

I! Cleaner 111

Chapter 111 Reconciliation with Maternal Grandfather_1

Although the woman cop had said "if," combined with her somewhat evasive gaze, the implication was not much different from a direct statement.

After being taken aback, Leon couldn't help but ask the hesitant woman cop in front of him, "Did you find something when you were going through the list?"

"I did find something... But it's not very certain at the moment, so it's just an if..."

After a silent sigh in her heart, the woman cop took the "Missing Persons List" and the "Lionheart Family Register," pointed to one of the names that was crossed out, and spoke in a low voice with an unpleasant expression,

"This person... has the same name as your maternal grandfather. He was a fairly outstanding mechanic who once competed with the former head of the family for control of the Ryan Armaments Company. But because of his shallow roots, after losing the contest, not only did he lose his position in the company, but he was also driven out by the former head. In the end, his entire family had to leave the Capital City and moved to... Laine County..."

"..."

The same name, mechanic, Laine County... It seemed a bit suspicious, but...

"That doesn't necessarily mean I'm part of the Ryan Family, right?" Leon frowned and said after thinking for a moment,

"While Laine County is a small county, it has a resident population of several million, so having someone with the same name..."

"It's not just the same name."

Apparently having had similar suspicions, the woman cop shook her head upon hearing Leon's words and brought out the third book she had prepared.

"Look, this is a photo from a ball at the time. The person on the stage is your maternal grandfather."

"Are you expecting me to recognize people from photos?"

Looking at the spirited yet very unfamiliar middle-aged man on the stage, Leon couldn't help but frown and said, "I have almost no impression of my maternal grandfather because of certain things, so..."

"Even if you don't recognize him, don't you find this person familiar?"

Pointing to someone in the crowd below the stage, the woman cop said helplessly, "That person is your maternal grandmother. Her appearance is just..."

A mature version of Anna indeed!

Looking at the woman in the photo, whose eyebrows and eyes bore a seven-tenths resemblance to his sister except for some details, even Leon felt that this was probably not a coincidence.

After returning to his seat with the three books, Leon, with his brows tightly knit, quickly leafed through the relevant records and also looked for related genealogies.

Subsequently, he was extremely speechless to discover that if all this were true, not only was he part of the Ryan Family, but he seemed to be of quite a high rank. Even the current head of the Ryan Family would have to call him uncle!

Although he was a distant uncle and had no inheritable property, not to mention his inheritance rights to a title were nowhere near the top 30, he was indeed a member of the Ryan Family, and could barely be considered part of the direct lineage.

My gosh, this is some real dog blood!

And looking at the ever-increasing doubts in front of him, even though Leon didn't really want to acknowledge the kinship, he had to admit that he was probably part of the Ryan Family.

If there were only one or two suspicious points, it might just be a coincidence, but with so many coincidences piling up, it was hard to argue otherwise. Especially with a maternal grandmother who bore a seven-tenths resemblance to Anna...

This is... the kinship was just an excuse to investigate the Anomalous Object, but now, the mutton stew wasn't found, and I ended up acknowledging the kinship instead!

"Leon..."

Seeing Leon rubbing his temples incessantly with an unpleasant expression, the woman cop couldn't help but ask again, "What are you going to do?"

"What do you mean, what am I going to do?"

"The investigation of the evidence!"

"These two matters are separate, you just go ahead and investigate."

After dismissing it with a wave of his hand, Leon took out a pen and paper, and while jotting down the relevant records, he remembered Anna's secret.

I am a traveler, not only do I have no memory of my maternal grandfather, but even most things related to my parents were heard from Anna.

But Anna is different from me, although both grandparents died of illness early, by counting the age, Anna should have met them when she was young, maybe she knows about her own lineage.

So... is this what Anna was hiding from me?

But if it was this, why wouldn't she want me to see the photos? Also, is it really necessary to hide something like this from me?

...

With a stomach full of questions, after finishing copying the records related to his maternal grandfather, Leon folded the paper and carefully kept it close, intending to ask Anna back home.

Then he looked at the woman cop beside him, who seemed like she had more to say, and pushed a piece of paper he had filled out over to her.

"Here, this is a list of those whose rise was strange, and who likely used some unscrupulous means. If you want to investigate the Ryan Family, you can prioritize these people."

"Ah? Thank you..."

Taking the "Suspicious Personnel List," the woman cop couldn't help but clench her fists and spoke with a complex expression upon seeing Leon restored to calm again: "Didn't expect you to really be part of the Ryan Family..."

"Hold up."

Raising his hand to make a stopping gesture, Leon said with a serious face, "My Ryan is from Laine County's Ryan, not the Duke of Lionheart's Ryan... At least I have no such intentions, and since my family never mentioned this, it proves they probably have no interest in acknowledging this kinship either."

"So I hope this matter stops here, afterwards you can investigate the Ryan Family however you want, but I have nothing to do with this family."

When he said this, Leon couldn't help but pause slightly. Although the woman cop didn't seem like the talkative type, just to be safe, he took out a note pad.

"Tell you what, let's consider what just happened as confidential content, only known to you and me. If I find out that someone else knows..."

"Don't bother writing the note! I'm not that kind of person!"

Glaring at Leon with dissatisfaction, seeing him acting as if zealously defending against being tied to the Ryan Family, the woman cop inexplicably breathed a sigh of relief. Then with a look of slight respect:

"Although the Ryan Family doesn't have a very good reputation, it's still a noble house with over 500 years of history, and your grandfather is of the direct lineage. I thought you would..."

"What you think isn't necessarily true, besides, how do you know I wasn't telling the truth just now and wouldn't turn around and recognize the Ryan Family?"

After cutting off the woman cop, seeing as she didn't conceal the discovery and conducted a secret investigation on him, but came straight out with it, to avoid her getting into trouble again due to rashness, Leon couldn't help but advise,

"You're not a bad person, but you're a bit too impulsive, always making decisions on a whim. For instance, since you know I have interests related to the Ryan Family, why still tell me directly? And before, it was just a misunderstanding, why were you so certain that I must be a rebel?"

"Your judgments are too hasty. When you encounter similar situations in the future, try thinking it over before deciding. Acting so rashly won't do."

"I... I'm not entirely without thought..."

Hearing Leon's assessment of her, being called impetuous and reckless by someone younger, the woman cop's face flushed slightly, and couldn't help but try to salvage her dignity:

"I told you directly because I felt you're not a bad person and unlikely to collude with the Ryan Family! As for why I thought you were a rebel... It was simply because of what the 'Daily News' editor said before, who wouldn't think you're a rebel after hearing that?"

Chapter 112 Target_1

"..."

So... the thing I did at that restaurant, you've actually found out about it already?

Looking at Leon's suddenly tense expression, the female officer couldn't help but blink in speechlessness.

I thought you were acting so boldly because you had nothing to fear; turns out you really thought you hadn't been exposed?

"Do you not read the paper usually?"

She made a remark, and noticing Leon's somewhat puzzled look, the female officer couldn't help but tease,

"Actually, you covered your tracks pretty decently—not only did you keep your face covered the whole time, but after your attack, you immediately went to a bustling shopping mall. We couldn't have found you unless you changed your clothes casually in some bathroom.

But your luck was extraordinarily bad, as you ended up getting hit by a falling money box and taken to the hospital. To make things worse, your photo was taken by a reporter from The Sun News and ended up as the headline on the society section.

The editor of Daily News recognized you in less than three seconds after seeing the paper, and once our Secret Investigation Bureau checked the hospital records, naturally, your identity was locked down too."

Ah, this...

Although getting hit by Holy Spirit and ending up in the hospital was an uncontrollable force, Leon's face slightly flushed with embarrassment after just critiquing someone else's carelessness and then having his own screw-up exposed.

"So you..."

"So you've been exposed for quite some time! It's just that, seeing as you're with the Purification Bureau, we haven't arrested you!

Besides, although I might be a bit impatient, I'm still a secret police officer—how could I be as foolish as you think?"

The female officer, having suffered from multiple setbacks in front of Leon, seized the rare chance to regain some pride, lifted her chin slightly, and huffed,

"Do you understand now? There was a reason I've been keeping an eye on you! After discovering that the Rebels infiltrated the police department, how could I just stand by? Naturally, I must be vigilant!"

Upon hearing these words, Leon fell silent for a moment, before speaking up and retorting,

"When you say vigilant... does that include sneaking an attack on my butt while I'm shooting?"

"..."

Hearing Leon's words, the female officer's face fell.

"I just couldn't hold back at the time... Damn Rebels! Didn't we agree to never bring this up again?"

"Alright, I won't bring it up, but as a trade-off, you'd better forget about my affair too!"

After bickering a few times, the two individuals, having resolved their misunderstanding, found themselves appreciating each other much more, transforming from thinking of each other as crazy and a damn Rebel to reckless broad and... a police officer even more radical than the Rebels.

After recalling Leon's "political stand," it was clear neither he nor the Ryan Family was in alignment. Completely assured, the female officer kept the list Leon gave her and then inquired,

"Now that we've found what needed to be found, what's next? What should we do next?"

"Next..."

After gazing at the gradually darkening sky, Leon turned his head to look at the bound female criminal on the couch and thought for a moment before saying,

"My job's done, but considering you've helped me quite a bit, I can assist you in investigating what you need to investigate."

What I need to investigate... The auditor from six years ago?

Understanding Leon's implication, the female officer's expression grew severe as she rose and walked to the sofa's side, earnestly facing the gagged female criminal and saying,

"You should understand by now that there's no chance for you to escape, and once back at the Secret Investigation Bureau, you'll face 24-hour thematic interrogation until you confess everything."

"Mm! Mm!"

"Don't worry, I'm not here to ask about the Rebels right now."

Seeing the female criminal struggling and glaring at her, the female officer took a deep breath, then sincerely continued,

"I know you don't trust me, and you'd prefer to personally take revenge on the Ryan Family than clear your husband's name, but I still hope you'll cooperate with my investigation.

And since the princess-assassination affair is such a big deal, upon returning to the Secret Investigation Bureau, all inquiries directed at you will only target the Rebels themselves. Your husband's case is unlikely to be pursued, hence this is not only my last chance but your last chance too."

After saying all these words, observing the now still female criminal, the female officer tentatively asked,

"Would you cooperate with my investigation? If yes, blink your eyes."

After a moment of hesitation, the female criminal, hearing this, laboriously turned her head to glare at Leon in the distance.

"Relax, everything I wanted to know has been asked already."

Understanding her fear of trick questions about the Rebels, Leon raised an eyebrow and retorted,

"Moreover, think about it, if I intended to extract information from you, would it matter whether you spoke or not?"

"..."

Hearing Leon's retort, the female criminal couldn't help but feel disappointed, blinking her eyes in mild despair.

Indeed, his bizarre interrogation method seemed to just need her awake. Even if she persistently stayed silent, he could still directly extract the answer...

...

"Phew..."

Once the cloth was removed from her mouth, the female criminal first glared at Leon, unwillingly, then took a deep breath and coldly looked at the female officer.

"About my husband's issue, how do you plan to investigate?"

"Start by verifying identities."

After preparing some paper and a pen, the female officer slightly frowned and said,

"Among those capable of harming your husband, the former Minister of Defense of the military department has already been executed by royal order, so the rest are your husband's superior and whoever from the Ryan Family at the time..."

"My husband's superior needn't be checked anymore."

Interrupting the female officer's words, the female criminal first snorted coldly, then said with a bit of grim satisfaction,

"He was one of your Secret Investigation Bureau officers, who disappeared approximately four years ago after work. By the time he was found, he was already decayed. All you need to check is who was running Ryan Armaments Company at that time."

Four years ago...

Hearing this, the female officer was startled and hurriedly asked,

"The former head of the Interrogation Division?"

"That, I am unsure."

The female criminal shook her head, coldly laughed, and said,

"I only know he utterly forgot about my husband. It was only after repeated reminders that he'd remember having such a fool as a subordinate. Isn't it funny?"

"..."

"However, he wasn't completely useless."

Casting a glance at the somewhat uncomfortable expression of the female officer, the female criminal chuckled self-deprecatingly,

"Indeed, I should thank him. If he hadn't begged for his life before dying, claiming he was just a task handler and that someone else was truly after my husband, I wouldn't even know who to hate."

"..."

Sigh... was it ultimately someone from the Ryan Family?

Clapping her lips and crossing out "superior," writing Ryan Armaments Company, the female officer turned to glance at Leon beside her.

"The one in charge of the armaments company six years ago was..."

"Bobby Layne."

Recollecting the relevant records, Leon crisply and directly mentioned a name, then said thoughtfully,

"On the list I gave you, he's second. He's the younger brother of the current head of the Ryan Family, with nearly a twenty-year age gap..."

Oh, and his brother doesn't have any heirs, so unless something unexpected happens, he's expected to take over the Ryan Family and become the next Duke of Lionheart."

Chapter 113 Nail and Control (Two in One)_1

It was a bit later, in the suite on the east wing of the main building of Ryan Manor.

"Lord Thomas,"

After respectfully bowing to the blond middle-aged man, the butler responsible for entertaining Leon and the others began his report,

"After the two guests entered the exhibition building, they first tied up the third person and placed him on a sofa, then entered the genealogy hall, staying there for nearly six hours.

As you requested, we counted about seventy records they reviewed, focusing on the last sixty years, covering six areas: timelines, major events, genealogies, missing persons and death lists, and industry reports..."

Everything else is understandable, but why the missing persons and death lists?

"Wait!"

Upon hearing this, the blond middle-aged man furrowed his brow, raised his hand to signal the butler to stop reporting, and actively asked,

"Are you sure they stayed on the first floor the whole time without going upstairs or leaving?"

"Yes,"

The elderly butler nodded and said,

"Upon learning of their intent, I locked the second and third floors, keeping the keys on me at all times, and had two maids serve in the tea room, with a servant in the courtyard sweeping the fallen leaves. If they had left, it would be discovered immediately."

Then they really didn't leave...

Seeing the old butler's determined look, the blond middle-aged man couldn't help but furrow his brow even tighter.

So... was I overthinking? Were they really just here to search for family connections? But if that was the case, this combination of theirs is just too strange!

...

After pondering for quite a while and still unable to fathom what those three were up to, the middle-aged man could only lower his head, eyebrows knitted tightly, as he glanced at the guest registration list by his side.

The Minister of Defense's daughter, a new employee of the Purification Bureau, and a member of Rebels who participated in the assassination of the princess—none of these three parties got along with his family.

Especially the Minister of Defense's daughter; her father was a reformist in the military, the first high-ranking military official to lean toward the princess. Even before he came to power, he was already eyeing a takeover of their arms business.

During this assassination incident, those damned Rebels used weapons released from their family's arms company, clearly aiming to exploit this contradiction and hand the Minister a knife.

And as he anticipated, under their family's influence, the task force was initially prepared to ignore this lead. But the moment that daughter of the Minister joined, she immediately insisted on investigating the weapon source.

Fortunately, Lord Bobby reacted swiftly. Using his wife's birthday as an excuse, he invited numerous Old Nobility to a banquet, where he framed the investigation as a signal from the princess to target the Old Nobility, which temporarily slowed down the investigation's progress.

Had he not pulled off such a trick, stalling the Minister's daughter and leaving ample time to clear both evidence and personnel, their family's arms company would surely have suffered a brutal hit, losing a huge chunk of fat profits!

Reminiscing about that female officer who sent over a dozen inquiry letters and relentlessly pursued them, the blond middle-aged man couldn't help but feel a tinge of bitterness spread over his face.

Her father was like an old, fierce, and ruthless dog, and this woman was cast in the same mold. Once she bit into someone, she never let go!

As for the remaining two people, the Rebels needed no mention; their original slogan was just to dethrone the incompetent royal family, cede major powers, and limit the nobility's power and parliamentary seats in passing.

But recently, for some reason, these Rebels suddenly became ten times more radical, even claiming the royal family and nobility were fleas in the crotch, inevitably to be caught and crushed eventually! Now, they were already mortal enemies to his family!

And then there was the Purification Bureau...

Gently tapping his fingers on the registration list, after making a heavy mark with his nail on Leon Laine's name, the blond middle-aged man gestured for the butler to leave, and then, holding the registration list, departed the suite through the connecting archway to the manor's main building.

"Thomas?"

Hearing a knock on the door, the young man at the desk, engrossed in reports, looked up in surprise, smiled at the middle-aged man in the doorway, and said,

"Working so late? Were you always such a diligent person?"

"Lord Bobby,"

After greeting him, in front of the young man who appeared to be in his twenties at most, or not even beyond thirty, Thomas, whose eyes had started to wrinkle, respectfully bent down and bowed,

"You flatter me. Compared to you, my efforts are insignificant."

"Hehe, it's different,"

Gesturing for him to come in, the young man said with a smile,

"The reason I'm diligent is that I'm preparing to take another step up, not only to inherit my elder brother's title but also to assume the position of family head.

Whereas you are currently sitting in the council seat, managing one-sixth of the family's wealth, and concurrently serving as the representative for foreign negotiations. Holding onto these already exceeds the limits of your abilities, so why work so hard?"

"..."

Watching the gradually beading cold sweat on Thomas's brow, the young man said with a smile,

"Thomas, it seems there have been quite a few issues recently with matters under your watch, haven't there? Working so late... Is it that the tasks I've assigned are too heavy? Do you need some burden taken off your shoulders?"

"Lord Bobby... Lord Bobby... please let me explain..."

Sensing the deep displeasure from the other's words, the blond middle-aged man quickly spoke,

Chapter 114 Nail and Control (Two in One)_2

"About the Charl Department Store situation, I really did my best. Under normal circumstances, that company would definitely be dragged down.

But no one anticipated that old Charl would resort to selling products with compensation, binding all those victims, who should have hit the department store hard, to his side, making even the municipal government hesitate to take action.

Moreover, when I noticed something amiss, I didn't just idly wait but immediately contacted the other two companies for a coordinated response and even managed to enlist a Holy Spirit.

As long as that Holy Spirit caused a mass casualty event, the Bureau of Transportation would have an excuse to intervene and halt Charl Department Store's promotion. But unfortunately, that Purification Bureau happened to..."

"Alright, stop explaining."

After knocking on the table twice with his knuckles, interrupting Thomas's explanation, the young man, with a calm expression, said,

"I certainly know that you were just unlucky, not really too foolish to be beyond help; otherwise, you wouldn't even have the chance to stand here and explain to me."

Seeing the blond middle-aged man subconsciously exhale in relief, the young man narrowed his eyes slightly and emphasized coldly,

"Yet, regardless of whether it was due to extenuating circumstances or being forced, you ultimately messed up the task I entrusted to you!

Thomas, tell me, how much longer will it take for you to bring down Charl Department Store and get me what I need?"

"Soon! It will be very soon!"

Seeing the young man's narrowed eyes, Thomas's expression tightened, and he replied with cold sweat dripping down his forehead,

"The Holy Spirit of the Scales Gold Sect was dealt with by the Purification Bureau, and other similar entities have been intimidated and dared not act, so we switched to resolving the issue in a more conventional manner.

We've kidnapped the only daughter of the Charl Department Store owner, and she's now locked up at the Marseilles' Rose Manor. Although the old man is still holding out, I reckon he won't hold out much longer before surrendering and handing over what you requested!"

"Is that so?"

After discerning the expression of the blond middle-aged man and confirming that he wasn't lying or stalling, Bobby Layne nodded, his face looking impassive,

"Thomas, I mentioned before that dealing with businessmen like him, who have weathered many storms, neither commercial tactics nor administrative pressure are as effective as the most direct means of violence.

It was you who sought Charl Department Store's assets and feared the backlash from the chamber of commerce and councillors, asking me not to act immediately. Yet after going in circles, you ended up back at square one..."

Seeing Thomas shiver again, the young man couldn't help but shake his head, saying somewhat dispassionately,

"Alright, considering you've been quite useful over the years, I'll forgive your stupidity this time, but you'd better ensure you can fulfill your promises, otherwise... don't blame me for not caring about our years of friendship."

"I... probably two weeks... No! One week! One week at most, I'll definitely retrieve what you need!"

"You'd better."

After reprimanding the subordinate for his incompetence, the young man lowered his head and continued flipping through the arms company's reports, then asked,

"By the way, why did you come to find me so late at night?"

"Oh? Good news! It's good news!"

Upon hearing the young man's question, the blond middle-aged man remembered his purpose, cautiously approaching two steps forward, and placed the registration form on the table with both hands.

"Master Bobby, the person marked here is a new employee who just joined the Purification Bureau."

A new employee at the Purification Bureau?

The young man behind the desk raised an eyebrow, glanced at the registration form, and said, somewhat surprised,

"Leon... Ryan? That woman at the Purification Bureau actually recruited a new employee from our family?"

"No, that person has black hair and comes from Laine County, so it should just be the same last name."

After briefly explaining Leon's situation, the blond middle-aged man said with some excitement,

"But this person visited today, saying they suspected their ancestors might have some connection with the Ryan Family, seemingly having the intention of lineage recognition.

And your 'Domination' ability can absolutely control your lineage and subordinates, so as long as I list him in the family genealogy, you can plant a mole inside the Purification Bureau!"

The employee from the Purification Bureau... coming to claim kinship with me?

Upon hearing Thomas's words, the young man's brow furrowed again, unconsciously tapping the registration form on the table, beginning to suspect whether the Purification Bureau had discovered something.

After all, a new employee who just joined the Purification Bureau, with not much strength yet, comes proactively to claim kinship, willingly stepping into the domain of my "Authority," this is like manna from heaven, an opportunity that seems almost too good to be true.

But could this serendipitous opportunity actually be a trap for myself? Like... hmm... that possibility seems lower...

After recalling the terrifying achievements of a certain red-haired woman, the young man's lips involuntarily twitched slightly, mocking his paranoia and flights of fancy.

Set traps... That's why I've remained so upright over the years, almost never using abilities outside the Ryan Family. With that woman's strength, if she suspects, or even targets someone, even a descending True God could end up with bruises, possibly even being directly killed! Am I, at my current level, worthy enough for someone to elaborate traps on?

"Alright, you've earned a merit!"

After mocking his own paranoia, a hint of a smile finally appeared on the young man's face, and he said to the middle-aged man brimming with joy,

"If you can truly accomplish this task and plant someone inside the Purification Bureau, apart from securing your position, I can offer you some rewards beyond imagination.

Besides a youthful appearance, I can provide a healthier body, stronger functions, and even extra lifespan!"

"Thank you, Master Bobby! Thank you, Master Bobby!"

"No need to thank me, you deserve it."

Seeing Thomas's face turn red with joy and excitement, the young man chuckled,

"If you make mistakes, you should accept punishment, and if you accomplish things correctly, you naturally deserve rewards... However, for this matter, I'm not planning to intervene directly."

After giving the blond middle-aged man a glance, the young man grinned, saying with a smile,

"The fewer people who know about my ability, the better, so I'm intending to give you a part of my 'Domination' power, enabling you to control that Leon and act as a 'middleman' between him and me.

From now on, any intelligence he obtains from the Purification Bureau should be organized by you and presented to me alone; no one else is allowed to see it... Oh, also."

Raising his hand to the corner of his mouth, performing a gesture of pulling a zipper, the young man looked at the delighted cannon fodder in front of him, smiling as he added,

"I just imposed a new command on your soul; once you disclose my existence, your soul will instantly extinguish itself.

So when you communicate with that Leon, it's best to watch your words carefully; I certainly wouldn't want you to turn into an unrecognizable pile of meat due to a slip of the tongue!"

Upon hearing the young man's warning, Thomas's expression naturally turned solemn, promptly agreeing.

"Under... understood... Rest assured, Master Bobby, I will definitely..."

"Alright, no need for more useless words."

Finally hearing some good news, with his mood fairly good, the young man lowered his head, continuing to focus on his work while asking,

"Thomas, is there any other news? If not, you should get to work."

"I'm on it! I will definitely not disappoint you this time!"

Not only escaping with his life but also gaining a substantial benefit, the blond middle-aged man, overjoyed, quickly made promises, then hurried back to his room to call his butler, heading out overnight to find the elder managing family member identities, planning to register that guy named Leon in the family record.

However, just less than five minutes after he left, a figure in a black coat, using the cover of the night, drifted from the shadow of the outer wall to the fifth floor, then eerily unlocked the window from the outside, directly entering the blond middle-aged man's bedroom.

Chapter 115 Ruthless move! Two-in-one ha~_1

Nobody?

Leon, who had found himself unexpectedly empty-handed after playing the role of a "flying thief," couldn't help but frown. He reached out to press his hand against the Black Goat's forehead, intending to use soul vision to locate his target.

However, the Black Goat in the shopping bag tilted its head slightly, avoiding his fingers, and quietly reminded him:

"Don't use our ability just yet, not even the soul vision! The scent of hearts is everywhere here. Just like we can detect its traces, it's bound to find us too!"

Sniffing like a dog, the Black Goat muttered with a mix of joy and worry:

"The scent is really strong, huh. Looks like our heart is doing much better than us... Tsk..."

Hearing the Black Goat's monologue, Leon, who was about to leave and find the next target, couldn't help but give it a sidelong glance.

Goodness, it's not about fearing your brother's hardships, but fearing your brother drives a Range Rover, right?

"By the way, I seem to have forgotten to ask something..."

Pulling his hand out of the shopping bag, Leon asked with some curiosity:

"Does your heart also have its own intelligence?"

"Of course, we are the Great Demon closest to the True God!"

The Black Goat snorted and said,

"Although we can't reach the level where even a piece of meat can retain intelligence like the True God, we're not too far off. For organs like the heart, which carry part of the Authority, it's quite normal for them to possess consciousness once detached from the main body!"

Alright then, if you say it's normal, it's normal.

Showing no interest in discussing demonic physiology with the Black Goat, Leon went straight to the question he was most concerned about:

"Since the wills of you two are separate, after I acquire your Yang... heart, will you or it be the dominant one? Or will you two become one?"

"Well..."

Hearing Leon's question, the Black Goat was slightly taken aback and hesitantly replied:

"It should be... us, right?"

"???"

Seeing its somewhat uncertain demeanor, Leon couldn't help but tease:

"Earlier, when I asked about your heart's ability, you weren't sure; you only knew it was related to Pride and Domination. Now I ask who will be in charge once the heart is acquired, and you still can't give a definite answer? Aren't you supposed to be the knowledgeable Great Demon? How come you don't even understand your own body?"

"We are indeed the Great Demon, but this is also the first time we've been taken apart so thoroughly! How could we understand something we've never experienced before?"

As for the ability... although our heart grows within our body, we never dug it out to take a look. What's strange about not knowing what extent it can reach? Veins in your body are also yours, but have you ever cut yourself open to see them personally? Do you know exactly how long they are?"

After habitually defending itself with a retort, the Black Goat felt a bit embarrassed and clicked its tongue, realizing the issue of who would be in charge truly required consideration.

Never mind other things for now; based on their original roles within the body, as the horns, the rage and combat under its command barely ranked third in terms of intensity. The pride and ambition governed by the heart, however, were unambiguously first.

If it worked hard to retrieve the heart only to fail at unifying and losing control instead, it would be akin to acknowledging a stranger as a father...

"Leon, hand on your heart, haven't we treated you well?"

After pondering for a moment, the Black Goat, sensing a kind of imminent crisis, proactively sought support:

"Though we, too, have selfish motives and always encourage you to enjoy to the fullest, have we ever caused you trouble? Haven't we always done what you said?"

We remain silent when you tell us to, we warn you when you're in danger, and we haven't asked for anything besides the occasional cigarette. We didn't even get mad when you stepped on our head..."

The more it spoke, the more the Black Goat felt its demonic status was constraining, so it decisively stopped acting pitiful and justified:

"Leon, think it over. If we can't overpower it and lose the dominant position, will the new us cooperate with you like this?"

Let's not even mention the life-and-death connection we share. Just for this fact alone, shouldn't you be on our side?"

"..."

Honestly, there's some truth to what it's saying...

Leaving other points aside, the goat horns had been dealt with harshly by the Red-haired Director, essentially "tamed" intensely, so they were bound to be more docile compared to the six remaining "wild" ones. Should a new dominant will come, there's no guarantee it would be as compliant.

"Alright then..."

Peering down to ensure nobody was around, Leon climbed out of the window again, straddled the Witch's Broom hovering at the corner of the wall, and casually asked:

"How can I help you maintain your dominance?"

Whew... seems you have a conscience, kid.

Seeing Leon hadn't refuted its words, the Black Goat secretly breathed a sigh of relief, then hastily continued while the iron was hot:

"Of course, you should thoroughly thrash it!"

Completely disregarding the bond of shared maternity... shared kinship, the Black Goat sinisterly said:

"It's perfect that your pendant carries the power of the Holy Spirit, naturally harmful to Demons. Once we help you get the heart, you must go all out, using your pendant to scorch it severely! Make its intensity lower than mine, letting it know who the boss really is!"

"Hmm, we'll see."

"We can't just wait and see! You must be ruthless!"

Realizing Leon's "standpoint" seemed a bit unsteady, fearing he might have plans to "negotiate" with its heart, the Black Goat quickly continued to whisper in his ear:

"Even though it's the first time meeting its own heart, it carries the Authority of Pride! It's obvious it would naturally disdain being subordinate to others, so you must decisively strike hard to curb its arrogance!"

Chapter 116 Ruthless move! Two-in-one ha~_2

.....

"*Hmm, but I don't quite like striking hard without reason, let's wait until we find them!*"

After a few perfunctory responses to the Black Goat, Leon took out the list from his pocket and glanced at it. Among the eight names written on it, the last four were already crossed out.

Four left...

...

After taking the bandages from the female prisoner and sending her and the policewoman out of Ryan Manor, Leon, having completed the investigation, sneaked back, tied up a servant who seemed to hold a high position, and used soul vision to "interrogate" the whereabouts of these individuals.

He had already met with the four people crossed off the list. Their souls were filled with a rotten, moldy stench, but there was no scent of offal on them, indicating they were not true targets.

Thomas Ryan, the fourth on the list, was the Ryan family representative in the hydraulic company incident and the first one discovered with the scent of Yang Xin on him.

Although the Black Goat had mentioned that he was probably not the holder, merely temporarily granted a small portion of power, and his soul had been tampered with to the point of collapse at the moment of leaking secrets, Leon still, to be on the safe side, decided to take a look, only to come up empty.

He had no choice but to skip him and continue searching upward.

Considering that using soul vision to search for the whereabouts of the blond middle-aged man might alert the Yang Xin prematurely, Leon marked Thomas Ryan's name with a fingernail, then continued his search.

Oliver Lane... This man was a senior official in the Department of Road Administration. According to the servant, he was recently dealing with a stalled railway project and hadn't returned to his residence in Ryan Manor, so he would also have to be skipped, leaving...

Bobby Layne.

Looking at the second name on the list, Leon recalled the plight of the female prisoner's husband and couldn't help but hope that he was the holder of the Yang Xin.

Unfortunately, based on his "family history," this man was far less suspicious than his brother, the current Duke of Lionheart.

The current Duke of Lionheart, while not exactly unremarkable, was born into a barely passable background, only placing seventh in line for succession at the time.

Yet he had risen dramatically, not only having his competitors perish, flee, or fall from power but inexplicably garnering significant support from the clan, repeatedly turning the tables in desperate situations, with hardly anyone able to clearly articulate how he won.

Compared to his brother, who seemed to wear "suspicion" on his face, Bobby Layne's history, although riddled with doubts, was relatively more conventional.

Aside from his rather harsh methods and a suspicious tendency to play power tricks, he was almost a standard Ryan nobleman, and... he seemed quite diligent?

Looking at the still-lit windows on the fifth floor of the main building, Leon frowned, debating whether to "visit" now or wait until the man went to sleep.

At this moment, the shopping bag in Leon's hand suddenly shook violently, as the Black Goat's excited urging echoed in his ears.

"It's him! It's him!

Go quickly! I can sense it! In that room, he just used his authority!"

Is it him? That would be killing two birds with one stone!

Upon hearing the Black Goat, Leon, having confirmed his target, stopped hiding and straddled the Witch's Broom, darting like an arrow towards the window.

"Bang! Crash!"

"Who?!"

Letting out a standard snarl upon being suddenly attacked, a young man who seemed about twenty-seven or twenty-eight sprang to his feet, ready to flee the room and call the guard like an ordinary man.

But upon reaching the door, he seemed to notice something, his eyes lighting up with delight as he stopped, staring intently at the shopping bag in Leon's hand.

"It's you?"

"Yes... grumble..."

Sticking out its tongue to lick a hole in the shopping bag and reveal its mouth, the Black Goat was about to exchange a few bold words with its counterpart but managed only a single syllable before being filled with gusting wind.

Following Senior Emma's "Never waste time bantering with an enemy unless to gather intelligence," Leon, upon crashing through the window, immediately urged the Witch's Broom to encase the enemy in a layer of wind charged with shards of glass, pressing down on the young man fiercely!

Deeming it insufficiently secure, and worrying about any life-saving means he might have, Leon simultaneously unleashed the power of the Holy Spirit pendant, at once expending the energy equivalent to jogging five kilometers, grinding fully against the young man's soul!

"Thud thud thud!"

The sound of sharp weapons penetrating flesh resounded continuously as, under the spiritual assault from the Holy Spirit pendant, the young man's eyes briefly glazed over with joy, leaving him no time to resist before he was sent flying by the gust, slamming hard against the wall.

Hundreds of glass shards, like sharp knives, shredded his front with blood spurting everywhere, even piercing all the way through, embedding in the purple-violet wall behind him, blooming into bizarre and vivid flowers of blood...

"..."

Holy shit!

Struggling free from the shopping bag and gazing at the young man almost pinned against the wall, the Black Goat gaped in astonishment.

And you said you don't like striking hard? How bad would it get if you did?

...

Was it resolved just like that?

Though the outcome he'd hoped for presented itself, so easily wrapping up the target left Leon with a surreal, almost unreal feeling, and...

He felt a little nauseous...

Even though, at the moment of the attack after breaking the window, he had already confirmed the opposing soul's characteristics were of the type warranting execution without concern, removing any burden of conscience.

Yet the sight of a corpse that even heavily pixelated would never air on TV churned Leon's stomach, draining the color from his face.

Backing up two steps, then lifting his sleeve to cover his nose and mouth, Leon took two deep breaths before hurriedly urging:

"Where's the heart? Point it out to me quickly!"

"Oh, oh!"

Snapping out of its daze, the Black Goat scanned the young man, about to reveal the location of the Yang Xin when it seemed to notice something amiss and shrieked suddenly.

"Leon! He's..."

"I know!"

Even as the bloody scene sickened him, Leon had maintained his gaze, identifying the abnormality earlier than the Black Goat!

The moment the "corpse" on the wall's eyes subtly moved, and before the Black Goat cried out, Leon activated the [Holy Spirit pendant] to form egg-sized "stones" and snapped at the young man's joints.

Uncertain why the enemy could undergo resurrection, Leon held nothing back this time, pre-emptively forming "fine needles" and striking the young man's vital areas with high-speed thrusts before destroying the joints!

"Thud thud thud thud!"

Under Leon's relentless onslaught, within a single breath, the young man's body burst with over a dozen vivid blood splashes, even piercing a small hole between his eyebrows.

Eerily, despite enduring such physical damage, he persisted in functioning normally, staggering back to sit once more in his chair.

"Wonderful! Simply wonderful!"

Tilting his head slightly to avoid an invisible attack aimed at his vocal cords, the young man, his face drenched in blood, smiled brightly at Leon.

"When I found out the [angle] was in that woman's hands, I thought I'd never get it, having to search for the remaining five, yet she actually gave it to you!"

Seeing Leon in front of him gasping and staring at him in shock, the young man spoke earnestly:

"You're the new employee at the Purification Bureau, right? Thanks! You've really done me a huge favor!"

Chapter 117 Emma's Remnant Scripture_1

So... it was the kind that couldn't be directly killed by physical means?

After pondering the young man's words for half a second and determining there was no valuable intelligence in them, Leon ignored the other's fiery rhetoric. Instead, he directly asked, "I've inflicted enough damage on you to kill you ten times over, so why aren't you dead?"

"[The Emma Remnants Scripture,] Article Nine: When facing an enemy who is arrogant and believes they've already won, try directly inquiring about their ability's intelligence. The enemy might inadvertently divulge their weaknesses."

"It's simple, really. There are plenty of people willing to die in my place."

Watching the bewildered Leon on the other side, the young man did not rush to attack. Instead, he examined Leon with interest and slowly said, "I am a born ruler. It's only natural that I enjoy everything, and those born to be ruled by me are equally destined to give me everything: labor, flesh, faith, even life. All fall within the scope of contribution... Do you understand now?"

Could it be damage transfer or 'expendable' substitutes?

Having successfully extracted the main useful information from the other's arrogant and pretentious speech, Leon couldn't help but admire how indeed [The Emma Remnants Scripture] proved effective. He then continued to dig deeper: "So... to kill you, I must first deal with all those under your control?"

"You can say that."

The young man nodded, then smiled and asked, "But can you do it?"

"I am now the first heir to the Ryan family title, the undisputed next Duke of Lionheart, so can you handle killing over ninety thousand people scattered throughout the Kingdom at once, or are you planning to kill me over ninety thousand times continuously?"

"Don't believe him!"

Just as Leon instinctively frowned, hesitating whether to retreat strategically, the Black Goat seemingly came to life and suddenly shouted: "It's one thing to deceive others; do you dare spout nonsense right in front of my face?"

"Even though you're doing marginally better than I am, I can smell it on you. You're barely one-third of your peak strength right now!"

Moreover, with the Zodiac Branch Office stationed at the Capital City, don't even think about spreading your power across the whole Kingdom. If you dare extend your control even down this street, I'll eat this building right here!"

"..."

Dammit... such trouble!

Seeing Leon, whose eyes flickered with understanding, once again aiming at his vital points, the young man couldn't help but frown, shifting his gaze to the goat head in Leon's hand.

"Are you going to betray me?"

???

Startled by the question, the Black Goat fell silent for two seconds, then exploded with anger!

"Who the hell are you? Betray you... I am the main body! You're merely a split piece that...!"

"What nonsense are you spewing?"

Rudely interrupting the Black Goat's tirade, the young man clenched his right hand into a fist and pounded it against his chest, speaking dissatisfiedly: "Only the Heart is the true source of a demon! I am the original main consciousness!

As for you, you're merely a false will that self-manifested, using the scraps left behind after the soul shattered when my Horn was severed!"

"Bullshit!"

Originally planning to gather a "little brother," but being immediately denied by the little brother as if his existence was nothing, the Black Goat erupted in fury, eyes bulging as it bellowed: "You're asking for it! I'll teach you a lesson today! Even if you run to the ends of the Earth, I... Fuck!"

"..."

This Purification Bureau employee... quite decisive?

Watching Leon swiftly hop out the window with the goat head after just a few words, already having flown about thirty meters, the young man shook his head speechlessly.

Meanwhile, on the broom, the goat head, forcefully dragged away before finishing its threat, now out of its mind with rage, screeched: "Leon! Why are you running? Go back and fight it!

Listen to me! That bastard is just bluffing. He definitely doesn't have over ninety thousand lives! At most, just..."

"At most only two or three thousand, right?"

Grabbing the Black Goat by its horns, glancing at the myriad of soul flames in Ryan Manor, Leon, lips a little pale and sweat at his temples, said with a pale face: "My stamina was already heavily depleted just rescuing people from the car, and I've killed him over a dozen times just now, equivalent to jogging over ten kilometers.

Given my remaining strength, condensing it all into the most efficient thin needles, I might manage a few dozen attacks at best, not enough to exhaust three thousand lives. So why not run?"

"But you can use me..."

"No buts!"

Cutting off the Black Goat, Leon pointed to residences around the manor, his expression unsightly as he said: "With your ability, I could temporarily make fifty or sixty people 'rebel,' but there are over two thousand people living around Ryan Manor. Counting all the servants, laborers, and guards under his command, the total could exceed three thousand. What good are fifty?"

"But..."

"But nothing!"

Seeing that the Black Goat still wanted to urge him to act, Leon, eyebrows furrowed, declared unrelentingly: "Even the Ryan Manor does not deserve to kill everyone. Many are merely working there, unconnected to the Ryan family's evil deeds, so even if I have the ability to kill him three thousand times, I won't do it!"

Having explained his reason for retreating, Leon tightened his legs around the broom, squeezing out whatever strength he had left, and headed full speed toward the Purification Bureau!

[The Emma Remnants Scripture,] Article One: If you can't win, run and call for the chief!

Unfortunately, [The Emma Remnants Scripture] remained as reliable as always, but the development of events never followed human will.

"But you won't be able to escape either!"

As the Black Goat finally finished its "but," Leon, who was about to burst out of the manor, felt his surroundings stagnate, suddenly losing his ability to hover, plummeting to the ground like a meteor!

...

Haha, I never said I could only dominate "people!"

Watching Leon crash down from the sky, half his body embedding into the earth in the distance, Bobby Layne chuckled, withdrawing his hand that had been pointing at Leon.

Fool!

If I were to be compared to a "lord," Ryan Manor is my "territory," the Lane family members my "subjects," and the space you fly through is my "airspace!" Unless your power surpasses mine, you have no right to fly here!

If you hadn't unexpectedly tried to escape, throwing me off slightly, the moment you flipped out of the fifth floor would have been your death sentence... Hm?

Seeing Leon struggling twice then actually climbing out of the ground, jogging towards the manor's exit, the young man couldn't help but widen his eyes in surprise.

This?!

His body was barely stronger than an ordinary human's. How could he not be dead after falling from a height of seventeen or eighteen meters?

Chapter 118 is you not letting me go_1

This pendant was truly worth the choice, without its effects, he'd probably be finished...

Hastily retracting the power of the Holy Spirit pendant, Leon restored the ground, temporarily transformed into a quagmire, and with his eyes filled with relief, he desperately sprinted toward the exit of Ryan Manor, holding his blood-drenched left hand aloft.

Just moments ago, as he abruptly lost his flying ability and plummeted from the sky, Leon instinctively clutched the Holy Spirit pendant. He slightly slowed his fall while temporarily turning the landing spot and surrounding ground into a quagmire.

Although the nature of soil and quagmire was "similar," and not as different as steel and rubber, the energy consumed for a pure transformation was significantly lower than the carriage incident. Yet the scale of this temporary transformation exceeded a hundred times that of the carriage's.

Coupled with the need to reserve some stamina for escape and not completely exhaust himself in one go, Leon had to alter the "terms" of his trade with the Holy Spirit pendant, exchanging easily recoverable stamina and willpower for the more difficult-to-recover body tissue...

...

The depletion was indeed significant... It might take two or three months to regenerate.

Looking at the five missing fingernails on his left hand and the bloodied flesh laid bare from fingertip to wrist after losing a chunk of skin, Leon, having narrowly escaped disaster, didn't bother to treat his hand but instead, while sprinting, shouted at the Black Goat,

"Guide me! Which way is less crowded?"

"East! Go east!"

Using soul vision, the Black Goat guided Leon to the path with the fewest people and awkwardly explained,

"Um... It's not like I didn't warn you earlier, I just realized something was off when he started making his move..."

"Mm-hmm."

Without dwelling on it, Leon made a mental note before quickly asking,

"What's really going on with Bobby Layne? Who's dominating whom between you and your heart?"

"Well... I guess 'domination' might not be the right word... He seems to be an incredibly arrogant and ambitious person, and his affinity with my heart is astonishing..."

Hearing Leon's question, the Black Goat pondered briefly before replying,

"To put it simply, my heart should have devoured his heart and replaced its position; strictly speaking, they should have mutually absorbed each other."

"Mutually absorbed?"

"My heart absorbed his existence, replacing Bobby Layne as a person, but his personality and desires also imprinted on my heart."

If, in the future, my heart gathers all its components, my main consciousness might swallow Bobby Layne's will, but for now, they're in a state where they can't be differentiated at all."

Indistinguishable? Can such an "anomalous object" be used this way?

Following the Black Goat's explanation, Leon frowned and said,

"So your heart is him, and he is now your heart, meaning I can't disable his ability by destroying your heart?"

The Black Goat nodded,

"That's pretty much it... Wait! You actually intend to destroy my heart?"

"Is it not allowed?"

Leon stepped off the main path of the manor into a secluded garden and continued toward the entrance with the redwood, countering,

"I only want to destroy your heart, but your heart intends to obliterate your will altogether! Which one do you find harder to accept?"

"..."

In that case, it's definitely more of a bastard.

Realizing what kind of fate awaited him should he fall into Bobby's hands, the Black Goat suddenly became ten times more "diligent" than before, continuously monitoring the approaching souls.

With its guidance and the capabilities of the parkour badge, leveraging the complex terrain of Ryan Manor, Leon managed to shake off waves of interceptors and successfully burst through the manor's gate, reaching the massive redwood tree. However...

"Bang!"

Just ten steps shy of the redwood, he crashed into some invisible barrier, impossible to surmount despite his attempts; the man and goat found themselves plunged into mutual silence.

"Leon... it seems we're done for..."

Watching "himself," surrounded by hundreds of souls, slowly approach the entrance, the Black Goat said with regret,

"This bastard's power is only a third of his peak, yet he hasn't been subdued, and he found a perfectly matched host, exploiting the Ryan family's parasitism to maximize his abilities.

Damn it! If I had known, I should have cozied up to a True God, developed a flock of followers, and aspired to become a goat-headed Holy Spirit myself.

Even if it led to being devoured in the end, I could have at least disgusted it to no end within! Now all my good meat gets damn squandered on a mutt!"

After grumbling for a while and seeing Leon still silent, the Black Goat couldn't help but ask,

"Why aren't you saying anything? We're about to get killed here; won't you curse him a bit?"

"No."

Rejecting the Black Goat's cajoling for venting, Leon quietly took out a rope, securely tying the Black Goat next to him, and squinted slightly,

"I'd rather struggle a bit more than curse it a few times."

Using the Black Goat's soul vision, he observed the situation in Ryan Manor. Staring at the hundreds of souls scattered over several hectares, full of the stench of decay, Leon silently pulled up a panel and examined the flickering [Friend of Demons] and [Devotee].

One needs sin-laden souls, the other Non-Balanced Gold Sect heretics... conveniently, there's no shortage of either here!

...

Hm? Still trying to resist?

Although his sensory abilities were relatively weak, unlike the powerful Black Goat who could freely incite malice, Bobby Layne, having completed a mutual "absorption" with the Goat's Heart, possessed his own soul vision.

Observing the two souls that had evaded him and began fleeing sideways, the young man scoffed, stopping at the redwood and deploying his own abilities to remotely mobilize the people within Ryan Manor to pursue the two frantically escaping rats.

However, to his surprise, despite the Purification Bureau employee nearing his limits, with soul flames tinged in deep fatigue, he was never caught. Instead, he spread an anomalous frenzy of slaughter throughout the manor.

One, two, five...

Ten, twenty, fifty...

Watching soul vision display dark flames quickly extinguishing one by one, the young man's soul, especially the "Bobby Layne" part, couldn't remain still.

Merely losing thirty or fifty clan members was insignificant for the entire Ryan Family and could easily be replenished with some effort.

But the other seemed to deliberately target the Ryan family's higher-ups; among the more than fifty killed, nearly half were mid to upper management of family enterprises and public office holders in Kingdom departments.

While individually not particularly significant, these figures formed the foundation of the Ryan Family, pillars supporting the Lionheart Family's status!

If indeed all these individuals were massacred, the Ryan Family would lose its voice in the political arena, lose support from crucial departments, and see half its enterprises come to a halt, plunging the entire family into an unimaginably rapid collapse!

Chapter 119 New family member_1

Why was this guy so difficult to deal with?

After the family suffered significant losses, Bobby Layne, who hadn't taken the opponent seriously, finally felt a strong sense of urgency in his heart.

Neither he, who wanted to climb higher with the help of the Ryan family, nor Yang Xin, who wanted to regain power through the Ryan family, could allow this family's decline.

However, just as Leon was helpless against his three thousand lives, the young man whose ability centered around "Domination" also had no immediate way to harm Leon. He could only direct "pawns" to besiege him while guiding key "pawns" to retreat in advance.

But to Leon, whose speed was much faster than an ordinary person and could attack from over a hundred meters away, this approach was ineffective. The core forces of the Ryan family continued to dwindle rapidly!

Damn it! Why were there so many useless constructions in the manor?

In the young man's soul vision, a soul filled with demonic aura repeatedly shook off pursuers using the complex terrain and numerous landscape buildings, darting back and forth all over the manor.

As soon as it got within a hundred meters, a deep purple soul flame would instantly burst open. Immediately after, another version of himself, following closely, would gleefully catch the fragments and devour them like a whale swallowing a river.

In this highly efficient individual massacre, only two or three minutes had passed before more than a dozen people fell to his "toxic hands." Many who retreated in advance were just reaching the ground floor.

Unstoppable, absolutely unstoppable!

Controlling the hundreds guarding several important members, but still seeing them all killed from a hundred meters away by the opponent, the young man who had always acted confident finally panicked as he watched Leon move toward the residential area on the west side of the main building.

Compared to those who had been eliminated before, those residing near the main building were the true core members of the Ryan family! If even these people were eliminated, let alone advancing to replace the royal family, the Ryan family would be torn apart within a month!

This couldn't go on! He had to deal with him immediately!

"Thomas!!!"

Instantly pinpointing the location of a certain blond middle-aged man through his domination authority, Bobby Layne directly took over the body of a nearby steward, snarling ferociously at him,

"Why hasn't that guy named Leon been entered into the family registry yet?"

"What?"

Startled by the sudden roar beside him, the blond middle-aged man turned his head, preparing to scold but abruptly realizing it was Lord Bobby controlling the steward's body to talk to him.

"Right away! It'll be done right away!"

Hearing the "old steward's" voice, full of urgency and anger, Thomas couldn't help but shiver violently, immediately responding,

"The name was just entered, but the elder managing family member identities isn't around, so no one has stamped to seal it. I am taking the registry to find him, it will only take a few minutes..."

"Bang!"

Just then, the blond middle-aged man heard a loud bang, and the window on the sixth floor of a small building three hundred meters away shattered. An old man with a head of white hair, bare-legged, agilely leaped out the window, crashing to death on the stone pavement below.

???

"Now you are the new manager of identities."

With a cold expression, the possessed "old steward" said to the stunned blond middle-aged man,

"Use your seal! If you don't have him entered in ten seconds, I'll replace you!"

!!!

Hearing the "old steward's" urging, Thomas, trembling all over, felt his knees buckle, collapsing to the ground with a thud. He then crawled toward a servant, seized the family registry, turned to the last page, and forcefully stamped with his own seal!

I won!

Seeing the crooked seal in the family registry and sensing the new member now "connected" into the authority, the "old steward" finally regained his originally confident expression.

His current strength was not comparable to his peak, and he barely had a good strategy for dealing with someone with such standout individual ability.

However, as a former Great Demon, his hierarchy level was astonishingly high. Once enveloped into the corresponding rules of his authority, under a True God, no one could remain unaffected!

...

"Leon Laine!"

With consciousness extracted from the old steward and entering a new body, Bobby Layne controlled the elderly body to walk to the window, opened the window on the third floor, and shouted confidently at Leon seventy to eighty meters away,

"Die!!!"

Accompanied by this hoarse, chilly shout, Leon's figure paused in the distance as he felt his soul pulled away instantly, placed inside a "pyramid."

Inside this non-physical pyramid stood nearly a hundred thousand souls from top to bottom. From the second tier, a soul was sending an irresistible decree...

But it seemed not to be mandatory?

Upon inspecting his soul's position and discovering he too was on the second tier, Leon's soul wavered slightly before instinctively returning the gesture and retaliated with a mental needle.

"Go to hell!"

???

How could this be! Why were you on the second tier too?!?!?

"Puff!"

The command failed, and Bobby Layne widened his eyes, unable to utter a question before his right eye suddenly darkened. He immediately lost control of the body, marking its death at the opponent's hand.

"Thomas!"

Spotting something amiss, he quickly re-entered the old steward's body, angrily shouting at the panting blond middle-aged man sitting on the ground,

"What did you do?!"

"Huh? I...what did I do?"

"That Leon Laine! He's now one of those eligible for inheritance, not counted as my subordinate! Damn it! I told you to enter him as a collateral line, not to give him inheritance rights!"

"No...I didn't! I didn't!"

Hastily unfolding the family registry, turning to Leon Laine's page, he held it out to the "old steward," the blond middle-aged man quivering as he defended,

"I registered him as a collateral, Lord Bobby! Look! It's truly a collateral line!"

It truly wasn't registered incorrectly?

After examining the registry's seals and confirming no errors, Bobby Layne thought momentarily and realized that damn guy was indeed a member of the Lane family, with inheritance rights too!

The absence of a trigger for his ability before was because his name hadn't been entered into the registry, and his identity hadn't been recognized. Now that his name was in, his inheritance rights were acknowledged.

Even though his succession rank was rather low, under the rules sorting by authority, he, merely a current heir, indeed had no eligibility to command him!

In that case...there was no other choice!

Looking at the thick family registry in front of him, the expression of the "old steward" became uncertain before he took a deep breath and collapsed forward.

Meanwhile, a maid, sleeping outside the Duke of Lionheart's room, suddenly opened her eyes and got out of bed, adeptly pulling a pair of scissors from the cabinet and swiftly heading towards the Duke of Lionheart's bedroom...

Chapter 120 Thousands of Armies Open the Way Easily_1

It seemed I had already guessed its ability.

After the soul detached from that strange "pyramid" and returned to the body, Leon, a bit dazed, shook his head, temporarily stopped eliminating the vile Ryan family members, and instead turned to the Black Goat to ask,

"You said before that your heart represents inflated ambition, so the ability should be related to pride and domination, right?"

"Huh?"

The Black Goat, who was absorbing evil souls, was slightly taken aback, then nodded and said,

"Pretty much, according to my understanding of it, that's about right."

"Then it's easy to understand."

After recalling the appearance of the pyramid, Leon, with a rather certain expression, judged,

"I'm not too sure about pride, but I've almost figured out the rules regarding domination; the root of his dominating ability should be power."

After merging with Bobby Layne, leveraging his status as the first heir, his dominating ability was greatly enhanced, successfully merging with the Ryan family.

If I'm not mistaken, the entire Ryan family now counts as his 'territory,' so that's why we can't leave at will, and even flying would result in being pulled down.

Besides that, he holds absolute rights of domination over all Ryan family members of lower status, demanding everything from them directly..."

"It seems to be the case..."

After listening to Leon's analysis, the Black Goat first nodded in agreement, then said with a somewhat helpless tone,

"But knowing it doesn't help; he still has over three thousand people at his command. Even if you replace all your skin, you can't deal with so many people."

That may not necessarily be true.

Looking at the shining [Materialist Soul] on the panel and listening to the prompt in his ear, [Due to understanding... resistance greatly increased... general-level influence shielded], Leon, with a lot of skin on the backs of his hands missing and looking quite battered, smiled involuntarily and rushed back towards Bobby Layne's direction.

Having someone else guess your ability and me guessing your ability are two completely different things. With the resistance provided by [Materialism], he probably can't trap me now, and even if it fails in the end, I should be able to retreat unscathed.

"Huh?"

Somewhat puzzled by Leon's actions, the Black Goat couldn't help but ask in astonishment,

"Why are you turning back? Aren't we going on?"

"It's enough."

Glancing at his Contamination Value which had soared to 2 points, and the golden [I Am the Demon] and the shimmering silver [Practitioner] on the panel, Leon, having gained a lot, asked while hurrying,

"I remember you said that Bobby Layne has merged with your heart and there's no distinction between you, right?"

"Huh? Yes, what of it?"

"Nothing."

Leon smiled and said,

"I just had a sudden thought: after one merges with an Anomalous Object, if I can directly use his Anomalous Object, how should that be counted?"

"Huh?"

[I Am the Demon (Gold): Through a large amount of extremely evil madness and slaughter, you have successfully revived part of a demon's incarnation, gaining its heartfelt gratitude and approval]

[Wearing Effect: When contacting Anomalous Objects with the "Corruption" tag, as a demon, you will directly have the right to use it, significantly enhancing its effects, and reducing the usage cost]

[Advancement Route: Retrieve all incarnations of the Great Demon, successfully revive and completely enslave it, and this badge will automatically advance to the Heterochromatic Badge "Demon Lord"]

[Hidden Traits (Not Required to Wear): Your soul exudes unparalleled evil aura, indistinguishable to those with soul perception from a typical demon]

...

Hmm? Why did he turn back?

After discovering this anomaly in soul vision, the "maid," who had a pair of scissors to her brother's neck, forcing him to abdicate early, hesitated slightly, then retracted her main consciousness, watching cautiously at the two rapidly approaching souls.

When Leon's figure appeared in his sight, and seeing the completely exposed flesh on his hands and the undying weariness on his face, a triumphant smile only then appeared on his face.

It seemed that the high-speed slaughter carried out just now was not without cost. If I'm not mistaken, beside consuming willpower, it would also cause a loss of some body tissue.

Judging by his current state, he was likely at the brink and prepared to make one last attempt at me.

What a pity, had I known he was only at this level, why would I need to kill that family elder? That guy usually obeyed quite well...

After shaking his head indifferently, Bobby Layne lost all interest in him and snapped his fingers, and seven to eight hundred controlled "puppets" surged forward towards the oncoming Leon.

The whole time, Leon, who had been crazily fleeing to conserve his limited strength, seemed aware that this was the final battle, and this time, he made no evasive moves but gripped the Holy Spirit pendant and charged forward recklessly.

Under the immense effect of the Holy Spirit pendant, the zombie-like crowd barely approaching would be swept aside, and those blocking ahead would be directly tossed away. No one could come within three steps of him.

At this moment, Leon looked like a peerless general, gallantly charging alone into the densest position of the army formation, with none being his match, not even able to slow his steps by half a fraction!

Yet, to "squander" the pendant's ability in this manner definitely was no cost-free act. Even as the bronze-level [Devotee] had upgraded to the Silver Level [Practitioner] badge, reducing consumption again, Leon's skin continued disappearing rapidly.

With him repeatedly blasting through the tide of people, the original arm-reaching deficit began rapidly advancing upward—elbows, upper arms, shoulders, chest... finally extending all the way to the neck.

With the skin-covered all gone, numerous tiny blood vessels were successively severed under the rough garment. By the time he charged up to the young man, the crimson blood had entirely soaked Leon's coat, even dripping along the hem, leaving behind a sanguine, scent-heavy trail on the ground...

...

He does have some guts...but that's as far as it goes.

Facing Leon, who charged at him drenched in blood, the young man, arrogantly fearless, was so lazy that he didn't even dodge, placing his hands behind his back and saying indifferently,

"You..."

"Will you die if you don't act so superior?"

Leaping and pinning the other to the ground, delivering a solid punch, Leon, feeling much better, lifted his blood-dripping right hand and grabbed at the young man's chest.

So... does he think the heart hidden in my chest, and as long as the heart is destroyed, can he completely kill me?

Seeing Leon's incredibly foolish action, the young man sneered in his heart.

Fool!

I am the heart, the heart is I! With the anomaly merged, I have no weaknesses; the heart you're destroying is nothing but a piece of worthless rotten meat, unless you...you...

Feeling the authority being forcibly manipulated inside his body, and watching Leon's skin rapidly restoring, with a blood-stained handprint on his face, the young man involuntarily opened his mouth wide, almost glaring his eyes out of their sockets!

What the hell? Was I just "used" by him?