

WOW! THE ITEM-DROPPING RATE IS REALLY HIGH!

Chapter 3: 003 Lucky Strike

Grasping the rifle tightly in his hands, Bai E maintained a calm expression.

The information about the object in hand also displayed before his eyes—

[Training Rifle—Quality: White (Light Firearms/Long-range Weapons)]

[Basic Parameters: Rate of fire 0.75 rounds/S; Magazine capacity: 10 rounds (rubber bullets); Range 200 meters; Basic attack power (type: impact): 2~3; Output energy level 3; Durability 8/10]

[Usage Requirement: Physical strength 6 (usable), the character currently has no Light Firearms Specialization, shooting accuracy -10%.]

[Traits: Worn by age, shooting accuracy -5%; when using rubber bullets, difficult to penetrate armor when hitting non-vital parts.]

This fragile weapon had clearly been touched by countless hands before, so much so that the barrel shimmered with a smoky patina of oil.

But for this very reason, when Bai E's right hand gripped the handle, it felt an exceptional fit with the structure of his palm.

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, Bai E raised the rifle, leveling it with his eyes.

Through the scope with one eye, he locked onto the target 50 meters ahead.

Feeling a bit sweaty in the hand, Bai E slightly moved the muscles in his hand.

Making sure his left hand was supporting the rifle and his right hand wouldn't slip.

After aiming for about 3 seconds, Bai E suddenly pulled the trigger.

"Swoosh!"

The rubber bullet shot out.

It missed...

Watching the bullet veer off about a meter from the target, the soldier in charge of the test didn't say much.

He just continued to watch Bai E indifferently, waiting for his next performance.

He knew that the training rifle itself had poor precision.

The first shot missing was to be expected.

Bai E steadied his mind.

He was sure he had aimed at the red dot right in the center of the target, yet the rubber bullet deviated to the upper right.

So...

Bai E made a slight adjustment to the barrel, aiming at the outer red circle on the lower left side of the target.

"Bang!"

[Successfully hit the target, Light Firearms Mastery experience +1]

[Current Light Firearms Mastery experience 1/100. At 100 points, you can master "Level 1 Light Firearms Specialization".]

[Your attack hit successfully, but failed to penetrate the target's armor.]

[Wooden Target (Neutral): Defensive power 4; Durability 10/10.]

The hit was along the upper edge of the target's centerline.

The poor accuracy manifested not as a constant direction deviation but as an unstable scatter area.

But fortunately, he still managed to hit the target.

Gaining 100 points in Light Firearms Mastery within an hour might... be possible.

Gripping the rifle, he aimed again.

"Bang!"

A slight tremble in the wrist, the bullet drifted...

Bai E instantly realized the problem.

The moment he pulled the trigger his wrist moved.

Realizing the issue, Bai E tried his best to keep his hands still while shooting, but will and action are not always in harmony.

The accuracy was still problematic.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

...

After emptying a whole magazine of 10 rubber bullets, the hit rate was a pitiful 30%.

[Current Light Firearms Mastery experience 3/100. At 100 points, you can master "Level 1 Light Firearms Specialization".]

The supervising soldier beside him showed no emotion, just handed over a magazine filled with rubber bullets expressionlessly.

Replacing the magazine, Bai E exhaled softly.

It is well known that newly created artificial humans need time to adapt to their physical abilities.

But without comparison, there is no harm.

The person in the next lane had already hit at least seven or eight times, perhaps because he shot more, but it was still a show of talent.

This is the importance of concealed talent; even if those specializations are not yet unlocked, their existence signifies the different strengths of each body.

Bai E, pretending to conceal his abilities, was inherently at a disadvantage from the start.

...

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

The sound of training rifles firing blank rounds echoed sporadically throughout the range as a figure in a black cloak silently arrived at the second-floor corridor overlooking the range.

This position allowed a comprehensive view of the entire field, taking in the status of each target at a glance.

"How's it going?"

The presiding examiner, who had already been standing there, didn't make a sound, just silently shook their head.

The talent of this batch was uneven, but even the best among them wasn't outstanding.

After silently watching for a while longer, the examiner finally sighed.

"Looks like we'll even have to weed out more in the next round."

Lacking talent, one was not permitted to use the already scarce resources.

And those artificial humans with a shooting talent, albeit an unremarkable performance, would absolutely underperform in close combat as compared with those born with a melee combat talent.

In other words... they were more likely to be sacrificed.

Only the most exceptional artificial humans could ever hope to walk off the eternal battlefield alive.

The Genetic Soldier Project was intended to produce an invincible super-soldier, but apparently, it only ever yielded cannon fodder.

He held no prejudices against the life or status of artificial humans; it was just that resources should be kept in the hands of those who were useful, which was the greatest contribution to the city.

This was an iron rule coursing through the veins of everyone in Black Stone City.

As they spoke, his gaze fixed on a particular target.

Even among those artificial humans likely to be dismissed, the performance of that one could be described as—

Eye-catching...

Following the examiner's gaze, Yue Ying's eyes narrowed slightly. Was it that particularly dull-looking artificial human from before?

After watching intently for a while, Yue Ying shook their head slightly, disappointed.

His hit rate... was pitifully low, not to mention his score in terms of hitting the inner rings.

...

Countdown: 8 minutes 27 seconds.

Bai E suddenly put down the training rifle, which still had 4 rubber bullets in it.

"May I try using your gun?"

He asked the monitoring soldier beside him, who had a machine gun with a blade hanging from his body... a real gun.

The monitoring soldier blinked in surprise, instinctively looking up at the second floor.

He had never heard such a request before.

"What does he want to do?"

The examiner squinted, hesitated slightly, and then nodded to the soldier looking up for instruction, "Give it to him."

After taking the large gun off his body, Bai E heard the voice of the soldier for the first time during the test.

"It's a bit heavy."

"Mmm."

Watching Bai E cradling the machine gun, even Yue Ying on the second floor felt a tinge of curiosity.

"What does he want to do?"

The examiner shrugged, "Maybe the training rifle doesn't suit him?"

He enjoyed seeing variables in artificial humans; variables meant surprises.

Yue Ying's eyes, hidden in the shadows, narrowed slightly.

"Shooting the target with a real gun? It'll break..."

Bai E had already dismissed all external influences.

Who knows how long of practice had distilled his thoughts to a single focus at this moment—destroy that target.

The shooting experience gained from the training rifle was too slow; it had been stagnant at 31 points, and after 8 consecutive hits, there was no further increase in the Light Firearms Specialization experience.

The increase in shooting proficiency experience essentially reflected one's improvement in shooting ability, whether through enhanced understanding or performance; it was all about improvement.

No increase in experience meant his shooting skills hadn't improved at all.

Just hitting the target was not enough to gain experience; one needed to hit better circles, even the center. Currently, he clearly didn't have that ability.

31 points, roughly the maximum Light Firearms Specialization experience he could gain through shooting at a 50-meter target with the training rifle in a short amount of time.

He was still far from reaching level 1 Light Firearms Specialization, and with his own level, slow progress was likely out of reach.

Not to mention, there were only a few minutes left.

Thus... using the "Lucky Shot" to destroy the target and gain 500 points of Light Firearms Specialization experience to unlock the specialty was the only way out.

The charging mechanism of Lucky Shot was unclear, and there might only be this one opportunity in the short term. While he might have had more choices, this was undoubtedly the best answer at the moment.

This skill was the sole reliance of an outsider like him to survive in this cruel world.