

Genius 94

Chapter 94 Skill: Shooting_1

"You kid..."

It took a good while for Tang Cheng to regain his senses, and as he patted Qin Fang on the shoulder, he seemed to want to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he didn't seem to know what would be appropriate.

"Let's try the others..."

Hesitating for a long time, Tang Cheng still hadn't figured out what to say, but Scarface had already grabbed Qin Fang and dragged him to try disassembling other guns.

However, the result was naturally the same, no matter which gun fell into Qin Fang's hands, it was as if a mouse had seen a cat. Qin Fang's hand would tremble and the entire gun would instantly turn into a pile of parts.

"Such quick hands..."

And during this process, Scarface and the others watched Qin Fang's every move very carefully.

Skill is skill, but this process was not that mystical—it was entirely Qin Fang's hands completing the disassembly of several key parts in an extremely short span of time. That's why it gave others the illusion that the gun was disassembled in one second, when the actual time was a bit longer.

This repair skill, like other skills, was traceable and shouldn't have allowed for such a rapid disassembly speed. However, Qin Fang noticed the rapid movement of his hands and realized the only passive skill he possessed, One-Handed Weapon Mastery, was increasing in proficiency.

"Does this count too?"

When he discovered this, even Qin Fang could hardly believe it.

One-Handed Weapon Mastery, indeed he had a weapon in his hands—a gun—but the fact that it was his hands doing the disassembly, not other tools, threw him off a little.

But since the system recognized it as such, he was very willing to accept it.

"Let's try assembling the gun..."

His rapid disassembly had left Scarface and the other onlookers speechless with amazement. Although they were skeptical, they had witnessed the entire process, and it was Scarface, quick on the uptake, who immediately suggested.

"This... let me try!"

Compared to disassembling, Qin Fang didn't have the same speed when assembling guns. He looked at the parts in his hands and then slowly began to put a gun back together.

"Good thing it's still acceptable, otherwise..."

Seeing that it took Qin Fang quite some time to assemble the gun, everyone breathed a sigh of relief, glad that he hadn't continued to be a monster, or else they would have really had to take him apart to study.

"The speed of assembling the gun isn't too slow either!"

Still, Tang Cheng simply observed quietly, watching Qin Fang put a gun back together, and the fact that it took less than a minute was absolutely remarkable for a beginner.

"Alright, that's enough, stop messing around!"

After watching Qin Fang disassemble and assemble guns, Tang Cheng had witnessed all of his monstrous performance. Far from any hint of disappointment, it had added a bit of joy to his expression.

"Xiao Qin, come on, I'll take you to the shooting range..."

At Tang Cheng's command, Scarface and the others stopped troubling Qin Fang and immediately dragged him to the range.

"Considering how proficient you are at disassembling and assembling, as a reward, have fun..."

Scarface was quite generous, tossing a Type 81 rifle and a box of bullets to Qin Fang, then standing by with some comrades to watch, seemingly curious to see Qin Fang's marksmanship.

"That... how do I shoot this?"

Qin Fang held the gun, looking at the bullets, but was momentarily stunned, then somewhat embarrassedly asked.

It was indeed his first time handling a gun, and he hadn't even learned how to shoot before being dragged out here.

"You really don't know how to shoot?"

Having witnessed Qin Fang's miraculous disassembly and assembly, Scarface and the others refused to believe that this was Qin Fang's first time handling a gun. Without a lengthy period of training, such speed was simply impossible.

But Qin Fang didn't even know how to fire the gun...

"Scarface, I really don't know how; I just touched a gun for the first time today..." Qin Fang had a bitter smile on his face, but to truly have a blast, he still felt he had to admit it.

"You little rascal are truly a freak of nature..."

Scarface huffed and puffed for a good while, ultimately no choice but to helplessly say, "Come on, I'll tell you how to use a gun..." So, Scarface still ended up simply teaching Qin Fang how to disengage the safety, load the ammunition, and shoot.

"Right, like that, brace it against your shoulder. The kickback from this gun is no small thing; if you don't brace it properly, your shoulder is going to suffer... Yes... right, aimed, good, shoot!"

Following Scarface's commands, Qin Fang's movements gradually became smoother, and almost as soon as Scarface said "shoot", Qin Fang pulled the trigger of the Type 81 rifle in his hands.

Pop~~

A shot was fired, targeting a distant gun target. As for accuracy... it was clear he had missed.

"Acquired Skill: Shooting, Skill Level: Primary, Proficiency: 0%."

"Shooting: Use firearms or crossbows to strike at a distance. Accuracy improves as proficiency increases."

Almost at the exact moment Qin Fang fired his shot, a prompt like this popped up in his mind—an expected prompt and a skill Qin Fang had long been yearning for.

"Heh, you missed the first shot, but it's a good thing you didn't keep on being freakishly good..."

From a good distance away, Scarface and the others could clearly see Qin Fang had missed his first shot. They didn't scoff in the slightest, instead feeling a sense of relief—as if a weight had been lifted. At least Qin Fang had left a bit of dignity for these weathered soldiers.

Pop pop pop~~~

But it seemed they had rejoiced too soon. Now with this skill, Qin Fang immediately aimed at the distant target again and started a barrage of continuous shots.

"Shit..."

This time, Scarface and the others, who were just beginning to feel relieved, hadn't even had the chance to celebrate when the target started ringing with several hits, prompting them to swear involuntarily.

After a few continuous shots, Qin Fang had emptied the magazine and had a moment to reload. Scarface and the others brought the target closer to check.

"Seven out of ten... aside from the first missed shot, he hit the target with seven out of the remaining nine shots..."

Faced with such a result, Scarface and the others couldn't help but be astonished. "What kind of monster are you, kid? It's one thing to disassemble and assemble a gun, but to achieve a 70% hit rate the first time you shoot... that's unbelievable!"

Anyone who has handled guns knows that for beginners, just hitting the target is a stroke of luck, and if they fire ten shots and hit with two or three, that's already freakishly lucky.

But Qin Fang, the prodigy, managed to hit seven out of ten, and that was with continuous shooting. The recoil didn't even make him flinch or throw off his aim...

Pop pop pop~~~

As Scarface and the others were bemoaning their fate, Qin Fang started another round of shooting. This time, apparently having learned from his previous experience, he took a deep breath and then fired ten shots.

"Damn, nothing to say, ten out of ten hits..."

This time, his performance was even more extraordinary: ten shots, all hit the target, not a single miss, and even one or two hit right in the center of the bullseye.

To achieve such a score, Qin Fang had used just 20 bullets.

What can you do with 20 bullets?

Hand them to new recruits, and at best you'd get a volley of gunfire—hit the target if you're lucky, or miss it entirely if you're not.

But with Qin Fang, every single shot hit the target, without a single miss. This was no longer just a matter of luck; it was a display of true skill and level.

If it had been someone else, Scarface and the others might have suspected Qin Fang of play-acting, a novice pretending ignorance while being a tiger in disguise. But from Qin Fang's initial clumsy gun handling, even not knowing how to disengage the safety, it was clear that it was indeed his first time shooting.

"Tang Leader, you brought this kid over on purpose to make fools out of us, didn't you..."

Seeing Qin Fang defy logic again, Tang Cheng walked over, and Scarface and the others had bitter smiles on their faces as they complained to Tang Cheng.

"It's your own fault for not training properly... Next time, if you're not serious, I'll bring him over to rough you up again!"

Tang Cheng was indeed good at seizing opportunities—while pulling Qin Fang away, he didn't miss a chance to scorn his somewhat undisciplined troops...