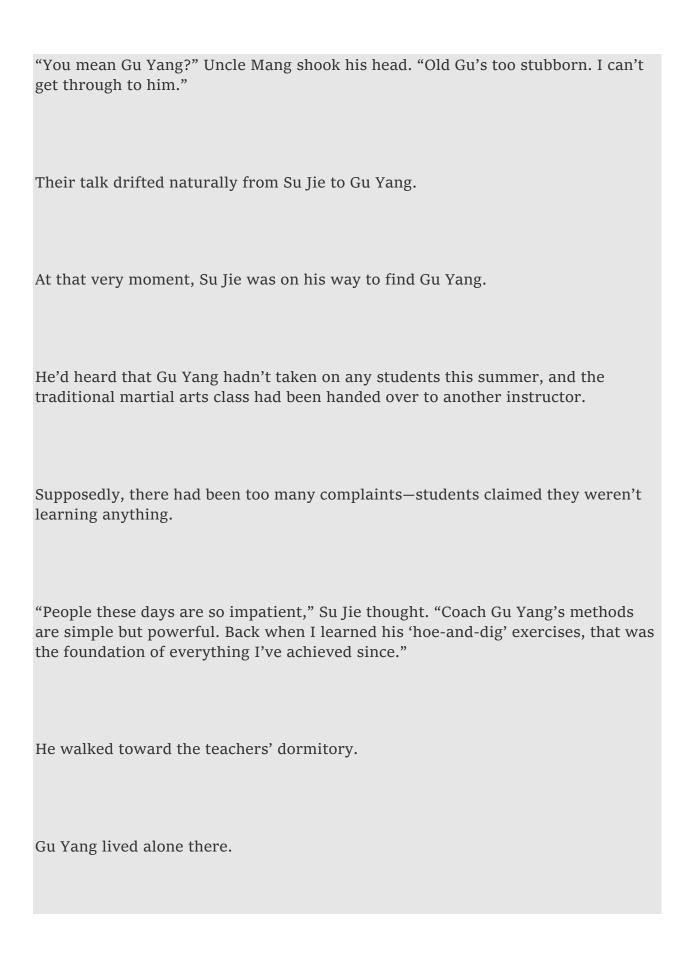
"True enough," Nie Shuang nodded. "The Feng family seems to be pressing in on all fronts. They really want to swallow Minglun Martial Arts Academy whole. I can't tell what the old headmaster's thinking. Liu Zihao's reckless, sure, but the old man shouldn't be so shortsighted." "There's a powerful force behind the Feng family—it's connected to the Typhon Training Camp. The old headmaster's been tempted," Uncle Mang said. "He's spent his life chasing the mysteries of martial arts. The Typhon Camp's research and technology are irresistible to someone like him. Honestly, even I'd hesitate if given that chance." "If we could get access to Typhon's research data through the Feng family while still staying independent, that would be perfect—a win-win," Nie Shuang said. "But the old headmaster seems to have a piece on the board—a little nemesis for the Fengs." "You mean Zhang Jinchuan, the only true practitioner of the Minglun Daoyin Technique?" Uncle Mang asked. "That boy's talent is extraordinary—even higher than Su Jie's. He's brilliant, resourceful, patient, and goal-oriented. But compared to Su Jie, he lacks a certain grounded depth, that quiet steadiness beneath the surface. Don't you think?" "I feel the same," Nie Shuang agreed. "When you're with Su Jie, you feel at ease. He's not calculating—everything's out in the open. At first, I thought he was just

blunt, but now I see he walks the path of integrity. If you help him, he'll remember it and repay you. Zhang Jinchuan, though... he's clever to a fault. You always have

to keep your guard up."

"Exactly," Uncle Mang said, nodding. "That's why I'd rather research alongside Su Jie than get tangled with Zhang Jinchuan. As for the Feng family's third son—he's a man-eating beast, through and through."
"The old headmaster's wisdom runs deeper than ours," Nie Shuang said. "Whatever we know, he surely knows too. Maybe he's just playing along for now. At the very least, Haoyu's involvement has boosted our student intake and widened our reputation. You've also gotten more research funding out of it.
"But that Su Jie kid—he's worth studying. I think all his physical transformations come from his psychological strength. That's a major topic of global research. You might actually make a breakthrough through him."
"Agreed," Uncle Mang said, nodding. "The link between psychological and physical strength is undeniable, but we still don't know how far it can go. We have no precise data—too few examples."
Uncle Mang's research focused on how psychological resilience affected physical ability.
A person who stayed happy and positive tended to be strong and long-lived.



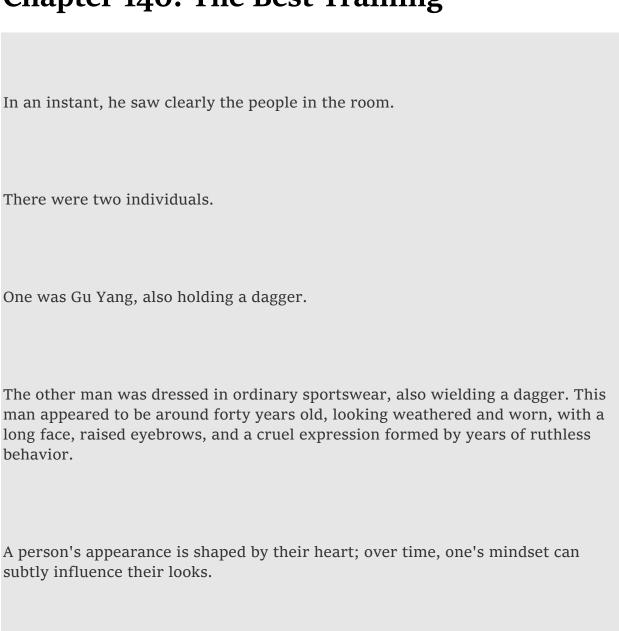


He had no family—no one at all.
Bang!
As Su Jie reached the door, he heard a muffled explosion inside, like a hot water bottle bursting, water spilling everywhere.
"Someone's fighting in there."
His instincts flared. The door was locked. He pressed his palm to it—then shoved hard.
Crack!
The bolt snapped under the force of his "Hoe Head" technique. In a flash, he slipped inside.
"Who's there?"
A voice—and a flash of steel.

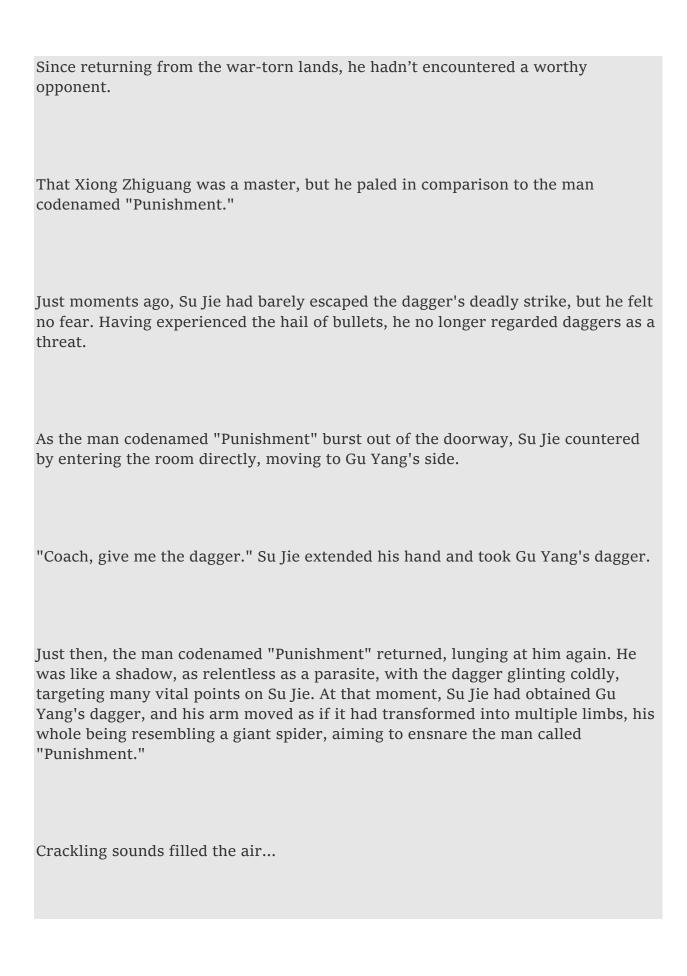
A dagger stabbed straight toward Su Jie's chest—fast, precise, lethal. The thrust was serpentine, twisting unpredictably, impossible to block or dodge by sight.
That dagger's even deadlier than Gray Wolf's or Hungry Wolf's! Su Jie's brain calculated instantly. A month ago, I'd never have stopped that strike. This isn't Coach Gu Yang—the guy's got the aura of a soldier.
Before his eyes could even register the attacker's face, his body was already moving. His torso bent backward ninety degrees, the dagger slicing through the air where his chest had been.
His leg shot out like a spear, aiming for the attacker's knee, then he rolled aside like a giant python twisting through a swamp—dodging the follow-up strike.
Swish! Swish!
Both missed—the kick and the dagger. The assailant's movements were lightning-fast, ghostlike, striking and withdrawing in an instant.
Su Jie dropped low, crawling out the doorway. The room was dangerous—too many unknowns. Better to retreat, assess, and strike from a position of advantage.

That was a lesson he'd learned in the war zo	nes.
--	------

Chapter 140: The Best Training

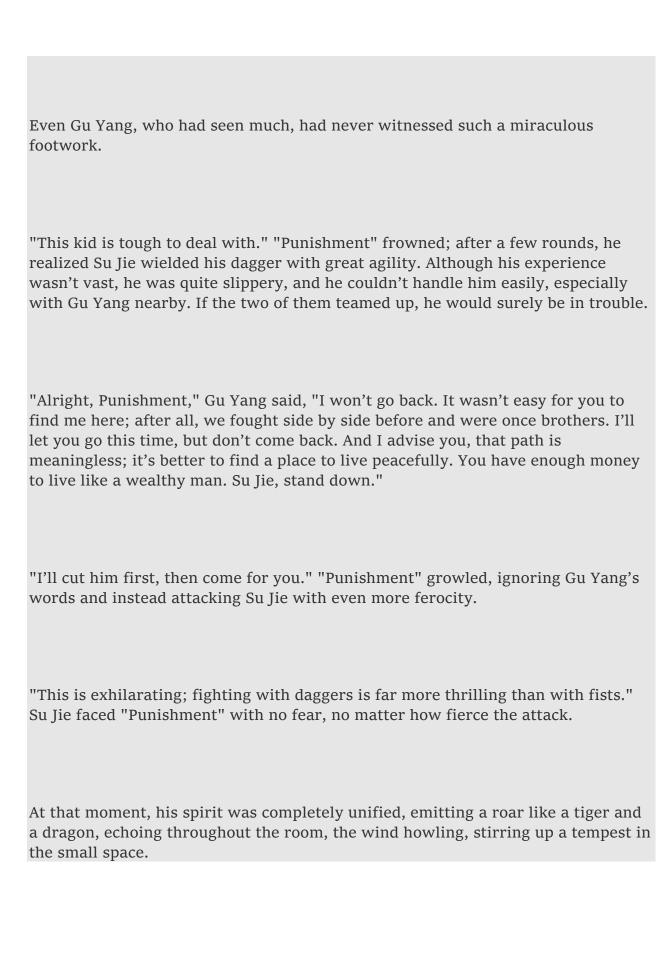


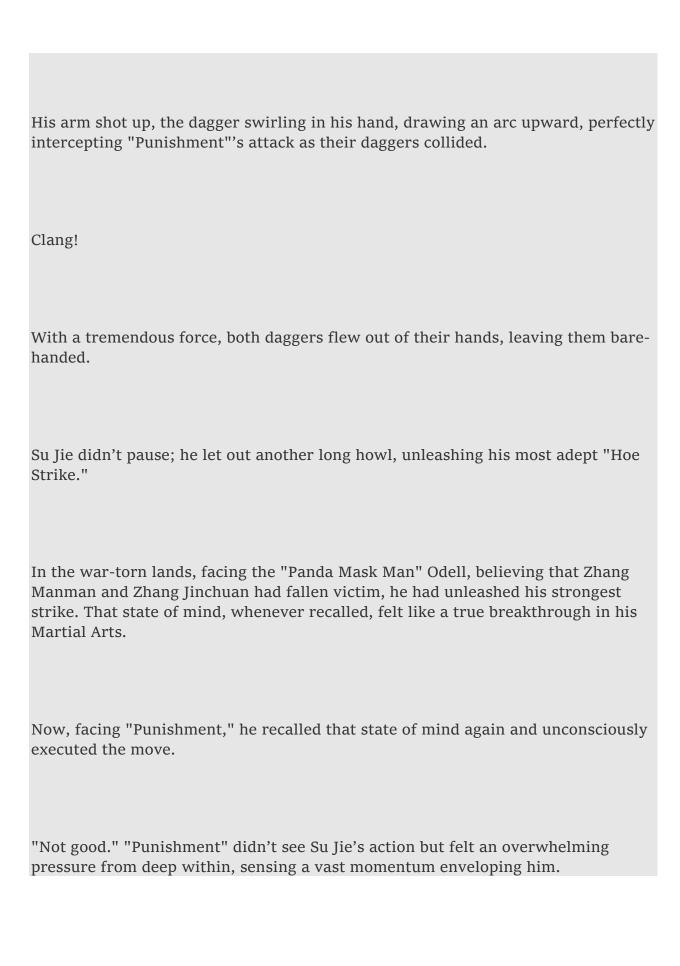
Some people wear a frown for years, and to outsiders, they truly seem to have a face full of sorrow. Others who commit evil deeds for a long time will develop a fierce and menacing appearance.
The one who just attempted to assassinate Su Jie was that kind of person.
"Su Jie, is that you?" Gu Yang also recognized him: "Punishment, this matter has nothing to do with him; don't harm the innocent. This is a society governed by law. If you hurt someone, I guarantee you won't get out of here without being arrested."
"Judgment, are you coming with me?" The man called "Punishment" sneered: "This young man just managed to dodge my strike; his movements are skilled. He must be your disciple, otherwise, he wouldn't have rushed to break down the door Well, since you won't come with me, I'll cripple your disciple and see whether you listen or not."
"He's not my disciple. Wait!" Gu Yang was about to intervene, but the man called "Punishment" suddenly lunged forward again, attacking Su Jie.
"Good." Su Jie sensed the true intent to kill; he had achieved the "Golden Body" and was eager for a fight against a strong opponent.
This man before him was powerful and would serve as a touchstone for his Martia Arts advancement!



The daggers clashed, sparks flying.
Both "Punishment" and Su Jie accurately intercepted each other's daggers while simultaneously countering.
In just a few exchanges, danger lurked at every turn, yet Su Jie grew increasingly excited; good opponents were hard to come by.
He let out a sharp whistle, the dagger dancing in his hand like a silver snake. At the same time, his footwork resembled magic; with a single movement, he appeared on the left, yet his body was on the right, advancing and retreating, deceiving the eyes and minds of his opponent.
This was his painstakingly practiced "Magic Step," the essence developed by Odell, which he had perfected during his training in the mountains. Unfortunately, he hadn't yet fought anyone with it.
"What kind of footwork is this?" The man called "Punishment" displayed a strange expression, unleashing his own strength. The dagger in his hand flickered as if it were a venomous snake striking.
With each stab, a faint hissing sound could be heard.

His body was like that of a soft-bodied creature, almost magnetic, repelling Su Jie's attacks just as they were about to connect.
"This footwork is impressive." Su Jie felt a chill in his heart, his focus sharper than ever.
Since achieving his Martial Arts, he rarely faced such a formidable opponent who could push him to this extent. Even in the war-torn lands, he hadn't encountered such terror. Of course, that time with Daru was merely a spar, while the man before him, "Punishment," aimed to cripple him.
Naturally, he had also met Odell in the war-torn lands, but Odell was too strong; he was no match for him and gained little experience from that battle.
Dagger duels were exceptionally perilous, ten times more so than bare-handed fights; a moment's inattention could lead to bloodshed.
Needless to say, such clashes were incredibly honing.
"When did Su Jie become this strong?" Gu Yang moved, already at the doorway, guarding it. He had noticed that Su Jie was holding his own in the fight, his footwork more agile than a monkey's, and his dagger techniques exquisite, especially the footwork, which was astonishing, more impressive than a magic show.





In this critical moment, he raised his arm to protect his head, squatting down hard and sliding forward.
Bang!
He took Su Jie's slap head-on, staggering back, struggling to maintain his balance.
But just as he charged forward, he prevented Su Jie's "Hoe Strike" from reaching its full power, thus avoiding a fate of having his limbs broken.
Even so, his arm was severely injured, blood flowing from the wound.
Su Jie's "Hoe Strike" was a swift and powerful move, digging in and tearing out in one fluid motion.
After being struck, "Punishment" felt Su Jie's attack dig deep into his flesh, nearly tearing off a chunk of meat.
Roar!

