



194 Gabriel Fang's Dedication [2]

Performing different movements that were written in the technique book, Gabriel tirelessly lifted his limbs and mustered a small amount of his remaining energy to have the stance completed. He moved in a different series of stances until he finally understood the essence of the form. However, as he still didn't realize the real importance of the technique, he couldn't use it to its peak potential. **1**

Gabriel held a sword, and before him were three dummies. He could have simply destroyed these dummies with his meager attacks, but he chose not to. He was aiming to perform the forms of [Stallion of Formless Art] individually. He wanted to perform each form perfectly, without depending on the urges of his blood and system.

The case with the elite squad in the Mao Mountains was just a miracle or luck for him. He was not convinced that he had mastered the technique. There were still light and images following his movement, but his aim was to get them into an undetectable presence of energy.

It was absurd, but what was written as the version Lucas gave to Gabriel was the revamped version of it. It was stronger and undefendable than the original combination of this technique.

Vam!

A sudden scar on the ground appeared as Gabriel released his energy. His eyes widened as he panicked, watching the result of his action. He just destroyed the ground, which he didn't know how to fix. The dummies could be replaced, but since it was the ground that was cemented, he would have a hard time.

He was inspecting the scars on the ground when, unexpectedly, someone arrived. "You don't have to worry about it."

Gabriel looked at where the voice was coming from and saw an average-built human figure. He then stood up straight and greeted the person, as this person was a captain of a squad in the Northern Alliance. He and his clan carefully lived under the Heavenly Demon Sect. He studied the people associated with the sect and the alliance of the sect. Hence, he knew plenty of reputable people in the sect.

This captain was named Marcus, and he was visiting the sect because of Gabriel Fang. He had been attached to him since, after knowing that Gabriel was the reason why the Great Mao Mountains were in turmoil.

Marcus came from a village near the Mao Mountain. That was why, when he discovered Gabriel's clan in the sect, he would constantly



visit them.

"May I know why? I don't have any money to replace any materials used on this ground."

Marcus smiled while shaking his head. He approached Gabriel and ruffled his hair.

"Kiddo, your clan will start earning money by now. The alliance needed all the help they could get. They need rescuers to evacuate citizens from cities and villages." Marcus stated, which made Gabriel move backward and ask.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"The war between the Northern Continent was about to start. They were sending small troops to cause chaos in the Western Region and Northern Region. Later on, if they wanted to, they could send a full-scale attack."

But, before Gabriel could react, Marcus cut him off with his continuation. "But, you will not come with your clan. You have a greater task to do."

"What is it, sir?"

"You will join the military to fight against the small-scale invasion of the Northern Continent. We have noticed your capabilities and you exceed the standards, kid."

Gabriel couldn't help but feel lighter after hearing those words. Marcus just complimented



his capability, which was thanks to Lucas's help. But, this didn't excite him. What made him excited was the fight. Gabriel was missing the blood touching and splattering onto his skin for some reason. He was missing the scent of iron from the blood.

"If I join, will my clan eat healthier food? Will they get to choose what they want?"

Marcus nodded with an affirming smile.

"Then, I will join. Please let me join."

Marcus paused and had his eyes blank while looking at Gabriel. Afterward, he scoffed.

"You don't have to ask for it; you were chosen."

Cries at each side of Gabriel's ear. He was on the battlefield against the rebels that had appeared in the Eastern Region. After a year passed, Gabriel was dispatched to the most western part of the Eastern Region. He was advised to take a break from the front lines and was tasked with moving to the Eastern Region. Even though he still wanted to fight, due to his promotion, he was given 'forced' privilege.

Gabriel looked at each side. Then, he located where the rebels were in their tightest and most secure position. Most probably, this was where



the center of command could be found. But, he was not rushing; he was still observing the war.

He picked his spear and then swayed it multiple times as enemies ran to him. His spear was covered with an undetectable invisible force that each hit could be the equivalent of a hundred boulders. Gabriel modified the technique to his convenience since he couldn't master it well.

"Bastards!" With a wide grin, he detached multiple heads from their bodies. Then, as blood washed the battlefield more frequently, he grew tired of seeing the same results. He could easily kill them, which could mean that the strongest soldiers in their front lines were starting to disappear.

"Their defense was starting to weaken. This is a great chance to infiltrate through their defense and go for their commander's head!" Gabriel clenched his teeth as he swam through the troops of the rebels running at him.

Using a minimal amount of energy, Gabriel successfully swam through the wave of enemies. It was just easy for him as if he was cutting boiled meat. And just when he noticed a person with an outstanding amount of Qi, he already knew that he had found his target.

"A mere kid dares to block my path?" A slightly fat person said with the intent to threaten him.



'Without the good conditions for external arts, I should expect that his attacks would focus on spiritual energy and techniques.'

Gabriel didn't stall time as he didn't need it in the first place. He just went straight to this person while killing enemies along the way. And just as this person was already infuriated with Gabriel's nonchalant expression, insulting him directly, his sword lit up.

A light blue color covered his sword after he put his index and middle finger on it.

"You are not afraid of me?"

Gabriel didn't reply. Instead, he grabbed the opportunity to break his enemy's confidence by showing his aura.

The air was filled with heavy pressure. Gabriel slowly paced forward, and each step of his affected the people surrounding him.

'What the hell is this?! How could he accumulate such strong killing intent?!

Gabriel was nonstop killing for a whole year. And indulging himself in killing made him a killing machine that would go to anyone's neck as long as they were his enemies. And as he had prepared his aura, he then disappeared out of nowhere.



This action by Gabriel made the commander vigilant. He raised his senses, but he wasn't able to keep up with Gabriel's speed. After a split second, Gabriel was already above him, pointing his spear at the commander's head.

Vam!

A crater was created and dust filled the space around the crater. Everyone's attention was divided towards this epicenter of the explosion-like event. And as they looked at the dust dispersed, they saw the commander in pieces.

The rebels clicked their tongues and acted to retreat, but as their morale was already complicated and already at its doubting stage, the soldiers at Gabriel's side were able to push them and surround them. Until the last of them, Gabriel's side killed them.

Gabriel shoved his hair and fixed his robes, which were covered with dust. He carefully inhaled before leaving the crater and going back to the back lines of the battle.

Resting on a huge boulder, three soldiers approached him and saluted him.

"Report," Gabriel muttered.

"The battle against the Red Camp was already over, sir. The victor was on our side."



Gabriel smirked as he recollected what had just happened a few weeks earlier. Before he was dispatched to the Eastern Region to fight rebels, he was promoted as a captain and temporary general with 300 soldiers under his command.

He raised his head and looked at the three soldiers that reported, nodding.

"Take care of things. Clean up, we will celebrate our clean streak of wins." Then, he smirked after that.

The soldiers' eyes flickered with excitement as they saluted again before leaving. They all ran to their comrades with their joyful news, leaving Gabriel shaking his head in disbelief that he would continue on being a father figure to his men.

'As always, I didn't regret that I became a clan leader. I have changed so much that I am becoming open to others.'