

I! Cleaner 38

Chapter 39 Non-Human and Target Practice

Heh, such an easily enchanted virgin! When we bumped into her in the hallway before, your eyes were practically glued to her! I knew you had to be interested in her!

Seeing the undeniable curiosity in Leon's eyes, the Black Goat couldn't help but chuckle, swallowing seven or eight cigarette butts that were about to reach its lips. While chewing on the still-smoking butts, it laughed and said,

"Here's the deal, you go knock off some heinous bastard, vent that pent-up anger of yours, and offer me a sinful soul in the process, and I'll tell you what Emma sacrificed. How about it?"

"..."

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"Huh? If you don't agree, you don't agree. Why are you snatching my cigarette?"

What? You dare to make a move? Damn it! Do you really think I have no temper? I friggin'... If you've got guts, don't use your feet! Let's be fair, can we both use our mouths to bite? Hell no!"

...

"Bang!"

Looking at the target pierced through five hundred meters away, Leon didn't show any joy at hitting the target. Instead, his face appeared quite serious.

After tidying up the Black Goat, which had a mouth too sassy, and throwing it back into the Purification Bureau's office, Leon didn't go straight home. Instead, he took the sniper rifle to the neighboring police department, used the Purification Bureau's credentials to borrow a secluded shooting range, and started working on his shooting badge.

However, to improve his hit rate in future missions, Leon didn't simply increase the number of live-fire shots. Instead, he set the target at the maximum effective range and earnestly practiced his shooting feel, one shot after another. But...

The hit rate was quite touching.

Facing a fixed target at five hundred meters, even with the accumulated hit rate from the [Materialist Soul], Leon could only hit once every four to five shots, with an average of seven to eight missed out of every ten Nail shots.

Seems like the one-shot hit at the hospital was mostly due to luck... *and with help from Senior Emma, who adjusted the gun's sights beforehand.* *My actual shooting skill is still just that of a rookie.*

Looking through the scope at the bullet holes on the human-shaped paper target, Leon found that they were mostly in some non-essential positions. He couldn't help but shake his head, then blew hard on the whistle in his mouth, picked up the small red flag beside him, and waved it in the direction of the range administrator.

Shooting at the extreme range of five hundred meters already exceeded his current ability limits. At this hit rate, there's essentially no practical value in a real mission, so rather than pursuing the most extended-range kill, it would be better to close in to around three hundred meters first and quickly practice more practical shooting skills.

Heh, looks like he changed the target after all.

The administrator, who looked over at the sound of the whistle, saw the small red flag indicating three hundred meters in Leon's hand and couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. Then he turned his head to look at his colleague beside him, and the two of them almost simultaneously grinned with understanding, exchanging knowing glances.

Just now, when this young kid came in with a gun and said he wanted to shoot at a five hundred meter target, the two of them had advised him, suggesting he try shooting at fifty percent of the maximum range first.

After all, the drop arc of the Nail becomes harder to control the further it goes, and almost at the limit damaging distance, it can even roll horizontally in midair, making it quite challenging to predict the landing spot.

Therefore, the difficulty of a full-range target at five hundred meters was much greater than that of a half-range target at two or three hundred meters. For someone like him, who hadn't handled a gun much, the difficulty of the half-range target was already more than sufficient.

Unfortunately, despite his youth, he was already at the pinnacle of an assistant-level public office position and was even faintly able to touch the bottom of a clerical-level public office position. His pride was probably very high, so he didn't care to listen to the advice of the two shooting range administrators.

Faced with the well-meant suggestion from the two of them, he insisted on seeing how far he could shoot and insisted on the five hundred meter target... So how about now? After realizing he absolutely couldn't hit it, did he finally decide to change the target? Guns are fundamentally fair, and they won't go easy on you just because you have a good dad!

The administrator responsible for changing the targets grinned and pulled the lever on the control panel. Amidst the sound of gears engaging, a half-range target at three hundred meters was slowly raised, while the full-range target at five hundred meters was lowered and retracted.

Before the other administrator could leave his seat to replace the target and paper, he was stopped by his colleague grabbing his arm.

"Where are you going?"

"Huh? What did you say? Hey, don't pull me! I have to go replace the new target!"

"What new target?"

The administrator controlling the lever chuckled, lifted his colleague's noise-canceling earmuffs a bit, and shouted loudly amid the dense gunfire on the range,

"Take a break! I recognize the gun he brought. Its effective range is just over four hundred seventy, so shooting at a five hundred meter target is considered over-range shooting. If he hit it, it would be a miracle!

Although we do have some who can hit an over-range target, those few are basically old hands who've been handling guns for nearly twenty years. Look at that kid's face, he's at most sixteen or seventeen, how could he hit the over-range target? Unless he was handling a gun while still in the womb?"

"Ha ha ha, that's true. Then I'll just take a break~"

...

Unaware that the reason for his low hit rate wasn't due to lousy shooting skills but due to the gun's range limitation, Leon remained prone on the ground, shooting one bullet after another and racking up his shooting badge numbers.

After adjusting the target to three hundred meters, his hit rate indeed improved significantly. Not only did he no longer miss a single shot, but he also managed to hit vital areas on the human-shaped paper targets with each bullet. It was only about once every twenty shots that his aim slightly deviated from the target.