



207 Young General [1]

Gabrel's eyes wandered all around the building. Silently peeking at each event, he was slightly curious about the sparring ring where there were two people currently using it. And as he speculated, this sparring ring was supposed to be their time killer where they use their energy in their free time to hone their skills more. 1

'Amazing... Training is just what a soldier should do.' Gabriel was amazed at their decision. However, despite it being only his speculation, he thought of it highly, feeling responsible for them as he was their new General.

But, after much deliberation, Gabriel decided to observe their demeanor before introducing himself. In this way, he could see what they were lacking and how he should act with them.

Gabriel lifted his body slightly behind the crowd and peered at the sparring ring. He then watched them intently, feeling the hype of the crowd as well as the bets of every watcher.

Someone was collecting the bets, and as the person approached him, he stopped watching and then gave the person his attention.

"Who will you bet on, kiddo? The fight just started, even though it seems to be the red one



is going to be beaten."

"There is no way that this will be a good bet. If this is what normally happens, everyone would bet on the winning one once they saw him fight in the first second.' Gabriel thought.

The fight had indeed just started, but, as the red one was fighting against the blue one, who was bigger than him, it seemed that the red one would be defeated.

Gabriel glanced at the ring and returned his gaze to the bet collector. "What is the credential of the red one."

"He is the best at featherweight, but he decided to add his weight class and this is his first fight." The bet collector said. "If I were you, I would bet on the red one since it has the lowest bet of the fight. Even with a small chance of him winning, the winning prize would be higher than you imagine."

Gabriel scoffed silently as he got intrigued by their system. Even though he was strict sometimes, back in the days he handled his squad, he was someone who would always try to understand people's actions.

His interaction with different people changed his personality deeply. And just as Gabriel was thinking about it, he looked at the red one, who was desperately fighting at the moment.



Gabriel smirked and then took out a silver coin from his pocket. "I would like to bet on the red one."

"Okay!" The bet collector left him, and Gabriel continued watching the fight.

The first few minutes turned out to be the blue one's advantage, as the red one continued to endure the punches and kicks of the blue one. But after a few minutes, being used to the speed, the red one finally had the ability to dodge the attacks.

Gabriel thought. "The red one had good endurance and also observant eyes. Despite looking at his punches as being weak, he knows exactly where to target them."

Surprisingly, the red one stared at putting the blue one down in his observation. And just as the red one won, everyone who bet on the blue one booed in devastation.

Gabriel smirked and shook his head, then went to collect his prize, in which case he was the only one who had won. The bet collector suggested he bet on the red one to have prize money for the blue one bettors, but as it turned out, the red one won, and Gabriel was the only one who won, but he wouldn't take all of the blue one's bet because the bet collector had a partial on it after betting on the red one.



The bet collector was as if he had been struck by lightning. The red one's sponsorship and entrance fee to fight would be the initial bet for him, but since only Gabriel was the official bettor, he had the higher prize of the bet.

Everyone waited for the only bettor to approach the bet collector and collect the money. And as Gabriel stepped forward nonchalantly, everyone who bet on the blue one glared at him.

There was hostile intent in their gazes, as the number one reason for it was their defeat or him being the only one taking all their money. But Gabriel didn't care about the money; he was attracting a crowd and provoking those who lacked patience and were the most impulsive.

"I heard I won," Gabriel smirked as he approached the bet collector.

The bet collector had a reluctant gaze on Gabriel, but the reason behind this was that he was worried about him since people were intently looking at him. When he couldn't contain the pressure anymore, the bet collector pulled Gabriel's robe collar.

"Hey, kid. I advise you to run immediately back to the ring and bet the money you won. If you keep the money, they won't forgive you for some reason and will bother you every day."



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The bet collector's voice was clearly panicked, but Gabriel paid no attention and gladly took all the money and placed it inside his pouch.

After a few seconds, someone approached him. A man who had a huge and tall body blocked Gabriel's path with glaring eyes. "Hey... Wanna bet that money? Fight me, the winner will have the money."

Gabriel scoffed and then peeked at the other soldiers. After seeing their casual expression, as if they were even happy about the turn of events, he could only let out a sigh.

'So this is normal in this camp. I guess, despite the war going on, people's personal interests and personalities would still take over the microsystem. I couldn't just say that the dynasty was strict, and the smaller groups of the army were as well. So this is it...?' Gabriel deeply thought and dropped the outer layer of his robe.

"Okay... I am afraid that you will bother me every day." Gabriel mumbled and then started to walk to the ring.

Gabriel had noticed earlier that they were not using any of their Qi. Despite them being cultivators, using spiritual energy was prohibited in the fight. And just as he walked down to the ring, everyone was gossiping about his decision.



Some of them were elated by the turn of events, as their jealousy wanted Gabriel to be down. They felt that he didn't deserve the money, as what he only did was bet one silver, which was a small amount compared to their bets.

"Hey, do you think that young man was crazy? He was probably just a newly dispatched soldier for him to not be able to recognize Senior Brother Richard. He was a strong external martial artist even before he learned cultivation. His body is made out of steel."

"That is kind of an impression, you know. Probably, the young man was arrogant of himself, or vice versa. He might surrender in the first seconds since putting up no fight is just better than being beaten every day for a small mistake."

"Yeah, Richard is the king of the recruits."

From what Gabriel heard about them, the main building had the newly recruited, or those who became soldiers within the first year of their service. Hence, this batch of soldiers in Camp Xie was ignorant of the basic attitude a soldier must-have.

Gabriel let out a sigh as he watched Richard walk to the ring with a smug face, arrogantly glaring at him as if he had already won.

"Go, Richard! Take our money from him!"



Despite not being an organized match, it was allowed since people wanted it. And just as they prepared for the match, the betting started again. People bet on Richard, leaving no other bettors on Gabriel. But, they could still get money if Richard won since Gabriel bet the money he had to fight him.

The match started after the crowd shouted louder. And by that time, Gabriel knew what he should do.

"Do you know that a person who can't control their greed over money is a creature comparable to a chimeric monkey that has no intellect on what is the best decision to make?" Gabriel stated.

Richard didn't listen to him, instead, he smirked and shook his head. "Hey, bastard. Are you afraid now? Why are you talking that much?"

People were starting to hype Richard as their thoughts rampaged through the whole building with only about a chance of Richard winning. It was an obvious underestimation, which could have tired Gabriel, but he only ignored them and continued to execute his plan.

In this case, he could teach them better.

'Small body... doesn't even have a terrifying aura. Does he think he could defeat me?' Richard

thought as he watched Gabriel continue being nonchalant about the situation.

'Seeking death!'

A snap punch was launched, and Richard was stopped after he felt something hitting his knuckles. And by the time his eyes were fixated on it, he was shocked.

"What the..."

"Hey, Richard, right? Why don't you try punching me harder?" Gabriel uttered, with the audience silent.

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