

## WOW! THE ITEM-DROPPING RATE IS REALLY HIGH!

### Chapter 5: Questioning from Teammate 005

A strapping military officer with three silver stars on his shoulder strode over, the steel of his boots making a constant "clack clack" sound on the ground.

The imposing figure of the middle-aged officer, thick with muscles and a dense beard, walked straight towards them, bearing down like a mountain, full of oppressive presence.

His tone was anything but courteous.

"Old man, do you have any idea what you're talking about?"

As he approached, the officer glanced at Bai E by the side before locking his gaze firmly on the elderly chief examiner.

With his eyes lowered, the chief examiner seemed indifferent to the other's intimidation, merely saying softly,

"Hamilton, this isn't your armored battalion, it's not your place to intervene in my decisions."

The middle-aged officer chuckled coldly, "New artificial humans joining the special forces squad right off the bat, old man... aren't you being a bit too eager?"

[You acutely realize you might have unwittingly stepped into some faction struggle, you decide...]

Upon hearing the prompt on the panel, Bai E chose... to remain silent.

With too little information, any action might prove wrong.

"The most outstanding soldiers should undertake the most rigorous duties, that's the original intent of the artificial human soldier program."

Turning his head away from him, the chief examiner simply said to his deputy, "Go, find him a suitable squad."

"Yes, sir!"

Hamilton huffed coldly, folded his arms, and said nothing more.

He was there to meet a partner from the Elf Race, it just so happened that he stumbled upon this scene and couldn't resist mocking it a bit.

The fight between the factions that either rejected or supported artificial humans was escalating by the day, and it was only a matter of time before a winner emerged.

These heretics who supported artificial humans would all be sent to the battlefield sooner or later!

...

The deputy's efficiency was high, and it didn't take long before he had someone in mind, "Come with me, I'll take you to meet your future teammates."

Bai E nodded stiffly, "Mhm."

Following the deputy through the camp, Bai E saw his future teammates in a spacious tent made of steel frames and fabric.

A man seated at a corner on an ammo box, his tightly worn uniform emphasizing his bulging muscles, was polishing a firearm with an oily black cloth.

A petite woman shrouded in a dark uniform, only her calm and indifferent eyes visible outside the black mask.

And there was a man not wearing the special fabric combat suit but a plain white tank top, looking like a middle-aged uncle out for a stroll.

The only one standing by the entrance of the tent was a figure in gray-black, dressed in a combat suit made of unknown sturdy fabric, protecting his body; his exposed face showed several deep scratches.

They had all been notified in advance and were waiting there.

"This is 'Tiger,' the captain of this combat squad, an artificial human like you, and now he'll be your captain," the deputy announced.

"This is 95B27, his test scores were very good. Commander Laurent specifically instructed that we find him a special forces squad," he added shortly, patting Tiger's shoulder. "Get to know each other, from now on, you're teammates."

After saying this, he lifted the tent flap and left, leaving Bai E to endure the scrutinizing looks of four people.

Tiger, ever cheerful, didn't let the atmosphere turn awkward.

He extended his hand, sweeping it past his teammates to introduce Bai E.

"This is Song Ying, responsible for our team's fire support; this is 98A24, who handles breaching and charging, he's named himself 'Da Shan' (Big Mountain); and that one is 98B25, in charge of maneuvering and support, you can call her 'You'."

Tiger made the introductions one by one, then looked at Bai E with some anticipation.

"Besides 'Ying,' the others here are like you, all artificial humans. Numbers are too cumbersome; we usually come up with a simple name for ourselves. What would you like to call yourself?"

[A new life, a new name, you get this chance only once, you tell them you want to be called...]

The prompt from the panel rang out unexpectedly at that moment, and Bai E's gaze flickered slightly before he replied softly.

"Bai E, you can call me Bai E."

[Welcome, honorable soldier 'Bai E,' you've formally joined the world of Galaxy Online. Moving forward, please enjoy the freedom to explore as you wish!]

Galaxy Online?

The game I had reserved?

I finally found why everything in this world felt so eerily familiar!

Bai E's gaze sharpened as the calm returned, seizing that thread which ran through everything.

Bai E's new teammates didn't leave him much space to think quietly.

"Your test scores were pretty good?"

In the corner polishing his gun, Song Ying suddenly looked up, his gaze indifferent as he quietly asked, "Only those with a sharpshooting specialty need to be tested, right?"

Bai E replied with equal calm, "It should be okay."

Even truly gifted artificial soldiers would hardly manage to secure a Level 3 specialization in light firearms on their first test.

With a genuine specialization at his disposal, he spoke with a bit more confidence.

Song Ying, holding his gun, stood up, "Let's see what you've got."

The tent fell silent, with You and Da Shan silently watching, and Tiger holding his chest, apparently happy to see it unfold.

Seeing Bai E looking around, Song Ying spoke sternly, "Don't mind it; anyone joining the squad has to be accepted. We need to ensure that in future hazardous operations, we can trust you with our backs."

[In the face of the top-down order, anyone would instinctively resist. Faced with your teammates' doubts, you decide...]

"..."

Bai E nodded slightly, "How do you want to do this?"

"Simple. A shooting test."

The shooting range had it all, from fixed targets at 50 meters to 100 meters, 200 meters, and even moving targets that changed frequency.

It wasn't the same as real combat but it was a way to glimpse the basics.

"Alright."

"Follow me."

...

Peace had reclaimed the interior of the tent.

Watching the two leave the tent, the remaining three teammates exchanged glances, their eager anticipation hard to suppress.

"Shall we go check it out?"

"They've been gone a while, no telling how they're doing."

Tiger casually tapped his fighting knife with the smoking pipe in his hand.

"If you're that curious, then let's go have a look," he decided.

Da Shan and You exchanged a glance, their eyes brimming with interest.

"Let's go."