

Reborn at Boot Camp: General, Don't Mess Around!

Chapter 7: Showing Talents for the First Time

After the black shadow dashed in front of her, it barked and stood up, placing its forelimbs onto her shoulders.

Heiga was so close that Ye Jian could clearly see a tinge of fresh blood hanging on its sharp fangs.

It was the Tibetan Mastiff, Heiga, with a pungent smell coming from its nose and mouth.

“Don't move.”

“Don't move.”

She heard several whispers at the same time. The four soldiers behind Ye Jian were indicating her to calm down. She should not scream or make any visible movements.

Smelling a hint of bloody scent in front of her nose, Ye Jian did not move. Instead, she tried to relax her shoulders and slowly adjusted her breathing frequency.

Tibetan Mastiffs can combat tigers. Staying still was her best option.

Grandpa Gen didn't react right away either. Instead, he clapped gently three times. Heiga, whose fur was standing upright, barked in a deep voice and revealed its fangs ferociously as if it was about to bite Ye Jian's neck in the next second.

After she and the dog looked at each other for several seconds, Heiga barked in a low voice as it raised its forelimbs and stayed away from Ye Jian. Then, it leaned beside Grandpa Gen obediently.

The composed Ye Jian breathed gently and finished her sentence with a smile, “Grandpa, let's go inside, I have something to tell you.”

There were many brave people, but not every audacious person could be as calm as this girl. The four soldiers were aware of what a Tibetan Mastiff could do.

Not to mention that this Tibetan Mastiff of Grandpa Gen was the first generation of the Iron Generals in the army. It was excellent when it came to combat power, reaction speed, and ferociousness.

Terrified by Tibetan Mastiffs, ordinary soldiers might not wet their pants, but surely their faces would turn pale.

But the little girl in front of them could finish her sentence with composure. How admirable!

It seemed that Grandpa Gen had figured what she was about to say. He glanced at the four men who were looking at Ye Jian in surprise. He nodded at Ye Jian and brought her to a brand new room with new furniture.

“Jian, this house is always ready for you. It's your home. You can come back whenever you want.”

His plain but sincere words moved Ye Jian instantly. She turned around and bowed deeply to Grandpa Gen, “Thank you, Grandpa Gen.”

This was a solemn salute. And it startled Grandpa Gen, an old soldier who had survived fierce battles.

Using his big and callused hands to hold Ye Jian, he said in an old and deep voice, “Girl, you don't need to bow to me.”

“This has always been your home. I'm just guarding it for you while you are away.”

Grandpa Gen exerted his strength to stop Ye Jian from bowing to him again. “Girl, stand up straight! If you want to succeed in this world, you must first stand straight and look confident!”

“Grandpa Gen, thank you.” Ye Jian raised her head, and with a pure gaze, she looked at this senior. His hair was graying at the temples, and he was mentoring her like family. “I will bear your words in mind.”

Grandpa Gen didn't ask Ye Jian why she wanted to come back suddenly. He wouldn't have cleaned up this bedroom in advance if he wanted to ask.

By the time Grandpa Gen and Ye Jian came out from the house, the four soldiers had already finished their noodles and left. The table was spotlessly clean, and the chairs on which they sat were placed neatly beside the table. It seemed like they had never appeared.