

Last System 331

Chapter 331 Gun Safety

'This is going to be interesting,' I thought when Mia finally grabbed the pistol into her own hand.

And right away, I could tell the difference between someone who knew about this weapon in advance and someone who was only testing it out.

Mia grabbed the pistol and took aim by pointing the barrel itself at the target... and then she attempted to pull the trigger.

"Huh?" Mia shrugged at the same moment when something stopped her finger from pulling the trigger all the way in. "Did I break it?" she asked, only to attempt the same thing again and again.

For a moment, I simply watched Mia struggle, enjoying the silly show. Yet, as I noticed the girl put more and more strength behind her finger, I couldn't help but react.

"You need to switch the safety of the gun first," I explained, approaching Mia from the side and pointing at a small switch located at the gun's side.

"If it is in this position, the gun is secured and won't shoot. By lowering it here," I pointed out at the first of the two rifts engraved into the gun's structure, "it will shoot a single bullet for every pull of the trigger," I explained.

"And what if I lower it all the way?" Mia asked, quickly noticing the third possible setting now that she knew where to look at.

"The gun will become automatic," I replied with a smile. "Showcasing it would be easier, but refilling the magazine is a pain," I stated, only to shake my head a little. "By automatic, it means the gun will shoot all the bullets it can for as long as you keep the trigger pulled."

There was no reason to show how an automatic-firing mode works in a pistol... Because a handgun wasn't a weapon designed to use this mode.

Sure, one could use the automatic mode, but in my personal opinion, it was nothing more but a waste of bullets given the inherent low accuracy of the weapon of such a small caliber when coupled with the stacking kickback of every shot.

"Let's try the first setting, then," Mia muttered, taking my advice to her heart.

She then used her thumb to push the safety off before taking the aim again...

And pulling the trigger one by one, clearly trying to replicate what I did before.

Bam, bam, bam!

The gun responded to Mia's commands just like it would do to my movements. Yet, as it quickly became apparent, aiming the gun by pointing its barrel towards the target could only work on a target that was really close.

Out of all nine shots that Mia ended up sending, eight of them ended in the air or the nearby building facades, with only one of them properly striking the sign she was aiming at.

"Huh?" Mia shrugged, surprised by her poor result. "Did I do something wrong?" she then asked, turning her eyes towards me.

Seeing Mia's puppy-like eyes, I couldn't help but shake my head and give up on continuing to watch the show.

"Pass the gun over," I asked, only to pull the magazine out and spend a few moments refiling it. Yet, instead of passing the gun right back to the girl to let her try again, I nodded towards the ground instead. "Come here," I requested.

"Are you going to teach me?" Mia asked with the same unsatisfied expression from before, obediently following my command and standing right before me.

"That's right," I answered, taking half a step forward and gluing myself to Mia's back. I then swung my arms to the side, bringing the gun in front of Mia's chest. "Take the gun," I ordered in a calm, composed tone.

"Okay," Mia muttered, raising her hands and taking the gun out of my hands only to assume the same position that I did while shooting myself.

"Look here," I pointed out at the iron sights of the weapon composing on a small rift at its back and a small protrusion at the very front of the barrel. "You need to make sure the target, the aiming pin, and the iron sights are all coordinated," I explained the little I knew about the guns.

"So that's how you aim..." Mia muttered right as I took a step back to take a look at her firing stance.

I wasn't an expert by any means. Most of my knowledge about guns came from nothing else but silly games. And I was pretty aware of how far removed from the truth the information in those games could be.

'Beggars can be choosers, I guess,' I thought, reaching out with my hands and moving Mia's arms a little to make her position more stable.

"You can't forget about the recoil," I pointed out, seeing how there was nothing else I could point out. "Rather than trying to fight it, I think you should learn to implement it into your technique instead," I instructed before taking a step back and nodding my head.

Right now, there was nothing more that I could do to help the girl. Whether or not she could aim properly right now was entirely up to her.

Yet, instead of shooting, Mia lowered her gun. She kept her eyes on her target, but she didn't bring her gun up.

For a few moments, Mia simply steadied her breathing, even going as far as to close her eyes.

And in a moment that I couldn't foresee, Mia simply raised the gun, organized her aim, and pulled the trigger, all in one, smooth motion.

BANG!

Due to my ears no longer being used to the sound of the shots, Mia's firing made my ears ring a little. Yet, as I looked towards the sign she aimed at...

It was swinging!

"Congratulations!" I shouted, surprised by how quickly Mia managed to learn how to shoot guns.

"I did it," Mia whispered, her face showcasing just how surprised she was herself. "I did it!" she then repeated her words, the joy finally taking root in her expression as she turned around and looked at me with her happy eyes.

"WOAH!"

As much as I wanted to praise the girl, and as much as she clearly wanted to be praised, there was one thing that instantly soured my mood.

She did one thing that forced me to pull back all the praise and turn it into a scold.

"Never do that again!" I said in a stern voice, swinging my hand and shoving the gun in Mia's hand to the side.

"Huh?" Mia only shrugged, not prepared for the lecture at all. "Do what?" she asked, clueless about what I was talking about.

"Do never point the gun at someone you don't want to shoot!" I shouted, my heart bleeding as I did so.

It wasn't fun to scold the girl I loved. But there were times when a lesson had to be harsh for Mia to perfectly remember it.

"Why is that?" Mia asked. Yet, despite her words sounding cocky, her face was focused.

She understood the seriousness of the situation, given how I rarely got emotional like that.

"Mia, dearest," I finally calmed down and shook my head. "A gun is just a tool. And tools can be faulty," I pointed out the one lesson about gun safety I learned.

'To think that a viral video I once watched would embed its message so deeply into me,' I thought, recalling the short, barely a few seconds long shot of a certain celebrity acting out to keep the rules of gun safety while on the filming set.

"I understand," Mia nodded her head, showcasing how guilty she felt. "I'm sorry," she added, lowering her head in apology.

"There is no reason for you to feel guilty about it," I shook my head. "It's my fault for not pointing that out before," I added, taking the burden of the guilt on myself. "You can't be guilty of not following rules you didn't know about," I added.

Just like in the faith that I was raised in, it wasn't a sin if one wasn't aware doing something was harmful to others or considered a sin in the first place.

"I understand," Mia nodded her head again before turning her face towards the sign.

It was clear that hitting her target once wasn't enough for the girl.

"Can I try again?" she then asked, only for me to shake my head again.

"Dear, you don't need to ask about every last thing you want to do!" I pointed out, only to then shake my head sideways. "But since you asked, I don't think it's a wise thing to do," I added, hiding a small smirk.

"I... Understand..." Mia repeated her words from before, lowering her head in dissatisfaction.

"I don't think it a wise thing for you to get hooked on a handgun," I whispered, grabbing the ak47 from the pile of guns we brought before pulling out its magazine and presenting the weapon to Mia's hands. "When you can use proper guns," I pointed out, finally revealing the mischievous smile on my face. "Am I right?"

For a moment, Mia simply looked down at the weapon in my hands, a confused expression all over her face. Yet, she quickly got over her surprise and took the gun from my hands despite the sulking expression on her lips.

"I'm definitely paying you back for that later," she muttered, "and I won't stop no matter how much you will beg me to stop!" she threatened, only to turn around on her heel while uttering a small 'hmpf.'