

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

### Chapter 6: There Are Some Habits

Ye Jian nodded at them and smiled. Although they were strangers, she showed no fear on her face. Instead, she went near Grandpa Gen, who was holding a few plates and said softly, "Let me carry these. Your feet ache every spring. You'd better sit down."

Hearing these words, the four soldiers felt rather uneasy.

They were aware of Grandpa Gen's feet-ache.

It was the injuries that he had gotten from the battlefields that caused him severe pain every spring and winter.

This time, they were here to deliver Grandpa Gen the special medicinal liquor of the army to help him keep colds away.

Nevertheless, not long after the noodles cooked by themselves were ready, this bright and beautiful girl had appeared, so they hadn't had a bite of noodles yet.

Alas, she had also misunderstood them.

Grandpa Gen was surprised that Jian knew about his foot ailment because no other person in the village did.

"I'm fine, I'm fine. Girl, you just take care of yourself." Grandpa Gen was referring to the incident of Ye Jian falling and passing out yesterday. Since there were others around, he didn't say it out to embarrass the girl.

Ye Jian pursed her lips and smiled a bit awkwardly, "It was an accident, but thanks for everyone's care for me."

She deftly put several plates of crispy and sour Lao Tan pickled cabbage on the wooden table. Then, adeptly, she picked up a bottle of sesame oil on the table and dipped some onto the cabbage. With sesame oil and a spoon of red pepper oil, the pickled cabbage seemed even more appetizing.

The cap of the soy sauce bottle on the table was not tightened properly. Ye Jian closed the cap tightly.

Few children in the village were spoiled, not to mention the orphans.

Though the girl was young and thin, the dexterity she showed made Grandpa Gen feel like she had been working for over a decade. He felt sorry for her and sighed, "Girl, no rush. They will clean the table when they finish eating."

"Young lady, take a break. We can help ourselves."

"Thank you, thank you. We can do it ourselves."

Their company commander would definitely scold them harshly if he knew that these men let a little girl serve them.

Too embarrassed to keep a little girl busy working for them, the four men stretched out their hands to stop her. Accidentally, a pair of chopsticks on the noodle bowl was knocked off and fell onto the ground.

As the soldier—who was closest to the dropped chopsticks—was about to pick them up, a pair of hands with long and thin fingers had grabbed them before him.

Putting the chopsticks back on the noodle bowl, Ye Jian smiled gently with a detached facial expression. "Not dirty. No need to wash them."

"Thanks." The younger soldiers became increasingly embarrassed and thanked her repeatedly.

The good looking soldier who was around his thirties smiled at Ye Jian and said briskly, "You have a rather fast reaction speed, girl. How about sitting with us and having some noodles? We haven't had a bite of them. Just grab a bowl and we can share some with you."

"I have had my meal, thanks." Although Ye Jian's smile was subtle, they seemed especially comfortable, because she smiled with her eyes.

From their first meeting, the soldier could tell that this was a young lady with good manners.

After calmly turning down the invitation from this primary level military officer, Ye Jian turned around and whispered to Grandpa Gen, "Grandpa Gen, let's go inside the house, I want to discuss some..."

Before she could finish the sentence, a black shadow had rushed out like a flying arrow. It was so fast that the petals on the ground were swirled up several centimeters.

Although there were other people present, the black shadow dashed towards Ye Jian only. It was so swift that Grandpa Gen didn't realize what was going on.

Ye Jian didn't move. Because she couldn't.