

WOW! THE ITEM-DROPPING RATE IS REALLY HIGH!

Chapter 2: 002 New Recruit Talent

"What is... a specialty?"

Bai E asked stiffly.

Consequently, the registration officer's gaze grew even more impatient.

The minds of these newly created artificial humans were chaos, making communication quite troublesome. Yet it was rare to see one so chaotic that they still hadn't found the answer in their implanted memories.

"Your body will tell you,"

a slender figure, standing to the side with arms crossed, suddenly spoke.

[???

(???) (Ally) — Using "Lucky Strike" to kill can drop: Certain (Fresh Meat*1200, Combat Experience 10000 points); High Probability (Trait: Veteran of a Hundred Battles, Proficiency: +1 Combat Specialization Layer, not exceeding layer 8, Proficiency: +1 Light Weapon Specialization Layer, not exceeding layer 10); Possible (Skill: Beauty Under the Moon, Skill: Elf Breathing Skill, Specialty: Self-Restraint, Spiritual Energy (Sharp): 50)]

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Such an exaggerated drop.

The unique overhead script instantly made Bai E subconsciously pay more attention to it.

The figure, covered in pitch-black cloth that revealed not a hint of their face, said with a clear voice, "You may feel an inexhaustible strength you want to vent, or your body may feel incredibly light. Or perhaps you can focus intensely to see the slight movements of minute things in the air. That's the natural talent of your body.

Depending on your hidden specialty, it will determine your role on the battlefield. In combat, you will excavate and leverage this trait to contribute your strength to the city to the greatest extent."

The tone paused, and after a moment's hesitation, the figure added, "And you needn't be afraid. It's not uncommon to have a mistaken feeling — just speak up boldly."

"Feeling?"

Bai E murmured softly, trying to feel his own body.

Noticing this intent, consciousness triggered an unknown program, and a pale blue semi-transparent screen cascaded down in front of his eyes—

[Name]: 95B27

[Race]: Human

[Template]: Genetically Modified Prototype

[Health]: 75/75 (Base 60 + (Endurance - 10) * 15)

[Endurance]: 11 (Current) / 15 (Exercise Limit)

[Insight]: 10/15

[Reflex]: 10/15

[Mystique]: 8/∞

[Gene Optimization Degree] (Current Tendency: Orc): 0.1/100

[Skills]: Lucky Strike (Not upgradable)

[Lucky Strike: Tenfold critical hit, maxed drop rate, one hit 999! Current Charge: 100/100 (Usable)]

[Traits]: Memory Dulling (Slightly reduces the risk of contamination by high-dimensional demons), Battlefield Instinct (Adapts to the battlefield environment faster to utilize full capacity)

[Specialty]: Quick Recovery (Locked)

[Proficiency]: None

[Spiritual Energy]: Unmastered

[Knowledge]: None

[Technology]: None

[Mutation Risk]: Extremely Low

[Assets]: None

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Is this... a game-like interface?

Others rely on feelings, but I can see the interface?

Interface?

Game?

Where exactly is this place?

Bai E felt a swelling sensation in his head, his temples throbbing as if something was about to burst forth.

He looked at his hands, saw overlapping afterimages, and everything before him was a blur.

More discoveries allowed countless memories from the past to slowly awaken, beginning to erode the newly formed worldview of the present.

Two entirely different lives collided, fragments of memory weaving in and out of his mind like a spinning lantern—

Naked human bodies stood bewildered by rows of cultivation chambers, pale green unknown fluids sliding down the curves of the body...

The showerhead in the comfortable apartment sprayed down hot streams, washing away with its foam...

The dying cries of beasts turned into the excited roars of the dungeon master when rare loot was dropped.

The dark shadow of a steel machine gun twisted into a smoke-stained silvery keyboard in the flickering afterimages.

Memories implanted in artificial humans were thin and fragmented, the knowledges of modern society eventually tore through the ignorance of the newborn soul, completely merging both sets of memories and lives.

"I am... Bai E!"

[You have absorbed all of this body's experiences and knowledge, a new life has overlaid your journey, continue exploring, bewildered new soldier, for an unknown path awaits you in the distance...]

"Dong dong dong~"

Seeing Bai E's gaze clear, the impatient registration officer knocked on the desk, running out of patience.

"So, your answer?"

Bai E's gaze passed through the screen, focusing on the registration officer waiting for an answer behind it.

The pale blue screen, as if sensing this, dissolved from his sight like paper soaked in water.

Register a talent specialty?

Artificial humans had memories implanted that directed them towards two drastically different development paths—"close combat," or "shooter."

"I feel like..."

He stretched out his hand as if to grab the sprites dancing within the light column not far in front of him, "I can almost catch those dust particles in the air."

Having sorted his thoughts a bit, Bai E decided to tell a lie.

In order to make artificial humans adapt to the battlefield environment more quickly, the memories stuffed into their heads were those brutal scenes from the battlefield—

Warriors clad in iron armor, brandishing steel swords, charging bravely, their flesh and blood forming an eternal wall against the enemy's claws and blades for the cities of mankind.

Clearly, close combat artificial humans were just cannon fodder meant to be sacrificed, and only a few chosen ones might survive the cruel war and unearth their potential.

But Bai E wasn't willing to gamble on such slim odds.

By comparison, remote shooters were more likely to survive.

Although he didn't know why he had come to this place, making sure to stay as far away from danger as possible was always the right move.

He was no longer a player; he no longer had the privilege of restarting at any time.

"So you're inclined towards shooting expertise?"

The registrar showed a clear look of surprise upon hearing Bai E's answer.

He took a special look at the badge on Bai E's chest—95B27.

"Line 95 uses orc genes, how could a shooting talent emerge?"

But these newborn artificial humans, with their hardly functioning brains, shouldn't have the concept of lying yet, could this just be one in ten thousand exceptions?

Such cases, after all, were not without precedent.

Murmuring softly, the registrar nodded and pointed in a direction to his side, "Go over there and wait in line."

"Okay."

Bai E's gaze lingered on the figure wrapped in black cloth for one last look.

The other's response seemed to be out of mere interest, and after hearing about his specialty, he completely stopped paying attention to Bai E, turning towards the distant horizon instead...

"Are you also specialized in shooting?"

The artificial human at the front of the line turned back and asked Bai E excitedly.

Bai E sized up the queue ahead and nodded, "Yeah..."

There weren't many in line, and at the end was an indoor space covered in steel.

From inside came the occasional sound of air bursting... that was gunfire.

Shooting specialties required testing?

This guess made Bai E instantly tense up inside.

On the other side, where the registrar was, it seemed that the artificial human soldiers with close combat specialization were all queuing up, and the vast army formation was silent.

"I heard the better you do in the test later, the more bullets you get allocated when you go to the battlefield."

The artificial human in front of him chatted as if they were old friends.

Bai E replied with a rise in pitch, "Oh?"

"Don't you know? Our bodies have a lot of potential waiting to be developed. The more training we receive, the faster we can reach our limits. The more bullets we're allocated, the more chances we have to train, the faster we can develop our potential and contribute more to this city!"

The other person spoke excitedly, full of anticipation.

Indeed, training was one of the most effective ways to improve one's abilities!

That was the significance of the stats shown on the attribute panel with physical fitness at 11/15, and insight and reflexes at 10/15.

The current abilities were 11 and 10 points, while 15 was the maximum that this body could reach through exercise at the current stage.

And to break through beyond that... if his memory was correct, it seemed to require a breakthrough in gene optimization.

Memories implanted in artificial humans suddenly revealed segments of related knowledge, and of course, this might have been part of his own memories surfacing at the same time, blurring the distinction.

Bai E squinted his eyes slightly, that strange feeling reemerging in his heart.

Such a familiar setup...

"It's our turn!"

"Right."

Bai E followed the queue, stepping forward gradually and into the indoor space.

A... shooting range.

The previous group of testers were leaving in a line from another side, and this batch of testers took their places in front of each target in turn.

There were soldiers likely in charge of monitoring the test standing by each target, talking casually with each other while waiting for the new batch of artificial humans to take their places.

"The scores of those just now weren't qualified, were they..."

"Could be the expression of latent genes, flush them out and put them with the close combat troops."

"It's more straightforward cannon fodder..."

The soldiers' conversation did not purposefully avoid the ears of the new artificial humans because here... cannon fodder was a term of praise.

Bai E clenched his fists lightly, his gaze sweeping across the entire scene.

[Target (Neutral)—Destroy with "Lucky Shot" to drop: Guaranteed (Brass Bullets*5000, Light Firearms Mastery Experience 500 Points); Possible (Knowledge: Firearm Maintenance and Care)]

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"Pick up the rifles in front of you and get ready to shoot!"

[Triggered side quest—Rookie Talent.]

[Rookie Talent: In order to conceal your lie, you must demonstrate the corresponding talent to gain the trust of your allies. Quest requirement: Show at least level 1 mastery of the corresponding specialization before the end of the test time 0/1. Quest completion reward: Corresponding specialization level +1, up to a maximum of 3 levels, general experience +100. (Countdown: 59 minutes 59 seconds)]