THE WAY OF RESTRAINT

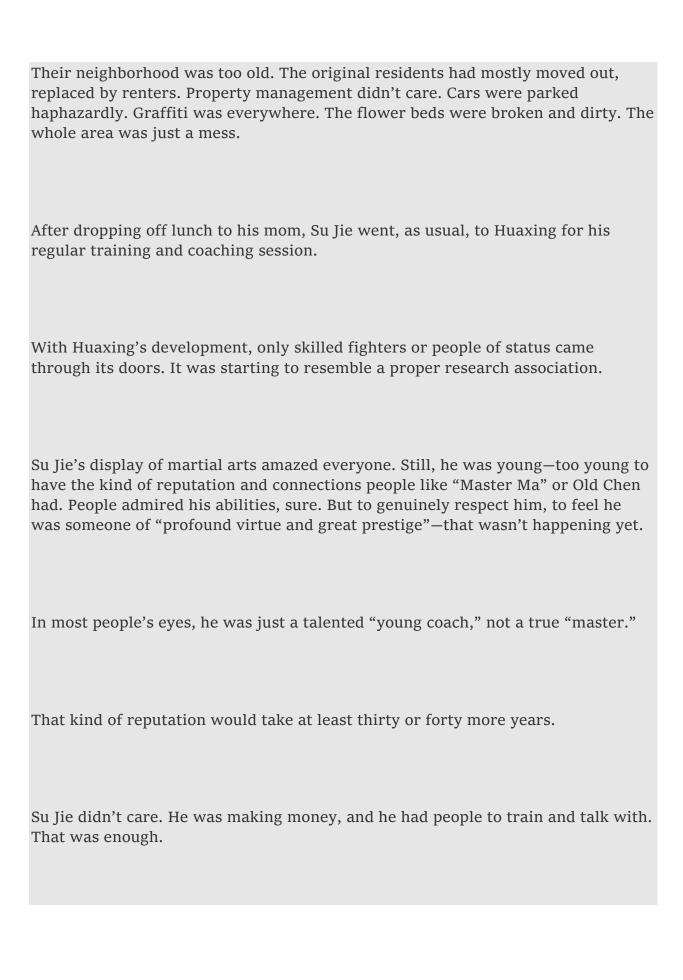
Chapter 81: Saving Beauty in Passing Life is Like Chess, Full of Uncertainty

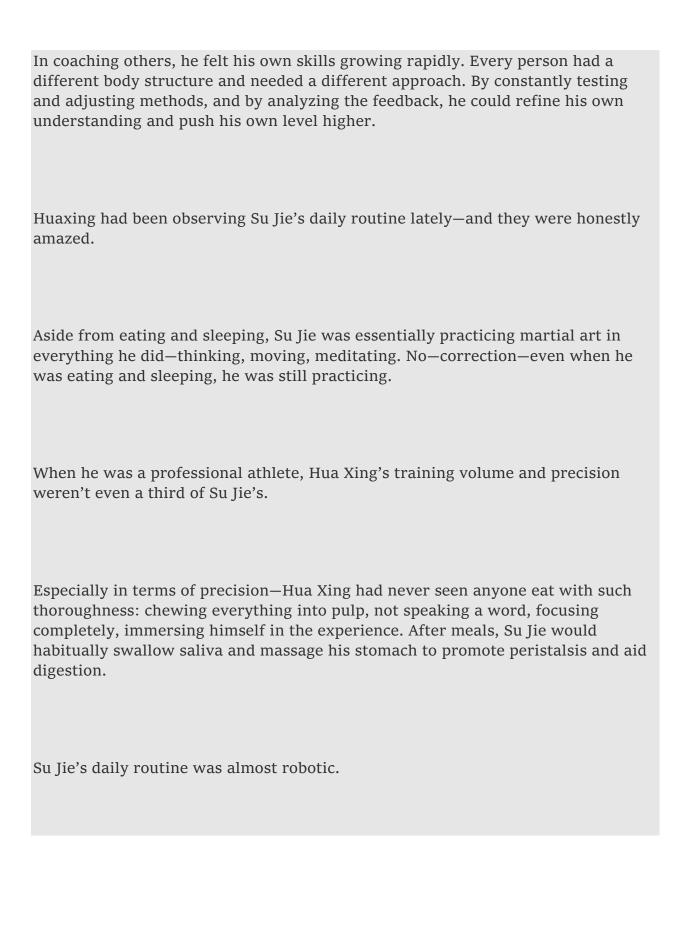
Flames rolled within the wok, the spatula fluttered like a butterfly, and the large iron pan bounced rhythmically in Su Jie's hands. Every ingredient inside was evenly exposed to the heat. This required total focus—to sense the changing temperature of the fire and the way the seasonings were seeping into the food.
Even a moment's distraction would ruin the dish's perfect flavor.
The pan at home was one of those old-fashioned iron woks, completely uncoated—not like the stainless steel or non-stick ones commonly sold in stores.
Only a raw iron wok could infuse that unique iron-plate aroma into the ingredients.
But such woks were incredibly heavy. Most people couldn't even lift one, let alone toss ingredients with it.

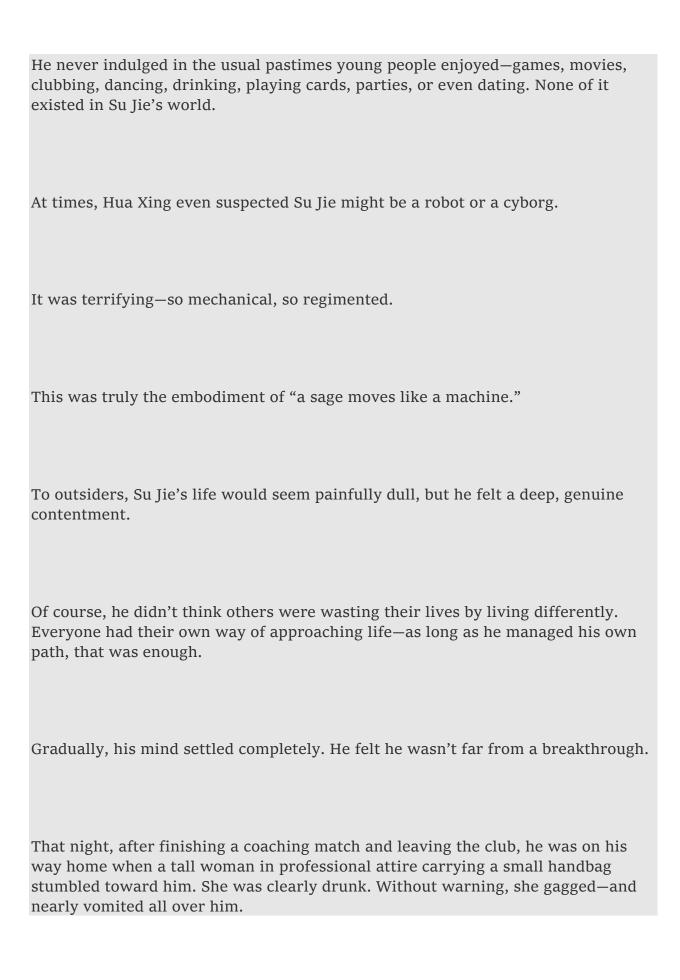
Su Jie, however, had serious martial art skills and enormous arm strength. Tossing the pan was easy for him. But doing it while maintaining perfect control over the heat and ensuring every piece of food was evenly cooked—that was as difficult as embroidering a balloon with a needle. One slip, and it would all go boom.
Cooking was easy to learn. But to bring out color, aroma, and flavor—to let the deliciousness penetrate to someone's very bones and soul—wasn't something hard work alone could accomplish. It demanded exquisite control and total unity between heart and action.
It was, in essence, the same as martial art.
No—more than that—it came from the same source.
Su Jie had been learning to cook for a month. Today, he finally grasped the essence of it.
He had only practiced one dish over and over: stir-fried cabbage with pork.
Mixing vegetables and meat into a dish where both flavors fully fuse together—that was no small feat.
But today, Su Jie finally pulled it off.

He felt his martial art had improved as a result. 'Martial art really is present in every little part of daily life. It's not something you can chase through brute force. Now I understand the level Coach Odell has achieved. The Typhon Training Camp has the most advanced technology and enhancement drugs you'd only find in a lab. But if your mental strength doesn't keep up, those tools might help, but they'll never take you to the peak.' Just like mastering the "Hoe Strike" move, once he perfected stir-fried cabbage with pork, the other dishes he cooked shot up in quality too. Green peppers with scrambled eggs, minced pork with eggplant, garlic ribs, spicy chicken... each came effortlessly. The more homestyle the dish, the harder it was to get right—but Su Jie was now completely at ease. "I remember in a wuxia novel, there was a kitchen monk at Shaolin Temple who ended up mastering supreme martial arts, causing an uproar. Cooking really is great for practicing martial art—if you put your heart into it and control the heat right. Gentle simmering for internal energy, strong fire for strikes, sudden bursts for explosive movement—it's the same as internal, external, and hardened training in martial arts. Ordinary ingredients, once handled by a master, can become legendary dishes. It's all a matter of timing and heat. Same with people—get the heat just right, and you can become a master."

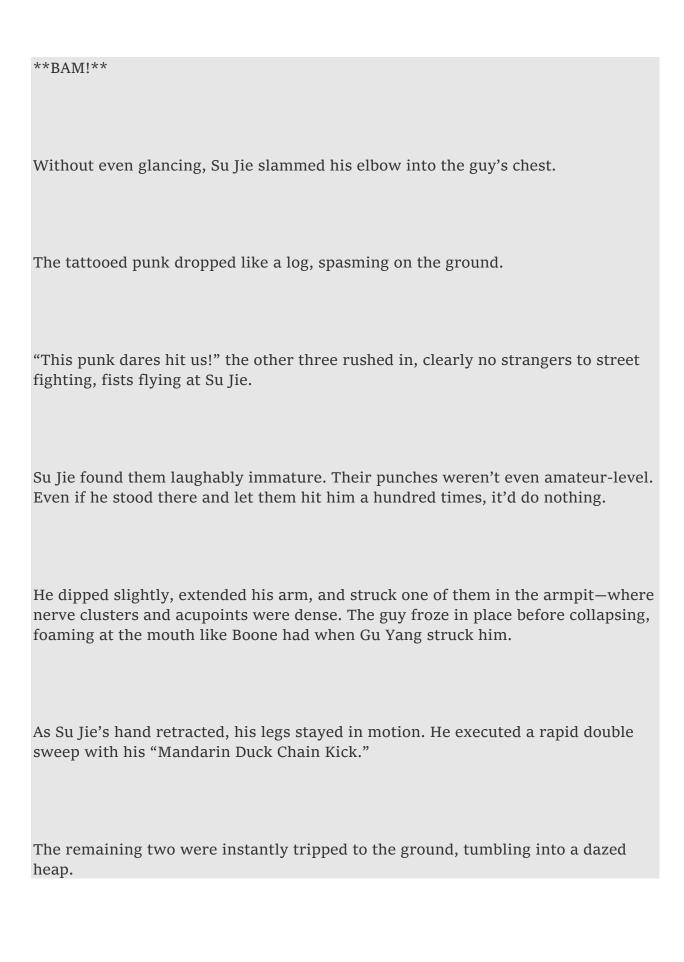
While pondering this, his hands moved quickly, packing all the food into an insulated container to deliver to his mom.
Though it was winter break, his mom was still busy giving lectures—those gigs came with cash bonuses, a nice side income beyond her salary.
In previous years, Su Jie would take tutoring jobs over the holidays through websites. But this winter break, he had money—so he took it easy.
His next plan was to consider upgrading to a bigger home.
But in S City, homes easily cost tens of millions. The larger ones go for dozens of millions, and some villas start at over a hundred million. His one million was basically pocket change.
Still, their current place was too cramped. Su Jie wanted a spacious study where he could cultivate himself, practice calligraphy, and collect more books.
He glanced at the pile of books stacked on his bed and the notebooks and workbooks crammed in the corner. He shook his head. This was a true "shabby room." Even though he wasn't materialistic, he'd long had the idea of improving his parents' living conditions.

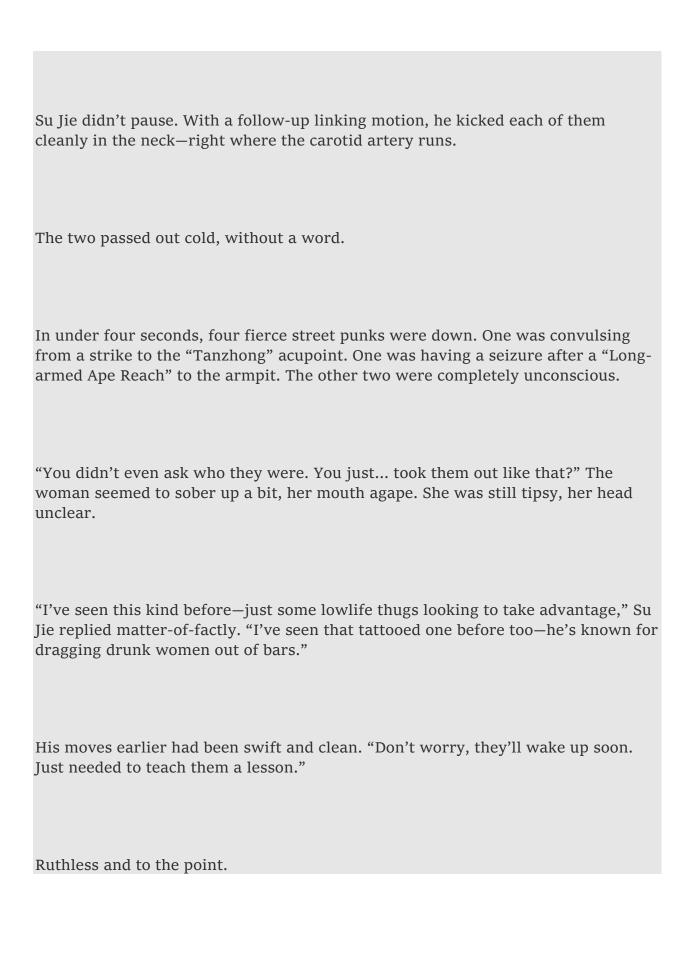






"You alright?" Su Jie wasn't angry. Instead, he calmly offered a warning.
Not far off was a street lined with bars. It wasn't unusual for drunk women to pass out on the roadside, sometimes even getting "picked up" by predators. Fights between drunkards also broke out from time to time.
But it was rare to see someone this wasted so early in the evening. Usually that mess started closer to midnight.
"Take me home, I'll give you ten thousand yuan," the woman slurred, grabbing Su Jie's shirt.
"Where do you live?" he was about to ask when a shout rang out from the corner: "Stop right there!"
Four young men had followed her.
One of them, a tattooed thug with a floral sleeve, walked right up to Su Jie and yanked him violently. "Get lost. This ain't your business."







The General Manager of Haoyu Group was Feng Yuxuan.	
"Haoyu Group?" Su Jie noticed she had a work badge clipped to her. Executive Assistant to the General Manager.	. Her position:

Su Jie picked up the female office worker and used an app to call a car. He paid a few hundred extra on top of the fare because she had thrown up and messed up

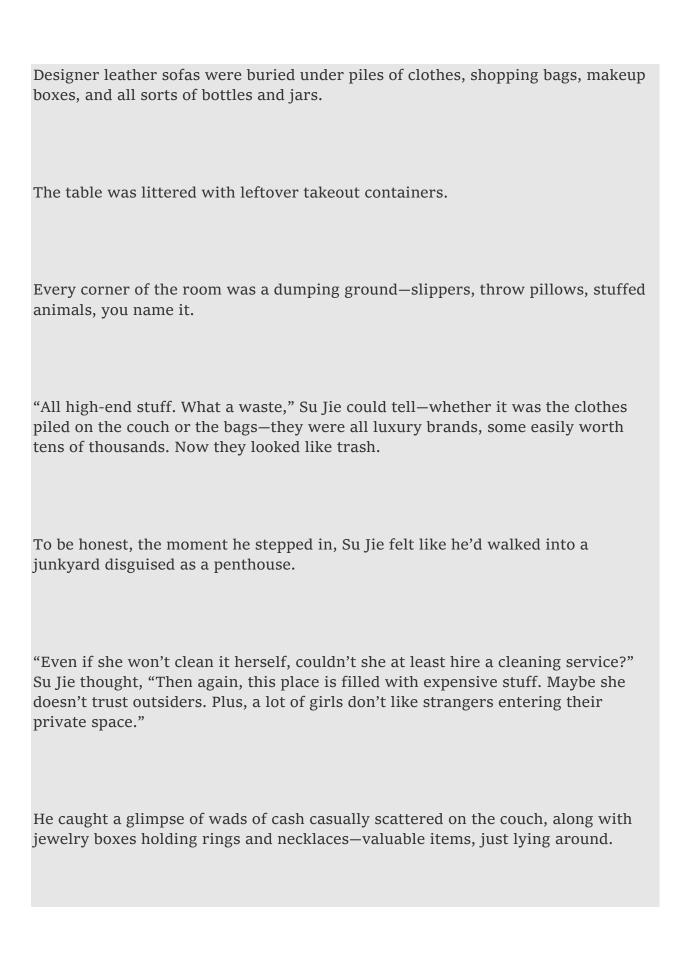
Following the address on his phone, Su Jie arrived at a high-end residential

"Forget it, I'll help her out."

the interior of the vehicle.

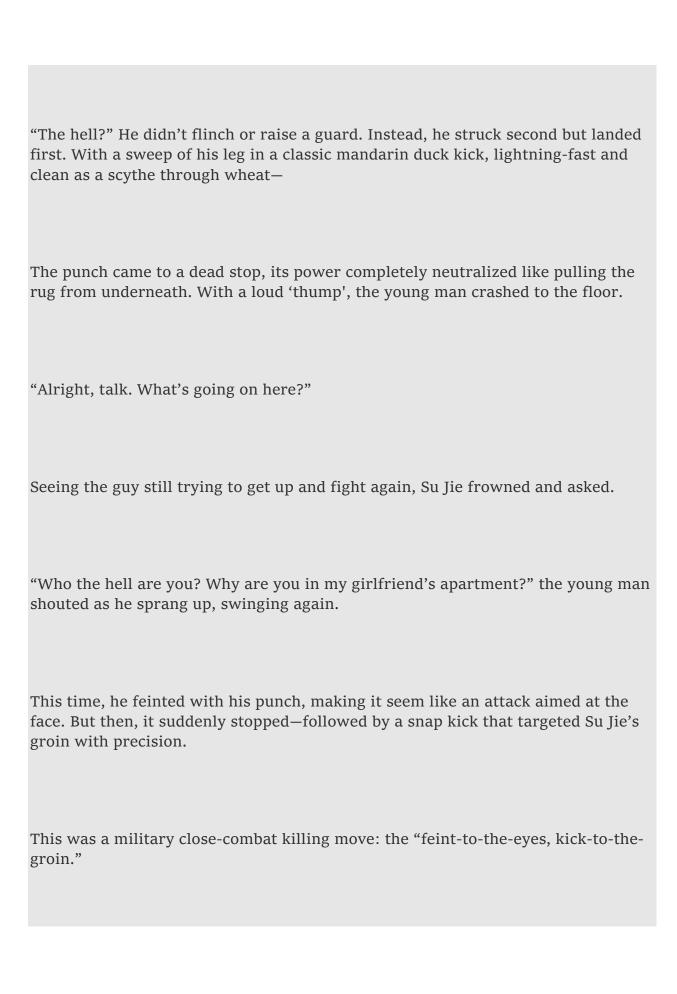
compound and entered using an access card.

The neighborhood was elegantly designed, with landscaped gardens, wide spacing between buildings, and automated features everywhere.
Su Jie knew this was one of the most well-known developments in S City. The current price had hit 150,000 yuan per square meter, and the units were all large—around 300 square meters each. One apartment easily cost 50 million.
He had his eye on this place a long time ago, hoping that if he ever had the money he'd buy one for his parents. Sadly, that remained a distant dream.
As for the villas that rich kids like Lu Shu owned—those easily went over a hundred million. That was a whole other level, not even worth thinking about for now.
Click!
The card unlocked the door, and what greeted Su Jie made him jump. The apartment was large, spacious, and filled with natural light. The decor screamed luxury—but that wasn't what shocked him. What shocked him was how 'filthy' the place was.

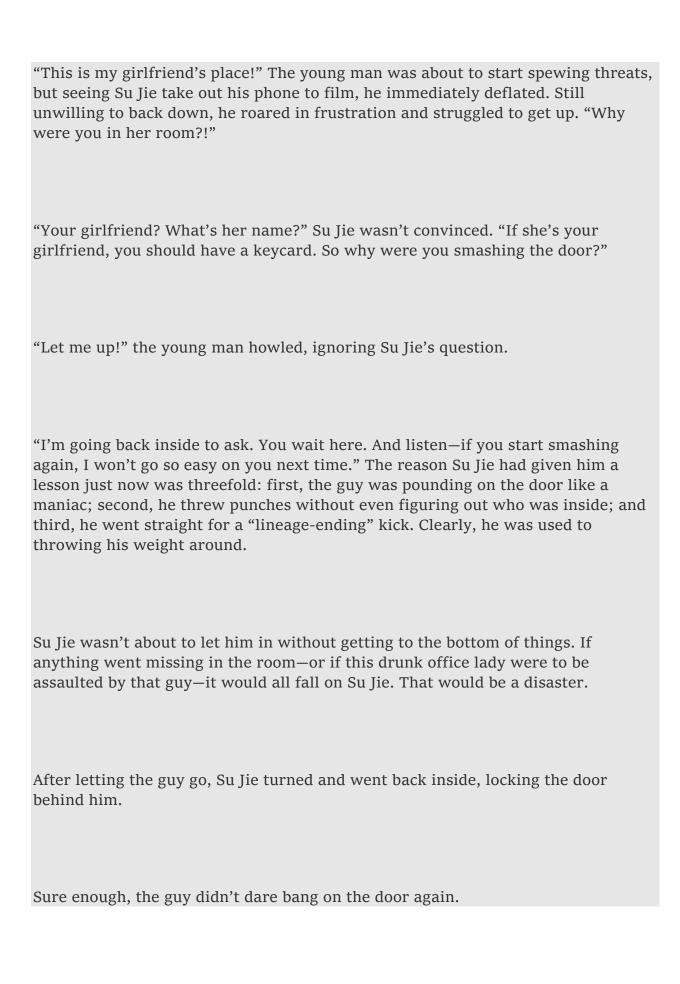


Bang!
Su Jie opened the bedroom door, laid the woman on the bed, and turned to leave. He'd done enough.
She had promised to pay him 10,000 yuan for getting her home, but Su Jie had no intention of hanging around to collect.
Just as he was about to step out, a soft 'meow' came from the corner.
It was a small British Shorthair cat, poking its head out and letting out a pleading cry.
Su Jie instinctively sensed that it was hungry.
"Hang tight, I'll find your food." He searched the room for a while before finally locating the cat food and pouring some out, along with a bowl of water. Watching the British Shorthair eat happily, he gave its head a gentle pat.
"Your owner's got money, but not a shred of life quality."

Bang! Bang!
Just as he was feeding the cat, loud pounding came from the door.
"Who the hell is that?" Su Jie raised an eyebrow.
This wasn't knocking—it was full-on door assault. The entire room shook.
Su Jie rushed to open the door and found a young man standing outside. Though dressed in casual wear, he couldn't hide that distinct aura of wealth. His outfit was exactly the kind worn by guys like Lu Shu and the other rich kids.
The moment he saw Su Jie open the door, the guy's face—already fuming—turned crimson with rage. He launched a punch straight at him.
And this wasn't some wild haymaker—it was a punch with real technique. Guard up, leg planted, hips twisting, waist driving, shoulder pushing, arm snapping forward in one fluid motion—a textbook rear straight from Western boxing.
Su Jie could feel the aggressive force behind it as the punch sliced through the air toward his face.



'This guy's ruthless—doesn't even care if he cripples someone,'
Su Jie thought without hesitation, dodging to the side and hooking his leg again.
The young man hit the ground once more.
This time, to keep him from getting back up, Su Jie stepped on his chest. Applying a bit of pressure, the young man's face instantly turned pale as the air was squeezed from his lungs. Fear flashed across his face.
"If that groin kick had landed on a regular person, you might've killed them in one shot. What's with the viciousness?" Su Jie slightly eased the pressure so the young man could speak.
"You" The young man's eyes blazed with murderous intent. "Do you even know who I am? You dare do this to me?!"
"And who might you be?" Su Jie raised an eyebrow. "Your dad some big shot? Hurry up and say it—I'm recording. I'll upload it, make you famous."
He pulled out his phone.

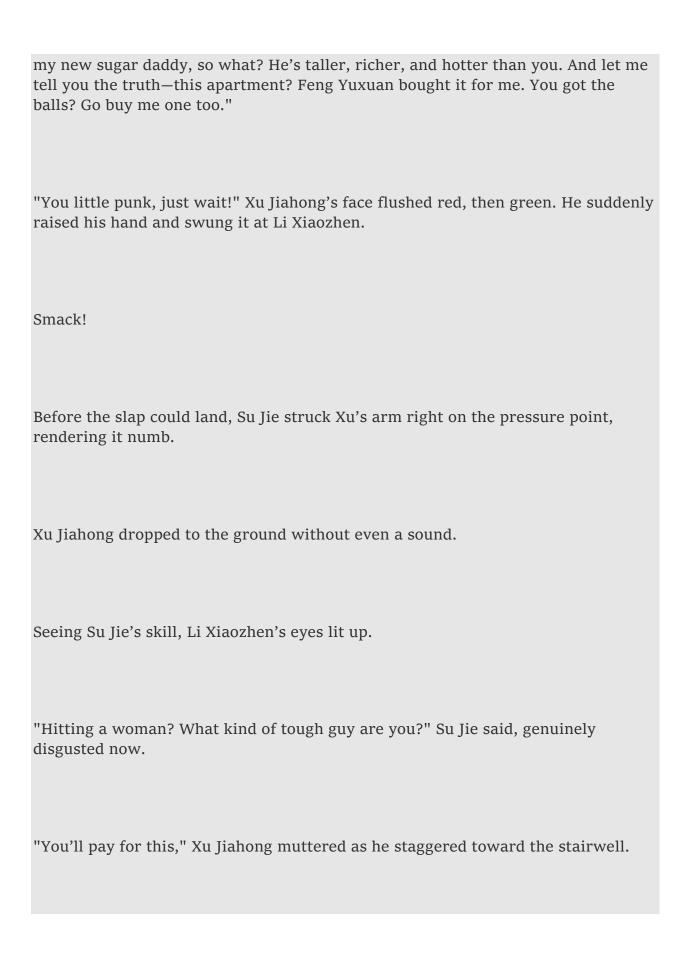


"Just wait, punk. I'm Xu Jiahong—I'll make sure you pay for this." The young man got up and pulled out his phone to make a call.
Su Jie heard every word from inside the room. Thanks to the training he'd received from Uncle Mang—three days locked in the "black room," refining his Dead Man's Corpse technique to the point of "neither dead nor alive"—and later with Master Ma's guidance, entering the realm of the "Living Dead," his sensory perception was far beyond that of normal people. With just a bit of concentration, his awareness was several times—maybe even ten times—sharper than the average person's.
"Still need to get some sleep. Got stuff to do tomorrow. Better have that woman wake up and explain things to that guy outside," Su Jie muttered, heading to the bedroom. The office lady was still passed out cold. He carried her into the bathroom, then suddenly struck a point on her upper abdomen.
Blaaargghh!
The woman began vomiting violently again.
"Water"
After throwing up, she was desperately thirsty.

Su Jie had already anticipated this. He handed her warm water, which she gulped down eagerly.
After she had her fill of water, Su Jie tapped her again, and the female office worker immediately vomited everything she had just drunk. It was so intense it felt like she was going to turn her stomach inside out.
After going through this process a few times, the woman finally sobered up. She opened her eyes, looked around, and realized she was in her own home. She let ou a sharp scream:
"Who told you to come into my house?!"
"You asked me to bring you home on the street," Su Jie replied patiently. "If it weren't for me, you'd probably have been dragged off by those punks. Who knows what would've happened. But let's not dwell on that now—there's a guy named Xu Jiahong outside. Says he's your boyfriend. I didn't let him in. He's still standing at the door."
"Don't let him in," the woman said, now sounding even more lucid after hearing the name. "Go tell him to get lost. I never want to see him again."

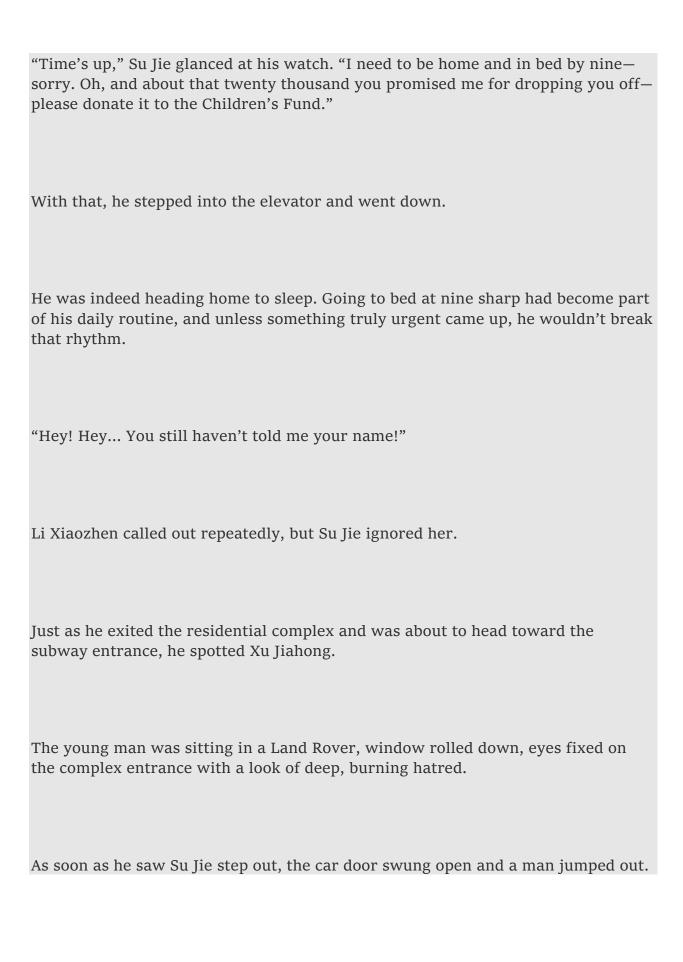
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"Seems like you two know each other. In that case, it's better if you go out and tell him yourself. I'm out of here—got stuff to do," Su Jie waved his hand. He didn't mention the promised twenty thousand; he was treating tonight as a good deed.
"Wait a minute," the woman said. She noticed vomit all over herself, shoved Su Jie out of the room, and soon the sound of running water could be heard.
A moment later, the door opened, and she stepped out. Su Jie couldn't help but blink at the sight.
She was wearing nothing but a bra and shorts. Her tall, slender figure, fair legs, and damp hair were enough to tempt a man to sin.
"Let's go," she said, casually hooking her arm around Su Jie's and dragging him to the front door.
Xu Jiahong, waiting impatiently outside, was stunned when he saw her like that, arm-in-arm with Su Jie.
"Li Xiaozhen, what the hell are you doing?!"
"What am I doing?" Li Xiaozhen snapped back, fierce as ever. "Didn't you call me a s1ut? Now you're here throwing a tantrum like some spoiled young master. This is



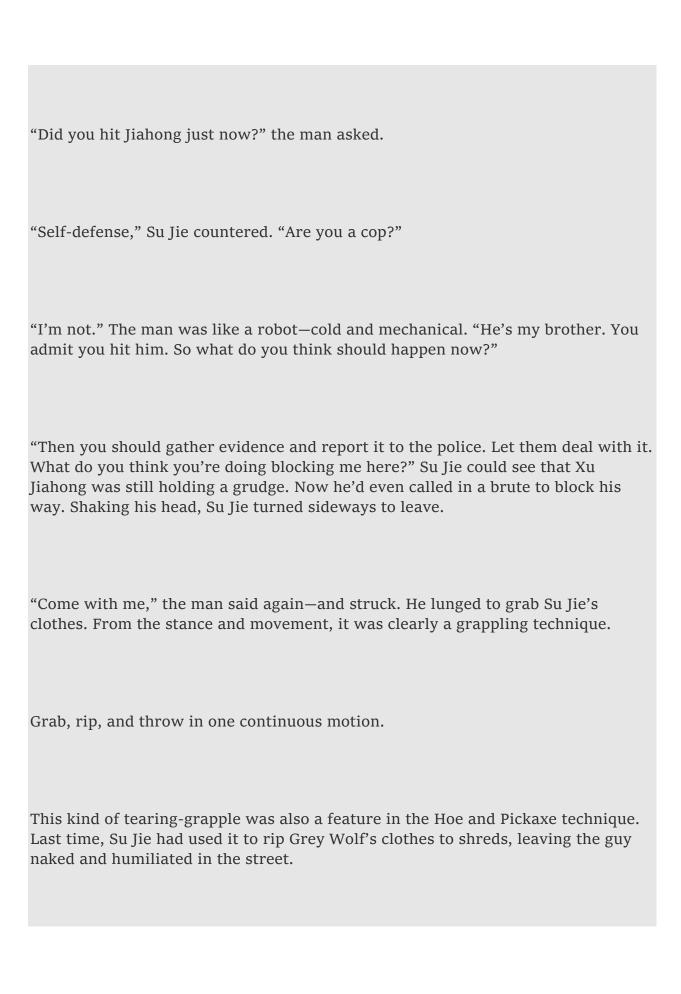
"Man, do you know any other lines?" Su Jie shook his head. "You sound like a bad movie villain."
Xu didn't respond this time. He glared at Su Jie as he stepped into the elevator, the kind of venomous look that made your skin crawl—like a snake marking its prey.
"Alright, that's settled. I'm heading home," Su Jie said, pulling his arm free.
"Hold up. I'll give you another 10,000 yuan if you clean up my room," Li Xiaozhen crossed her arms and gave him a long once-over. "I remember now—you dropped those four punks at the bar in seconds. Even Xu Jiahong does MMA, but he didn't stand a chance. You're a real pro, huh?"
"Clean your own room," Su Jie replied, turning to leave.
"Wait! I'll add another 10,000 yuan!" Li Xiaozhen called after him.

Chapter 83: Under the Shield of True Courage and True Spirit



The man suddenly burst into motion—his body lunged forward like a sprinter at the starting gun. His speed was on par with world-class 100-meter runners, fiercer even than a cheetah on the hunt, and he charged straight at Su Jie.
Su Jie stopped but didn't dodge.
Swish!
Just three paces from him, the man came to a sudden halt. His body anchored to the ground like a steel post—still as a statue. The explosive charge and instant stop made Su Jie's heart skip a beat. This was no amateur; this was a true expert.
It takes serious mastery to cancel out the momentum of a full sprint and redirect that force downward into rooted stillness in the blink of an eye.
"Come with me."
The man spoke to Su Jie directly.
He was a burly guy, wearing camo pants and combat boots, with a tight leather jacket stretched across a wide chest and back. His neck was thick and short—like a pillar of concrete.

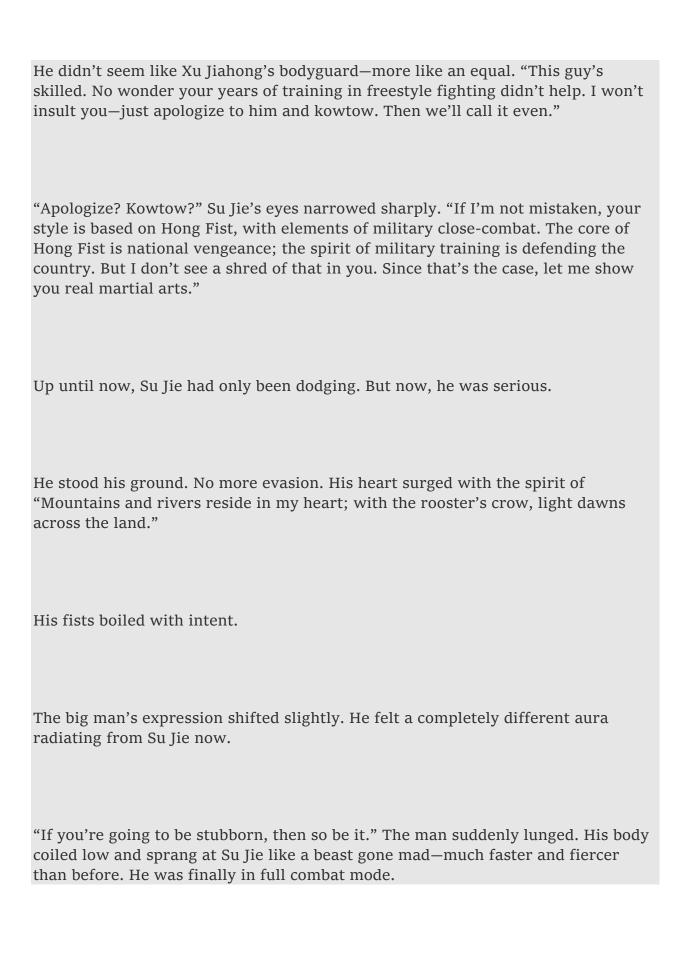
His face was weathered and rough, clearly someone who spent a lot of time working outdoors, maybe in the wilderness. His hair was cropped into a short buzz cut—too short to even grab.
Two details stood out to Su Jie. The man's ears were mangled into a cauliflower shape, twisted and swollen, and each of his knuckles protruded like fat fava beans
Cauliflower ears.
Fava bean knuckles.
These features are sometimes seen on professional judo or wrestling athletes—or mixed martial artists. They're forged by years of brutal training and countless throws, ears deformed by constant impact, hands hardened from grabbing and grappling heavy opponents daily.
A buzz-cut brute, with cauliflower ears and fava bean hands.
This was a serious fighter, someone with extensive real-combat experience.
"Sorry, I'm on a tight schedule," Su Jie replied politely, even in the face of this hulk.



Su Jie spun and dodged without striking back.
The brute missed his grab but moved in again with rapid footwork and another attempt. His hands came in a chain of relentless grabs.
Swish, swish, swish
Su Jie felt like the man's hands were like iron claws, trying to envelop every part of his body. At the same time, he felt an itching, tingling sensation on seven or eight of his vital points—a sign the opponent was ready to attack any of them at will.
Ever since Su Jie had trained under Master Ma and mastered his hard-body skills, his entire body had become incredibly responsive.
Whenever someone tried to strike any part of him, that area would instinctively contract—a hypersensitive defense mechanism.
A body so attuned that even a feather couldn't land unnoticed.
'This guy's good—way better than Zhou Chun. If Grey Wolf faced him, it'd be like a kid up against a tank. But he still doesn't seem as strong as Feng Hengyi.' Su Jie

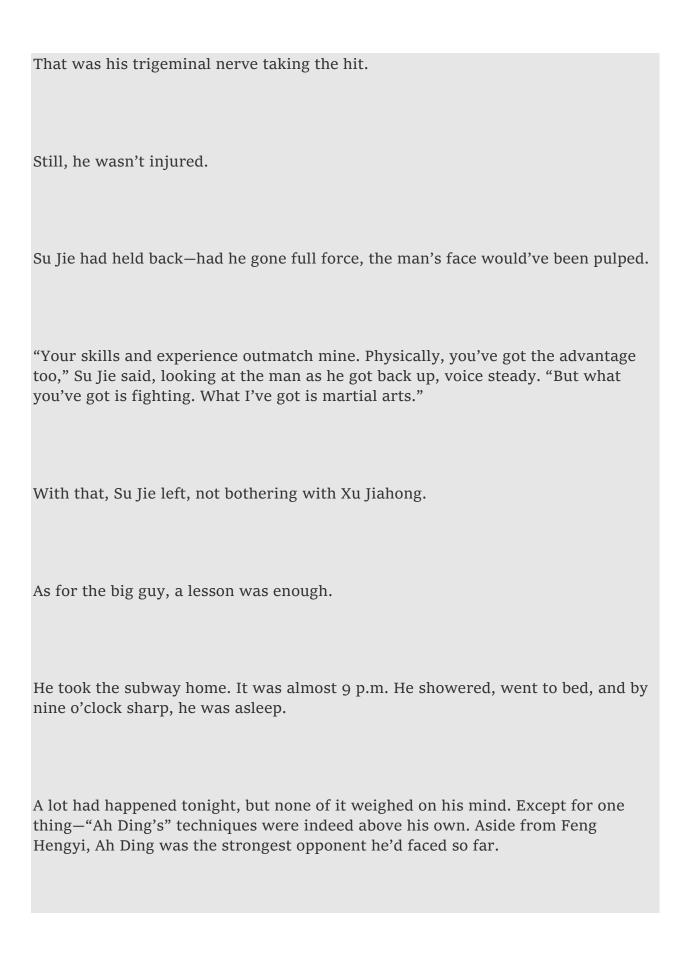
kept dodging, his footwork darting up, down, left, right, forward and back—just barely avoiding capture.
"Not bad," the brute grunted. He kept trying to grab Su Jie, but hadn't even touched the hem of his clothing. A flicker of admiration flashed across his face. "You jump around like a monkey. But this is as far as that goes."
Whoosh!
Suddenly, the brute kicked it up a gear. His speed surged.
Twice as fast as before.
Bang!
His foot slammed into the ground as he suddenly exploded into motion like a phantom speeding through the night. It was as if an immense force within him propelled his solid frame to such astonishing speeds.
Logically, his build wasn't suited for explosive speed—broad frame, heavy weight, large air resistance. But somehow, he was moving like a sprinter on the track.

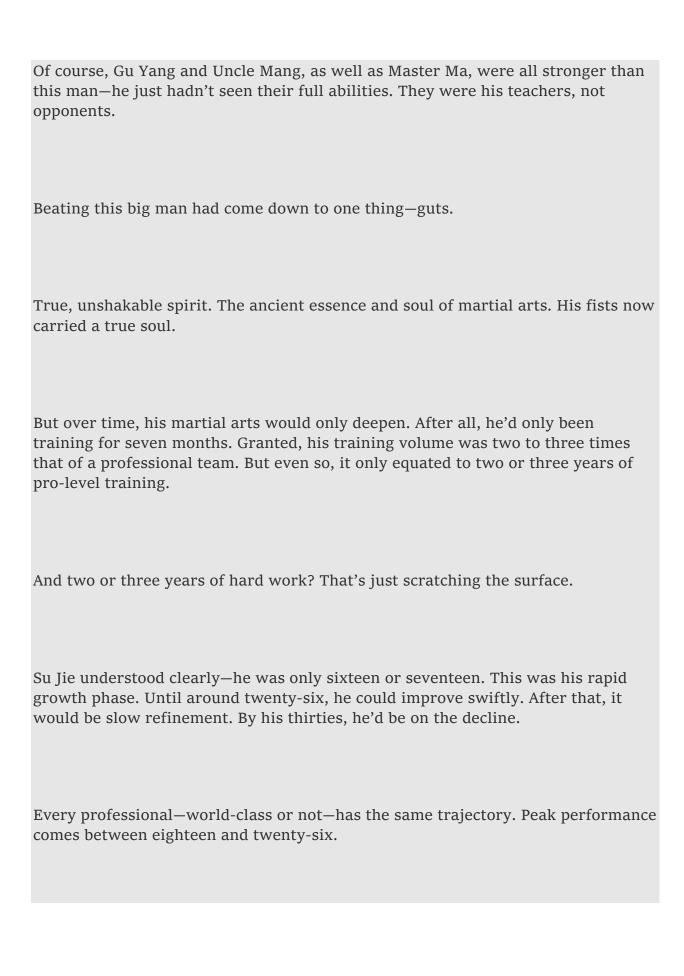




Su Jie didn't flinch. Instead, he charged straight at the attack. The moment of contact—strike! Punch!
When the nation crumbles, what is there to fear?
To die with honor is enough.
That is the soul of martial arts. The true courage behind the fist.
Boom!
Su Jie's "Hoe Strike" punch sprang up from below like thunder erupting from the earth—stirring and powerful.
Fist met fist.
The big man suddenly realized his attacks had zero effect—like trying to topple a mountain or shake a tree with bare hands.

Meanwhile, Su Jie's punch came down like a mountain's weight and thunder's roar—unstoppable.
Five fingers spread, Su Jie's palm covered the man's entire face and extended outward in all directions like a celestial net.
In Intent Boxing, this "Hoe Strike" strike might seem simple, but its mental intent is ever-shifting. The most crucial concept here is the "Covering Intent"—as in, the blow descends like the sky itself, enveloping every ounce of force within it.
No matter how the enemy squirms, escape is futile.
Let him know what they mean by heaven's net is vast and wide, and not a thing slips through!
Smack!
A solid slap struck the man's face, sliding from his forehead downward, knocking him off balance and dropping him to the ground. He felt like he'd been electrocuted, burned, and stabbed all at once.





However, his research with Uncle Mang and Master Ma suggested something else: if a person's spiritual state reached a level of "mental tranquility and divine calm," eliminating coarse thoughts and retaining only refined ones, their physical function could improve by 10–20%. That could extend their prime by about ten years.

And if they reached the state of "life-in-death," where even refined thoughts disappeared, and they couldn't tell whether they existed or not, their physical function could improve by 20%.

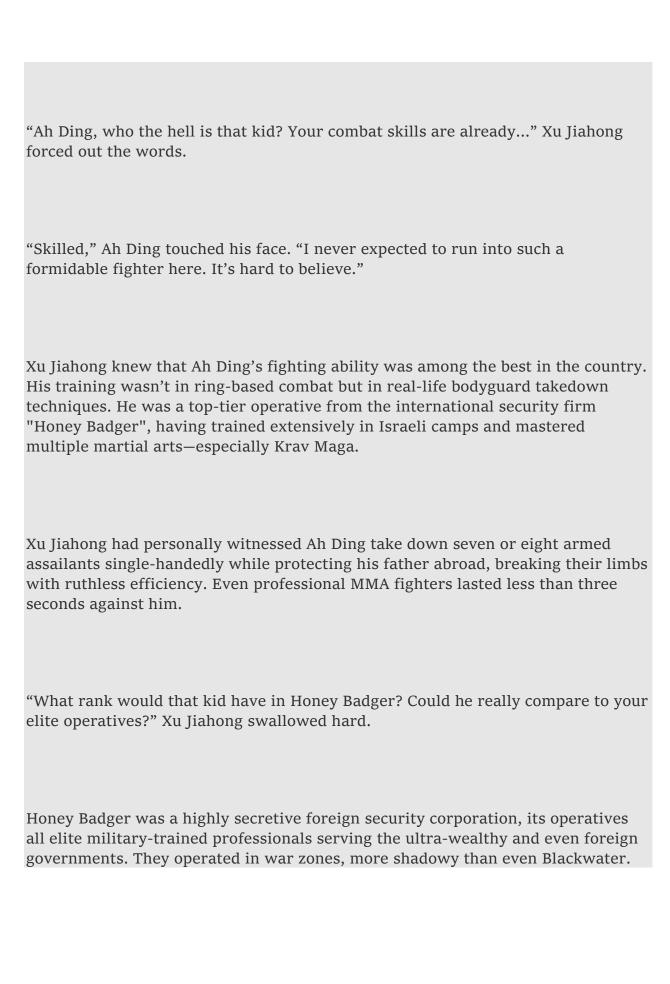
If one surpassed even that—to the state of "Living Dead," severing both refined and coarse thoughts, erasing the mind completely—then who knows how much power one could gain? There was no experimental data.

Someone like Odell would never let Uncle Mang and Master Ma test him.

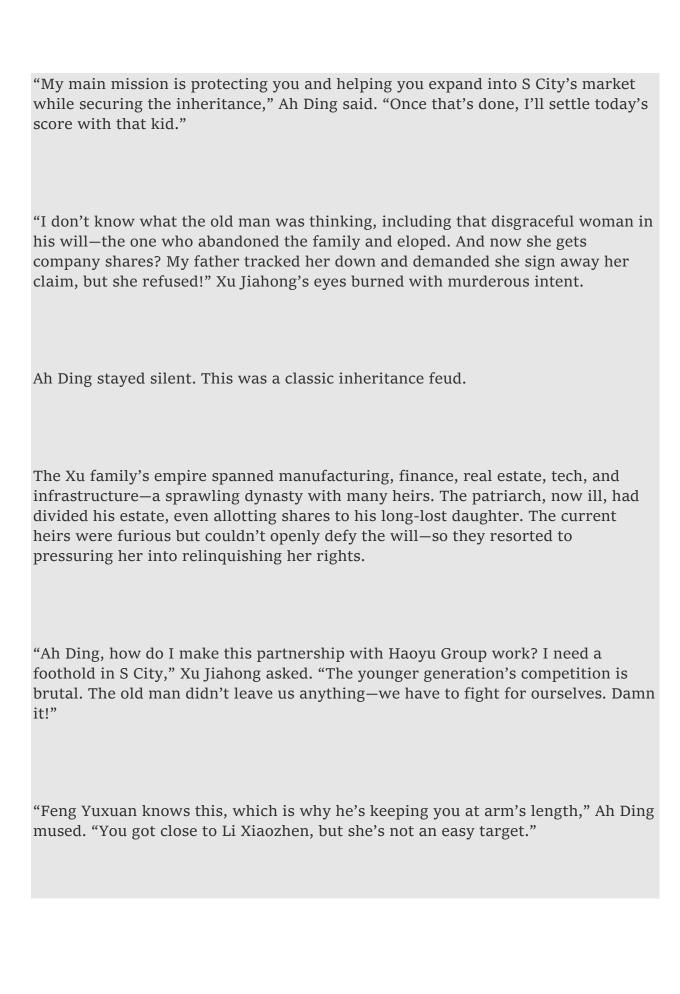
Chapter 84: Inheriting the Legacy The Xu Family's Relatives

While Su Jie was asleep, Xu Jiahong and the burly man returned to their car.

The big man remained silent, a red slap mark still visible on his face. Xu Jiahong's entire body trembled slightly—whether from anger or fear was unclear.



"His technique is still immature, lacking real combat experience—but his spirit is fierce, like a newborn calf unafraid of a tiger." Ah Ding's eyes gleamed sharply. "If this weren't a public place, I could've killed him with a dozen different methods. The top operatives in Honey Badger are leagues beyond him." Being knocked down by Su Jie's Hoe Strike left Ah Ding deeply resentful. "Next time we see that brat, don't hold back!" Xu Jiahong said viciously. "No mercy." "I know my job," Ah Ding narrowed his eyes. "In our line of work, as long as the target isn't dead, the fight isn't over." Xu Jiahong understood why the company was named Honey Badger. In the African savanna, the most fearless, aggressive, and relentless creature wasn't the lion, the cheetah, or the hyena—it was the honey badger. There were stories of a honey badger in a zoo that, after being roared at by a lion, spent days digging under the fence to fight it—and won. Another had taken on six lions and walked away unscathed. They treated venomous black mambas like snacks, casually munching on them. Honey Badger operatives were similarly ruthless—utterly loyal to their employers and skilled in handling "delicate" tasks.



"That b!tch! I spent so much money and effort on her, and she still won't let me into her apartment—claims she has 'psychological trauma' and hates people invading her space. Always says she's working late—probably servicing Feng Yuxuan in his office. I only slapped her after holding back for months, and then she goes out drinking and lets some random guy take her home?!" Xu Jiahong's voice dripped with venom.
"You lost your temper. Everyone knows Feng Yuxuan's reputation—his female assistants are never clean. But Li Xiaozhen is different. She's his top aide, sharp in business. Her past boyfriends left her over rumors about Feng Yuxuan, but in reality, they've never crossed that line. Her father is friends with Feng Shoucheng Feng Yuxuan wants her but won't force it—losing her would hurt his operations, and his brothers would report him to their father." Ah Ding advised, "You should apologize. She's valuable—many of Haoyu's business plans come from her."
Grudgingly, Xu Jiahong dialed Li Xiaozhen's number.
In Li Xiaozhen's Apartment
Her phone rang as she took hangover pills, surveying the disaster of her home. Seeing the caller ID, she cursed and blocked the number.
"I thought Xu Jiahong was different, but he's just like the rest," she muttered. "My boss's reputation ruins everything. But that boy earlier why didn't I mind him being here?"

Li Xiaozhen had severe psychological barriers—she loathed people entering her space, yet she never cleaned, leaving her luxury-filled apartment a dump. Yet with Su Jie, she'd felt no resistance.
Maybe it was the alcohol—or maybe it was his presence. Unbeknownst to her, Su Jie's meditation and Great Corpse State training had honed his aura to a tranquil, commanding calm. His mental discipline neared mastery, rivaling even elite mentors like Odell.
"Ugh, this place is a pigsty." She half-heartedly gathered trash before collapsing into bed. As sleep took her, she mumbled, "That kid I'll make him clean for me."
Back in the Land Rover.
Xu Jiahong hurled his phone. "She blocked me!"
"Apologize in person. Swallow your pride—she's worth it," Ah Ding said. "Once you secure the inheritance, Feng Yuxuan will take you seriously. Haoyu Group dominates the market now."
"Once the old man dies, the family will fracture. I need to grab what I can before my brothers take everything," Xu Jiahong said coldly. "That kid earlier—he's not involved with Li Xiaozhen. Probably just a decoy. No way he's connected if he took the metro."

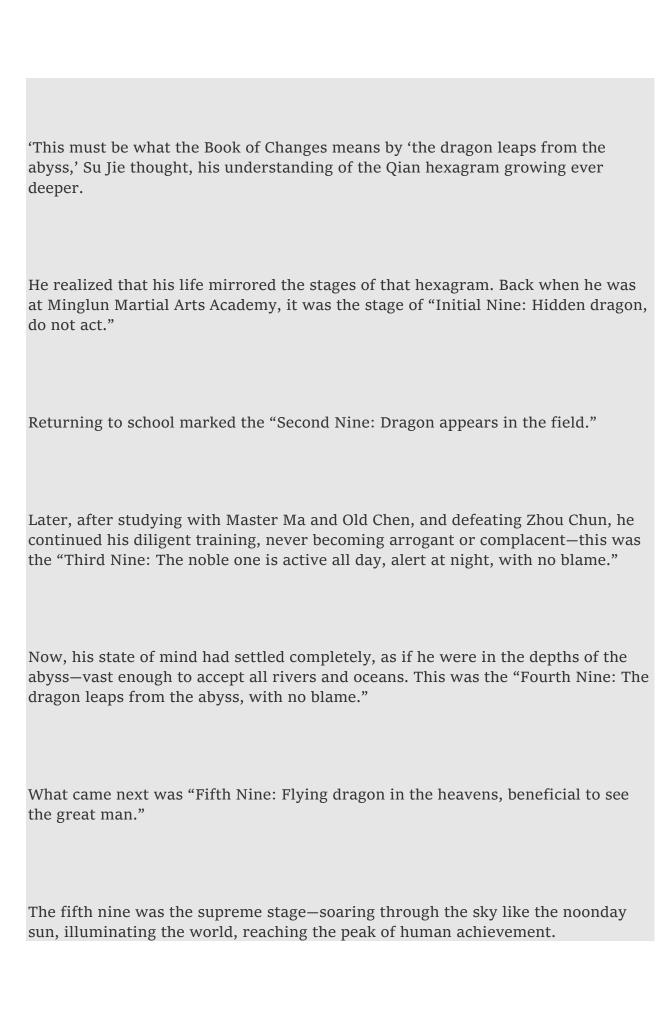
"Sharp observation," Ah Ding nodded. As both bodyguard and mentor, he approved. "If Xu Ying won't cooperate, we'll force her. She left the family years ago—her fault the Zhangs cut ties with us, stalling our overseas expansion." Xu Jiahong's eyes darkened. "I heard a Zhang girl-Zhang Manman-is in S City. I'll reach out." "Do it," Ah Ding agreed. "The Zhangs have massive influence abroad. If your aunt Xu Ying hadn't jilted Zhang Hongyuan, your families could've ruled together. Now, Zhang Hongyuan handles their finances, but the real power is Zhang Manman's father—Zhang Hongqing. You might not know him, but I do. He's one of Honey Badger's two chief instructors. My Hung Gar? Learned from him." (G: Hung Gar, also known as Hung Kuen or Hongjiaquan, is a prominent Southern Shaolin Kung Fu style.) "Zhang Hongqing? How do you compare to him?" Xu Jiahong asked. "Me?" Ah Ding laughed bitterly. "He could kill me before I even blink." Chapter 85: Sudden Visitors as the New

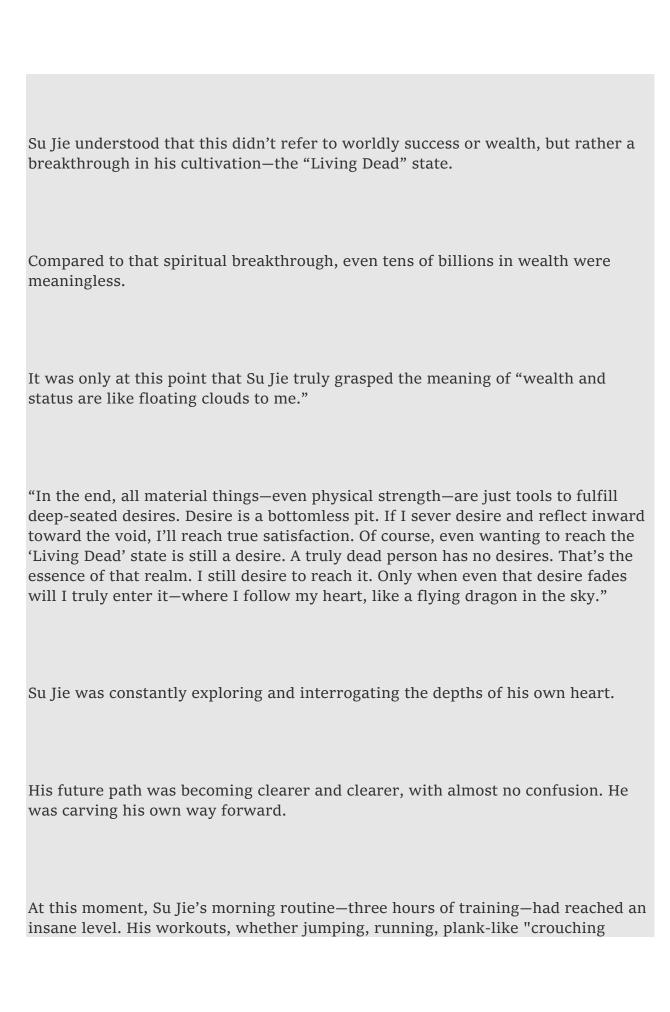
Year Approaches

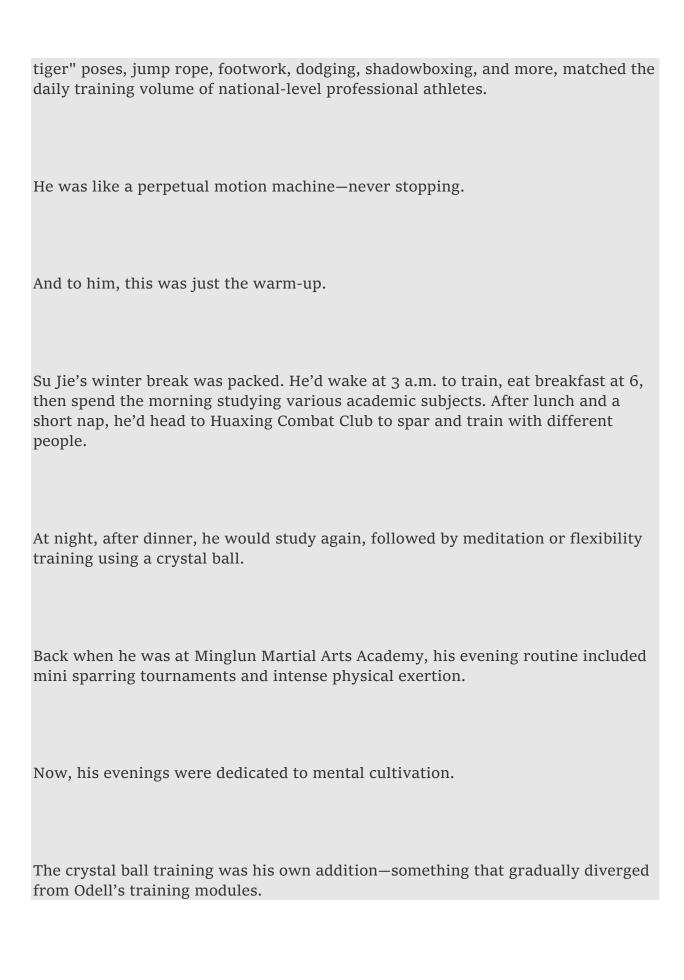
"So powerful? I don't believe there are real-life superhumans in this world." Xu Jiahong shook his head. "You martial arts people always exaggerate things claiming so-and-so is a top master. If they're really that good, why don't they enter the World Championships or the Olympics and become globally famous?" "How much money do you think that would make?" Ah Ding seemed to mock Xu Jiahong's ignorance. "Even the current boxing champion, Paski, is only worth about a billion dollars. That might sound like a lot to outsiders, but do you know how many CEOs of publicly traded companies make more than that? As for Olympic champions—don't even mention it. They get a meager salary, and even with endorsements, at most they might make tens of millions over a few years. Those kickboxing fighters? They fight tooth and nail just for a match worth hundreds of thousands or maybe a million, and that's at the national elite level. Do you really think it's worth it?" "Definitely not," Xu Jiahong nodded. "The way you put it actually makes a lot of sense. They may be in the spotlight, but not much of that fame translates into actual money. These days, practical gains are what matter." "Actually, the kid who fought me today is quite talented. He's young, yet his skills are already that advanced. We could consider bringing him into the fold," Ah Ding suggested. "I'll think about it," Xu Jiahong said, but the very thought of it still made his teeth itch with frustration. "You should learn from Cao Cao. Zhang Xiu killed his son, but Cao Cao still accepted him, and even granted him a noble title in the end. He never killed the

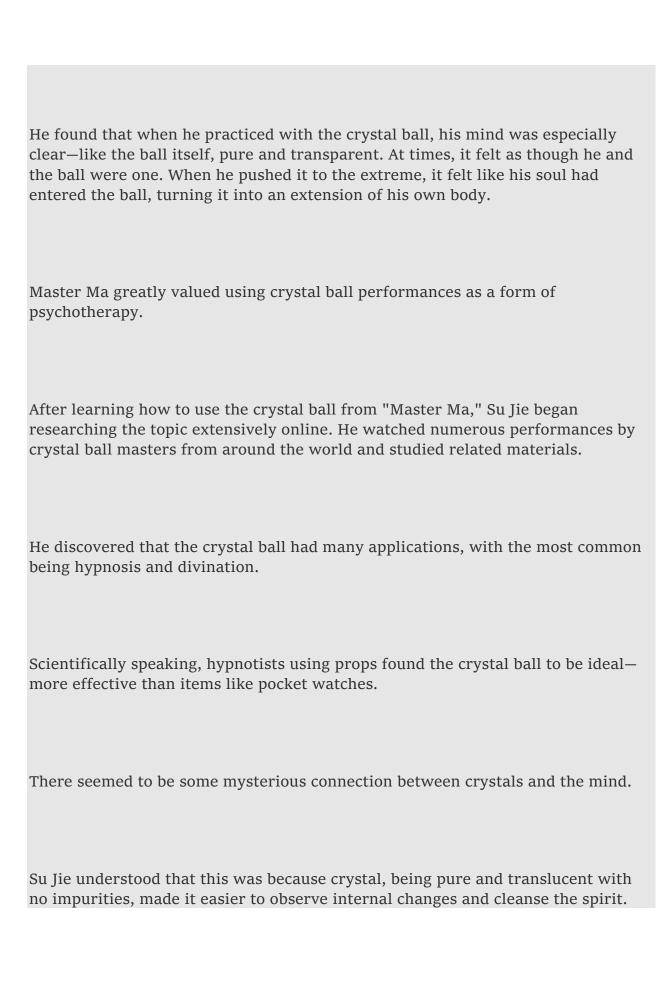
guy. That shows how much tolerance he had. Without that kind of tolerance, you can't achieve great things," A-Ding continued to advise.
"I know Cao Cao—he was a crafty warlord. But who's Zhang Xiu? What's the story there?" Xu Jiahong asked.
When Ah Ding heard that, he was instantly speechless and wanted to curse out loud: 'What a mediocre idiot. And this guy wants to fight for the family inheritance. Wishful thinking. Whatever. I'm being paid to do a job, so I've got no choice.'

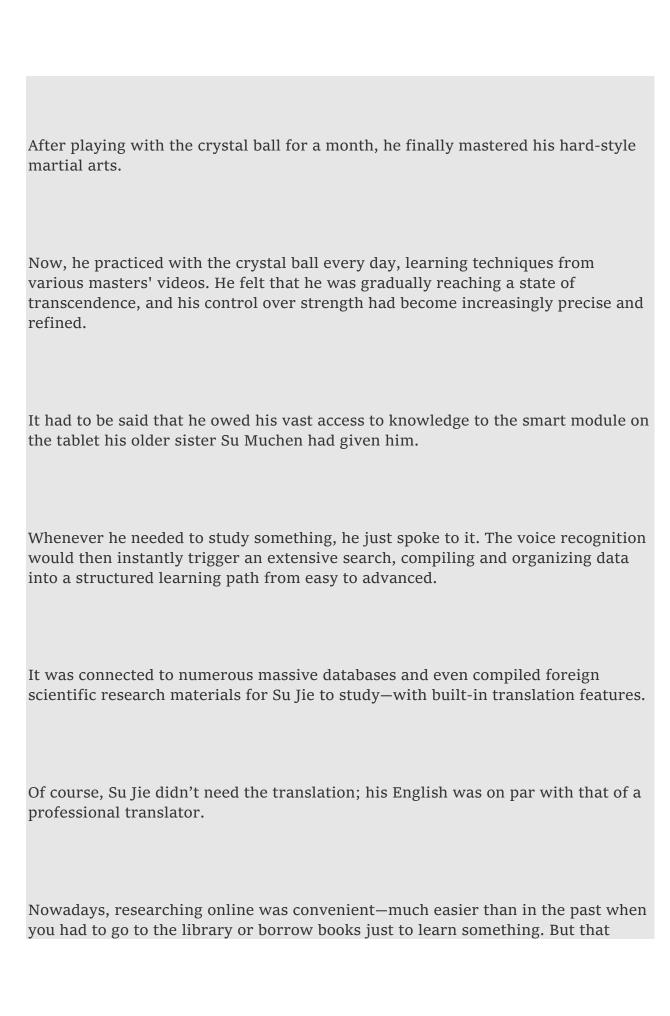
The next morning at the crack of dawn, Su Jie woke up at his usual time—3 a.m.
Like always, he rose at the sound of the rooster and headed to the park for three hours of training.
The more he trained, the more centered his mind became—serene, like a deep abyss.
At every moment, he felt like a hidden dragon lurking in the depths, silently observing all changes from below.
The abyss was calm and peaceful. Deep within, strength quietly gathered, preparing for an explosive ascent.

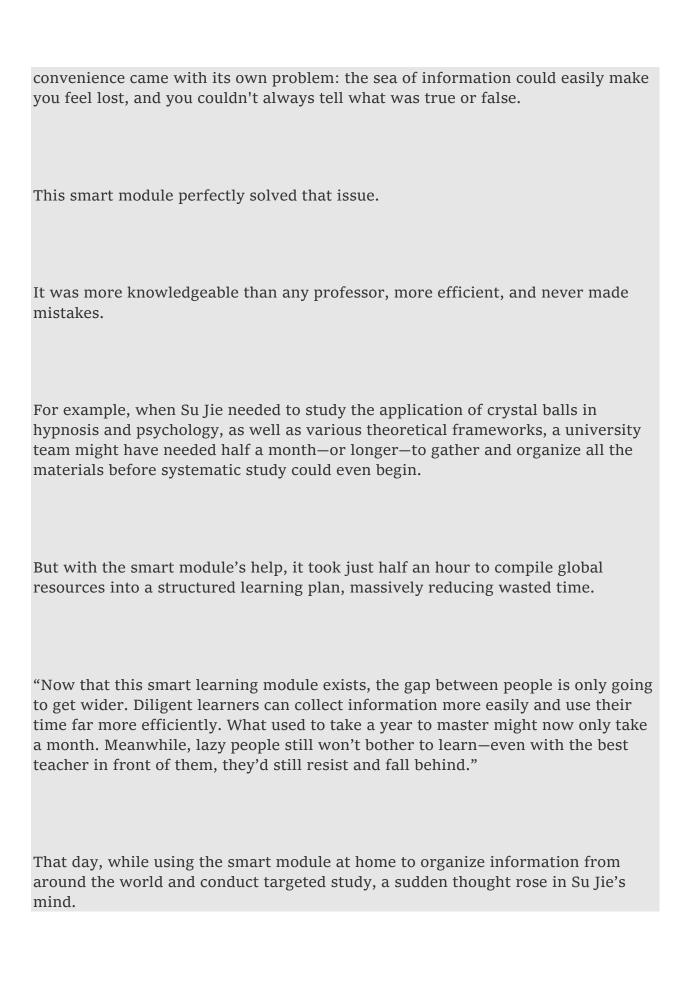


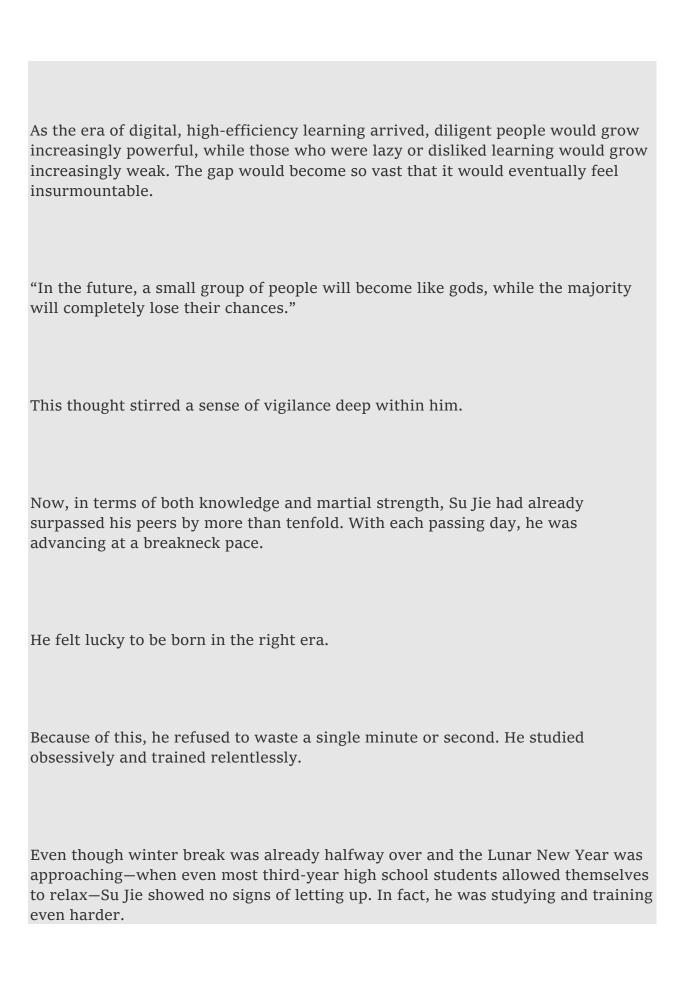


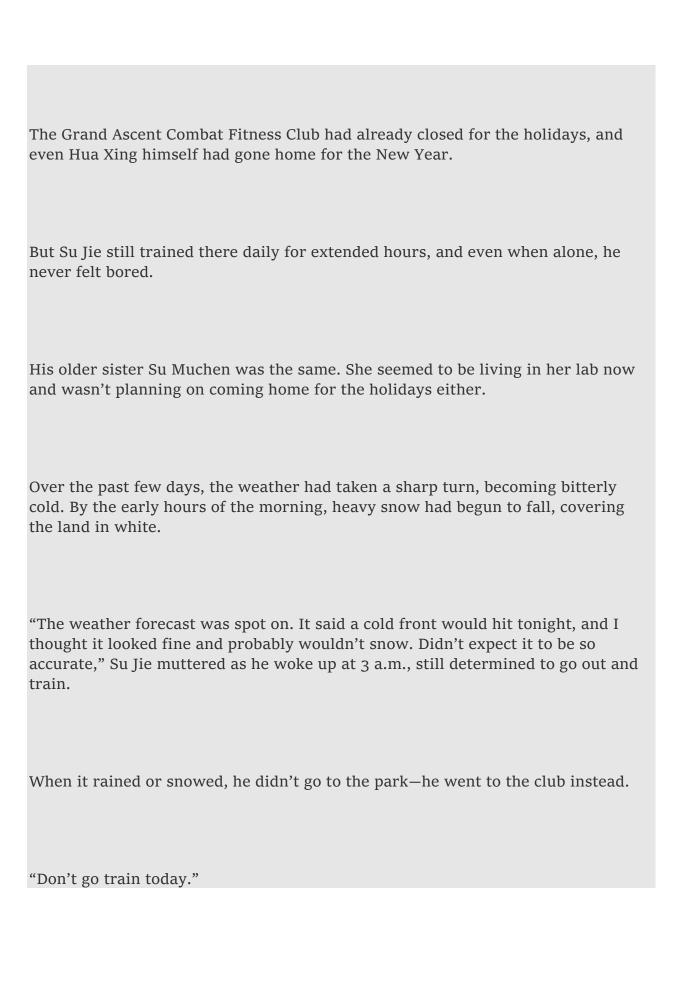


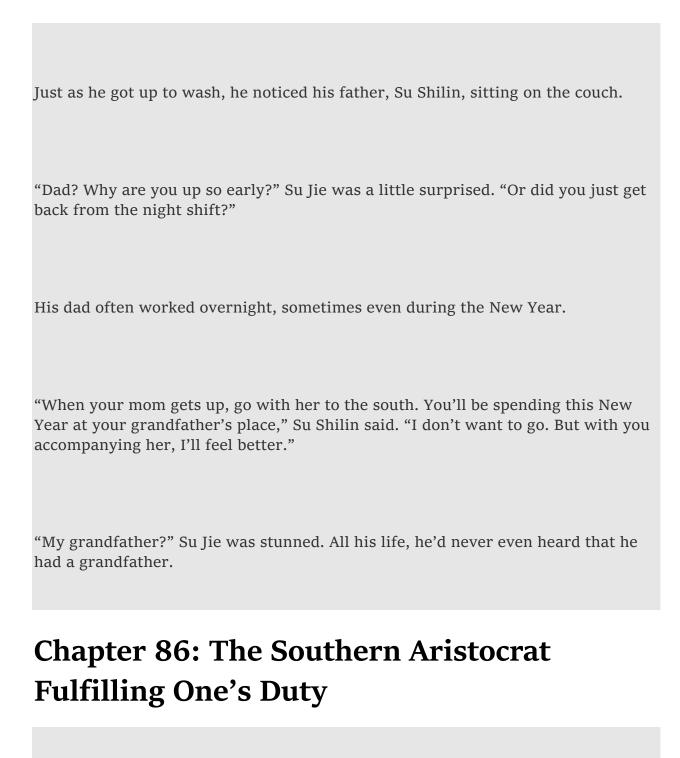




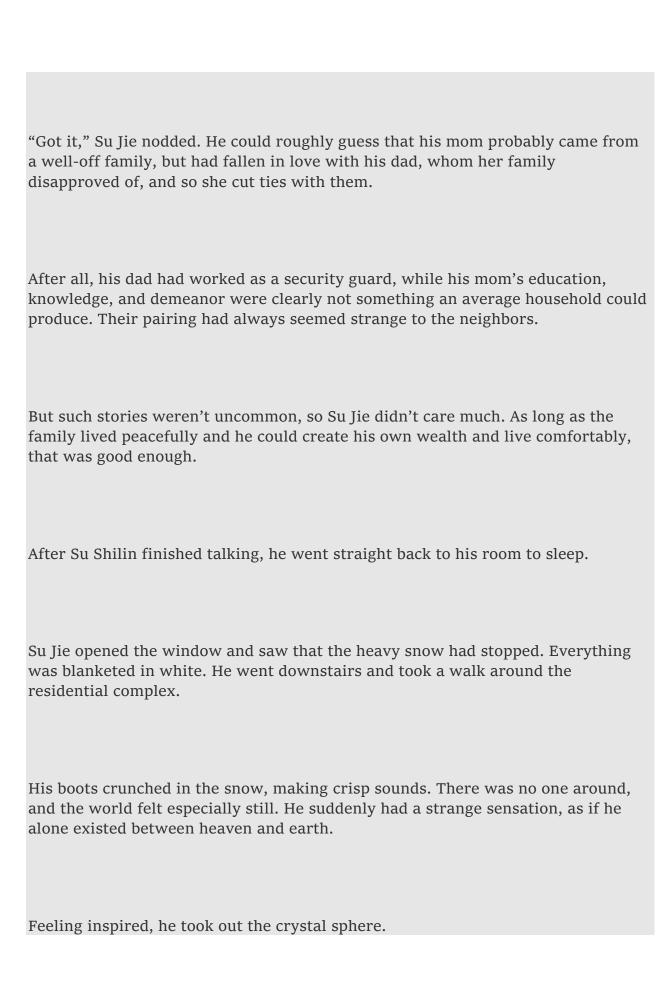


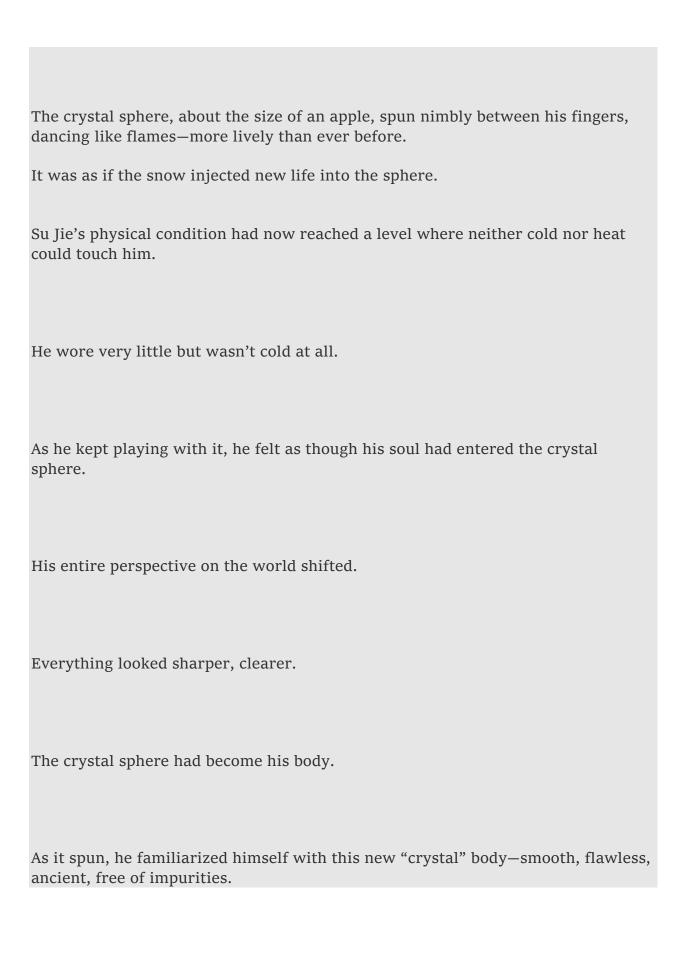




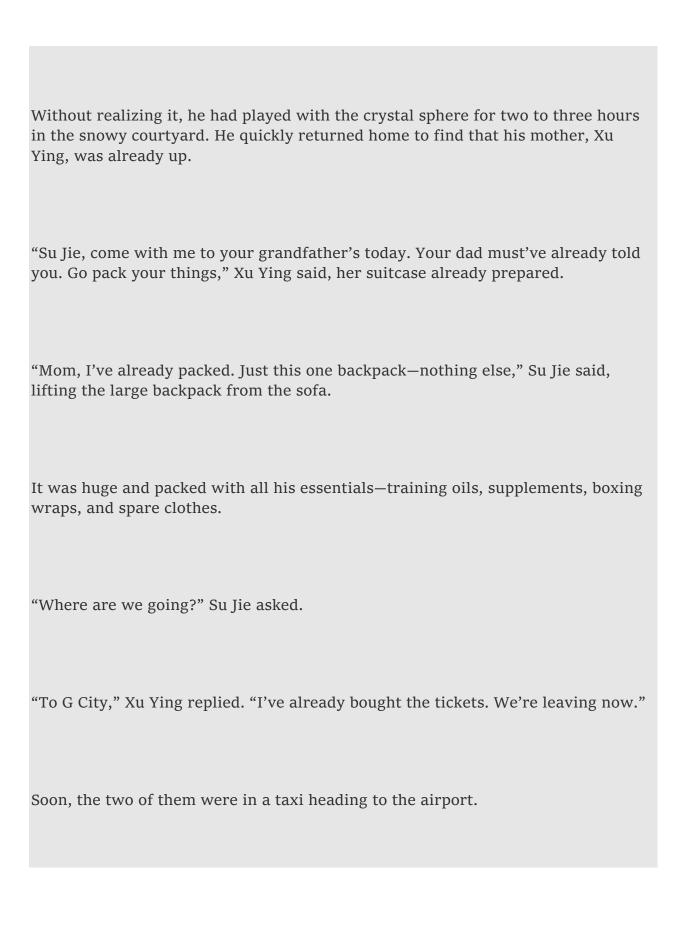


"This is something your mom will talk to you about. Your sister and I are staying home for the New Year. I'm not worried about you now—just be careful. And don't worry about money—if you need to let go, then let go." Su Shilin said this out of the blue.

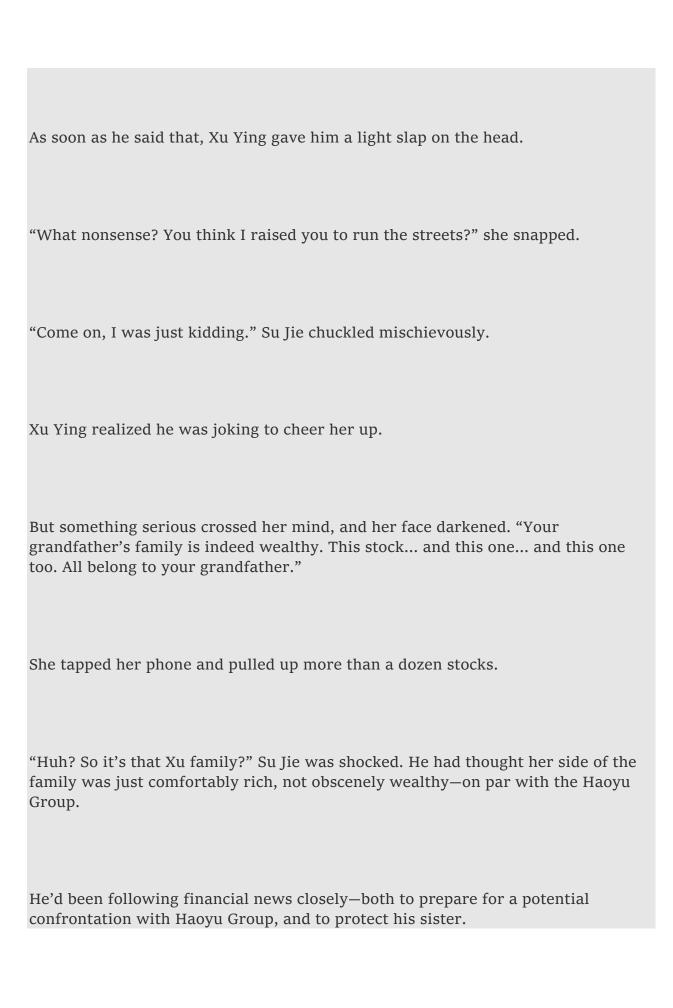


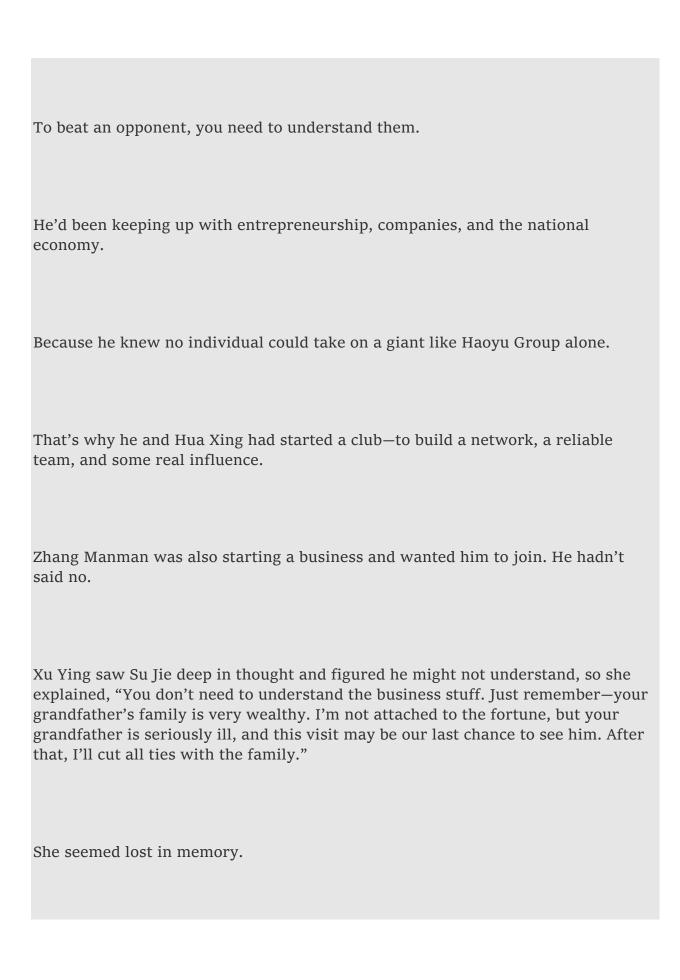


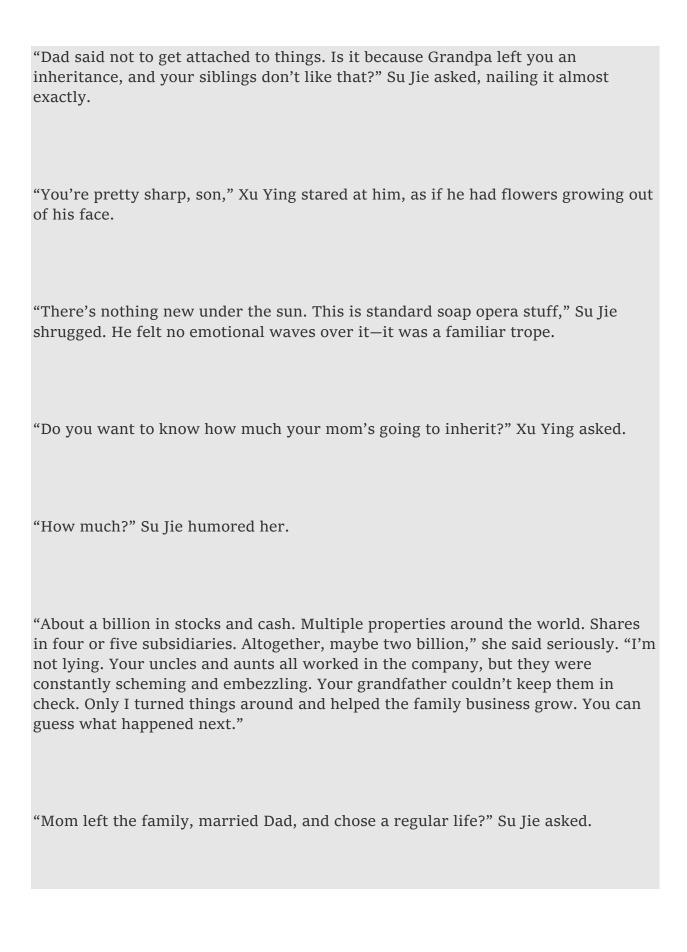
Then, his soul returned to his physical body.
He suddenly realized just how filthy, fragile, and impermanent the human body was compared to the sphere.
At last, he understood the Buddhist scripture that said: "The body is like crystal—pure and free from defilement."
The snow-covered world was pure. The crystal sphere was pure. Only his body was impure.
Is this what they mean by "a sack of stinking flesh"? The thought flickered throug Su Jie's mind.
With that, his practice with the crystal sphere entered a new level.
Dawn broke.
It was already around five or six in the morning.



While waiting for the flight, Xu Ying looked at Su Jie's calm demeanor and couldn't help asking, "Aren't you curious what your grandfather does?"
"Probably some big tycoon," Su Jie guessed casually, not really taking it to heart.
"Something happened when you were at Minglun Martial Arts Academy, didn't it? You came back a changed person." Xu Ying had long noticed her son's transformation. But since his grades remained top of the class, and he had also started working out, plus she'd been busy, she hadn't given it much attention.
Now that she finally had a moment, she decided to talk heart-to-heart.
"What's changed about me? I'm just working harder and exercising. Isn't that a good thing?" Su Jie laughed.
"That's not what I meant. You're more mature now—but also more withdrawn," Xu Ying said, worried.
"Being quiet is a bad thing?" Su Jie grinned. "The Analects say: 'Resolute, simple, slow to speak, close to virtue.' Or in modern terms: Your boy Su's got street cred—strong, silent, and serious!"
Smack!







"Aren't you even tempted by that kind of money?" Xu Ying was surprised by her son's calmness.
"It's precisely because there's so much that it feels unreal," Su Jie smiled. "Besides, holding onto it probably wouldn't bring peace of mind. We're better off making our own money and living life honestly. Soon you'll retire and enjoy life. I'm already making money—tens of thousands a month."
"That won't last," Xu Ying replied. She had a general idea of what he was doing. "You beat a pro fighter, got a bit of fame in niche circles, started hosting training matches and attracting enthusiasts—but the novelty will wear off. You're basically an internet celeb. That kind of thing has a short shelf life. If I'm right, next year your income will drop. A few million max. Sure, it's a fortune to most, but it's windfall—not stable, scalable business. A good company doesn't rely on any one person. Your little club falls apart without you. What, you don't believe me?"
She noticed Su Jie was lost in thought.
"I know the drawbacks. But I'm still in school. Once I finish college, we'll see. For now, I'll earn if I can, and if not, so be it," Su Jie said. From just a few lines, he could tell his mom had serious business chops. "Besides, I'm still young—a high schooler. Even if I did start a business now, people would look down on me. No facial hair, no credibility."
"That's true," Xu Ying nodded. "Not just others—I don't find you reliable either. You're too young. Who'd trust you in business?"

"That's all secondary. I'm more worried about my sister," Su Jie said, shifting to a more serious topic. "She works for Haoyu. I've met Feng Yuxuan and his brother Feng Hengyi—they're lawless. I told her to quit, but she refuses. I suspect her old company's sudden bankruptcy and debt mess had Feng Yuxuan behind it."

He then told his mom about being threatened by Feng Hengyi's thug Grey Wolf, and also by Feng Yuxuan himself.

He had kept this from his parents to avoid worrying them.

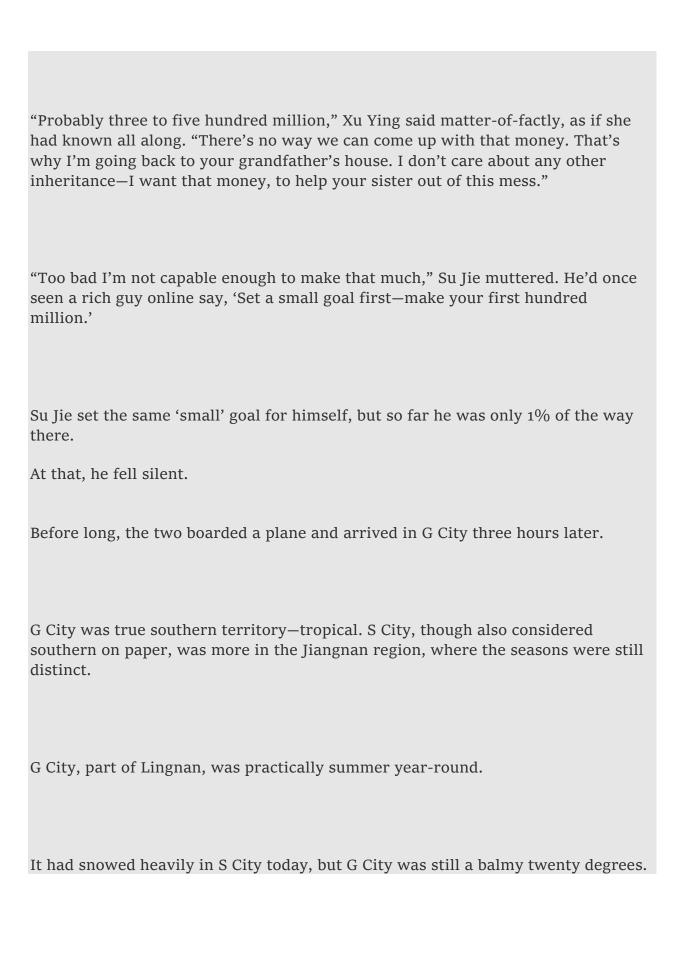
But now he felt it was better to lay everything out and figure things out together.

His mom didn't seem like the impulsive type. She had more social experience than him—maybe she'd have some ideas.

Chapter 87: The Things Remain, but the People Have Changed

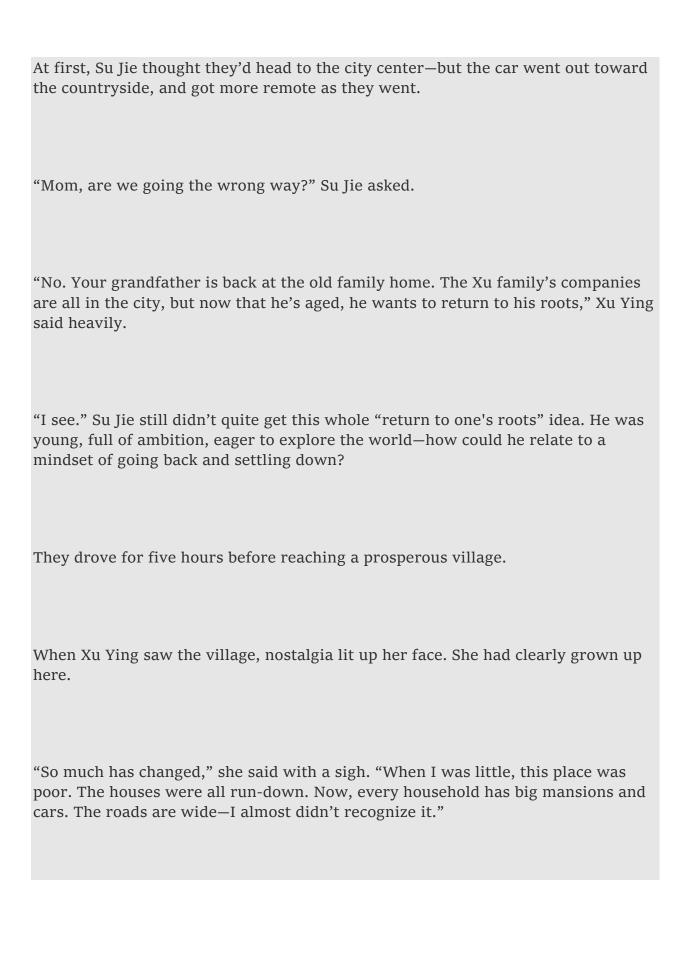
"Feng Shoucheng is extremely formidable—a true schemer," Mom, Xu Ying, said after a pause. As expected, she didn't react emotionally but instead took her time to think it through. "When your sister first started her business, I thought it was just a game—college dorm friends pooling money together seemed totally normal. I

never imagined they'd actually make something of it. At the time, I was busy applying for my professorship and didn't pay close attention. In the end, your sister's startup was acquired by the Feng family, and she signed a harsh performance-based agreement. Honestly, I saw it clearly—your sister's product had strong market potential. The Feng family saw it, laid a trap, and she fell for it But by the time I realized, it was too late."
"Is there anything we can do now?" Su Jie felt conflicted. He might be skilled in martial arts with an exceptional mindset, but in the grand scheme of society, he was still insignificant—he couldn't really help his sister out of her predicament.
Not to mention, he couldn't even afford to buy the family a decent house yet.
Li Xiaozhen's apartment was really nice, but Su Jie had looked it up online—worth nearly fifty million now, and that's not counting taxes and agent fees. It was an empty unit.
"To be honest, I didn't want to come back to my parents' home," Xu Ying said. "Part of it was wanting to see your grandfather one last time. The other part was to see if there's any way to get your sister out of her bind. With her technical skills, it's nothing for her to earn a few million a year at a reputable company. Living steadily is better than anything."
"If she jumps ship now, breaks free of the Feng family, how much would she have to pay?" Su Jie asked. "I've asked my sister so many times, but she never gave me an answer."



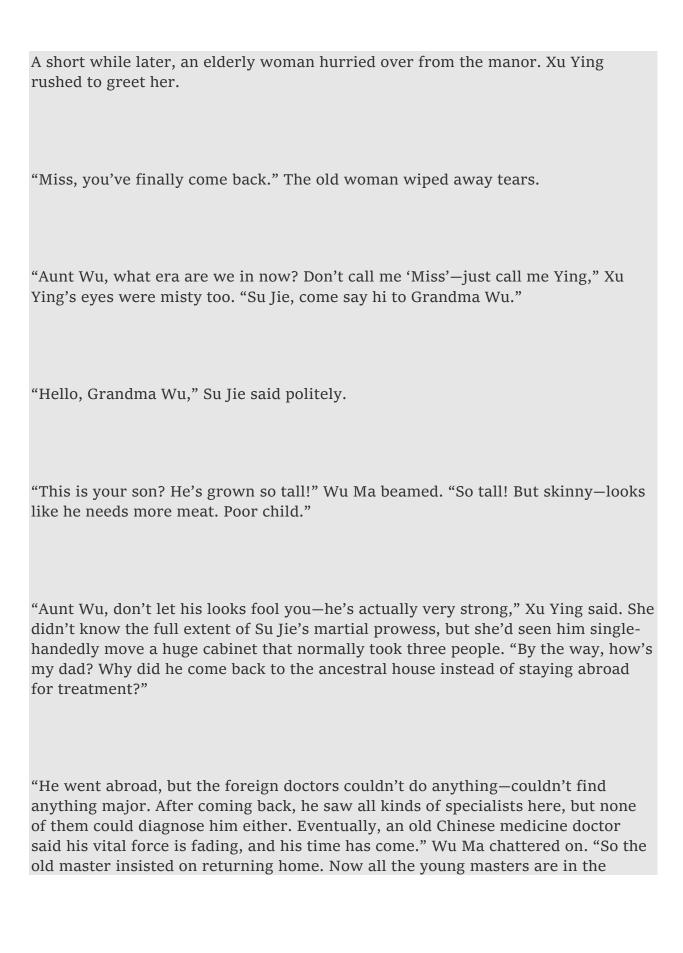
Many people started stripping off their heavy down jackets as soon as they got off the plane.
It was Su Jie's first time in the deep south, and everything felt novel. Palm and coconut trees lined the roads, ever green, the air was humid, and you could smell the salty tang of the sea.
He enjoyed the scenery along the way with great interest.
After all, the furthest he'd ever been before was D City, deep in the Central Plains, with a totally different culture and atmosphere.
Now, in a completely unfamiliar place, experiencing unfamiliar customs and lifestyle, he felt himself come alive again—refreshed and reawakened.
'Looks like this summer break, I need to travel the world. Now that I've gotten into college, life's a lot more relaxed. Read ten thousand books, travel ten thousand miles,' Su Jie thought. He had indeed hit the books hard these past few months—one could say he had read his ten thousand books.
But the travel? That part he'd yet to fulfill.

He thought of Coach Odell, who traveled the world seeking strange phenomena, forgotten myths, tirelessly pursuing supernatural powers.
Maybe that was why Odell had grown so strong.
Su Jie immersed himself in the city's atmosphere. He felt that every city had its own unique character—countless people combined with local culture to create something wholly its own. Geography and human spirit came together to form style, to shape a soul.
Before, he never truly felt this. Now, he saw it clearly—every city in the world seemed alive. This wasn't some artsy sentimentality—it was a deep, quiet intuition, a sense that ordinary people might never perceive.
Feng Shui.
The phrase surfaced in his mind.
But before he could dwell on it, Mom hailed a car.



"You're from this village?" the driver asked. "This place is something else. Produced some serious tycoons. Look there—that's the Xu family's ancestral home Renovated, of course. They've got so much money, not even trucks can haul it all. hear they own towers overseas, land everywhere. The ancestral house is paved with gold bricks, hundreds of servants. All because their ancestors are buried in some Feng Shui treasure spot. Some people are just born lucky."
"Not necessarily," Su Jie replied. "The Xu family likely caught a good era for development and knew how to run their businesses. Feng Shui might've helped, but that's just icing on the cake. If national conditions were bad, no amount of personal Feng Shui would make a difference."
"Young people shouldn't talk nonsense—watch your mouth or the spirits will com for you," the driver scolded. "We drivers can't afford to say the wrong thing."
Su Jie just smiled and said nothing. He'd heard people around here were deeply superstitious—Feng Shui, fortune-telling, all that. Even the richest families would consult some 'master' before making big decisions.
It was part of the culture, customs passed down over centuries.
After spending a month with Master Ma, Su Jie understood that while Feng Shui, astrology, and face-reading had their logic, in the end, what shaped one's destiny was still the heart. Everything else—external objects and rituals—were just ways to comfort oneself.

"Here we are," Xu Ying told the driver.
They got off at the village entrance. Su Jie looked out toward the foothills and sa a massive estate, a cluster of buildings linked into one huge manor. At the center was a house in the classic "Four-Point Gold" layout.
This style, known as "Four-Point Gold," was a traditional architectural layout us by wealthy Chaoshan families. Similar to a courtyard-style compound.
Such mansions were considered highly auspicious in Feng Shui—said to gather wealth, nurture health, and bless descendants.
Of course, there was some architectural merit to that. Good houses, properly designed, could improve one's mood and mental clarity. Over time, that mental clarity led to wisdom. If built in a good location—beautiful mountains and clear waters—it was only natural for such places to produce talented people.
"We're here," Xu Ying said. Seeing Su Jie looking around and occasionally zoning out, she thought he was just curious about the new environment. "Let's see your grandfather first."
Standing at the edge of the village, staring at the estate, Xu Ying didn't go in. Instead, she made a phone call.



house, yelling and arguing. You two haven't eaten, have you? I'll take you to the side house and make something."
Just as she was about to turn, Wu Ma added, "Miss, I heard them talking about you the other day—gritting their teeth, not saying nice things. When you go in, try to keep your distance. Also, the old master invited some powerful Feng Shui master to help with his funeral arrangements. Women can't be present. Wait until the master leaves, then go see him."
"I understand," Xu Ying said. She knew all too well—if the will had any inheritance for her, the rest of the family would be seething with jealousy.
Wu Ma led them in through a side entrance of the estate. High walls surrounded the place. Corridors, courtyards, open skylights—everything exuded an old-world charm.
It made Su Jie feel like he'd stepped into the past. Especially hearing the way people still called each other "young master" and "miss," he felt like this place wa a century behind the rest of the world. And that whole "no women allowed" nonsense? Completely mind-boggling.
Wu Ma went to the kitchen.
Xu Ying sat in the small room, lost in thought.

Suddenly, clanging sounds came from a nearby courtyard.

He passed through a few corridors and archways, and saw a few young men practicing martial arts. They wore heavy iron rings on their arms, pushing forward in circular motions. They were training in a Southern style known as Iron Wire Fist.

Chapter 88: An Encounter with a Master

They had numerous iron rings hanging from their arms, each weighing about two or three jin. With every ounce of strength they could muster, some of them turned bright red in the face. Holding a horse stance, their legs trembled as if they were

Su Jie knew that this "Iron Wire Fist" was an essential training method within Southern-style martial arts. It greatly helped in building strength and originally came from Hung Gar. In the history of Southern martial arts, it was first passed on by the Monk Jueyin to "Iron Bridge Three (Leung Kwan)," who taught it to Lam

These young men were all around twenty years old.

on the verge of collapse.

Fook-sing, then to Wong Fei-hung, and later to "Lam Sai-wing." Eventually, it was documented and widely promoted.
Later on, styles like Wing Chun and other Southern fists also adopted iron rings to train "bridge power."
In Southern styles, the arms are referred to as "bridges."
This kind of training involves both internal and external hardening.
Because the iron rings clang against each other, the wrists, skin, and underlying tendons and bones are constantly jarred. Over time, this makes the arms as tough as iron. Just a light clash during a fight can leave the opponent overwhelmed.
In many villages throughout the South, martial arts are deeply rooted in the culture and have even blended into lion dancing, Cantonese opera, and other artistic traditions.
To Su Jie's surprise, there were still young people practicing here in this manor.
This was the ancestral estate of the Xu family. At the center stood a grand courtyard called the "Four Golden Points," and surrounding it were buildings that appeared to all belong to the Xu clan—clearly a tightly-knit family compound.

In southern China, it's common for extended families to live in clusters—a habit developed during the turbulent days of the past.
"This training may be tough now, but one day you'll see its benefits," said the martial arts instructor, a middle-aged man wearing a pitch-black, button-up changshan. He had a long beard, held a teapot in one hand, and a stick in the other. Whenever a young man slacked off, he lashed out without hesitation. "You're all from this village. After the New Year, our company is expanding abroad. If you don't train properly, you might just die out there. Doing business in the Middle East or Africa isn't as safe as being in China. Those places are crawling with bandits."
'I see,' Su Jie thought to himself. The Xu family's business had clearly extended overseas, particularly in volatile regions where, while opportunities abound, danger is never far behind.
Su Jie had once read online about Chinese folks running restaurants in Iraq, serving American soldiers who'd even roll up in tanks. Some would pay with expensive military equipment. Within a year, these restaurant owners had made millions. But the risk was enormous—gunfights and ambushes were common.
For ordinary people raised in peaceful modern China, such environments are unimaginable.
Doing business in war zones presents immense opportunity—especially in material trade—but the price is your life on the line.

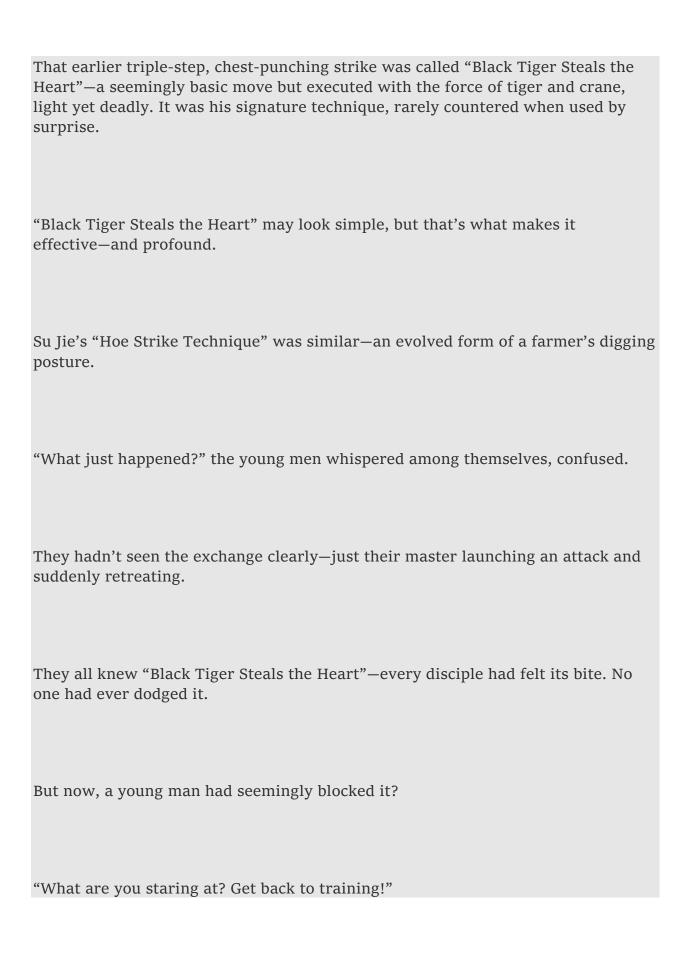
The Xu family was evidently pushing hard into foreign markets and had done quite well in international trade. They now needed young men as security personnel, much like the armed escorts of old martial arts courier agencies. And these security staff had to be recruited locally—people they knew and trusted. Trust is everything in such environments; a stranger might turn on you, and in a war zone, death could come at any moment. Su Jie watched for a while and realized the instructor was no average teacher. His moves were swift as wind, thunderous in force, crashing like waves, and rolling like boulders. His strikes were powerful and deep, completely different from the short, compact nature typical of Southern fists. There was even a hint of the open, expansive style found in Northern martial arts. Yet all his movements were clearly rooted in Southern-style techniques. This was someone who had mastered the art and incorporated elements from many schools. "In Southern-style martial arts, hatred is the most important thing," the instructor said. "When you practice, imagine a man in front of you who killed your parents, violated your wife and daughters, mocked you, humiliated you, and trampled on you. You must kill him. Use the techniques you've learned to kill him. Only by cultivating this hatred will your skills grow rapidly. Only when driven by revenge

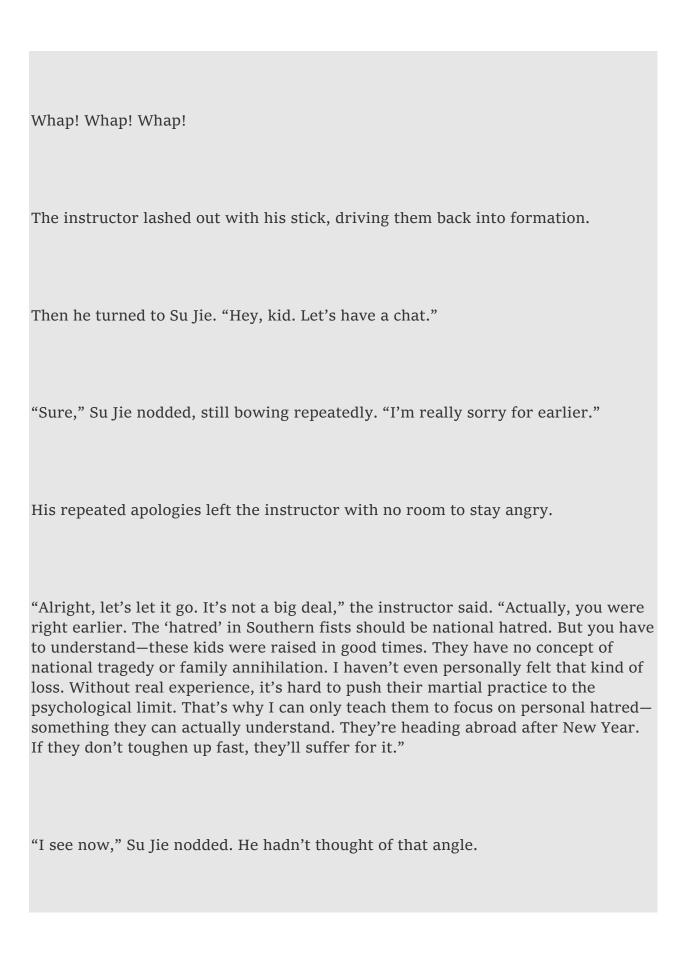
can a person truly dedicate themselves fully to something."

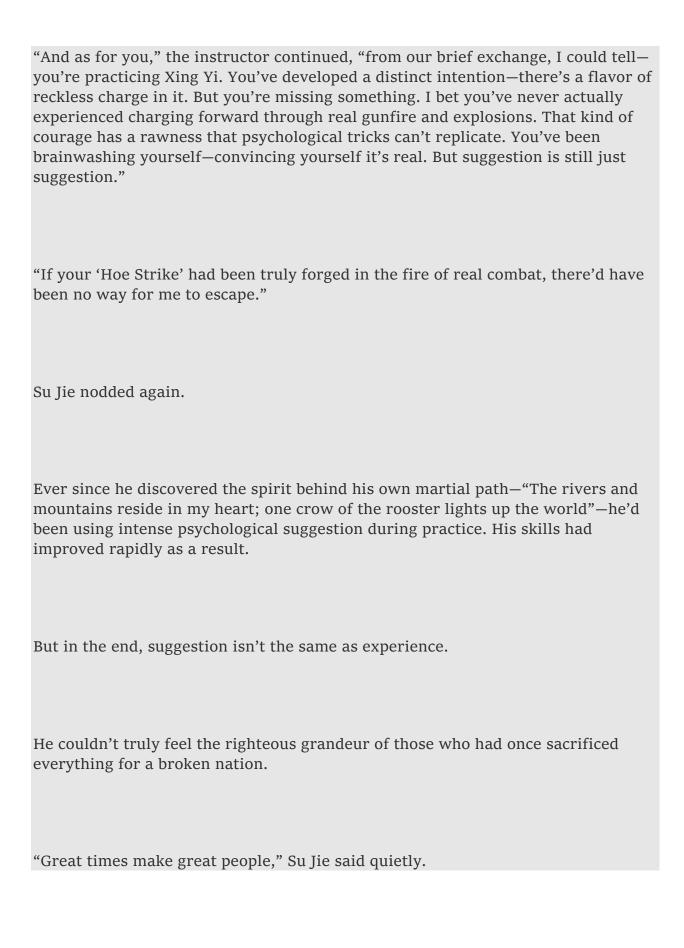
Su Jie couldn't hold back: "The hatred in Southern-style martial arts is about national hatred, not personal vendetta. Training with personal revenge may improve your skills quickly, but it narrows the heart and warps the mind. You'll never reach the realm of a true master."
He knew it was rude to interrupt someone's teaching—especially among old-school martial arts instructors, it could be seen as an affront worthy of a duel.
But times had changed, and Su Jie genuinely didn't want to see martial arts veer away from their greater purpose.
"Who the hell are you, brat? You've been watching this whole time and I didn't say a word. Now you dare spout nonsense?"
The instructor was enraged—his voice thundered.
Whoosh!
With that shout, the instructor was already in front of Su Jie, his fist thrusting toward Su Jie's chest like a spear or an arrow.

Though he'd started out four or five meters away, with several steps in between, he used some unknown footwork, bounding forward in a few steps like a leaping gazelle, and appeared before Su Jie almost instantly.
That level of movement skill would put him among the elite even in parkour.
Su Jie, however, was no slouch. In the blink of an eye, he compressed his body, folding his torso and raising a knee like a shield to block his whole body—then charged forward.
Most people faced with an attack instinctively backpedal, dodge, or block. Even pro fighters do the same. But Su Jie, through countless bouts, psychological conditioning, and spiritual discipline, had eliminated the urge to retreat. His only instinct was to charge forward.
He imagined himself a soldier "offering his life for his country, ready to die without hesitation."
He saw himself as a hoe and pickaxe—a humble but unstoppable force.
With this mindset, the instructor felt his attack interrupted before reaching full power. Suddenly, a five-fingered palm came down like a mountain, bearing down on him.

He was stunned.	
He'd assumed Su Jie was just another overconfident youth and meant only to him a scare. He didn't expect to be met with such a ferocious response.	give
In that critical moment, the instructor abruptly pulled back, retreating.	
While falling back, he struck again with a punch and a kick to break Su Jie's momentum.	
But Su Jie didn't pursue. He'd been defending himself all along, with no interspar. The opponent's fierce aggression had simply triggered a reflexive "Hoe Strike" counter.	
"My apologies," Su Jie said, standing up. "I spoke out of turn."	
"Was that Xin Yi Ba (Heart Intent Fist)?" The instructor stood firm, bracing himself in case Su Jie charged again.	
From that brief exchange, he could already tell Su Jie was no ordinary fighte	r.







"Exactly. A new era demands a new spirit." The instructor and Su Jie seemed to be having a Zen-like exchange that only the two of them could understand. "What's your name, Master? I'm Su Jie," he asked. He hadn't expected to meet such a formidable figure here. If they really fought, who would win was uncertain. But in terms of understanding martial arts, this master was his equal. "I'm Huang Dingyi," the instructor said, taking out his phone. "Let's add each other. I've got a martial arts school in G City—and an app for training. You should download it." **Chapter 89: Sinister Intentions Revealed**

"Why is your app rating so low? I logged in and it crashed immediately. Your tech

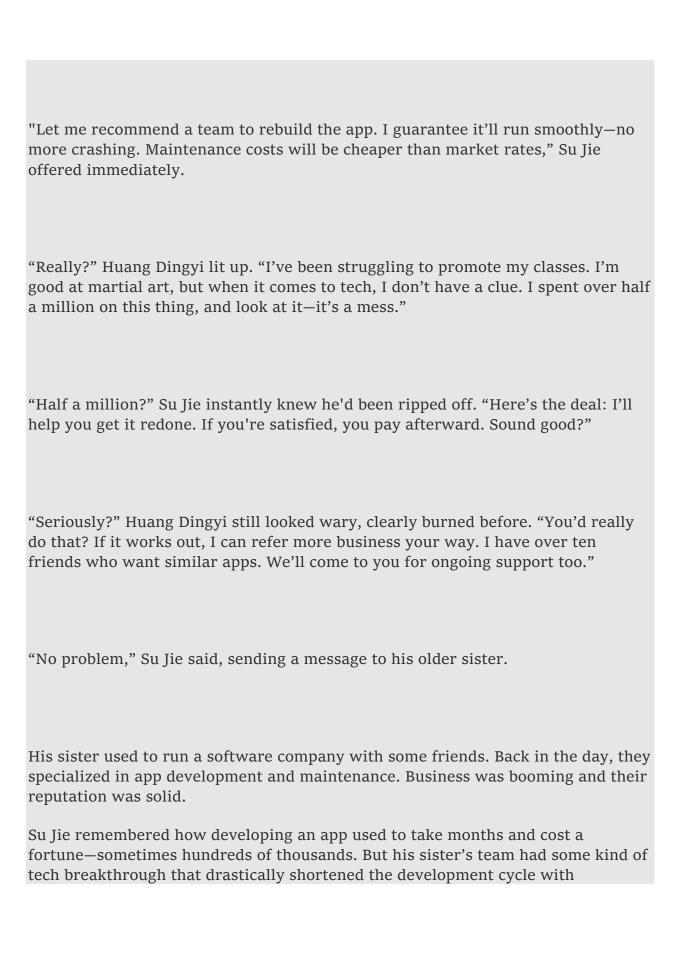
Su Jie pulled out his phone and downloaded the app. As soon as he logged in, it crashed. After a few tries, he barely managed to get it running, but it was so laggy

Seeing this, the martial arts instructor Huang Dingyi looked a bit embarrassed.

"My student made it for me. The tech isn't great."

team really dropped the ball."

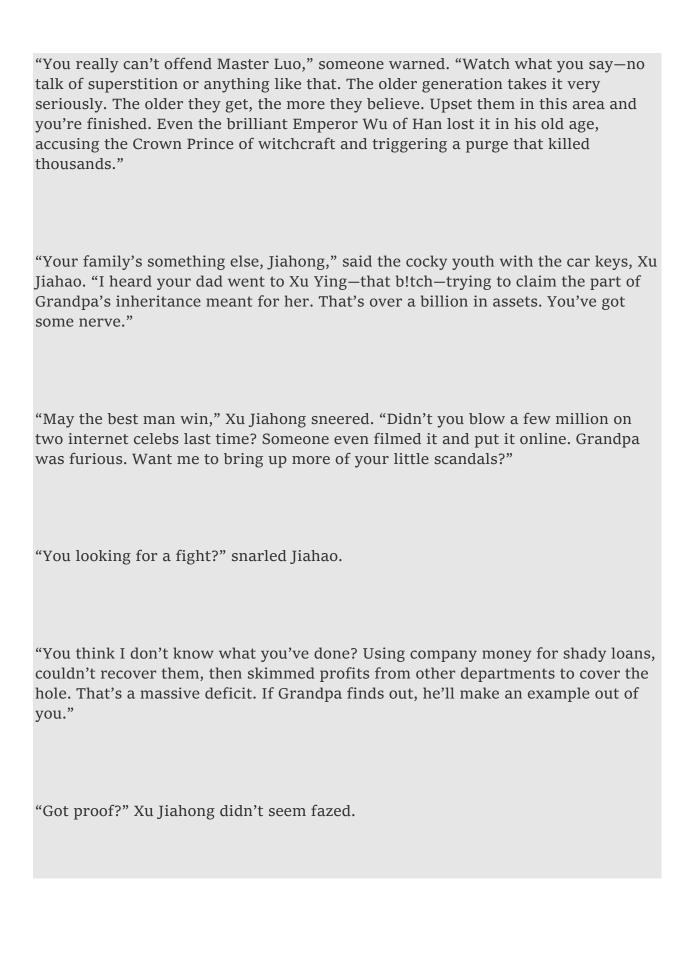
he gave up.



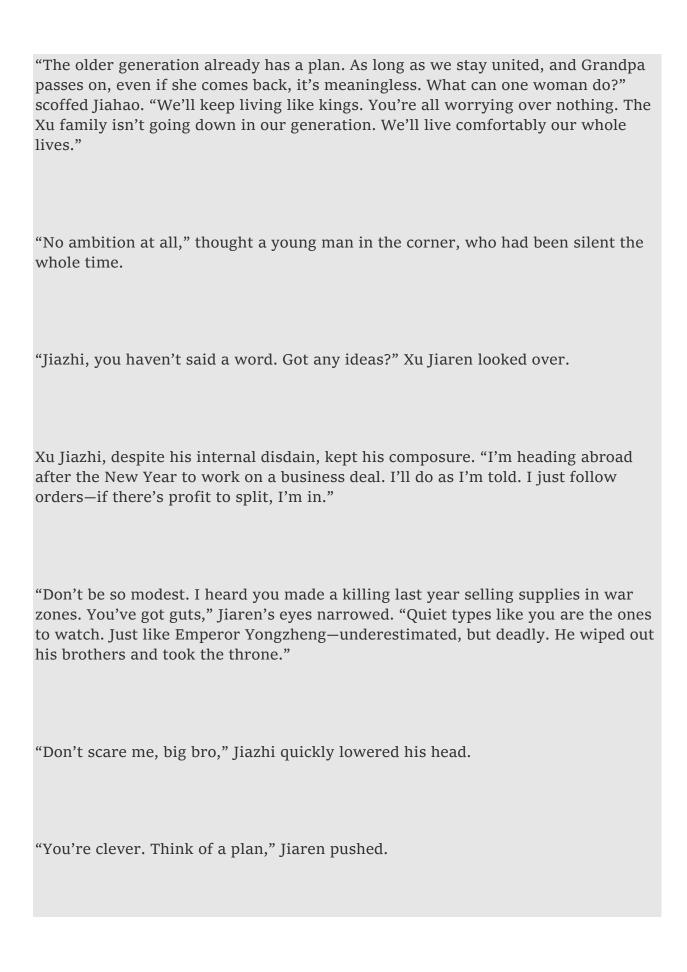
impressive efficiency.
Unfortunately, after landing a massive contract, things went south. They lost a tor of money and the company's reputation tanked.
At the time, Su Jie hadn't understood what happened. Now he suspected Haoyu Group had seen the potential in his sister's tech, deliberately sabotaged them, drove the company into the ground, and then swooped in acting like saviors.
He'd even overheard Feng Yuxuan from Haoyu Group admit to it—and had recorded it, though the recording was later stolen.
The more he learned, the more he realized how tragic the downfall of his sister's company was—and the more he despised Feng Yuxuan and his cronies at Haoyu Group.
Although she now worked for Haoyu, his sister and her team still took on side projects after hours to make extra income.
Su Jie didn't know all the ins and outs of the tech world, but even he could see Huang Dingyi's app was basic. His sister could redo it in her sleep.
Landing her a client meant some income, and ongoing maintenance would bring in steady cash.

The young martial arts students standing nearby were dumbfounded to see Su Jie and Master Huang deep in conversation about mobile apps. The scene felt totally out of place. But none of them dared relax—Huang's teaching style was notoriously strict. He didn't hesitate to use a stick, and he sometimes beat them black and blue with no one to complain to.
"Dinner time!"
Just as Su Jie and Huang were hitting it off, his mom Xu Ying called out from across the courtyard.
"Sorry, I've got to eat," Su Jie said, getting up to leave.
"No worries at all." Huang exchanged contact info with him. "Come by and chat more when you have time."
From that conversation alone, Huang had developed a good impression of Su Jie.
Meanwhile

In the central building of the estate, seven or eight young men and women had gathered, seemingly deep in discussion. Among them was Xu Jiahong.
"Grandpa really is preparing for the end," said a young man decked out in luxury, twirling a car key in his fingers—completely at odds with the old-style courtyard around him. "He brought in Master Luo to pick out a burial site."
"They say there are three top geomancy masters in China—Luo in the North, Mao in the South, Ma in the Center. Who knows if it's true," said another young man. "I heard Haoyu Group's Feng Shoucheng keeps Master Mao on retainer. That's supposedly why Haoyu has done so well. Grandpa paid a fortune to get Master Luo and told everyone not to show even a hint of disrespect. Even we aren't allowed near while the elders are with him."
"Why is Grandpa so obsessed with this feng shui stuff?" a young woman sneered. "We can't even sit at the table during ancestor worship meals. What century is this? I feel like venting online."
"Count yourself lucky," said another woman, clutching a designer handbag and wearing flashy lipstick. "Try raising a fuss now, and Grandpa will cut your whole branch of the family out of the inheritance. If Master Luo hears you badmouthing him and gets offended, forget Grandpa—even your own father would disown you and leave you penniless."
The earlier girl quickly shut her mouth, terrified of being reported.



"You really want me to bring it out?" Xu Jiahao wasn't backing down either.
"Enough." A man around 35 finally spoke. He was the same one who'd brought up Emperor Wu's downfall—Xu Jiaren, the eldest of their generation. "You two tearing into each other—isn't this family chaotic enough? The Xu family looks strong, but most of our businesses are in dying industries. We could collapse fast. Remember the Jia family from Dream of the Red Chamber? They were bigger than us—then gone overnight. If Grandpa passes, we'll lose access to all his connections. Our business might drop by 40–50%. Will you still be living large then?"
"Don't lecture us just because you're two years older," snapped Xu Jiahong. "Acting all noble—weren't you the one who bought a mansion in the U.S. under the company's name, then somehow made it personal property? That's a bigger move than any of us. And that starlet you keep on the side already gave you two sons, right?"
"You've grown bold," Jiaren looked mildly surprised. He had thought his younger cousins were just spoiled brats, but clearly, some were more calculating than they let on. "Fine. Right now, we need to stand together. Xu Ying ran off all those years ago—why would Grandpa leave her anything, much less let her manage part of the family business? This isn't just about giving her ten billion in assets. It's about putting her on the board, overseeing us. She used to handle a lot of overseas operations for Grandpa. She's dangerous."
"In the end, Grandpa just wants her to work for the family again," said Xu Jiahong "But we'll pay the price. We need to stop this woman before she becomes a problem."



"I really don't have one," Jiazhi said firmly, sticking to his low-profile approach.
Just then, a burly man in camouflage rushed in and whispered something into Jiaren's ear.
"I see. Go," Jiaren said, his face forming a cold smile. He clapped his hands. "Here's some news: Xu Ying just snuck back into the estate with her son. Wu Ma let them in and is cooking for them in the side house. Looks like they're going to see Grandpa soon. So what do we do?"
"D*mn it." Jiahao spat. "That bitch came back and brought her b*stard kid? Trying to get him a piece of the inheritance too? What a joke."
"It might actually work," Jiahong added fuel to the fire. "Old folks lose their minds in old age. Grandpa thinks we're all unreliable and only trusts Xu Ying to run the business. Has he forgotten? If she hadn't run away from that arranged marriage, our alliance with the Zhang family would have happened—and our reach would be global by now."
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Chapter 90: Bullying Beyond Reason: A Shiny Exterior, Rotten Within

"Indeed, what happened back then did great harm to our Xu family," Xu Jiren nodded in agreement.

"You men are truly pathetic," a woman sneered. "Since when does the strength of the Xu family rely on a woman's marriage alliance? Of course, I don't like Xu Ying and think she should disappear, but I'm also a Xu woman. If the time comes when I need to make sacrifices, I'd do the same as her. But I wouldn't be as foolish—I'd still take what's mine."

"Well said," a few other women chimed in, clearly united: "Let me tell you, nowadays men and women are equal. When the old man kicks the bucket, we're not letting a single cent slip past us."

"You're all pretty bold," Xu Jiahong's gaze was sharp, his thoughts unreadable. "But everything depends on the old man's will. If he leaves everything to Xu Ying to manage and distribute, we won't even get the scraps."

"No way that's happening," Xu Jiahao said carelessly. "The old man is a die-hard s9xist. If he leaves her anything at all, that's already a huge favor. But speaking of which, what do we do now? Big Brother, this needs your decision. It'd be best if Xu Ying left voluntarily and never came back. That way, the old man would be disappointed in her and might change his will. The only reason he values her is her usefulness—take that away, and he's got no reason to give her anything."

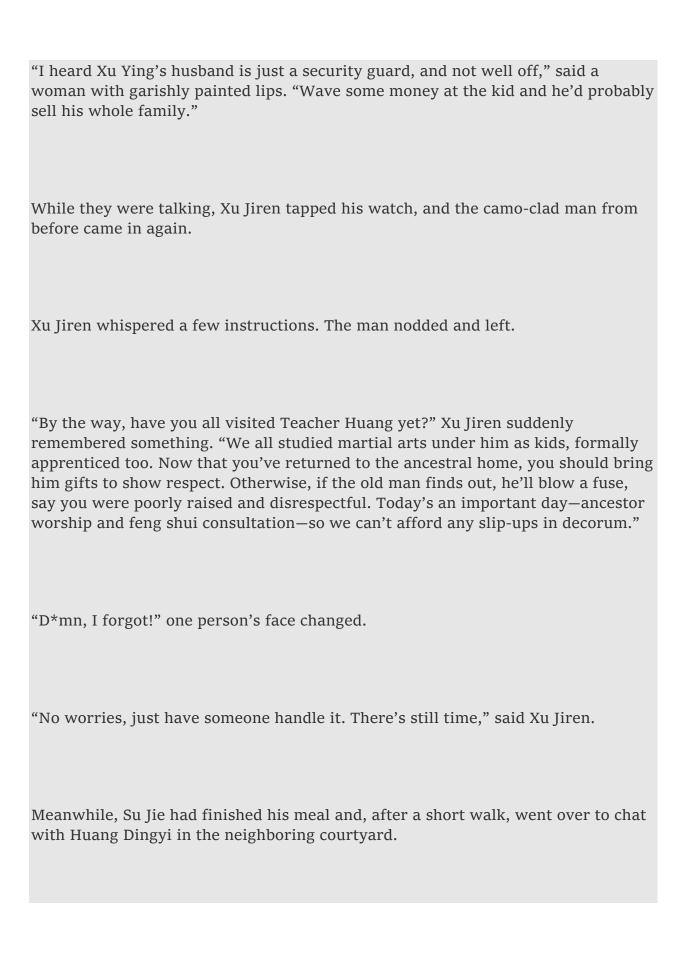
"Jiahao, you're not so useless after all," Xu Jiren mused. "I thought you were just a playboy who drinks, gambles, and chases influencers. But this plan to cut her off at the root isn't bad. So how do we make her leave? She's still our elder. If we go too far, it'll bring shame to the family, and if the old man finds out, we're all screwed. Worse, she might flip the narrative and put us on the back foot."

"Hold on..." Xu Jiahong said, "Didn't that b!tch Xu Ying bring along a little b*stard? What if we mess with the kid and get him to do something outrageous—cause a big scene? Today's the ancestor worship and tomb site selection, everyone in the clan is here. If he screws up, no one will save him."

"Not impossible," Xu Jiren nodded. "But Jiahong, isn't it a bit vicious to use such a plan on a kid?"

"Can't be a real man without a bit of poison. Besides, Big Brother, don't act so righteous. You've pulled off nastier schemes than this." Xu Jiahong couldn't stand Xu Jiren's fake virtue—clean on the surface, dirty underneath.

"Well, he doesn't carry the Xu name, but technically he's of our generation," Xu Jiren ignored the jab and started giving orders. "Bring the brat over. Let's have a look."



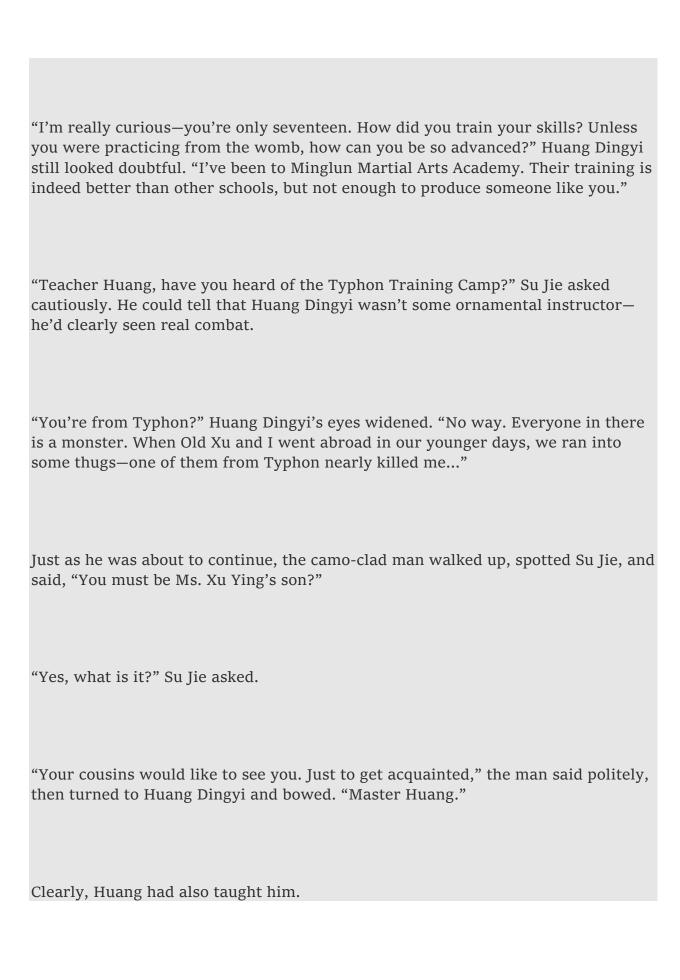
This time, their conversation wasn't about mobile apps but martial arts.

Huang Dingyi was intrigued by Su Jie's Hoe Strike technique. After watching him perform it twice, he couldn't help but marvel: "It's true what they say—Shaolin is the source of all martial arts. The strongest Shaolin technique is Heart Intent Fist. I once saw someone who had mastered it; they could kill like mowing grass. Though it seems simple, with just one rising-and-falling move repeated, it contains immense inner strength, intention, and Chan meditation. But sadly, 99% of people brush it off and switch to flashier techniques."

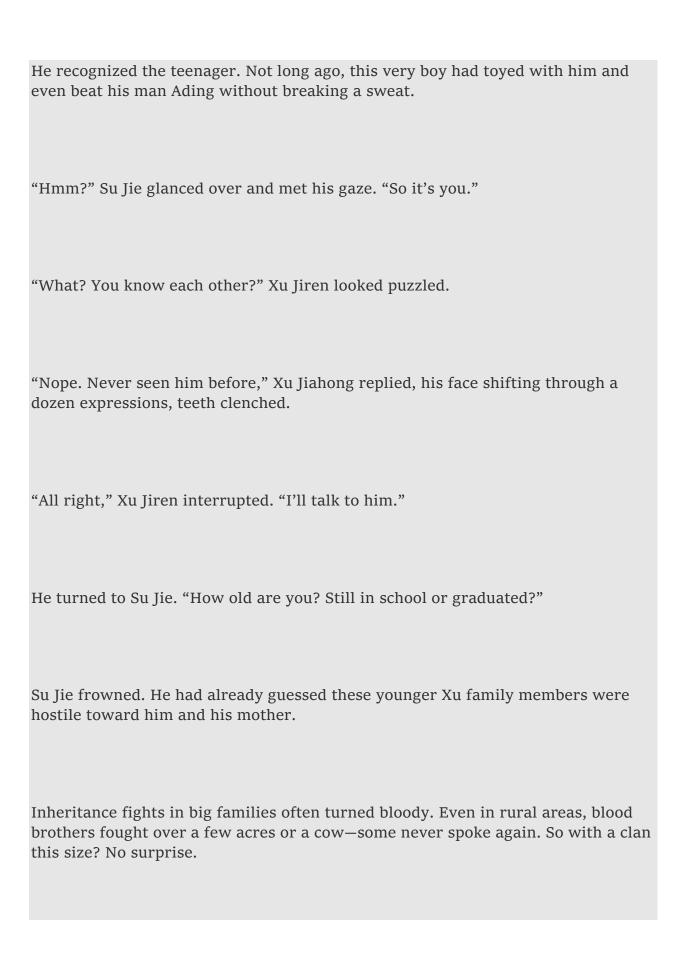
"Exactly. I didn't get it at first either and thought it was useless. But once I understood it, the more I practiced, the more amazing it felt," Su Jie said. "All techniques can be integrated into it, generating endless variations."

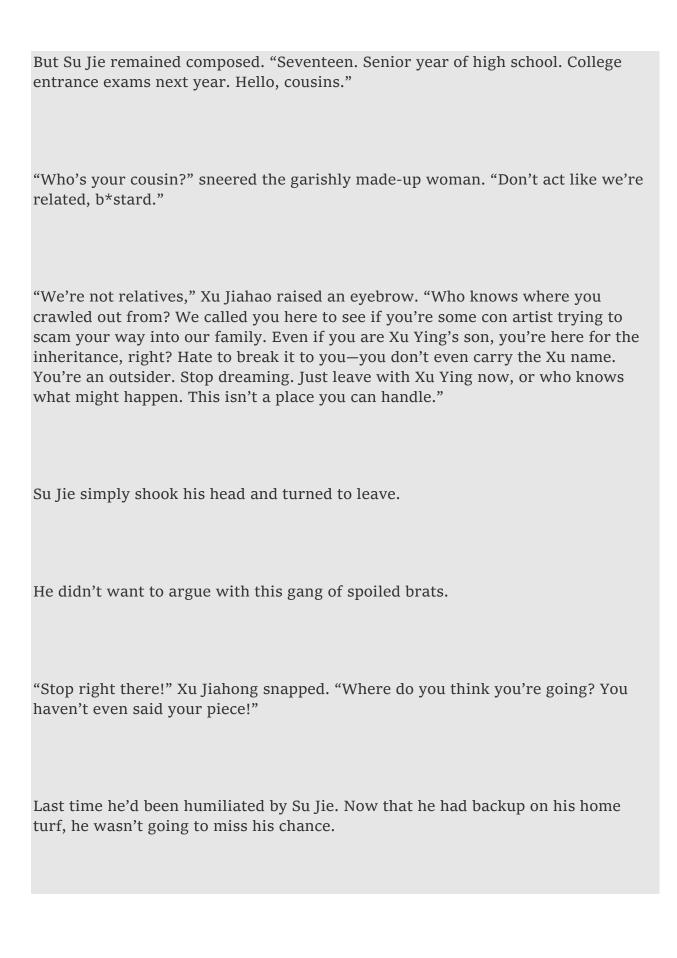
"Of course. That's why Shaolin treated it as an untransmittable secret," Huang Dingyi said. "Frankly, Shaolin's techniques have all been deconstructed by now. Most of it is available online—there are no more secrets. After the Thirteen Staff Monks rescued the Tang Emperor, Shaolin was rewarded and prospered, training warriors through every dynasty. In the Yuan Dynasty, Master Xue Ting Fuyu became the imperial tutor to Kublai Khan and openly promoted martial arts. Later, Masters Jue Yuan and Bai Yufeng compiled all martial arts manuals, creating the Five Animal Styles—early internal arts. Southern styles like Hung Gar came from Southern Shaolin. Wing Chun was developed by Abbess Ng Mui based on Shaolin's Snake and Crane techniques. So at the end of the day, we're all from the same lineage."

"True martial arts require people to live and train together, day in and day out. With time, the best techniques naturally emerge," Su Jie said. "Just like in modern scientific research."









"What more do you want?" Su Jie asked. "If there's nothing else, I'm leaving."
"You think the Xu family's a place you can just walk in and out of?" Xu Jiahao stepped forward. "Maybe you stole something and are trying to run? Grandpa said Xu Ying used to steal stuff when she was a kid. Then she embezzled from the company and got kicked out. You're her son—don't tell me you picked up her thieving habits? Ah Hua, take him to the side room and search him. And get him a change of clothes. What's this stink? When's the last time you washed?"
"HAHAHAHA" several women burst out laughing.
"Xu Jiahao, you're still pulling these stunts, huh?" one woman cackled. "Heard last time you made a waiter in a bar wear panties on his head and dance for spilling your drink."
"Didn't you practically assault the bridesmaid at Xiao Wu's wedding?" another added.
Even Xu Jiren chuckled. He knew Jiahao was a certified playboy who loved tormenting people, but he also had a knack for hiding deeper intentions behind his antics. This little prank on Su Jie might seem childish, but the goal was to provoke him into overreacting—then they'd twist it into something bigger.
And if it got out of hand? Just call it a "joke" and laugh it off.