

THE WAY OF RESTRAINT

Chapter 151: A Ripple in the Calm of University Life

Su Jie and Zhang Manman collaborated pleasantly, naturally not wanting their families to become enemies. Moreover, he deeply understood the Zhang family's capabilities. In the war zone, Zhang Hongqing was able to maintain order, making the local warlord Awasi treat him with courtesy; at least on the surface, everything was conducted according to the rules. In the end, they successfully helped the Xu family obtain their goods, with a significant portion of the credit going to the Zhang family. If it weren't for Zhang Hongqing's intervention, Su Jie and the others might have perished at the hands of Feng Hengyi.

Later, the forces behind Feng Hengyi even summoned the "God Maker," Odell. "I wonder how the competition between Coach Odell and Zhang Hongqing is going?" Thinking of this, Su Jie felt an itch in his heart, eager to witness the clash of these two top masters. Such a battle would undoubtedly be more exciting than that of world-class fighting champions. After all, even world-class fighting champions are no match for Odell, many of whom have been trained by him.

Just as Su Jie was preparing to head to university, a discussion about him unfolded at the Zhonglong Group. Next to Zhonglong Group, there was a residential complex, a staff family building, with tight security and complete living facilities. This was a real estate project developed specifically for the company's senior executives, not sold to the public, but reserved for internal use.

Song Longhua's family lived there, not in extravagant luxury. The complex was filled with their own people, and even the property management was handled by the company, making it an independent kingdom in terms of influence. The home where Song Qiong lived with her parents was only a little over a hundred square meters, with decorations that were no different from an ordinary family. Upon entering, it was clear that it did not resemble a wealthy household at all.

The only difference was that the entire home was kept spotless, filled with bookshelves, exuding a scholarly atmosphere that reflected the military's emphasis on cleanliness. Various utensils were neatly arranged, and even the quilts on the bed and the blankets on the sofa were folded into square blocks, with no sign of disorder. The books on the shelves were categorized and clearly labeled.

A family of scholarly heritage, a professor's home, with a military style, meticulous in every detail. This was the family tradition of Song Longhua. As a retired soldier himself, he ensured that his children underwent military training, and even after retiring, whether in business or household affairs, the military style must be maintained—everything must be orderly, with a demeanor as strict as thunder.

Because of this, the Song family had no wayward children; they were all united as one, easy to command and obedient to orders. At this moment, Song Qiong's parents were sitting on the sofa, asking her questions.

"Xiao Qiong, I heard you invested thirty million in that kid named Su Jie for his martial arts club?" Song Qiong's father was a middle-aged man, with a crew cut, dressed simply, embodying a military style as well.

"Yes," Song Qiong nodded, "His club has great potential. I see it purely from an investor's perspective. If all goes well, this club will reach a high valuation in two to three years."

"It looks no different from an ordinary gym," Song Qiong's mother, wearing glasses and exuding a strong scholarly aura, also had a shrewdness typical of a strong woman. "Also, what is Su Jie really like? Your grandfather actually intends for you to be set up with him. Song Hai, what do you think about this?"

"Su Jie's father, Su Shilin, has a deep friendship with our dad. It is said that our dad was saved by Su Shilin when he encountered danger abroad," Song Hai replied.

"Saved or not, there's no need for our Xiao Qiong to be paired off with him, right?" Song Qiong's mother expressed some dissatisfaction but did not speak harshly.

"As long as the child has good character and a promising future, it's fine. Nowadays, the old customs of matching families by status are no longer in vogue," Song Hai remained calm. "Besides, it's just a blind date; if both parties find it suitable, then it's appropriate. If our Xiao Qiong isn't interested, then that's that. I checked, and this kid scored 745 on the college entrance exam and got into Q University."

"That is indeed impressive," Song Qiong's mother said, her expression softening a bit. "The college entrance examination questions this year are very difficult, and he managed to score almost full marks? Qiong, what do you think of this boy?"

"Very good, quite remarkable," Song Qiong replied. She understood Su Jie well; despite her young age, she was perceptive. Her family had sent her to learn various business skills early on, even enrolling her in judo classes. "He is the most driven, self-disciplined, well-planned, grounded, and outstanding boy I have ever met."

"You hold him in such high regard?" Song Qiong's mother knew that her daughter appeared easygoing, but in reality, she had high aspirations and was acquainted with many excellent young men, including those from well-matched families, yet none caught her interest. "Does that mean this matter is settled?"

"But I don't like him," Song Qiong shook her head.

"Why?" This surprised even Song Hai.

"His entire demeanor is terrifyingly measured," Song Qiong pondered for a moment. "Sometimes I even suspect he is an artificial intelligence robot. Dating someone like that would definitely be boring, but that doesn't prevent me from appreciating him. His future achievements will undoubtedly be very high; he is worth investing in."

"Self-disciplined like a robot?" Song Hai became intrigued. "Is there really such a young person? That is quite rare. When can we invite him over for a visit?"

"That can be arranged. He should be preparing to enter university now; he went to Minglun Martial Arts School for training during the break. I don't know if he has returned yet. Dad, when do you have time? I can arrange to meet him," Song Qiong nodded. "Once you see him, you will definitely agree with my investment."

"Anyway, this matter is your grandfather's intention, so I won't interfere," Song Hai said. "However, your grandfather mentioned some business information you should pay attention to. Su Jie's sister works in research at Haoyu Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, which is very valuable. Many of Haoyu Group's latest product codes were developed by her, especially the software company under Haoyu that customizes apps, which has drastically shortened app development time, being ten times more efficient than any other company. The core technology was developed by his sister, and your grandfather's intention is to see if we can recruit her at minimal cost."

"People from Haoyu are not easy to recruit," Song Qiong replied. "I will do my best, but the most important factor is whether the other party is willing to come over, as well as the aftermath once they arrive. This will definitely lead to a series of lawsuits. If we go against Haoyu, do we have enough power to resolve the legal disputes? Otherwise, if we recruit someone without ensuring their safety, it would be a blow to our reputation and difficult to explain to them. We cannot engage in such practices."

"We at Zhonglong have never engaged in recruiting without proper follow-up. If it were an ordinary company, we would have acted immediately, but Haoyu is not so easy to deal with; we need to be fully prepared," Song Hai nodded. "However, how skilled is Su Jie in martial arts? His martial arts school must be able to uphold its reputation, and he must also have solid skills."

"Comparable to a grandmaster," Song Qiong said. "Only my master might be able to match him; none of my other senior brothers are his opponents. This is not just my opinion; it is what my senior brother Mu Qiang said."

"Is he really that strong?" Song Hai was taken aback. "How does he compare to your brother?"

"Only a match would reveal that," Song Qiong shook her head.

"That can't be possible. Your brother has been sent for special forces training since childhood and has participated in multiple combat missions. Now that he is retired, he still trains hard. Even the current number one fighter in the country, Liu Long, cannot handle him. In their last match, they ended up in a draw. If it weren't in the arena, your brother would definitely have won. You actually say that your brother might not be able to match Su Jie? Isn't that a bit exaggerated?" Song Qiong's mother couldn't help but interject.

"Next time he comes to my house, I'll call my brother up, and the two of them can have a match, right?" Song Qiong said. "My brother is also someone who can't sit still; I've heard that he secretly signed up for this Haoyu Cup Fighting Competition, wanting to take down Haoyu on the stage."

"Let him have some fun. Haoyu has established a sports department, preparing to take over the fighting market and combine it with the film industry, making health products and peripheral businesses. The market is indeed vast, but it doesn't really connect with their main business. I wonder what their intentions are," Song Hai pondered deeply.

Su Jie arrived by plane in City B. He made his way to the entrance of Q University with ease. Today was the start of the new school year, and the front of this top-ranked university in the country was bustling with crowds, as new students were enrolling, creating a lively scene.

Su Jie wasn't flustered at all, as there would be seniors handing out the "Freshman Handbook" to new students, which contained the enrollment process. Then, people from their respective departments would lead the new students to the reception areas of each department. The current process was very convenient, and soon Su Jie had completed his enrollment and accommodation procedures.

However, even with someone to assist, half a day had passed by the time he was done. Su Jie wasn't tired; he arrived at the bed assigned to him in the dormitory and began to organize his belongings, making his bed, folding blankets, and arranging daily necessities and books. He would be spending the next four years of university here.

Like ordinary people, after four years of study, he would either pursue a master's degree or a doctorate, remaining in the ivory tower, or enter society to find a job. However, Su Jie wasn't concerned about job hunting; with his skills, making a few hundred million was out of reach, but earning hundreds of thousands or even a million was quite simple, so he could just focus on his studies.

"I wonder if Zhang Jinchuan got in? According to logic, since he took the college entrance examination with me, getting into Q University should be a piece of cake. I just don't know which department he is in." Su Jie was in the School of Life Sciences.

This dormitory housed four people, had a decent environment, and also had internet access. While Su Jie was tidying up, the dormitory door was pushed open, and a classmate entered, carrying large bags and bundles, with a backpack on his head, making him look like he had more luggage than a person.

Thud!

The classmate dropped the packages on the floor with a dull sound, causing the dormitory floor to shake slightly; it seemed there was a large piece of iron inside, and Su Jie wondered if the floor would break under the weight.

"Hey, classmate, what do you have in those packages? They're so heavy; don't break the dormitory floor," Su Jie greeted him.

"Don't worry, it's just some workout equipment, for weightlifting," the classmate replied. He was about 1.85 meters tall, similar to Su Jie, but clearly broader. Dressed in sportswear with a tank top underneath, he looked quite formidable. "By the way, you're a freshman too, right? We'll be in the same dorm from now on. My name is Tan Dashi, and you are?"

Chapter 152: Each Has Their Own Skills

"Are you practicing bodybuilding?" Su Jie casually asked upon seeing his dormitory classmate, Tan Dashi, whose broad shoulders and thick build were quite impressive.

"No," Tan Dashi replied, plopping down onto a chair that creaked ominously, as if it might collapse under him. Unfazed, he pulled out a large bottle of mineral water from his bag and began to gulp it down voraciously, finishing it in no time.

"Drink slowly, don't choke," Su Jie shook his head. Drinking water like that isn't good for one's stomach and spleen. Young people often feel invincible, but if this continues over the years, it will lead to adverse effects.

"You sound like a woman," Tan Dashi laughed heartily. "I already told you my name; what about you?"

"My name is Su Jie." Su Jie extended his hand for a handshake with Tan Dashi.

"Your little hand is really delicate, tsk tsk..." Tan Dashi whistled as he shook hands with Su Jie, his tone rather frivolous.

Su Jie's hand certainly did not resemble that of a martial artist; it was long, delicate, and clean, without any scars, reminiscent of a woman's. This was the result of years of applying a special oil balm.

In contrast, Tan Dashi's hands were covered in calluses, rough and frighteningly coarse, clearly the result of years of weightlifting.

Tan Dashi pulled out a massive dumbbell and some other fitness equipment, such as an ab wheel, indicating that he intended to work out in the dormitory.

With a swish! He seemed to show off as he lifted the ab wheel with one hand and performed a standing exercise, effortlessly falling forward and then pulling himself back up, showcasing impressive muscle elasticity and coordination.

"Your physical fitness is quite good," Su Jie remarked. He knew that the ab wheel was generally used while kneeling on the ground; using it in a standing position was challenging even for two hands, yet Tan Dashi managed to do it with one hand, which was remarkable—far superior to the average person.

"I see you have a weaker physique," Tan Dashi said. "I can teach you fitness; I guarantee you'll have an eight-pack. Military training starts tomorrow, and the exercise volume will be significant; you might not be able to handle it. I can also teach you combat; I actually practice as a mixed martial arts fighter."

Su Jie just smiled. He touched his own belly; ever since he began cultivating hard Qi Gong, his muscles had become less pronounced, covered by a thin layer of fat, making him look no different from an ordinary person. Only when he exerted himself vigorously did his muscles tense up, causing the fat to protrude, transforming him into a formidable figure, as powerful as a diamond descending from the heavens.

In other words, his body fat percentage was currently at the healthiest golden standard for humans.

While the two were talking, another classmate entered. This student was about 1.7 meters tall, clearly from the countryside, and brought some local specialties with him. As soon as he walked in, he introduced himself, "My name is Wang Shun, and these are walnuts picked from the trees in my hometown. Try some." He then pulled out several plastic bags filled with hard, raw walnuts from his large canvas bag.

"Come, come, let me help you," Tan Dashi said enthusiastically, assisting Wang Shun in organizing his belongings.

Su Jie also joined in to help. With their assistance, Wang Shun quickly arranged his bedding and various daily necessities neatly.

After tidying up, the three sat down to chat. Wang Shun was indeed from the countryside, but he had performed excellently in the college entrance examination, scoring 700 points, and he spoke with a level of knowledge that was impressive. However, Su Jie was not surprised; everyone who could get into Q University was elite, among the top figures in their respective provinces, and none were simple characters—all were academic achievers.

"Ah, I forgot to bring any clips." While chatting, Wang Shun offered Su Jie and Tan Dashi some walnuts, saying, "I have a good brain because I've been eating the walnuts from my family's trees since I was little."

"It's nothing, I have dumbbells here; just smash it open," Tan Dashi said as he felt the walnut, which was indeed very hard. He initially wanted to learn how to crush it like the experts on television, but after trying a few times, his fingers were in pain, and the walnut remained unyielding. He couldn't help but think of using the dumbbells. Su Jie also picked up a walnut and felt it; it was indeed very hard. He pinched it between his thumb and index finger and applied a gentle force. Crack! The walnut split open, revealing the flesh inside.

"Don't use the dumbbells; it'll make a mess everywhere," Su Jie said as he crushed two more walnuts, retrieving the flesh and sharing it with Tan Dashi and Wang Shun.

"Is that for real?" Tan Dashi's eyes widened in disbelief. "I couldn't break it, but you did it so easily? Did you just happen to pick a broken one?" He selected one from the pile and squeezed it hard, but the walnut remained unyielding. After observing the walnut that he couldn't crush, he handed it to Su Jie. "Why don't you give it another try?"

Su Jie casually pinched it with two fingers, and the walnut instantly shattered, unable to withstand his strength. Faced with this situation, he nodded in satisfaction. He hadn't specifically trained for finger strength, but after cultivating hard Qi Gong, his strength reached his fingertips and was unbreakable.

'The essence of the hoe strike lies in the fingers; the palm is like a hoe, and the fingers are like a rake. If there is no finger strength, the power of this move will be reduced by more than half,' Su Jie thought. 'Through the continuous practice of this move, I've also trained my finger strength.'

He casually squeezed the walnut, making Tan Dashi doubt himself: "You must have some trick; your hands look weak. How could you possibly be stronger than me? Let's arm wrestle and see!" He insisted on challenging Su Jie to an arm-wrestling match.

Su Jie had no choice but to agree. The two clasped hands together, and before Su Jie could exert any force, Tan Dashi suddenly cried out, "It hurts, it hurts, it hurts! Let go!"

After Su Jie released his grip, Tan Dashi asked, "What do you have in your hand?"

"Nothing," Su Jie extended his hand to show Tan Dashi.

"This must be some magic trick," Wang Shun also doubted that the seemingly not-so-brawny Su Jie could crush walnuts directly and make Tan Dashi lose in an arm-wrestling match.

"Do you know how to fight?" Tan Dashi regained some clarity. "Wait... did you say your name is Su Jie?"

"What's wrong?" Su Jie asked curiously.

"Oh my!" Tan Dashi immediately took out his phone and opened a short video.

In this video, Su Jie was seen fighting Zhou Chun in a match at Starshine Combat Fitness Club. Zhou Chun's punches and kicks hit Su Jie, but he stood still, and with one slap, Su Jie knocked Zhou Chun out.

"The current third-ranked expert in national free fighting, Zhou Chun, is your defeated opponent," Tan Dashi looked at the person in the video again, comparing it to Su Jie, and finally confirmed it. His body trembled, nearly kneeling down.

"Idol, boss, from now on, you are my boss, and I am your little brother! I'll serve you tea, clean, make the bed, and do whatever you need! Boss, just teach me a couple of moves whenever you have time. I really want to learn at the Diandao Martial Arts School, but I can't get in without a recommendation."

While speaking, he opened some videos he had saved, showing Su Jie interacting at the Diandao Martial Arts School, which Hua Xing selectively uploaded to some fighting circles. It was easy for powerful figures to recognize Su Jie's level, and this was also a marketing tactic by Huaxing.

"There's no need to go that far," Su Jie felt a bit uncomfortable seeing Tan Dashi act like a fanboy in front of his idol.

"Su Jie knows martial arts? And he's really strong?" Wang Shun, seeing Tan Dashi's reaction, couldn't understand. "Tan Dashi, you don't have to be like this."

"You're not from our circle, so you don't know how powerful the boss really is," Tan Dashi immediately changed his address, directly calling Su Jie 'boss.'

"Don't call me boss; we are classmates," Su Jie quickly waved his hand.

"If you don't want me to, that's fine, but you have to teach me a couple of moves." Tan Dashi seized the opportunity with great difficulty and was not willing to let it go. "The university has a gym; come on, let's go right now. I don't want to learn anything else, just that face-slapping technique."

"What face-slapping technique?" Su Jie asked.

"It's the technique where you slap people's faces during competitions. No one can escape your face-slapping skill. People in the circle are saying your ultimate move is too ruthless," Tan Dashi replied.

Su Jie understood in his heart that his "hoe strike" technique was simply taken as about slapping faces. No matter how strong the opponent was, even if they were armed with weapons or guns, he was utterly fearless and would strike directly, aiming for the face.

Because when striking someone, one must first strike their courage, to strike courage one must first strike their eyes, and to strike the eyes, one must strike the face.

"Let's go check out the gym," Su Jie said. He happened to be looking for a place to conduct his daily training. Although practicing hard Qi Gong in the university wasn't feasible, he wasn't in a hurry. His physical fitness had already reached its peak, and further training in hard Qi Gong wouldn't yield much effect. It was better to cultivate internally while achieving breakthroughs on a mental level.

As long as the mental breakthrough reached the realm of "living dead," only then could he practice the "Thirteen Protectors' Golden Bell Iron Shirt Dragon-Tiger Vajra Qi Gong" with more subtlety, truly perceiving the minutiae and achieving one hundred percent precision in body control.

"Then let's go; it's a good chance to familiarize ourselves with the campus," Wang Shun also took an interest. "Let's have dinner together in the evening, but shouldn't we wait for another classmate?"

"That's true," Su Jie nodded. "Since we live together, we should wait for him before gathering."

Just then, the fourth roommate pushed the door open and entered.

This roommate wore glasses and had a refined appearance. He carried a trendy backpack and, upon entering, did not greet the three but went straight to the network port to check it out. Shaking his head, he took out a computer from his backpack. After opening it, he began to operate it with a flurry of clicks.

"Hello, I'm Lin Tang." After finishing this, he didn't make his bed but started introducing himself. "If you have any computer-related issues in the future, you can come to me for help."

"Bro, are you a computer expert?" Tan Dashi introduced himself to the three as well. "Why didn't you choose to major in computer science but instead came to the School of Life Sciences?"

"There's nothing worthwhile to learn in computer science. The teachers there are not as good as me; so I won't learn anything useful," Lin Tang replied arrogantly. "Learning life sciences might help me live longer in the future."

"Is your skill really that strong? What are you good at?" Su Jie asked, intrigued.

"Finance, futures, stocks," Lin Tang stated succinctly.

Chapter 153: Heartfelt Allegiance and Small Groups

"Alright, we have plenty of time to chat. Let's first take a stroll around the campus, then we can have dinner together. It's on me; we're all brothers in the same dorm now." Tan Dashi waved his hand. "We have military training tomorrow, so we should rest early today."

It seemed that he was used to giving orders, unconsciously taking on the role of a leader. However, as if recalling something, he quickly turned to Su Jie and said, "Boss, what do you think?"

Upon hearing Tan Dashi call Su Jie 'Boss', Lin Tang cast a doubtful glance, seemingly unable to understand why a classmate he had just met in the dorm would refer to someone as 'Boss'.

"Let's go, let's go," Wang Shun, who was more straightforward, said. "This is my first time on campus. I heard the school cafeteria is quite good, and the library is huge. I plan to wake up early every day to grab a seat in the library."

"Don't wear yourself out; you can work out with the Boss," Tan Dashi replied.

The four of them tidied up their things and left the dormitory.

Su Jie used his skills in physiognomy to observe his three roommates. He found that Wang Shun had an honest appearance but possessed a strong sense of pride. Being new, he was quite reserved. Tan Dashi had a bold and outgoing demeanor, but he was also keen on taking advantage of small benefits and harbored a strong desire to climb higher. Deep down, he didn't truly respect Su Jie. His invitation to the gym was actually a way to test Su Jie's abilities again, to see if he was as formidable as he appeared in the videos—this was a manifestation of his social savvy.

Lin Tang was quiet and taciturn, making it difficult for Su Jie to analyze his personality. However, from his facial features, it was evident that he had a round and radiant forehead, indicating a good family background and wealth. His full and bright 'Yintang' suggested intelligence and wisdom. His eyes were spirited yet reserved, implying a kind and benevolent character. Overall, combining the analysis of his teeth, tongue, brows, and ears, it was clear that Lin Tang came from a decent family, was diligent, intelligent, and resourceful, with his own opinions. Though proud, he was not malicious and had some good intentions.

In summary, these three individuals each had their own characteristics; fundamentally, they were not petty or scheming. Their personalities were still not fully developed, showing some youthful bravado and a fighting spirit, but they could potentially be good friends.

Su Jie understood that in college, aside from acquiring knowledge, the most crucial aspect was building connections and friendships. The bonds formed during school would be immensely important when entering society later.

"This campus is really big," Wang Shun remarked as they walked, expressing his amazement.

Before they knew it, they had reached the entrance of the gymnasium.

The entire gymnasium was enormous, shaped like a sphere, and housed facilities for basketball, volleyball, table tennis, swimming, diving, badminton, indoor tracks, athletics, gymnastics, bodybuilding training, physical training, comprehensive strength training, sanda training, wrestling training, combat sports, and martial arts tai chi, among others.

Su Jie even spotted a shooting training range.

"Boss, how about you teach me a couple of moves here?" Tan Dashi suggested as the four of them entered the gym, finding a combat training area with soft mats, sandbags, tires, and other training equipment.

Su Jie looked around and realized that the training environment here was vastly inferior to Ming Lun Martial School. However, it was understandable; Ming Lun Martial School specialized in combat training, while Q University was merely for show. The focus of both was different.

"Sure, how do you want to compete?" Su Jie asked Tan Dashi, aware that he was eager to try his skills, and that his admiration was not as profound as it seemed.

"Let's go by the mixed martial arts rules," Tan Dashi said, warming up. "Boss, you better go easy on me."

"I will," Su Jie nodded.

Tan Dashi didn't attack immediately but began to circle around Su Jie, seemingly searching for an opportune moment to strike.

Su Jie remained still, allowing Tan Dashi to move behind him without turning around.

Tan Dashi frowned, feeling that Su Jie was being somewhat arrogant.

Suddenly, from behind Su Jie, he made a quick move, delivering a swift kick aimed at Su Jie's calf. Quick, accurate, and fierce; it was clear that Tan Dashi had a solid foundation in martial arts.

"Not bad, almost at the level of a provincial team." Su Jie expressed his appreciation. With such skill, if facing ordinary people on the street and being a bit ruthless, it would be no problem for him to quickly incapacitate three to five opponents when both sides are unarmed. Ordinary people only know how to push and grab; their punches lack any form, making them fundamentally incomparable to professionals.

At the moment Tan Dashi kicked out, Su Jie shifted his body to the side, causing the kick to miss. However, Tan Dashi continued his assault, one hand protecting his head and the other delivering a flurry of jabs, making a whooshing sound that resembled a barrage of arrows, targeting Su Jie's head.

Instead of dodging again, Su Jie extended one hand, forming an eagle claw to seize Tan Dashi's fist. With a casual grip, he captured Tan Dashi's punch. "Ouch, ouch, ouch..." Before Su Jie could apply any real pressure, Tan Dashi felt as if he had been grabbed by the seven inches of a snake, his face contorting in pain, completely devoid of strength to retaliate.

Su Jie had grasped the "marrow sinew," a point where the radial nerve is concentrated in his arm. Once seized, a person would feel weak and numb, unable to move. Of course, to effectively capture this point requires extremely profound skill and finger strength, ensuring that the grip penetrates muscle and bone. Tan Dashi was quite skilled and strong, but before Su Jie, he was simply inadequate.

Su Jie smiled and released Tan Dashi, who took a while to regain feeling in his arm. Shaking his arm, he shouted, "Come again!" seeming quite unwilling to accept defeat.

Whoosh!

Su Jie made his move.

In that instant, Tan Dashi didn't even have time to see clearly; his neck was seized by Su Jie's hand, and it was as if he were lifted by a camera shot from a movie, his feet leaving the ground while he flailed his arms and legs in a chaotic manner. However, it was all disordered because at that moment, his neck was constricted, his brain deprived of oxygen, and his consciousness became hazy, only sensing the approach of death.

But then Su Jie let him down, allowing him to gasp for air.

"My goodness." Wang Shun, who originally knew nothing about fighting and martial arts, could also see that Tan Dashi weighed at least one hundred eighty pounds, yet Su Jie could lift him off the ground with one hand around his neck. How much strength must that arm possess?

"Impressive!" Lin Tang's eyes sparkled with admiration, looking at his roommate with newfound respect. The reason Su Jie used this neck-holding technique was to let Tan Dashi understand the depth of the situation. The feeling of being choked and suffocated is the most profound experience. For instance, in mixed martial arts, there are those who have been knocked out by techniques like the "rear-naked choke" or "guillotine," leaving them with the greatest psychological trauma.

When Su Jie taught at his club, he summarized his experience: the best way to get those "stubborn" individuals to learn obediently is to instill a certain fear in them, which will make them take your theories seriously and practice diligently. Now, he applied his teaching method on Tan Dashi, aiming to eliminate any emotions of challenge from him and instill a sense of respect.

This was a minor teaching tactic, and moreover, it posed no harm to the body. Sure enough, after coughing for four to five minutes, Tan Dashi regained his senses, his expression immediately changing as the inner unwillingness vanished completely. "The boss is the boss; I truly admire you now. How do you train? If I can learn even one-tenth of your strength, I could definitely sweep the world."

"Is it really possible to train to this level? To lift someone with one arm?" Lin Tang, having witnessed it firsthand, couldn't believe that Su Jie, who seemed not very muscular, could possess such great strength.

"It is achievable," Su Jie nodded. "We are all from the School of Life Sciences, and we might even research this point in the future. If you're interested, you can train with me every day."

"Alright, I'll definitely train with you," Lin Tang said, pulling out his phone to look something up.

Su Jie saw that his phone was constantly displaying numerous messages, and soon some of his videos appeared on the screen, including videos that were only circulated internally and not visible to outsiders, which Lin Tang also managed to see.

"Awesome!" Lin Tang exclaimed after watching for a while, closing the page and giving Su Jie a thumbs up. "Brother Su, you really are a master. I initially thought that martial arts and combat were just so-so. It seems I must practice with you every day from now on. I hope to become a master myself after graduating from university."

"Four years should be enough," Su Jie replied, glancing at Lin Tang's physique. Although somewhat slender and appearing to lack exercise, he still looked healthy and did not exhibit any signs of illness. It was not too late for him to start training now. If he spent a significant amount of money on health supplements from Minglun Martial Arts School, then in four years, he could compete with professional athletes at the provincial level. However, there was no hope of becoming a true powerhouse.

"Let's go eat," Tan Dashi said, not wanting to continue the competition as the shadow of the earlier scene lingered in his mind.

"I'll treat you guys. Let's not eat at the cafeteria; let's go for a nice meal outside," Lin Tang suggested. "I know a private restaurant that does great food, but it needs to be reserved in advance. Luckily, I have some connections."

"Alright." Su Jie could tell that Lin Tang was quite wealthy.

The four of them exited the school gates, and Lin Tang called for a high-end business car, providing an address that indicated his familiarity with B City. Su Jie also noticed that Lin Tang's Mandarin had a hint of a Beijing accent.

"Su Jie, you're really impressive. You opened a martial arts club, and it seems to have a great reputation in the industry," Lin Tang expressed his interest in Su Jie while in the car. "I don't really like sports; I find them tiring. Do you have any methods that can improve my physique and make me strong without exercising?"

"None," Su Jie shook his head. "It's not something that can be taught with a century of skill. But I do know of a health wine that, if you take just a small sip, can make you go from disliking exercise to really enjoying it."

What he referred to was "Internal strengthening wine."

"Is there really such a thing? Can you get me some?" Lin Tang quickly asked.
"Money is not an issue. Did you drink that health wine to become this strong?"

Every boy has a dream of martial arts, fantasizing about possessing formidable skills, but most fear hard work and the need for persistence over time. Thus, they seek miraculous remedies to enhance themselves, and it seems Lin Tang shares this mindset.