

WOW! THE ITEM-DROPPING RATE IS REALLY HIGH!

Chapter 11: 011 Side Quest - Patrol

After proving his "natural talent" in shooting to his teammates, the time quietly approached evening.

"This will be your bunk from now on..."

Bai E glanced over.

It was right next to You's, how could this military camp still have mixed-gender living quarters? It was truly embarrassing.

While pondering, a black jacket was tossed over to him.

"Here, put this on."

"What is this?" he asked subconsciously, even as the item's properties floated up before his eyes.

[Protective Combat Vest I-Type — Quality: White]

[Basic Parameters: defensive power 8; Durability 30/30]

[Wearing Requirements: None.]

[Features: Made from special fabric, it offers excellent resistance to piercing and slashing type injuries, completely absorbing damage from piercing and slashing attacks up to 8 points in energy; it also can absorb weak kinetic energy, reducing some blunt type damage. Downside is... there's a peculiar smell.]

The combat vest was similar to a waistcoat, protecting only the chest area, with the head and limbs outside its protective scope.

The size was adjustable, and Bai E could easily wear it on his own.

"A basic combat vest, it offers some protection. Once you're dressed, Song Ying and You will take you on patrol. This is the first defense line of the human city, and every night, many malicious eyes gaze upon this place, so we must be vigilant."

[Triggered side mission — Patrol.]

[Patrol: Complete your first patrol, and your abilities will receive some enhancement. Mission Requirements: Patrol 0/1. Mission Reward: Insight +0.1.]

Song Ying chimed in with an explanation on the side, "Patrolling is also a form of training for our observational capabilities, which is a necessary and prioritized skill for us as shooters in the team. You've just come out of the cultivation tank, and many potentials are yet to be developed."

Training.

Training in various senses.

This was the absolute main theme of Galaxy World OL.

Bai E nodded expressionlessly, "Okay, I understand."

The three made their way through tent after tent.

[Tent (Neutral) — Destroy with "Lucky Strike" to drop: Guaranteed
(Fabric*2000, Iron*500)]

Can also burst...

The night at the military camp was a bit lively, as the newly born artificial humans gradually woke up after being tempered by time and formed their own individual characters and thoughts.

The elderly were warmly introducing them to more of the world's landscapes.

Grey steel fences encircled new squares between lighthouses, with beams of light from the lighthouses sweeping across every corner of the square, and the dust floating in the air danced like sprites in the paths illuminated by light.

This was the military camp...

Being a stranger in a strange land, even if there was some basic information about the Galaxy World artificially implanted in his mind and background descriptions from the official website, it still seemed difficult to survive independently in this world.

And what does a deserter afraid of battle imply?

It means genetic modification was unsuccessful, meaning one is defective.

The consequence of being caught goes without saying.

Compared to being a deserter, finding a way to survive the initial battle in three days seemed more realistic.

Even if it sounded very dangerous.

Bai E thought about evading, but clearly, the harm from avoiding was greater than facing the war.

"Speaking of which, I don't even know who the opponent will be after three days?"

Looking at Bai E's inquisitive eyes, You, walking alongside, coldly answered, "Every once in a while, our city defense force needs to regularly sweep the bug nests surrounding the city. Those greedy bugs are always coveting our biomass that can be converted into nutrient material. Stopping their advance is our greatest mission."

The girl was petite, her voice not loud, but sufficiently clear, every word distinct.

"I heard the commander say our squad is a special squad, so..."

"There is no difference... it just means we have to take care of the overall situation, and plug up any troublesome gaps immediately."

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So you're saying... it's more dangerous?

More elite warriors, facing harsher challenges.

It seems that's just the way of this world.

But... I don't want to die.

After this period of respite, Bai E had completely recalled all his knowledge about "Galaxy Online" —

The official website's introduction to "Galaxy Online" was all based on the grand era's background blueprint.

It represented the extreme emotions of sentient beings in the form of high-dimensional demons.

Wherever they passed, even the stars would be devoured by the planet devourers — the Swarm.

The cold mechanical races floated in space, ready to awaken at any time and blast high-energy rays across a face.

The brainless green-skinned orc warriors longed for wild combat, while the discontented elves lived a life of ascetic self-discipline...

Players could freely express their passions in this turbulent era, leaving traces of their existence.

Pursuing the pinnacle of personal power, enhancing their bodies through genetics, Spiritual Energy, or even mechanical modifications, their physical forms traversing the universe.

Or forming their own teams, legions... or even carving out a domain to rule over a planet or a Stellar District, becoming a true cosmic warlord.

Alternatively, simply exploring the ruins of ancient civilizations among the stars alone or with a few close friends and family, being a simple and happy treasure hunter earning some pocket money.

The official had once painted a beautiful game experience for the players, but did not inform them how to survive if unfortunate enough to be reincarnated as an artificial being about to be sent as cannon fodder to the battlefield.

The turbulent era could not sustain the fragile flames of life of ordinary people.

Choose to be eternally enslaved by high-dimensional demons or be injected with digestive bacteria by the Swarm and turned into a nutrient solution for the queen to absorb?

Perhaps finding a cool spot to bury oneself is a more comfortable way to die?

This world... is too dangerous.

No ability was sufficient to bolster Bai E's confidence in surviving.

Not to mention the limited personal ability improvements that could be obtained under the current limited training conditions.

Too slow...

"Is there movement over there?"

The moment he went out on patrol, Song Ying's eyes spotted something unusual.

Following his gaze, Bai E, who had returned from his reverie, also noticed the writhing shadow hidden in the darkness.

"Click~"

Song Ying held up the machine gun in his arms and loaded it, "Be careful."

"Mhm."

"You guys follow behind me."

As the team's close combat specialist, You moved to the front of the two.

The three spread out at a distance and slowly approached the target, with Bai E quietly gripping the rifle he had just been issued.

Due to not having enough physical attributes, Bai E was not yet qualified to use the kind of machine gun Song Ying held.

Rifles, pistols.

These were the equipment Bai E now possessed and could use.

[Type 77 Assault Rifle — Quality: White (Light Firearms)]

[Basic Parameters: Semi-auto mode firing rate 1.2 rounds/S, full-auto mode firing rate 3 rounds/S; Magazine capacity: 30 rounds (rifle); Range 500 meters; Basic attack power (type: piercing): 15~23; Output level 13; Durability 20/20]

[Usage Requirements: Semi-auto mode physical 10 (usable), full-auto mode physical 12 (not usable).]

[Trait: In full-auto mode, the trajectory is very likely to skew, shooting accuracy -15%.]

The standard equipment exhibited a reliable quality, and the rifle in hand gave Bai E a certain confidence.

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