

I Pick Up Talents on the Interstellar Battlefield

#Chapter 1: Clones at the Start, Talent Light Orbs - Read I Pick Up Talents on the Interstellar Battlefield Chapter 1: Clones at the Start, Talent Light Orbs

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Clones at the Start, Talent Light Orbs

"Where is this place?"

Pupils slowly focused, Qin Tian blinked, looking around with some confusion.

The steel walls gleamed with a cold light, and people clad in uniform black uniforms formed a phalanx, standing solemn and silent, like lifeless statues.

Wasn't I at home playing games? How did I get here?

Qin Tian instinctively opened his mouth, trying to say something, when suddenly a memory hidden deep in his brain surfaced.

I am on Alpha 7 Star, a third-generation battlefield clone, number 89757.

My mission is to be loyal to the Empire, loyal to the army, obey the orders of superiors, and take up weapons to annihilate all invading enemies.

The brief stream of information was like a drop of water, merging into the sea of memories of Qin Tian's more than twenty years of life, without causing any ripples.

Clones, Empire, weapons...

Qin Tian's eyelids drooped, and a strong sense of tension and panic rose from deep within his heart.

I have actually transmigrated!

And this identity, why does it sound like cannon fodder?

Click-clack

The crisp sound of leather shoes stepping on the ground broke the silence of the moment.

"New recruits, welcome to this brutal world."

A tall and burly officer stood at the front of the formation, without using any amplifying equipment, yet his deep and resonant voice clearly entered everyone's ears.

"You are war machines created by the Empire, born for loyalty and sacrifice."

"From today on, you will take up arms, fight for the Empire, fight for the people, and use blood and life to write the immortal Chapter of the Empire's glory."

"Long live the Empire!!!"

The final sentence seemed to touch a switch deep within the soul.

In that instant, all the clones' eyes burst with fervor and excitement, the uniform and resounding shouts almost overturned the roof.

"Long live the Empire!!!"

.....

The towering command tower stood like a giant steel monolith in the center of the camp. The top of the tower flickered with various indicator lights, constantly sending streams of information to surrounding warships and defense fortifications.

Beneath the command tower, broad passages radiated in all directions, the ground paved with heavy metal plates, where tracked vehicles and walking mechs frequently shuttled, leaving tracks of varying depths on the metal plates.

Click-clack

The officer led thousands of clones out of the barracks, the crowd in black uniforms was like a flood, instantly drawing everyone's attention.

"Isn't this the third batch of clones? Why is the quantity much less than the previous two batches?"

"It shows that the logistics department is really under great pressure, they can hardly afford to manufacture even this kind of cannon fodder."

"The situation is becoming increasingly grim, if it continues like this, I'm afraid we'll have to retreat."

"Sigh, so many have died, if in the end we still have to give up territory to those disgusting beastmen, I really can't accept it."

The distant conversation reached his ears, Qin Tian noticed that the functions of this body were exceptionally outstanding, with sharp eyesight to see tiny stones dozens of

meters away, sensitive hearing to catch whispers at a great distance, and a robust physique, just by clenching a fist, he could feel the powerful strength flowing within.

If it were in his past life, he would be almost like a weakened version of Captain America, all Olympic gold medals would be easy for him to grab.

Yet here, he was called "cannon fodder" by outsiders.

"Haha, Raymond, you came at just the right time."

A man in a silver uniform jumped down from a black tracked vehicle, quickly walked to the front of the phalanx, and said to the officer:

"I need manpower to unload the bodies to the morgue, let these clones do the work for me."

"Alright."

Raymond nodded in agreement, in the military camp, corpse handling was an important task, prioritized above new recruit training.

"Okay, then come follow me."

The man in the silver uniform lightly leaped up onto the five-meter-high vehicle, agile as a bird, leaving Qin Tian in awe.

What is this?

Super Captain America?

"All of you, move out at a run."

Officer Raymond ordered loudly, then led the team closely following the convoy, and about 20 minutes later, they arrived in front of a gigantic barrack.

"Move all the bodies inside."

Click-click-click

From the vehicle, mechanical hands extended, grabbing the corpses inside and gently placing them on the ground.

The clones lined up, one by one, picking up the bodies on the ground, moving them to the designated room in the barracks.

Very soon, it was Qin Tian's turn.

He embraced a man with only half his body left, dark red blood soaking the front of his chest, the thick stench of blood invading his nostrils, almost making him vomit.

However, he still resisted this discomfort, expressionlessly completing the tasks just like the other clones.

The first one, the second one...

Gradually, Qin Tian found himself seemingly getting used to this job, no matter how dilapidated the corpse in his arms was, even if intestines were exposed outside, his reaction was no longer as intense as initially.

Previously, this would have been unimaginable.

"Could it be that the instincts of this cloned body are influencing me?"

Qin Tian pursed his lips, squatting down to pick up the next body.

Just at that moment, he saw a green light sphere suddenly floating up from the corpse, he thought his eyes were playing tricks, but the next second, the light sphere flew straight towards his chest.

Snap~

The light sphere merged into his body, Qin Tian's body stiffened for a second or two, then he slowly stood up, emotionlessly carrying the corpse away.

[Name] Absolute Gunmastery (Green)

[Type] Passive Talent

[Introduction] The holder has an innate mastery of firearms, capable of predicting target trajectories by synthesizing the environment, achieving precise strikes.

Several lines of text floated before his retinas.

Qin Tian slightly lowered his head, masking the joy and excitement surging in his eyes.

"I knew it, how could a transmigrator not have a cheat ability."

As an outsider dubbed 'cannon fodder', he was originally very pessimistic about the future, thinking it would be difficult to survive in this harsh war environment.

But now, it seemed, no road is entirely impassable.

This battlefield, filled with blood and death, might perhaps be a place of opportunity for him.

Qin Tian quickened his pace, placing the corpse in the morgue, then joined a queue with fewer people to handle the next corpse.

It was a man of slender build, clad in a silver leather combat suit, to look at him from the outside, he seemed unharmed, but upon embracing him, Qin Tian discovered that this person's bones were almost entirely shattered; with a slight shake, a crackling sound came from within as if bones were grinding against each other.

Fortunately, this man unexpectedly brought him two talent light spheres.

One green, one white

[Name] Danger Perception (Green)

[Type] Passive Talent

[Introduction] The possessor of this talent is like a battlefield prophet, able to acutely sense nearby dangers and respond promptly.

...

[Name] Lesser Blade Sense (White)

[Type] Passive Talent

[Introduction] The holder has an extraordinary understanding and control over blades, allowing blade trajectories to be more precise and swinging motions to be smooth and natural.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: High Tier Strength, Quick Recovery

[Absolute Gunmastery][Danger Perception][Lesser Blade Sense]

Two green and one white, three light spheres suspended in his mind. Qin Tian could see them from a rather peculiar perspective, much like "Introspection" in martial arts novels.

Honestly speaking, after absorbing three talent light spheres, Qin Tian didn't feel any physical change. Perhaps only when he wielded firearms, blades, and entered the battlefield would these talents truly manifest their effects.

Next, Qin Tian continued to carry corpses, but until the transport vehicle left, he didn't manage to absorb new talent light spheres.

"What a pity."

Qin Tian's eyes fell, standing straight in the formation.

Though the three talents are quite good, especially the combination of [Absolute Gunmastery]+[Danger Perception], allowing him to become an excellent machine gunner or sniper on the battlefield, it still doesn't lift his status away from being cannon fodder, at best a more useful cannon fodder.

Clack clack clack~~

At that moment, a large transport vehicle drove over from afar.

"Raymond, it's perfect that your people haven't left."

Another officer jumped down from the vehicle and said with a smile:

"Help me get this group of Green skinned Orcs in. My soldiers dislike how dirty they are, no one wants to handle them, so let this group of Clones handle it."

Raymond first asked:

"How's the situation on the frontline?"

The officer paused for a moment, expression somewhat solemn:

"Not very optimistic, the Golan Heights is still tough to capture, our legion has suffered heavy losses. If this continues, we might have no choice but to abandon the mission and retreat to Lieyang Valley."

"Train this group of cannon fodder well. Three days later, we'll continue assaulting the Golan Heights. They'll need to prove useful by then."

"Alright."

Raymond nodded silently.

Clack clack~

Massive mechanical claws laid down corpses as massive as hills, referred to by the legion as Green skinned Orcs.

They are tall and muscular, averaging heights far exceeding humans, with fierce green faces, their muscles like old trees intertwining, exhibiting a primitive and savage sense of strength.

Their coarse skin, nauseating deep green, seems covered by a layer of moss corroded over years, full of scars and pus, exuding a pungent stench.

Qin Tian tilted his head down, pursed his lips, forcibly suppressing the urge to vomit; the smell on the Beastmen is worse than a month-old cesspool.

"Groups of four, move them inside."

Raymond issued the instructions.

The Clones, in groups of four, grabbed the Beastmen's limbs, lifting them to a certain height, and moved the corpses into the billets.

Qin Tian had already chosen his target, quickly walking to a corpse of the largest Beastman, grabbing onto the coarse, wide palm.

Swoosh~

Two green light spheres flew out from the Beastman's body, entering Qin Tian's body.

[Name]High tier Strength (Green)

[Type]Passive Talent

[Introduction]Greatly strengthens bones and muscles, enhancing explosive power, endurance, and resilience.

...

[Name]Quick Recovery (Green)

[Type]Passive Talent

[Introduction]Possess strong self-healing abilities with cell activity far surpassing the average person, simultaneously enhancing resistance to various toxins.

Once these two talents entered his body, Qin Tian immediately felt his body changing subtly.

Bones sounded with crackling, a faint pain surged, as if undergoing some hammering, muscle fibers grew tougher, akin to steel wires, and even his skin seemed tighter.

"Finally got my life-saving measures."

Qin Tian's eyes flickered, these talents were what he most desired.

High tier Strength brought his physical fitness to a new level.

Quick Recovery granted him formidable physical self-healing capabilities, capable of recovering his combat strength even if injured, in a shorter time.

With these talents as the foundation, along with the support of [Danger Perception], his battlefield survival capability would greatly increase.

Qin Tian, with three other Clones, lifted the Beastman corpse and slowly walked towards the barracks, all the while stealthily observing the other Clones.

Each Clone's appearance differed, varying in height, clearly not made from the same template. Yet, their expressions were equally cold and wooden, akin to emotionless robots.

But this was also a normal phenomenon.

After all, each Clone's memory contained only a short stream of data, they knew not of joy, anger, sadness, and fear. Only when hearing information related to the Empire would their emotions slightly fluctuate.

Qin Tian mimicked the expressions and demeanor of other Clones, maintaining a cold face, seamlessly hidden.

He finally understood why many poorly skilled actors debuted as aloof handsome guys, because acting cool is indeed quite easy.

Dong~

The Beastman corpse landed heavily on the ground. Qin Tian hastened his steps to return, hoping to find another corpse.

Yet, there weren't many Beastman corpses transported over, and by the time he returned, all the corpses had been moved.

Seeing this, he could only lament silently.

"Gather!"

Raymond raised his right hand and exclaimed sternly.

Quickly, the Clone Legion assembled, led by Raymond, towards their first training ground.

The shooting range.

.....

Green skinned Orcs and Clones were separately manufactured as cannon fodder through different technologies by the Beastman Empire and the Galaxy Empire.

Green skinned Orcs are physically robust but not very intelligent.

Clones possess normal intelligence, calm and obedient, but slightly weaker in physical fitness.

This difference results in vastly different training directions for the two.

Green skinned Orcs are difficult to communicate with, so the Beastman Empire imprisons them together, waiting until they're about to go into battle to issue each a Wolf Fang Club and Iron Armor and then send them charging.

While Clones are brought to the shooting range after coming off the assembly line, receiving three to seven days of firearm training, familiarizing them with weapon usage and improving shooting accuracy.

Once in combat, Clones bear the task of providing firepower suppression, trying to eliminate as many Green skinned Orcs as possible.

Thousands of Clones were divided into groups and sent to four large shooting ranges. After the instructors demonstrated shooting essentials, each received a standard rifle.

Contrary to Qin Tian's expectation, the standard rifle was not a laser weapon like in sci-fi novels, but the most common projectile weapon.

Touching the rifle, an unusual feeling surged within Qin Tian's mind; the cold gun barrel felt like an extension of his limbs, each part under his command, sensing the pulse of the firearm within each breath.

The buttstock pressed firmly against his shoulder, as if it were one with him, without a trace of incongruity. Fingers gently resting on the trigger, the sensation at his fingertips gave rise to indescribable confidence in his heart.

He slightly squinted his eyes, gaze stretching through the scope, as the entire world became clear at that moment, the bullseye dozens of meters away, enlarging infinitely in his view.

Bang!

The gun fired.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Sharpshooter

Bang bang bang

In the vast shooting range, the dry firing sound of rifles resounded constantly. Each recruit was matched with a specially designed target, with an electronic screen above displaying the score of each shot.

The recruits were new to firearms, so their scores were poor. Missing the target was especially common. Scores of 5 or 6 rings were considered high, with the occasional lucky one scoring 10 rings.

At this point, the color of the score displayed on the electronic screen would change from green to bold red.

Raymond stood on a high platform overlooking the range, seeing a sea of green, with only a few sparse red dots that quickly disappeared.

He wasn't surprised by this.

For their first exposure to shooting, not missing the target was already commendable.

The physical condition of the Clones is much stronger than ordinary people's. Their grip on the gun is steadier, and they have no distractions. After three days of training, maybe not all could become Sharpshooters, but at least their aim wouldn't be too bad.

Shooting those bulky Green-Skinned Orcs would be more than sufficient.

Bang bang bang

The sound of gunfire continued in the range.

At this moment, a spot caught Raymond's attention.

In the sea of green, this striking red dot that never disappeared stood out.

rings, 10 rings, 10 rings...

On the electronic screen, almost every second showed a score, yet the color never changed, always representing the 10 rings with red.

"Oh, a new recruit with shooting talent?"

Raymond became interested.

Cloning technology had been around for a long time, but many issues still existed in mass-producing Cloned Soldiers.

For instance, the loaded memory couldn't be too complex, as it would confuse the clones' memories, making them difficult to command.

And integrated gene fragments couldn't be too strong, or the clone's body would quickly collapse.

Due to these technological defects, most clones are ordinary and mediocre, unable to perform too complex tasks and raised merely as cannon fodder.

However, among a massive base number, some clones would undergo genetic mutations, often gaining extraordinary talents, such as great strength, swift actions, and keen senses.

These clones would then be selected for focused cultivation.

Observing for a while, he quickly walked towards that target position.

Soon, he found the goal.

In front of the target spot, a recruit in a black uniform held the rifle horizontally, rhythmically pulling the trigger. His grip on the stock was nearly unmoving; his gaze was cold, like a machine without feelings, and even when Raymond came to his side, there was no flicker in his eyes or expression, seemingly regarding Raymond as air.

Seeing this, Raymond didn't get angry because that's just how Clones are: emotionless, not pleasing superiors, recognizing only one thing—to follow the Empire's orders and fight for it.

Raymond glanced at the number on the recruit's right chest and spoke:

"Recruit 89757, stop."

Click

Qin Tian fired his last bullet, slowly lowering his rifle, turning to look expressionlessly at Raymond.

"Bring your gun and follow me," Raymond ordered.

Qin Tian's eyes flickered slightly, nodding, then followed Raymond, quickly being led to an adjacent shooting range.

This range wasn't large, with a few soldiers practicing shooting inside. Upon seeing Raymond, they immediately put down their guns, quickly running over to stand straight and salute.

"Officer!"

"Hmm."

Raymond nodded, speaking sternly: "Continue practicing."

"Yes."

The soldiers responded in deep voices, with hints of curiosity when their gaze swept over Qin Tian behind Raymond.

Judging by the uniform, he'll likely be a clone, right?

Why did Officer Raymond bring him here alone?

"Recruit, over here."

Raymond led Qin Tian to an open target spot, saying:

"In a moment, the targets in front will move randomly. Your task is to hit the center as accurately as possible."

Upon hearing this, Qin Tian slightly opened his mouth, a dry, hoarse voice escaping:

"Understood."

Test started

At 100 meters, six moving targets shifted in different directions, occasionally changing direction suddenly, and with not-so-slow speed.

Qin Tian raised his rifle, aiming for a second before decisively pulling the trigger.

Bang!

A shot, and one target displayed a score.

rings

Scoring 7 rings on a moving target at a hundred meters is already impressive, let alone being Qin Tian's first attempt at a moving target.

Seeing this, Raymond nodded in satisfaction.

But Qin Tian was not satisfied with this.

[Absolute Gunmastery] was like [High tier Strength] and [Quick Recovery], all Green Talents with immense potential; simply hitting a moving target wasn't something worth celebrating.

He held himself to higher standards.

Hoo~

A gentle breeze blew

Qin Tian squinted his eyes; he didn't calculate bullet trajectory, wind speed, or direction, shooting purely on instinct.

But this feeling was elusive, unspeakable, like the zone status in basketball.

Focus, strength, confidence

Everything felt under control

Bang~

Gunfire

Instantly, a large red "10 rings" caught Raymond's attention.

rings?

The second shot was a 10 ring?

Raymond's eyes lit up, even though he'd handled many talented recruits, the shooting talent of recruit number 89757 still amazed him.

Bang~ Bang~ Bang~

The shots rumbled out with a rhythmic cadence

rings, 10 rings, 10 rings...

Each shot was a 10 ring, and after hitting all six target centers, Qin Tian slowly calmed his rifle, looking at Raymond with a calm expression.

"Good, very good."

Raymond smiled with approval, saying again: "Next, the difficulty will escalate again, I hope you can maintain this outstanding performance."

With that, Raymond gestured to the command post.

In the next moment, more than 20 mechanical birds took off from the distant hill, flapping their wings and hovering above the range, casting a dark shadow.

"Recruit, these are Spirit Birds used for shooting training. Only by hitting the eyes will they fall, and your task is to shoot them all down."

Raymond issued a task of nightmare difficulty. These mechanical birds were small in size, flew high and fast, and the difficulty of hitting the eyes was self-evident.

On the side, soldiers quietly observed Raymond and Qin Tian. The moment they heard Raymond's demand, their eyes widened instantly.

Spirit Birds made up the most challenging shooting training project, and in the entire army, only a few chosen ones were capable of completing it.

Did Officer Raymond really want a freshly manufactured Clone Soldier to take on the Spirit Birds? Wasn't this too much to ask?

This was simply an impossible task.

However, Qin Tian's face remained expressionless. He silently raised his rifle, slightly squinting one eye, staring through the scope at the target.

One second, two seconds, three seconds

At a certain moment, Qin Tian suddenly acted.

Bang~

The first shot hit a bird's wing, causing it to shudder, its speed suddenly dropping.

Bang~

The second shot directly hit the left eye, the mechanical bird bursting with sparks, then quickly fell.

"Close."

Qin Tian held his breath, clearing his mind, concentrating fiercely.

At that moment, the world plunged into absolute silence, and everything seemed to slow down.

Bang~

Gunfire roared, electric sparks shone, birds plummeted

Bang bang bang~

Shadows fell from the sky

Beside him, the soldiers' mouths hung ajar, rendered speechless in shock.

Inside Raymond, there was shock as well, turning his head to look at Qin Tian.

His profile was cold and rugged, his gaze unflappable, and the powerful aura emitted when pulling the trigger...

In him, Raymond seemed to see the shadow of another person, Huang Xun.

He was the strongest Sharpshooter in their regiment, having recently volunteered to fight on Alpha 7 Star.

His spear technique was even higher than what Qin Tian just demonstrated, almost to the level of divine skill.

Regrettably, just that morning, this accomplished Sharpshooter was accidentally killed in a confrontation with a Spiritualist.

This was undoubtedly a great loss for the Legion.

Yet, barely half a day later, out of these cannon-fodder Cloned Recruits emerged another Sharpshooter, uncannily similar in aura to Huang Xun.

Raymond seemed to see that stubborn Soul lingering in the air, the hint of a smile at the corner of his mouth, as he waved downward, mouthing—

"For the Empire."

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Earth Dragon Team

Da-da-da

Nearby, a few soldiers quickly ran over, eyes filled with amazement and curiosity as they looked at Qin Tian.

"Officer Raymond, is he the latest batch of clones? His marksmanship is incredible."

Raymond's expression was serious, and he said in a deep voice:

"What clone, he's your comrade."

Sensing the reprimand in Raymond's tone, the soldiers hurriedly admitted their mistake:

"Sorry, Officer Raymond, and you, brother, we misspoke."

Qin Tian remained expressionless, maintaining the cold and indifferent demeanor of a clone, but this expression made the soldiers feel a bit uneasy, forcing them to show awkward smiles.

At this moment, a soldier with a buzz cut suddenly said:

"Officer, let him join our company. We're in need of a sharpshooter."

"Our Steel Company also needs a sharpshooter," another soldier disagreed, immediately jumping in to compete for him, "Officer, our company suffered the most losses this half-month, assign him to us."

"Officer, we also need people."

"We need him too."

The scene suddenly became chaotic, with soldiers shouting with reddened faces and necks, engaging in a fierce contest.

Who doesn't want a sharpshooter?

On the battlefield, where gunfire roars, sometimes a single shot from a sharpshooter can turn the tide or seal the outcome.

Raymond understood well the soldiers' desire for a sharpshooter, but in his heart, he had already arranged where Qin Tian would go.

"Stop arguing."

Raymond raised his hand, saying solemnly, "He'll join the special forces team."

Special Forces Team

The soldiers exchanged glances and finally sighed helplessly.

Indeed, compared to the large-scale operations with bullets and artillery flying everywhere, the mode of the special forces team is apparently more suitable for a sharpshooter to excel, with higher safety.

"Officer, which special forces team do you plan to assign him to?"

Raymond: "Earth Dragon Team."

Hearing this name, the soldiers fell into silence, knowing this was indeed the best arrangement.

Earth Dragon Team~

Qin Tian silently recited the name in his heart, a faint expectation appearing in his eyes.

...

Southeast corner of the military camp

Inside the prefabricated house, two men and a woman sat silently in front of the table, all with injuries on their bodies. The woman's eyes were swollen, as if she had just cried.

"It's my fault for getting Huang Xun killed."

With a hoarse voice and deep guilt on his face, Qin Dadi said, "If I hadn't taken that mission, Huang Xun wouldn't have died."

"Captain Qin, it's not your fault."

Beside him, a young man in a black special warfare uniform consoled him, "No one expected there to be Tier Four Spiritualists fighting in that mine."

"Huang Xun died saving me."

The woman said chokingly, "If I had reacted a bit faster, he wouldn't have had to stand in front of me. Idiot, he's such an idiot. I'm a Superpower User, my body is much stronger than his, I might not have died taking that hit."

Qin Dadi sighed, different from them, Huang Xun was a true soldier, having been in service for over a decade and experienced countless battles, so taking bullets for comrades had become an instinctive reaction for him.

"Captain Qin, does Huang Xun have any other family?" The woman wiped her tears and asked.

Qin Dadi shook his head, "Huang Xun once told me that his parents died early, so he joined the army very early, and after joining, he lost contact with other relatives."

Hearing this, the woman bit her lip hard, almost biting through it, as Huang Xun died saving her, but she couldn't do anything for him, this deep sense of helplessness tormented her deeply.

Knock knock knock

At this moment, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Qin Dadi composed his expression and stood up to open the door. Seeing the person standing there, a look of surprise flashed across his face.

"Raymond, why are you here?"

The famous Lei Laohu Raymond, the ace instructor in the military, responsible for training all new recruits.

However, Raymond didn't have much connection with the Earth Dragon Team, having only met a few times, so Qin Dadi wondered why Raymond appeared at his door.

"What, am I not welcome?"

Raymond chuckled, glancing inside the house, and upon seeing the red-swollen eyes inside, he was even more convinced of his arrangement.

This was the most suitable team for new recruits.

"Who dares not welcome you, Lei Laohu."

Qin Dadi stepped aside, "Please come in."

"I won't go in."

Raymond waved his hand, then stepped aside, revealing Qin Tian behind him:

"I came today to hand this new recruit over to your Earth Dragon Team."

"What?"

Qin Dadi's face flashed with anger, speaking bluntly:

"Raymond, what do you mean by sending this trash to me, treating our Earth Dragon Team like a garbage dump?"

In the military camp, the uniforms of different branches had slight differences.

Qin Tian's black uniform and the code starting with a specific series on his chest all indicated that he was from the latest batch of clones, acknowledged as cannon fodder on the battlefield.

Raymond knew Qin Dadi was straightforward, and with Huang Xun just sacrificed, he was in a bad mood, so Raymond didn't argue with him and said:

"This new recruit just passed the Spirit Bird shooting test with a score of 94. If you don't want to accept him, I can send him to another team."

What, he passed the Spirit Bird test with a score of 94!

"Wait a minute."

Qin Dadi grabbed Raymond, who was about to turn away, with a hint of doubt on his face, "Raymond, you're not kidding me, right? A freshly manufactured clone passing the Spirit Bird test?"

Raymond said flatly, "Do you think I'm that idle?"

Qin Dadi's face froze; he knew with the impending great war, Raymond bore more responsibility than them. For him to take time out of his busy schedule to come here was certainly not for a joke.

"Spirit Bird, a clone actually passed the Spirit Bird test?"

The young man and woman walked out of the house together, looking at Qin Tian with astonishment.

Spirit Bird test was a project Huang Xun had mentioned many times. According to him, the test was extremely difficult, with few in the military capable of passing it, let alone having a score over 90, which only he had achieved.

Whenever he mentioned it, the usually silent and stern Huang Xun would show a hint of pride.

They never expected this clone in front of them to have also passed the Spirit Bird test, even scoring over 90, only a few points behind Huang Xun.

"Captain Qin, I intended to return you a sharpshooter, but since you don't want him, I'll send him elsewhere."

Raymond turned to leave, but Qin Dadi quickly pulled him back with an embarrassed smile:

"Raymond, Brother Lei, I misspoke just now. Thank you for caring for our Earth Dragon Team, and I'll certainly treat you to a drink after the war."

"Zhao Zhao, Yun Long, quickly bring our new teammate inside."

The young man and woman exchanged glances, rushed to Qin Tian's side, and each took one of his arms to lead him indoors.

Qin Tian didn't resist, moving like a puppet on a string as they led him along.

"Hah~"

Seeing this, Raymond chuckled coldly, turned around, and waved his hand, saying:

"I'll leave the sharpshooter to you. I hope you can protect him well."

Hearing the underlying instruction in Raymond's words, Qin Dadi lowered his eyelids, a determined look flashing in his eyes.

"Raymond, rest assured, I will never let Huang Xun's tragedy happen again."

"Never!"

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Xiaolong Rifle, Flame Superpower

"Brother, how should I address you?"

The young man looked at Qin Tian, a smile on his face.

Qin Tian remained expressionless, pointing to the number on his chest.

"Ahaha, you don't have a name yet, right?"

The man awkwardly laughed, then introduced himself: "My name is Xiao Yunlong, and this beautiful lady next to me is Liu Zhaozhao."

Qin Tian nodded, studying the two of them.

The two looked young, only in their twenties.

Xiao Yunlong appeared quite refined, with a smile showing a row of white teeth, very infectious.

Liu Zhaozhao had fair skin, pure and gentle, with straight long hair draped over her shoulders. She seemed to have just cried, her eyes red and swollen, adding a touch of broken beauty to her.

"Oh, by the way, the guy at the door is our captain, Qin Dadi." Xiao Yunlong added.

Qin Dadi~

Qin Tian's brow slightly moved, as if he thought of something.

"I've remembered."

Bam~

The sound of the door closing came from outside, and Qin Dadi walked into the room.

"Captain Qin, I've already told him the three of our names."

Xiao Yunlong asked, "But shouldn't we give him a name? Otherwise, calling him by a number feels weird."

"Hmm."

Qin Dadi nodded. Huang Xun had just sacrificed himself, and this cloned soldier had joined the Earth Dragon Team as a sharpshooter. It seemed coincidental, but maybe it was fate.

If that's the case, why not call him Huang...

"I have a name."

Qin Tian suddenly spoke.

"You have a name? Did Instructor Raymond give it to you?" Xiao Yunlong asked curiously.

Qin Tian glanced at Qin Dadi, his tone calm:

"My name is Qin Tian."

Qin... Tian?

Xiao Tengfei sneaked a peek at Qin Dadi, his lips tightly pressed, trying not to laugh yet finding it hard to hold back.

Liu Zhaozhao lowered her head, a trace of a smile appearing at the corner of her eyes.

Qin Dadi's face stiffened, his eyelids twitching fiercely.

My name is Qin Dadi, and your name is Qin Tian

Are you trying to be above me?

Qin Dadi glared at Qin Tian but found no expression on Qin Tian's face, though he clearly caught the slight arch of his brow.

This kid, could it be because I just called him trash, he's retaliating with this name?

A thought flashed in Qin Dadi's mind, but he himself found it ridiculous.

Can a clone, fresh out of production, having experienced nothing, really feel anger or resentment?

"Ahem, Qin Tian, not bad, it's a good name."

Qin Dadi patted Qin Tian's shoulder, "Then we're kin now, don't worry, your big brother will take care of you."

"Haha, Qin Tian, welcome to the Earth Dragon Team!"

Xiao Yunlong warmly draped an arm around Qin Tian's shoulder, acting all friendly, "From now on, we're comrades, brothers."

"Welcome," Liu Zhaozhao said simply, her tone somewhat lukewarm.

She hadn't gotten over the grief of Huang Xun's sacrifice. Facing Huang Xun's successor, a new sharpshooter joining, she couldn't say she resisted, but at least she couldn't quickly accept it like Qin Dadi and Xiao Yunlong.

Qin Tian nodded, maintaining his usual cool demeanor.

"Qin Tian, have a seat."

Xiao Yunlong pressed Qin Tian into a chair, poured him a glass of water, and curiously asked:

"Can you tell me how you passed the Spirit Bird test? I tried once before and couldn't even hit the wings."

Hearing this, Qin Dadi and Liu Zhaozhao immediately looked at Qin Tian.

They also wanted to know how a freshly manufactured clone managed to complete this nightmare-level shooting task.

Qin Tian blinked, his tone faint: "As long as you have hands, it's enough."

As long as you have hands... it's enough

Their eyes twitched fiercely, that comment sounded like it was asking for a beating.

However, upon seeing Qin Tian's eyes as calm as a lake, they could only shake their heads helplessly.

Forget it, a clone surely doesn't know what it means to be pretentious, it's just speaking its mind.

"Qin Tian, is that your gun at the back?"

Xiao Yunlong changed the topic, glancing at the rifle Qin Tian carried, he smirked: "An 85 standard-issue rifle, decent power, but too slow firing rate. This kind of gun is only good for those Green skinned Orcs."

"Captain Qin, I think we can give Huang Xun's rifle to Qin Tian."

Qin Dadi did not refuse, nodding as he spoke:

"Alright, go bring over all of Huang Xun's things."

"Got it."

Xiao Yunlong quickly ran inside the room, carrying out a black box filled with Huang Xun's personal belongings.

Clack~~

The latch opened, and Xiao Yunlong raised a jet black rifle, its surface sand-blasted, emitting a matte metallic luster, giving a sturdy and durable feel. The muzzle with a large muzzle brake, unique in shape, like a pair of grim fangs, effectively reduces the huge recoil from firing, and adds some intimidation.

"Xiaolong Rifle, Jerald Company's flagship product."

Xiao Yunlong produced a rectangular iron box, tapped it twice and said: "In here are armor-piercing and high-explosive rounds compatible with the Xiaolong Rifle, their firepower enough to threaten Tier Two Spiritualists, here, take it and feel it."

Qin Tian reached out with both hands, taking the rifle. At the moment he held the Xiaolong Rifle, a familiar feeling surged within him, as if this rifle had been with him for decades, with every part deeply imprinted in his mind.

Qin Tian caressed the gun's body, the cold, sand-like texture sending a slight shiver through his soul.

"Thank you."

Qin Tian expressed his gratitude sincerely, and his earnest demeanor made everyone feel a bit unaccustomed.

"No need to thank, these are all things left by a former teammate."

Qin Dadi's voice was deep, "Such a good rifle only won't gather dust in the hands of a sharpshooter."

"Yunlong, give the rest of the stuff to Qin Tian to try out as well."

"Okay."

Xiao Yunlong took out several more items from the box: a silver combat suit, laser pistol, magazine pouch, and multi-function combat helmet...

Once fully equipped, a rugged and resolute special forces soldier appeared before them, with a hard-lined face. Under a transparent visor, those eyes revealed a cold and calm demeanor.

The trio's gazes were distracted, as if seeing a familiar shadow overlapping with Qin Tian.

Whew~

Qin Dadi took a deep breath, his gaze clearing up. Qin Tian was not Huang Xun, and he was not a replacement for anyone.

"Qin Tian, these things are now yours. I hope you can use them well." Qin Dadi patted Qin Tian's shoulder, his voice carrying a hint of emotion, like he was entrusting the most precious of items to him.

Qin Tian nodded slightly, but the resolve in his eyes was heavy and intense.

He could guess why Qin Dadi and the others were treating him so well, largely driven by their previous teammate, who was likely the original holder of the Absolute Gunmastery.

But whatever the reason, he was grateful to the Earth Dragon Team and was fortunate to have joined such a squad.

Beep Beep Beep

Just then, Qin Dadi's watch suddenly emitted a rapid beeping sound.

He raised his arm for a glance, speaking in a deep voice:

"There's a mission."

"Captain Qin, what mission?" Xiao Yunlong asked.

Qin Dadi's tone turned icy: "There are some wild cats prowling around our camp, the command center has ordered us to skin them."

"Those Cat-men again."

Liu Zhaozhao's brow furrowed, a mass of crimson flames rose sharply from her palm.

Waves of heat spread outwards, as the room's temperature surged.

Qin Tian's eyes lowered slightly, feeling a stir within.

Flame Superpower?

What kind of world is this~