**Chapter-1: The First Lesson**

\*Click\* The door creaks open, and Derek emerges from his room, visibly exhausted.

"Damn, it's been months, and I still can't manage to get a good sleep," he grumbles.

"Yeah, I bet you miss your king-size bed, oh mighty one," Derek's roommate, Sam, remarks, bowing his head mockingly.

Suddenly, Derek hears a supersonic sound and looks up just in time to see a bottle of milk collide with his head, sending it rolling across the floor.

"Ouch!" Derek exclaims, rubbing his head.

"Will you forget it, Derek? It's been nearly three months," Sam chides, as Derek examines the bottle that just attacked him.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. Get ready. Today, we have our first actual ammunition class," Derek says, his excitement palpable.

"We've been having ammunition classes for the past month. Why are you so thrilled now?" Sam questions.

"Well, first of all, your 'ammunition classes' were just boring lectures. Today, we'll be taught with actual guns in the firing range! Aren't you excited?" Derek exclaims.

"Yeah, I am, but it's just not as thrilling as you make it sound," Sam replies, nonchalant.

"Thanks, Mr. Mood Killer. Now, go and at least get ready," Derek retorts.

"You too, Sir Dramatic," Sam chuckles.

In Room 15's bathroom:

\*Splash, splash.\* Sam prays silently, looking at himself in the mirror. "Please, don't let me embarrass myself today. I beg you."

"Damn, this cold water! Where are all the taxes going?" Sam mutters, splashing water on his face.

"Sam! Be quick, idiot, or we won't get enough rounds," Derek shouts from outside the bathroom.

"We're not going to be left out, okay? So just calm down. It's not like we're really late or something. Professor San is always late, you know," Sam explains, munching on some toast.

"Yeah, but he's a professor, not a student. And not just any professor, he's the 'coolest professor' for almost six years now," Derek exclaims proudly.

"Who the hell is even giving out such awards anyway?" Sam wonders.

Both of them leave their hostel and head towards the institute building.

"Our seniors told everyone everything about Mr. San. Just you wait till you see him in action," Derek boasts.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. Let's get to our new class," Sam agrees as they enter the firing range. The ammunition class is held in a spacious firing range instead of regular classrooms for practical use and explanations.

The firing range covers a large area and has a small hanging sign at the entrance that says "FIRE AGE," adding a touch of old cowboy charm to the building. However, entering it at night feels eerie, resembling a haunted house from every movie. There are rumors that the "Ghost of War" visits every night, sharing stories of how he fought fifty soldiers alone, buying time for his comrades to escape. It's disturbing considering this country has never been in a war, or even a small fight.

After passing through the entrance, they walk down a corridor where a young blonde woman sits chewing gum.

"Good morning, Ms. Patel," Derek greets her as they pass by her cabin. Ms. Patel, originally from India, married her "prince" whom she met on Facebook, only to discover he was a security guard and not an employee at a multinational corporation. After shedding tears and blaming her luck,

she decided to be an independent modern woman and applied for various jobs. After several failed attempts and some "special requirements," she landed the job of caretaker at the firing range.

"Good morning, Derek," Ms. Patel replies with a beaming smile. After passing Patel's cabin, they reach another corridor that leads to the firing range.

"Ready?" Derek asks, looking at Sam.

"You bet I am," Sam responds, sharing Derek's excitement.

"Everyone's here. Check if any of your friends are missing," Derek says as they enter the classroom. Around eighteen students are seated in a semicircle, with a man in his thirties standing in the center. He possesses a finely chiseled muscular body, radiating an aura that puts everyone on edge. Some claim he was born with developed muscles, while others believe he survives on protein powder alone. There are even rumors that he is a government test subject for "super warriors." Whatever the truth may be, he is undoubtedly a prodigy of his generation.

"Sam and Derek are late again, sir!" someone shouts from the semicircle.

"Present and present, Mr. Watson. I can see both of them behind you," declares Professor San or Prof. San—the famous prodigy who has surpassed even the elite veterans in his field. His ability to think strategically and his remarkable fighting skills have earned him a well-deserved reputation among his peers.

"Mr. Watson, I'm afraid I have to provide you with special glasses to improve your eyesight. Meet me after class," Prof. San says, an evil smile playing on his face.

"But, sir..." Watson stammers.

"Am I not clear?" Prof. San interrupts, his voice firm.

"No, sir. I get it," Watson replies, his head hanging low.

"Okay, now that we're all here, let's begin. First, I'll show you how a real gun is different from the fake ones you see in movies. Then, you'll have some practical tasks to complete. Clear?" Prof. San explains.

"Hmm," everyone nods in unison.

Prof. San retrieves an AK-117 assault rifle that he brought with him. "Many of you already know this beauty. Her name is AK-117, not 47. Remember that. You might have seen this weapon in mobile games, especially those battle royale ones..." He goes on for fifteen minutes, explaining where it's used and why it's so famous.

"That's enough theory for now. It's time for some fun," Prof. San says with a mischievous grin. He picks up the AK-117 and instructs everyone to cover their ears with headphones to protect their hearing.

"Chris, start the game," Prof. San commands, and a man in a windowed room gives him a thumbs-up. Prof. San walks over to a switchboard and flips a few switches, activating the practice targets with a smile on his face.

\*Bang... Bang... Bang!\* Three moving targets fall down after being shot in the temple.

"Ohhhhh..." Everyone claps for their teacher.

"That's our teacher," Derek exclaims proudly.

"Ofcourse he is. The best batch gets the best sensei," Tobi comments. He is Japanese at heart, having grown up in America, and dreams of being the main character in an anime, often trying to sound Japanese.

Satisfied with his shots, Prof. San looks at his students, waiting for their appreciation. Many of them have stars in their eyes, like children witnessing a magic trick.

"Huh, anyone can do that. He just made it seem simple," Xavier sarcastically remarks. He is the perpetual challenger, always questioning everything and everyone.

"Oh, is that so, Sir Xavier?

Care to show us your expertise?" Prof. San challenges, raising an eyebrow.

"Uhh, well... I didn't mean it that way," Xavier stutters, sensing trouble.

"Exactly. Let me do the teaching, and you do the learning," Prof. San declares, putting an end to any further objections.

The class continues, with Prof. San guiding his students through the basics of gun handling, aiming, and shooting techniques. It is an intense but exhilarating experience, as everyone realizes the power they hold in their hands.

As the class progresses, Derek and Sam find themselves engrossed in the training. The initial skepticism and fatigue give way to a newfound enthusiasm. They can't wait to master the art of marksmanship and become skilled in handling weapons.

Little do they know that their journey has just begun. The path ahead is filled with challenges, tests of courage, and unexpected twists. Will they be able to rise to the occasion and become exceptional warriors? Only time will tell.

With each shot fired and each target hit, their destinies intertwine, shaping a story of bravery, friendship, and self-discovery. In the world of guns and ammunition, where danger lurks at every turn, Derek and Sam must navigate through the shadows, striving to become more than just students of the art of war.

As the class draws to a close, Prof. San leaves them with a final thought: "Remember, a weapon is only as powerful as the person who wields it. Strength lies not just in pulling the trigger, but in understanding the consequences of each bullet. Use your skills wisely, and may you find the true purpose behind your journey."

And so, the journey begins, with Derek, Sam, and their fellow classmates stepping into a world where every shot fired echoes with the weight of their dreams and ambitions. The firing range becomes their battleground, and the lessons learned within its walls will shape their lives forever.