

## I! Cleaner 141

Chapter 141 Good Senior\_1

Leon shook his head at the short man's surprised inquiry. An anomalous object capable of communicating with animals certainly did not exist, but he had just acquired a badge.

[You have obtained your first pet, successfully activating the Black Iron Level Badge "Poop Scooper."]

[Poop Scooper, Because of keeping a pet in the city, a caregiver must regularly clean up pet waste.]

[Equipped Effect, Your rapport with your pet has improved, allowing you to understand each other better.]

[Advancement Route, If you continue to care for your pet for over a month and keep it healthy, this badge will automatically advance to the bronze badge "Pet Owner."]

[Hidden Trait (No need to equip), Your affinity with animals has slightly increased.]

Looking at the gleaming "Poop Scooper" on the panel, Leon was more determined than ever to earn more badges.

Of the thirteen badges he currently possessed, most did not have direct combat enhancements, but they all provided excellent support effects.

Even without high-level badges like "I Am the Demon" or "Practitioner" that directly enhanced anomalies, even a seemingly trivial Black Iron Level Badge like the "Poop Scooper" could be used quite effectively when paired with the right anomalous object.

\*Hmm... But using bombs for now was out of the question—too dangerous!\*

Glancing sideways at the dressing mirror, Leon was startled to see Young Ha baring its milk teeth, gnawing on a whale oil bomb. He quickly made it give the bomb back.

\*It sure had husky lineage, already trying to tear things apart at such a young age.\* Flinging bombs at opponents right under their noses through Mirror Dog was powerful, but this little husky was too small. If it threw things in the wrong place, it would be disastrous.

Technical skills like precision bombing should wait until it grew older or the "Poop Scooper" badge advanced, giving Leon more control over its behavior.

...

"You've just met, but you already understand each other a bit. Looks like you two really hit it off."

Unaware of the recent scare, the short man weighed the returned whale oil bomb in his hand. Looking at the sleepy Young Ha in Leon's arms, he chuckled and handed the bomb to Leon.

"Although you probably can't use eyes or water surfaces for transferring objects, mostly just mirrors, since you can communicate with the little guy, this thing is not entirely useless. At a critical moment, it could at least act as a trump card.

"Take it. Come find me when you run out. Just keep it in the Mirror World normally, and don't bring it out. Activate it ahead of time before using, and it'll explode five seconds later!"

"Thank you, Senior!"

Leon was pleased to hear the short man's words. He took out a small mirror gifted by the other man, aiming it at the whale oil bomb. He then gently tapped Young Ha's behind.

"Woof~"

Accompanied by a lazy dog yawn, Young Ha yawned itself into the small mirror, helping Leon store the whale oil bomb. It didn't come back out, instead lying down directly inside, and soon, soft snoring could be heard.

"This little guy must be tired."

Peeking into the mirror at the little pup sprawled out asleep with its paws over its head, the short man smiled and rhythmically tapped the small mirror in Leon's hand.

"Woof."

Lady Lisa's crisp bark sounded. Leon looked down to see the large golden retriever also enter the small mirror. After casting a complex glance at Young Ha, it settled down, barking twice more at Leon.

"Lisa says this little fellow is a bit naughty, so please be patient with it... Also..."

After translating Lady Lisa's "dog talk," the short man pointed to the two dogs in the small mirror and said to Leon,

"If the director sends you to Rose Manor for a rescue mission, let Lisa show you the way. She's well-acquainted with my 'friends.'

"She'll stay in your mirror for the next couple of days. Just tap the mirror when you need directions. Oh, and take this too."

The short man spoke "Woof," twice towards the mirror. After listening, Lady Lisa nodded, walked out of the visible area in the small mirror to search, and soon returned with a small, palm-sized bed, placing it in Leon's small mirror.

"The director mentioned you have a great affinity with demonic abnormalities, so take this too!"

Looking hesitantly at the high-value [Monster Under the Bed], rated at 8.7 on the Leon Value scale, the short man patted his chest and generously told Leon,

"Since you called me senior, I must act the part. Plus, given the number of anomalous objects I have, this one is nothing. Just take it!"

"Then I won't be polite..."

This generous senior first gave a dog, then a bomb, and even a bed board. Leon couldn't help but feel a warm fuzziness in his heart.

\*The director, although mischievous and a prank-loving drunk, always looked out for him, standing up when it mattered.\*

\*Senior Emma too. Although very cautious to the point of being annoying, she taught him valuable lessons, solving His problems.\*

\*Now there was Senior Jerry, who was exceptionally generous. Although partly due to the "Connected Party" badge, he'd met him and given him so much already... \* \*There were so many good people in the department!\*

Grateful, Leon glanced at the short man, unsure of how to repay him at the moment, and instead promised,

"Senior, although I'm not very good at combat, I am fairly confident in investigation, interrogation, and gathering intelligence on anomalous objects. If you ever need help in this area, you can count on me to help!"

\*Got it! That's the promise I've been waiting for!\*

Looking at the grateful newcomer, the "good senior" outwardly waved it off multiple times but couldn't help chuckling inwardly.

This time he was so generous not only because he liked the kid but also to seek future assistance. The ability to appraise anomalous objects was rare, and when he found more good stuff, he'd definitely seek him out again.

\*So rather than seeking help at the moment it was needed, being generous now was wiser... Hmm... Moreover, it shut this guy up, as many of his possessions were "borrowed" from other branches.\*

He originally thought the kid's ability to discern anomalous objects and their costs was impressive, but it turned out he could even determine where items were "borrowed" from. \*Thus, the original compensation was insufficient, and the extra benefits would serve as hush money.\*

Chapter 142 Found at Door\_1

After bidding farewell to the overly enthusiastic "good senior," Leon did not immediately go to Rose Manor to rescue anyone. Instead, he returned to his office and picked up the sheep head that he hadn't seen in days.

On the day of the Ryan Blood Night, after he was captured while exhausted from maintaining his disguise, everything except the [Holy Spirit pendant] he wore was confiscated by the Police Department, including the Black Goat and the Witch's Broom. However, it wasn't long before the Purification Bureau demanded them back, and they were returned to Leon's office.

The Black Goat, which possessed soul vision, had already noticed it was back before Leon even went to the director's office. The moment he picked it up, it, having held back for quite a while, couldn't help but ask,

"So, have you cleared your suspicions?"

"Yes."

Leon took out the large case issued by the bureau and checked the sniper rifle that Senior Emma had delivered. He then placed the sheep head on the case, maintaining it while having a "private chat" through the connection between their souls:

'Things are fine for now. Both the bureau and the Kingdom have concluded that Ryan Blood Night was the work of Bobby Layne, and no one currently suspects me.'

'That's good...'

The Black Goat let out a sigh of relief upon hearing this and then seriously reminded Leon through "encrypted communication,"

'But you can't relax just yet. After all, a Duke-level noble has died, and it's not enough for just the Kingdom and your branch to acknowledge it. The investigators from the headquarters also have to agree that what you did is completely over.'

'I know, but aren't the people from headquarters still not here yet? So I'll just work like normal and behave normally. The more normal I act now, the more confident I'll appear when the time comes...'

After chatting with the Black Goat for a while, Leon finished maintaining the firearm, organized the case, and then knocked on the small mirror.

Although Young Ha in the mirror was still sleeping, Lady Lisa was awake and with a bark helped him put away the case.

"Huh? A creature from the Mirror World?"

Recognizing the small mirror, the Black Goat couldn't help but express surprise,

"What kind of favor did you do Jerry to make him willing to give you this dog?"

"It wasn't that... given Lady Lisa, it was the smaller one beside her."



After briefly explaining the interaction between him and Senior Jerry, Leon gestured twice to the big golden retriever, asking her to pull the sleeping Young Ha out of the mirror. He then rummaged through his cabinet for some folded shopping bags, first stuffing the Black Goat inside.

When he was about to put Young Ha in, he hesitated, thinking it might not be very secure. He then found an old piece of clothing kept in the office, cut off the sleeves, tidied it up, and placed it on top of the Black Goat's head as a cushion.

He then used the two cut sleeves to wrap around its sharp horns, making a windproof and warm mobile kennel for the puppy before putting the soundly sleeping pup inside.

"No... you can't be serious!"

Initially not understanding what Leon intended to do, the Black Goat became furious once it heard the soft snores of Young Ha coming from above its head and realized the situation.

"I am a Great Demon! And you're using my head as a dog bed? You..."

"During those days when we weren't back, the bureau collected a sheep's offal."

After covering the puppy with a small handkerchief, Leon looked at the suddenly paused Black Goat and, imitating the director's manner, smiled with squinting eyes,

"Although it's been taken away for testing, the director opened it and saw a sheep's stomach with an evil aura belonging to a near-God Level Great Demon... So, what were you about to say again?"

"..."

'I was saying... I actually really like small animals, especially dogs... Yeah... I particularly like them...'

Seeing Leon, who seemed to have inherited a particular characteristic from a certain red-haired woman, the Black Goat, caught in its predicament, immediately became docile. After cursing silently, it couldn't help but ask with some confusion,

"Leon, didn't my heart say before that my stomach should be with the owner of Charl Department Store? Why has it suddenly been taken by the Purification Bureau?"

"Because the daughter of the owner of Charl Department Store was kidnapped. He asked your stomach a question about how to save his daughter, and your stomach told him to deliver itself to the Purification Bureau..."

After explaining the situation briefly, Leon tied the shopping bag tightly, then carried both the Black Goat and the puppy in his left hand and the broom in his right hand as he left the office.

"So, does my stomach have the ability to answer questions? If you pay the cost and ask it a question, it will provide an answer?"

After listening to the detailed story, the Black Goat was puzzled,

"But this doesn't make sense, right? My stomach should represent greed, the utmost desire, so what does that have to do with answering questions?"

"The director didn't say, but I guess 'having something to ask' might itself be a person's most intense current desire."

Following the Black Goat's lead, Leo speculated and said,

"Don't overthink the ability part for now. This Anomalous Object was handed in by our bureau, and no other branch has the right to argue. Besides, I'm the one in our bureau with the highest affinity with demonic abnormalities, so your stomach is most likely returning to me, and I can study it then."

"So you have to work hard at it!"

The Black Goat said worriedly,

"Generally, Anomalous Objects acquired outside of tasks won't be directly distributed. You need to apply with achievements or exchange them for other Anomalous Objects. You've been in the Purification Bureau for too short a time, and your achievements aren't significant enough. If someone else exchanges it first, that'll be a problem."

"The director has mentioned this to me. Since it was the boss of Charl Department Store who delivered your stomach, she didn't have Senior Jerry save the person directly; instead, she arranged for me to handle this task to give me the capital to compete for this Anomalous Object..."

As Leon and the Black Goat discussed how to quickly exchange for the sheep stomach, they arrived at a familiar building.

After identifying the Secret Investigation Bureau's sign, Leon carried his items and walked briskly into the lobby,

"Hello, how may I help you?"

"I'm from the Purification Bureau."

After taking out and handing over his credentials, Leon touched the bandage he had taken from the female prisoner, opening his mouth with a serious expression,

"Is Yisha in your bureau? Her full name should be Isha Hill. I have some matters to discuss with her."

...

"Look! That man is the one Little Isha is seeing!"

"Oh~ Where, where? Point him out quickly so I can see!"

"Over there! The one talking to the receptionist, wearing an old coat, with black hair—that's the handsome guy!"

"Handsome... well, he is quite handsome, but he seems a bit skinny, doesn't he? Little Isha ranks in the top three in close combat in the department, and she's in great shape. If they end up together, can this handsome guy handle it?"

"Oh, you're really... Is this something we should be talking about here?"

"Why not? What I meant is, what if he can't fight Isha and gets bullied? What are you talking about?"

"I... I meant the same thing!"

"Tsk tsks, I think you're thinking in a different direction. How typical of married people with different thoughts!"

"You... hmph! So what if I'm thinking differently? Aren't you all thinking the same?"

The woman seemed to be getting anxious after being teased. She stomped her foot and gestured with her hand,

"This handsome guy doesn't look very sturdy. Just a twist of those long legs Little Isha has around his waist would probably... Ah! Run!"

"I see you all need a good scolding!!!"

After chasing away the colleagues hiding in the stairwell, joking around, the woman who had been leading the banter yelled before taking a deep breath and carefully straightening the messy part of her clothing. She then walked over to Leon, who was waiting at the reception desk, feeling a bit out of sorts.

Chapter 143 Mutation\_1

"Leon, you came to see me... is there something you need?"

"There is something, but it's not a big deal..."

"Big or small, just say it! I've been busy to death these days, sitting in a chair for more than ten hours a day. Get to the point!"

"Uh... alright then..."

The voices of a group of women chattering away in the stairway were already loud, and given that Leon's Contamination Value was as "high" as 2.6, his physical functions were much stronger than that of an ordinary person, so their banter certainly couldn't escape his ears.

Initially, he wanted to pretend he hadn't heard anything, but seeing the female cop's slightly reddened earlobes, along with her shy demeanor, actually made Leon feel a bit awkward as well.

After subconsciously glancing at the female cop's smoothly lined long legs, Leon coughed lightly, pushed the women's vivid descriptions to the back of his mind, and took the initiative to express his thanks,

"Actually, the main reason I came by was to thank you. If it hadn't been for you persuading your father, I'd probably still be stuck down there for a few more days. Oh, and about the hospital bills..."

"Oh no! There's no need to repay that money!"

Always so assertive, the "troublemaking Rebel" was rarely this soft-spoken in his presence, which made the female cop quite pleased.

She waved her hand and, biting her lips to suppress a smile, said generously, "Even though my dad hasn't had a salary these past two years, he's still a high-ranking official, so we have some savings. We don't need to spend extra on food and lodging. So, your hospital and medicine bills are just trivial to us. Don't worry about it."

"Uh... I wasn't planning to repay you..."

Leon said a bit embarrassedly, "Our Purification Bureau has a special nature of work; we often face danger. So, expenses in this regard can be fully reimbursed. So... could you change the name on the bill to mine?"

"Alright... I'll change it when I get off work..."

After agreeing to Leon's request somewhat speechlessly, the female cop wriggled her toe inside her shoe forcibly, then slightly turned her head, and asked shyly with wandering eyes, "So... you just came to thank me and have me change the bill? Is there nothing else?"

"Of course, there's more!"

Hearing her words, Leon couldn't help but feel a bit delighted. He then touched the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] in his pocket and solemnly said, "I wanted to see that prisoner you escorted before, alone, without any bystanders. Can you arrange that?"

Huh?

Surprised to hear such a reply, the female cop was slightly stunned and then seemed a bit upset, pouting before nodding, "I mean, it's possible... The biggest case previously was the assassination of the Princess, and I might not have been able to arrange a solo visit. But since the most crucial case now is the Ryan Blood Night, the priority of the assassination case has dropped significantly. We might not even need a note from your director... Hmm... Anyway, come with me upstairs first, I'll go ask the director."



\*Ah... as long as I can see her, that's good!\*

Hearing the female cop's words, Leon couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. Then, under the covert glance of a group of secret police, he followed her into the stairway with anticipation.

The [Plague-Infected Blood Band] obtained from the female prisoner had both [Corrosion] and [Healing] abilities. When wrapped around a living target, it could strip the target of health and cause rapid decay. If used correctly, it could also quickly heal injuries below severed limbs.

During his convalescence days, Leon seriously studied this bandage's abilities and found that paired with the [Holy Spirit Pendant], which gained power through trading flesh and blood, it was an abnormal perpetual motion machine!

In future encounters with Anomalous Objects like the Heart of Ambition, which manipulated thousands to besiege him, Leon could trade flesh and blood to enhance the Holy Spirit Pendant while using the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] to extract health from enemies to heal himself.

Using this "fighting to sustain fighting" method, he could keep the Holy Spirit Pendant at maximum output until breaking down from excessive pain and exhaustion. Getting the rights to this bandage would immediately enhance his combat capability!

The only issue was that the bandage's real "owner" was still alive.

If it was like the things Jerry got from predecessors, those Anomalous Objects had changed hands many times and could be used once seized. Yet the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] was different.

This Anomalous Object was "created" by the female prisoner and her investigator husband, born from their anguish-filled lives. As its Creators, they held the highest level of "authority" over it.

So without the female prisoner's consent, even holding this bandage would make it unusable, and Leon must find a way to gain her approval to truly own it.

Otherwise, he'd have to wait like the director of Red Brick Road Hospital did for her execution due to the assassination to send the corpse and bandage together to HQ and have a craftsman reforge it.

Considering his massive "contribution" to the Ryan Blood Night, it was evidently better to negotiate directly with the female prisoner for her agreement.

After all, without telling her he nearly wiped out the entire Ryan Family, merely recounting how he took down Bobby Layne might soften her stance to hand over the Anomalous Object rights... Umm... or maybe hint a bit...

...

\*Why hasn't he spoken?\*

After not hearing a peep from him while going upstairs, the female cop couldn't help but glance back to find Leon lost in thought. She then furtively glanced at him again.

This troublemaking Rebel... seemed a bit preoccupied?

Though the misunderstanding had long been cleared, knowing Leon hadn't truly joined the Rebels, his past encounters led to his overly radical demeanor.

However, partially from habit and partially because Leon's attitude was far more radical than typical Rebels, the nickname stayed.

And the absentminded troublemaking Rebel's silence fueled the female cop's wild imaginations.

\*Could he be... thinking about those jokes from before? About winding something around his waist... or whatever...\*

Upon reaching this thought, the female cop immediately felt the gaze behind her grow hotter, her nerves slightly tensed, and her long legs clamped more tightly. Feeling stared at, the stairs felt awkwardly misstep with each move.

"Hmm?"

Her strange steps snapped Leon out of figuring out how to gain the female prisoner's approval.

Seeing the female cop in front suddenly slow down, and inexplicably squeeze her legs tight, with her gait looking odd, Leon recalled their previous talk and regarded her back with a sympathetic gaze.

\*Sitting in a chair for over ten hours a day... hmm... that's hemorrhoids to experience, not express, huh?\*

Chapter 144 Invitation\_1

Unaware that Leon had developed a new misunderstanding about him, the female police officer felt a prickling sensation on her back as she quickly walked up the stairs and swiftly entered the Chief Inspector's office, rapidly explaining Leon's purpose.

"This... might be a bit inconvenient."

After hearing the female police officer's words, the scar-faced strong man put down the map of the Capital City in his hand and said with a troubled expression,

"Your Purification Bureau has always had the highest authority in the entire police department. If it were just questioning the rebels, I certainly wouldn't refuse.

But you request the entire interrogation process to be confidential, with no written record, and also not allowing anyone else to know. That's a bit much.

That prisoner, although not the mastermind, was still involved in the assassination of the Princess. If I agree to let you contact her privately, I can't very well explain it to the higher-ups."

"..."

Putting it that way... indeed it was true.

After hearing the explanation from the scar-faced strong man, Leon couldn't help but frown as well.

Involving a major case like the assassination of the Princess, the Secret Investigation Bureau indeed couldn't open the back door for him. But according to his own Chief Inspector, matters concerning anomalous objects were best kept strictly confidential, with as few people as possible aware.

After all, in this rather idealistic world, "knowing" and "believing" themselves were forms of power. The more people who knew about the Purification Bureau and the anomalous existence, the stronger the anomalies would become within the jurisdiction.

If he truly followed the normal interrogation process, with people from the Secret Investigation Bureau accompanying and making written records throughout the entire process, the "anomaly density" within the Virgin Sanitation Bureau's jurisdiction would definitely rise slightly, which was something that had to be avoided. But judging from the other party's attitude...

"Chief, it's one thing to use this excuse to brush off others, but how could you try to fool the person I brought as well?"

Just as Leon was pondering how to persuade the scar-faced strong man, the female police officer beside him spoke up unfriendly,

"Ever since the old Chief Inspector completely retired a while back, it's been entirely up to you inside the Secret Investigation Bureau. And now the Minister of Security who controls our police department is distantly related to you by marriage; no one can really make things difficult for you.

Moreover, the cabinet, the parliament, the Prime Minister, are all focused on tearing into the Ryan Family. As for the assassination case of the Princess, even the Princess herself doesn't currently have the time to deal with it. Who do you need to report to 'above' us?"

"..."

Having his excuse exposed in front of his capable subordinate, the scar-faced strong man felt a bit embarrassed. After glancing at the strange-looking Leon, he coughed awkwardly and said,

"Cough... though that may be true, I haven't been in charge for long and it's not good to act too recklessly. One must first..."

"Oh, stop it! You're just afraid of taking responsibility!"

Rolling her eyes at the scar-faced strong man, the female police officer, who knew her leader's character quite well, snorted,

"With such strong work ability and decent skills, yet you flinch at any sign of trouble, unwilling to step up even for insignificant matters... give me the warrant!"

"Alright~ it's yours!"

After being scolded by the female police officer, the scar-faced strong man didn't even get angry. Instead, he directly handed over the Chief Inspector's warrant and, with a stern look on his rugged scarred face, said deeply,

"If anything really goes wrong in the end, don't you pin it on me..."

"Just say I stole it!"

"It's a deal!"

After the female police officer received the warrant and hastily dashed down the stairs with Leon, the scar-faced strong man was silent for a while. Then he took out another identical warrant from the drawer, got up, and quickly left his office...

...

With the warrant from the Chief Inspector of the Secret Investigation Bureau, Leon and his companion naturally passed through smoothly. Apart from necessary registrations, they encountered almost no obstruction and made their way to the dungeon of the Secret Investigation Bureau, successfully seeing their target.

"You speak to her first. I'll stand guard outside for you."

After glancing at the rather haggard female prisoner with bloodshot eyes, the female police officer couldn't help but shake her head, gave a nod to Leon, and left the interrogation room, bringing a small stool to sit outside the door to prevent anyone from disturbing them.

However, even with her watching, Leon did not relax his vigilance but instead pressed his hand against the Black Goat's horn, using soul vision to repeatedly check his surroundings. After confirming no one was eavesdropping, he sat down on a chair and spoke to the silent female prisoner,

"I came to see you this time to tell you some good news."

"I know."

The female prisoner nodded, and a genuine look of contentment appeared on her somewhat pale face.

"Bobby Layne is dead, right? And there's turmoil within the Ryan Family; nearly all of their main members are dead. The Ryan Family is finished!"

???



Upon hearing this, Leon couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, squinting his eyes slightly as he asked,

"Did Yisha tell you all this?"

"No, that young girl, though naïve, is quite well-behaved in such matters. She couldn't help but tell me about Bobby Layne's death, but aside from that, she said almost nothing."

Not the female police officer?

Hearing the female prisoner's words, Leon couldn't help but be slightly startled, then frowned and asked,

"Then how did you know these things?"

"Strictly speaking, I should say I 'saw' them myself."

Pointing to Leon's pocket that held the Blood-Polluted Plague Belt, the female prisoner smirked,

"That night, the bandages left by my husband were wrapped around your wrist. Although you tried to suppress them, as the owner of the bandages, I could still perceive some things happening around... like wherever you went, people of the Ryan Family would die."

At this point, a smile finally appeared on the female prisoner's face. With an expression of delight, she rhetorically asked,

"I might not be able to directly see what happened, but as long as a small piece of skin came off your body, a member of the Ryan Family would suddenly die. So, not all those people were killed by Bobby Layne. At least half of them were done in by you personally, right?"

"..."

It was careless of him; he hadn't expected that the bandage would have some perceptive abilities... Truly... He thought he was hiding it perfectly, yet even before the main investigators arrived, half of it had already been exposed.

\*Internally warning himself never to underestimate any anomalous object,\* Leon looked at the female prisoner with \*furrowed brows\* and said,

"Are you attempting to frame me by saying all this?"

"Of course not."

The female prisoner shook her head with a smile,

"You avenged me. I'm grateful and wouldn't harm you at all. As for whether it's framing... isn't that clear in your own heart?"

Hehe, we people have worked hard for several years and only succeeded in assassinating some middle-level individuals. The commotion you created in one night was more effective than years of our efforts!"

Slowly finishing these words, the female prisoner, who was handcuffed to the chair, did not continue the topic but instead stared seriously at Leon, with furrowed brows in front of her, and earnestly invited,

"Seriously, are you interested in joining us?"

Chapter 145 Exposure\_1

"..."

\*Good grief, I just wanted to 'return a favor' and try to get the usage rights to the Anomalous Object, but it turns out you're even interested in my people...\*

He reached out to check the female prisoner's soul status, finding her invitation genuinely sincere, Leon couldn't help but say,

"Forget it, I'm really not interested in the Rebels. Your ways are just too extreme."

"..."

After hearing Leon's words, another person in the interrogation room also became speechless.

We're too extreme? We've carried out over two hundred attacks over the years, and the number of high-ranking officials we've killed doesn't even match the number you knocked off in one night! How dare you call us extreme?

After both parties silently sat facing each other, Leon eventually broke the silence first,

"Since you already know what happened with the Ryan Family, I'll be direct... I'm very interested in that bandage and want to gain your approval to obtain its usage rights!"

"Alright."

The female prisoner was slightly taken aback upon hearing this but did not get angry, nodding instead,

"As long as you can get me out, I'll immediately relinquish the usage rights of the bandage and hand it over to you."

"That's impossible."

Leon shook his head upon hearing this,

"Setting aside the charge of attempting to assassinate the Princess, Yisha showed me some of your files. In the years you've been associated with the Rebels, you've participated in numerous attack actions, resulting in at least dozens of innocent deaths..."

"So... are you saying I deserve it?"

Hearing Leon's words, the female prisoner's eyes instantly sharpened as she stared coldly at him,

"Fine then, if you're going to settle things this way, why not grab the Kingdom's noble register and start checking one by one according to the laws enacted by the Kingdom! If there's a major noble whose crimes are less severe than mine, I'll bash my head on the spot!"

"You've misunderstood. I didn't mean to accuse you, and that's also beyond my work's scope."

Leon shook his head,

"What I'm trying to say is, collectively, your charges already amount to a death sentence, so I don't need to rescue you. I can just wait until you're hanged for those crimes, and I'll still get the ownership of the bandage."

"..."

After hearing Leon's earnest explanation, the female prisoner's face turned blue with anger.

She originally thought Leon would be like the female officer, discussing how once you start harming innocents, the victims become the new perpetrators, and she'd long prepared counterarguments for such claims.

She didn't expect the person in front of her to be so shockingly practical, dismissing her questioning without a word, making her feel like she'd just tried to flirt with a blind man.

"Then why did you come to me?"

Seeing the slightly lean, handsome man in front of her, the female prisoner asked irritably,

"If I'm set for a death sentence sooner or later, why don't you just wait for me to die?"

"Because that would still take some time."

Leon calmly answered,

"You're one of the criminals in the attempted assassination of the Princess case. You wouldn't die before the case is completely closed, and right now, those who could decide on closing the case are all entangled with the Ryan Blood Night and probably won't remember you anytime soon, and I don't want to wait that long."

"So whether I agree or not, it just comes down to whether I can save you some time, correct?"

"Correct."

"..."

Looking at Leon, clearly younger than the female officer, yet having an "impervious to reason" demeanor, a deep sense of helplessness surged in the female prisoner's heart.

After staring at him for a while, she snorted heavily,

"I admit, you killed Bobby Layne and destroyed the Ryan Family, which counts as avenging me, but I'm not someone who repays kindness with kindness!"

Besides, if you hadn't interfered, I could've taken out the female officer in the carriage back then, broken into the Ryan Family, and personally strangled that bastard Bobby Layne!"

At this point, the more she thought about it, the angrier she got. Fixing an angry gaze on Leon, she bellowed,

"If you calculate it like this, you're even my enemy. Why should I help you? If you want my bandage, then just patiently wait for me to die!"

"..."

\*It really isn't that simple, huh... Looks like I'll have to use some tactics!\*

Hearing this, Leon couldn't help but shake his head, then he asked,

"Your daughter... is still alive, right?"

Seeing the sudden vigilance in the female prisoner's expression, Leon spoke softly,

"Although your daughter's file states she's dead, with the cause of death being hunger and illness, whenever you talk about revenge, you haven't really mentioned avenging her, always about 'my husband,' 'our family's fate,' etc.

So I figured, either in your heart, your love for your daughter doesn't surpass your husband's, not even worth a mention, or your daughter's not dead at all, which is why you instinctively leave her out when you speak about revenge. Am I right?"



"..."

\*This damned bastard!\*

Knowing it was impossible to hide from Leon's "interrogation," the female prisoner gave up on the futile struggle altogether. After glaring sharply at Leon, she straightforwardly nodded and admitted,

"You guessed right. My daughter is indeed still alive, but since the day I joined the Rebels, I've managed to send her away without even leaving an address.

So you can never find her, let alone use her to threaten me! If you join us, I might give you the bandage directly. Otherwise, wait for my death!"

"Fine, let's just assume I can't find her."

After exchanging a meaningful glance with the determined female prisoner, Leon nodded silently and continued gently,

"What about your spy in the Secret Investigation Bureau? Do you think I can find him?"

"?!?!"

"Don't bother denying, you already sold him out the moment I walked in."

Taking out the "Blood-Polluted Plague Belt" from his pocket and placing it on the table, Leon stated calmly,

"When I first tried to inform you about Bobby Layne's death, you said, 'The Ryan Family has fallen into chaos, nearly all the core members are dead...' Correct?"

After repeating her words, Leon lightly tapped the bloodstained bandage on the table and said suggestively,

"I admit I was forced to eliminate some members of the Ryan Family, but even I only found out afterward that most of those I eliminated were core members.

So can you tell me how you knew, while being locked up, with only a bandage as your 'eye,' that those who died in the Ryan Family were not ordinary members but rather core members?"

"You?!"

"Your flaws are so obvious that even without checking your soul's state, I could guess a rough area."

Pressing the Yang Jiao with his little finger secretly, Leon calmly watched the female prisoner's soul, which was churning violently,

"As a significant criminal in the attempted assassination of the Princess case, anyone contacting you requires registration, and someone must accompany them. Solo interrogation isn't allowed.

Given it's certainly not easy to slip a spy into the Secret Investigation Bureau, to avoid suspicious behavior that would lead to his exposure, the spy wouldn't dare contact you unless he were part of the investigation team himself."

"..."

"Oh, and since he informed you of the Ryan Family's situation, his contact time with you was definitely after the Ryan Blood Night, further narrowing the timeframe.

I peeked at the interrogation registry just before I came in and noticed that you've been interrogated roughly thirty times by four teams involving eight names. Excluding Yisha, who couldn't possibly be a spy, the remaining people are..."

"Stop! Stop talking!"

Realizing that the name was on the verge of leaving Leon's lips, the female prisoner, whose mental defenses crumbled completely, screamed,

"Shut up! Isn't it the bandage you want? Take it! Take it all!!!"

Chapter 146 Ordinary person\_1

[Obtained usable anomalous object "Blood-Polluted Plague Belt," heterochromatic badge "Materialist Soul (Crimson)" hidden trait activated]

[Materialist Soul (Abnormal·Crimson·Cannot Upgrade): ...]

[Equipped Effect: ...]

[Advancement Route: ...]

[Hidden Trait: Badge Slot +3, Current Slot Number: 6, Total Anomalous Objects Needed to Unlock the Next Slot: 8]

[\*Your Contamination Value increased\*]

[Current Contamination Value: 2.8]

...

The slot indeed increased by one, but the number of anomalous objects needed to unlock the next slot actually jumped from four to eight...

Seeing the explanation on the badge panel, Leon couldn't help but sigh softly.

Counting the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] he just obtained through "friendly exchange," he currently possessed four anomalous objects in total: a goat head, broom, pendant, and bandage, far from the next "slot opening."

As for Young Ha, who was sleeping soundly on the goat's head, although he had his own anomalous object panel, he wasn't counted, probably because he was alive and didn't qualify as an anomalous "object," or maybe because he was still a puppy, a child laborer not given a position.

Hmm... the latter seemed more likely.

After stroking Young Ha's short fur, which felt particularly good, Leon watched the little worker flip over and continue sleeping soundly, even snoring lightly. He couldn't help but let out a light laugh, then nodded slightly toward the female prisoner who was glaring at him angrily.

"Thank you."

"..."

Thank you, my ass!!!

Seeing Leon politely nod and thank her, the female prisoner, whose bandage had been "forcibly taken," wanted to curse him out but worried that angering him might harm her companion who had infiltrated the Secret Investigation Bureau. In the end, she could only grit her teeth and turn her head in silence.

Demon!

This damn guy, who appeared harmless on the surface, turned into a heart-playing demon once he dropped his disguise!

\*Once I'm out of here, I must tell others not to be fooled by his appearance. This Purification Bureau guy is ten times more dangerous than he seems!\*

"By the way, before leaving, I have a few more questions I'd like to ask you."

After glancing at the female prisoner, whose soul was half-resentful and half-fearful, Leon hesitated for a moment before speaking:

"If you successfully escape from here, do you still plan to continue being a Rebel?"

"???"

What did he mean? What did he mean by that question!

As she stared blankly, the female prisoner's soul began to churn despite saying nothing, and Leon shook his head:

"Although you appear normal, the soul never lies.

Your soul harbors a plethora of emotions, yet lacks the \*fear of death\*. But if you were truly someone unafraid of death, when I pointed out you had a mole in the Secret Investigation Bureau, your fear of death temporarily surfaced.

So I believe the mole in the Secret Investigation Bureau must have promised to rescue you, which is why your potential rescue was directly tied to whether he was exposed. That's why you would rather hand over the bandage to silence me, right?"

"..."

Facing Leon, who took less than five minutes to strip away all her secrets, the female prisoner felt a chill in her heart and plunged into deep despair.

"Right! It's all right!!!"

Knowing there was no point in lying before this "devil" who could discern people's hearts, the female prisoner, resigning herself to her fate, glared at him and said through gritted teeth:

"Bobby Layne may be dead, but my husband's vengeance is not over! It wasn't just the brain-dead nobles of the Ryan Family that killed him, but this Kingdom that is rotten to its core!

Since my revenge isn't over, if I manage to escape, of course, I'll continue being a Rebel! And I'll do it until I die!"

"Okay, I understand."

After seeing the female prisoner's extremely "sincere" soul, Leon couldn't help but shake his head again and then said with a slight apology:

"Sorry, once I get out, I'll immediately take down that spy."

"You?!"

Hearing Leon's words, the female prisoner couldn't help but shout in shock and anger:



"You just took my stuff! Damn it! You tricked me?!"

"Well... I didn't promise not to capture him, I only promised to stay silent. In the words of our chief, this is called separating different issues."

After thickening his skin and saying this rather shameless line, Leon couldn't help but feel his face heat up, then said somewhat embarrassedly:

"Sorry, if your attacks only targeted officials, I might not have done this, but every time you launch an attack, countless ordinary people are caught in the crossfire, and I can't turn a blind eye.

Moreover, both you and that director of the Secret Investigation Bureau have shown significant interest in me, with him even harboring great hostility towards me.

Considering the way you Rebels conduct your business, there's a substantial likelihood you'll target my family, so I must prepare in advance.

By the way, just to be safe, I need to confirm, that scar-faced director is indeed the spy you planted in the Secret Investigation Bureau, right?"

"I don't know!"

Hearing Leon's inquiry and knowing he was about to start his "mind-reading performance" again, the female prisoner desperately struggled, wanting to bash her head unconscious.

But as the prime suspect in the assassination of the Princess, she was firmly strapped to the chair, unable to make any significant moves, only causing the chains around her to clatter noisily.

"Seems I guessed right."

Gleaning the answer via soul vision, Leon continued asking amid the female prisoner's furious glares:

"Next question, does he possess anomalous objects?"

"I don't know!!"

"So he does have anomalous objects... Is he weaker or stronger than you?"

"I don't know!!!"

"Is he somewhat stronger than you? Do you know what his ability is?"

"..."

\*Is it that she genuinely doesn't know this time?\*

After attempting questions from different angles without extracting more intelligence, Leon sighed, then stood up from his seat.

"Thank you for your cooperation, goodbye."

"You... you're despicable! Shameless!"

Seeing Leon's shameless trickery, taking away her bandage rights, the female prisoner couldn't help but struggle frantically, roaring hysterically:

"Stop pretending to be a good person, saying you can't turn a blind eye... You're just stronger than me! Would you dare face the truly strong ones?"

If you truly think you're a good guy, go take out all those garbage! I'm disgusted looking at you! You're nothing but a hypocritical bastard!"

"..."

Hearing the female prisoner's expletive-laden rant, Leon paused in his steps out of the interrogation room. After considering for a moment, he nodded:

"You're right."

"???"

In her somewhat confused demeanor, Leon sighed again, candidly admitting:

"And I'm not only hypocritical but cowardly. While disliking many things, I lack the courage to risk everything and change them;

I'm not only cowardly but also awkward, often unable to completely look away, interfering with things I have no business with;

I'm not only awkward but also reckless, knowing that taking action brings trouble and puts me in danger, yet frequently unable to restrain myself..."

"I'm indeed rather unsuccessful; sometimes I even quite detest myself."

"..."

Faced with Leon's sincere self-analysis, listening to his self-assessment even more harsh than her own words, the female prisoner couldn't help but be utterly bewildered.

"Then you... then you..."

"I'm just an ordinary person and only do what I can, as for the rest..."

After glancing at the panel, shining with its array of badges, Leon's right hand tightened slightly, a trace of imperfect determination in his eyes.

"That will depend on how high I can eventually climb!"

Chapter 147 Dungeon\_1

"Leon?"

Seeing Leon coming out with his things in less than ten minutes after entering, the female police officer "on duty" at the door couldn't help but be slightly taken aback and asked in surprise,

"Did you finish asking your questions?"

"Yeah."

Leon nodded and said,

"I didn't have many questions to ask, so it didn't take long... By the way, about your Secret Investigation Bureau's chief, does he have anything strange about him?"

Huh? Why did he suddenly ask this?

After hearing Leon's question, the female police officer hesitated slightly, then spoke,

"Strange... Does personality count? He doesn't like to take on responsibilities, but when push comes to shove, he's quite reliable..."

"That's not what I'm asking."

Leon shook his head and said,

"By strange, I mean something more unusual, like being physically exceptional or completing seemingly impossible tasks."

"Well... nothing particularly special like that..."

After thinking for a moment, the female police officer shook her head,

"If I had to say something, it's that the chief is very skilled in combat, almost as good as I am. His shooting scores are also impressive, and he's very adept at capturing..."

No, that's not right.

Hearing this, Leon couldn't help but shake his head.

These all sounded within the "normal person" range and weren't related to Anomalous Objects. The scar-faced brute's Ability likely wasn't among these traits.

Hmm... Thinking about it, it made sense. The Purification Bureau was just at the corner of the police department, merely a few buildings away from the Secret Investigation Bureau.

Although their chief's perception Ability didn't seem very strong, if the other side had used an Anomalous Object at such close range, their chief would surely have caught it already...

Seeing Leon with furrowed brows, clearly pondering something, the female police officer couldn't help but ask curiously,

"What did you talk about inside? Why did you suddenly ask about the chief?"

Leon hesitated slightly, then directly divulged,

"Because your chief is a traitor."

"..."

"Traitor might not be entirely accurate. He might not have betrayed the Secret Investigation Bureau; he was probably a spy who infiltrated from the start."

"..."

"Stingy!"

Glancing at Leon's "fake serious" face and recalling how he insisted on interrogating the prisoner alone, refusing any observers, the female police officer wrinkled her nose,

"Forget it if you don't want to talk. I won't chase you for answers, why tease me with such jokes?"



"I wasn't teasing you. Your chief really is a spy."

"Uh-huh."

Seeing Leon still joking with her, the female police officer cooperated by making a face expressing "Wow, really?" then grudgingly said,

"Let's go, since you're done with your business, we should return the 'spy's' hand order. If we take too long... why are you pulling me?"

Watching Leon's exceptionally serious expression as he held her arm, the female police officer finally came to her senses, her expression changing repeatedly, then speaking in shock,

"You mean... the chief really is?!"

"Yes."

Nodding to confirm the answer, Leon led the female police officer quickly outside. Upon reaching the registration place, he showed her the name on the list and explained what he could, though the explanation was a bit far-fetched due to being unable to reveal the existence of Anomalous Objects.

However, the female police officer had witnessed Leon's "performance" firsthand; she knew he had monster-like interrogation skills. After hesitating repeatedly, she reluctantly believed his explanation and mumbled with a complex look,

"No wonder... No wonder the Rebels seemed to have eyes in the sky, always avoiding our sieges in the past two years, with only the chief barely able to catch their tails... So it was..."

So you've been playing cat-and-mouse for years.

Finishing the second half of the thought for her, Leon advised,

"It's fine if you know about this yourself, but don't act rashly. Your chief has some... unique qualities. The Secret Investigation Bureau can't handle this alone. For safety's sake, I'm planning to return to the Purification Bureau to get help. You should wait here for now..."

As he spoke, seeing the dazed expression on the female police officer's face, as if she had taken a big hit, Leon paused slightly and promptly changed his tone,

"Forget it, you should come with me!"

"Alright..."

Having been a secret police officer for several years, constantly fighting the disruptive Rebels, discovering her own chief was a Rebel was too much of a shock for the female police officer. Her brain essentially malfunctioned, and when Leon grabbed her hand, she subconsciously followed.

Yet when they entered the stairwell one after the other, climbing several flights of stairs to leave the dungeon, they both froze in place.

For no other reason than, when they pushed open the door of the stairwell and stepped out, it wasn't the spacious and bright first-floor lobby of the Secret Investigation Bureau that appeared, but a dim and narrow corridor.

The registration desk was not far to their right, and Leon even saw their signatures left moments ago.

"..."

Okay, there was no need to guess this time. The scar-faced chief's Ability was probably this.

...

"How... how is this possible?!"

Somewhat understanding what had happened, Leon was contemplating how he'd "exposed" himself. Meanwhile, this was the female police officer's first encounter with an Abnormal's activity, leaving her completely stunned by the situation.

After rushing into the stairwell with Leon, only to find the registration desk once more, she was utterly bewildered by this situation.

"What on earth is going on? Why are there so many identical dungeons?"

"It's not that there are many identical dungeons, but a single dungeon infinitely repeating."

Pointing at the registration desk, Leon rubbed his forehead and said,

"Before we went up the second time, I folded the bottom right corner of the registration form... Look, the crease is still here, so we should be seeing the same dungeon."

After explaining his initial judgment, Leon picked up the registration form, then actively led the female police officer back into the stairwell.

After the two "descended a floor," seeing the desk without the registration form, Leon couldn't help but shake his head slightly disappointed.

"Confirmed, it's likely not a dungeon that can be infinitely duplicated. It's probably the same dungeon's top and bottom connected. We must be trapped by your chief."

The dungeon's top and bottom... connected?

Barely understanding what Leon meant, the female police officer exclaimed in shock,

"So... this is... this is the person's unique trait?!"

"Yes."

Without saying much more, Leon paced from one end of the dungeon to the other and again entered the interrogation room, finding the female prisoner had disappeared. With only the two of them left in the entire dungeon, he blinked thoughtfully.

"Hold onto my hand, and step back a bit."

After pulling the female police officer over to the wall, Leon pinched the Holy Spirit pendant on his chest, inhaled deeply, and conjured an invisible hand to slam into the dungeon wall!

"Boom!!!"

Accompanied by an invisible explosion, the wall beside them burst open, spewing broken bricks and dust everywhere, revealing a massive hole.

Cautiously peeking through and looking outside the hole but not seeing another identical dungeon, just a dirt-filled pit, Leon finally relaxed his frown.

\*I thought it was a great Ability... was this it?!"\*

Chapter 148 0129 Plot\_1

\*How could it be so fast?!\*

Just as Leon couldn't find an exit and began a violent demolition, a deeply embedded Rebel immediately sensed something abnormal.

Feeling the dungeon being continually destroyed amidst the violent tremors, the scar-faced chief's brow tightened instantly.

Even though he didn't expect to trap them directly, merely trying to delay things to buy some time for his comrades to retreat, the opponent's swift reaction was a bit unexpected. Upon realizing they couldn't escape directly, they immediately began smashing walls. He hadn't even had time to exit from the Secret Investigation Bureau...

"What's happening?"

Sensing his change in expression, the female prisoner whose handcuffs had been removed, couldn't help but ask cautiously,

"Could it be... that there's movement from the Purification Bureau?"

"No."

The scar-faced brawny man shook his head, saying,

"The director of the Virgin Branch of the Purification Bureau is incredibly powerful. Even if most of their strength is tied up with guarding the Anomalous Object, it's not something we can handle. If there's any movement from them, we might as well lay down and wait for death.

The problem lies with the guy in the dungeon. He's causing crazy damage in the real dungeon right now. When he completely tears apart the real dungeon, the replica I created won't hold up."

"How is that possible?!"

Upon hearing the scar-faced brawny man's words, before the female prisoner could speak, another young man next to them looked astonished and said,

"I twisted the stairs directly together both up and down. A normal person should have tried climbing for a while. Not even half a minute has passed, and he's already started smashing walls?"

"I don't know what's happening, but now is not the time to ponder these things."

Quickly passing through the empty hall of the Secret Investigation Bureau, he reached the window and glanced towards the Purification Bureau's direction. After a slight hesitation, the scar-faced chief spoke directly to the two companions,

"You two leave first, take all the intelligence I've collected back, I'll stay."

"Barton!"

Hearing his words, the young man couldn't help but anxiously say,

"You can't stay here; it's so close to the Virgin Branch. Even if our Ability shows barely any fluctuation, it could easily alert them! If that woman makes a move, you're done for!"

"It's alright. I was prepared to sacrifice myself when taking on this undercover mission.

Plus, it's not a sudden decision to stay. After hearing Samantha talk about that person's Ability a few days ago, I already planned on this."



Taking out a token, prying open its case for the two companions to see, the scar-faced brawny man calmly explained,

"Like this one, in the token given to Yisha, there's also one of my 'Ears' hidden. Just while he was interrogating Samantha, I was eavesdropping from upstairs.

Samantha, you've experienced his interrogation twice firsthand, you should understand how terrifying that newbie's Ability at the Virgin Branch is. Whether you talk or not doesn't hinder him from getting the answers to his questions.

That Ability is extremely dangerous to us. No one can keep secrets from him. If he starts assisting Yisha in investigating the Rebels, then none of us can escape. Eventually, we'll be completely captured, so that person must die!"

"Indeed... I think just like Barton..."

After listening to the scar-faced chief, the female prisoner couldn't help but clench her fists slightly and then nod in agreement with fear in her eyes,

"That person is really like a Demon, and I don't just mean his manipulation techniques; it's also the feeling he gives people.

Honestly, when I look at him, I sometimes hallucinate as if sharp devilish horns grow out of his head. If we can take him down early, then paying some Cost would be worth it..."

"But surely it doesn't have to be Barton staying behind!"

Seeing the other two agreeing on this "life for a life" solution, the young man said urgently,

"We're in the dark, and he's in the light! There will definitely be other opportunities to take him down! Like trying to frame him, or kidnapping his family, or even staging an ambush assassination..."

"No, those may not necessarily solve him."

The scar-faced brawny man pondered for a moment, then shook his head saying,

"Although, after hearing Samantha's words, I thought of dealing with him, Yisha suddenly brought him to our doorstep, which indeed caught me off guard. And just the moment I decided to take this chance to kill him, he raised his head and glanced at me.

So if I'm not mistaken, this person's Ability consumption is very low, allowing it to stay activated all day. If someone harbors intense animosity towards him, he immediately notices and prepares in advance..."

"Wait a minute?!"

Upon hearing this, the female prisoner couldn't help but exclaim in shock,

"Are you saying that before he came downstairs, he sensed your hostility towards him? Doesn't that mean..."

"You're not wrong, that's indeed the situation."

The scar-faced brawny man said helplessly upon hearing her words,

"Before interrogating you, he probably had some guesses. After he and Yisha entered the dungeon, repeatedly seeing my name on the registration, he probably had a sense of my identity, which is why he tricked your Anomalous Object out of you."

"..."

"But it's not a total loss."

Seeing the face of the female prisoner filled with regret and remorse, the scar-faced brawny man sought to console her,

"Even though he figured me out, I also realized he knew I was a spy, so I made my move before they even entered the dungeon, which gave me this direct opportunity to take him down!"

At this point, the scar-faced brawny man spoke with firm eyes,

"So listen to me! You two leave immediately; the Ability I bestowed on you is minimal, but it's enough to avoid people on the road, getting you out of the municipal area."

The young man hesitated,

"And you..."

"Go quickly!"

"Let's go, at the very least, we must get Barton's intelligence back!"

"..."

"Sigh!!!"

Under the repeated persuasion of the two seniors, the young man stomped his foot vigorously, then picked up the female prisoner, and without a backward glance, he ran out of the deserted hall of the Secret Investigation Bureau.

It was daytime, and there were quite a few people coming and going on the surrounding streets. But strangely, everyone seemed oblivious to the two of them.

Everywhere they passed, the people around would suddenly vanish one by one. When they left, the people reappeared somewhere slightly farther from where they disappeared, as if in a different world from them...

Go ahead, go ahead; as long as the intelligence reaches its destination, years of undercover work wouldn't be in vain.

Standing at the entrance of the Secret Investigation Bureau, looking at the retreating backs of his two companions, the scar-faced brawny man couldn't help but raise his hand, touch the scar tracing from his face to his Ear, then smile with some peace of mind, and turned to walk towards the stairwell.

\*At least it's one for two, not a bad trade!\*

Also, since I didn't expect to make it back... I might as well make a bigger scene!

Chapter 149 A Person's Gunfight\_1

Someone was coming downstairs!

Hearing footsteps from the stairwell, Leon, who had destroyed more than half of the dungeon, immediately stopped and pulled the policewoman back. He then pressed against the Black Goat's horns.

"Director?"

Seeing the scar-faced burly man emerging from the stairwell, the policewoman, despite being prepared, couldn't help an inexplicable wave of bitterness from washing over her heart. \*Her chief might have been a bit cowardly, always habitually retreating in the face of trouble, unwilling to engage in any trouble at all, but he was actually a pretty decent person.\*

\*Working together at the Secret Investigation Bureau for several years, they had partnered on nearly a hundred missions, even facing several life-and-death crises together. In her heart, he was almost as close as an elder uncle or family relative.\*

\*But who knew that the director was actually a rebel infiltrating the Secret Investigation Bureau, and those experiences in the past were all fake! Even the crises she encountered might have been orchestrated by him!\*

"Yisha."

Looking at the policewoman with a complex expression, probably remembering the past years, the scar-faced burly man's expression softened slightly. He sighed and said,

"Since it's come to this point, I won't say much more.

I actually don't dislike you. It's just unfortunate you're the daughter of the Minister of Defense, and ultimately not one of us. The more someone like you works hard, the deeper the Kingdom will slip into the Abyss...

So I'm sorry, today not only he will die here, but you as well."

After hearing the scar-faced burly man's words, the policewoman gritted her teeth but didn't engage his comment, instead speaking with full of anger,

"Aunt Marsha was located by the rebels last year, and on the way to pick up her daughter from school, she was kidnapped. Her body was finally thrown into the garbage dump on Bridge Street. Was this..."

"It wasn't me, but it was indeed my information that was sent back."

The scar-faced burly man sighed and said,

"Marsha was a good person, but she was responsible for coordinating with the royal family's honor guard and was the only one who knew the travel routes of the Princess and Prime Minister. Thus, I had no choice but to report her address back.

And not only her, out of the forty or so people who died in the bureau over the years, probably about a third were because I leaked the intelligence, leading them to be blown up or taken away, including some of your friends and acquaintances.

I'm sorry, not all of them were scum that deserved to die, but sometimes people just have to go against their heart and do something..."

"Bang!"

"Well... Since that's the case, let's stop talking."

Touching the bloody hole in his forehead, and looking at the policewoman in front maintaining a shooting stance with a face full of shock, the scar-faced burly man couldn't help shaking his head and looked sideways at Leon blocking in front of the policewoman.

"Yisha shot me, why won't you make a move? I've been to Ryan Manor, you should possess a terrifyingly powerful Anomalous Object."

"....."

Glancing at the scar-faced burly man whose forehead had been shot through but was still alive and kicking, Leon judged that this guy wasn't the type to easily reveal his Ability, so he chose to ignore his question and continued searching for his true body's location.

The moment he heard the footsteps, Leon, who had remained vigilant, used the soul vision of the Black Goat to examine the situation. Although the "scar-faced burly man" had a body in front of them, there was no soul inside, just a strange empty shell.



Even more bizarre, in the Black Goat's vision, the entire world had no change, and the souls of the Secret Investigation Bureau's people were all normal, as if the loud noise made when dismantling the dungeon did not exist at all.

As for the souls of other prisoners and guards in the dungeon, they remained in those empty cells. Even in front of him, a soul of a guard quietly drifted by, but in reality, there was nothing there at all. It was like...

Like they weren't on the same "layer!"

...

While Leon continued to ponder the true nature of the scar-faced burly man's Ability, the policewoman, unwilling to relent, gritted her teeth and emptied the clip, firing six nails simultaneously.

The scar-faced burly man, having made no effort to dodge the policewoman's skilled American-style iaido, had his face turned into a gory mess, the kind of wreck that would be heavily censored for television.

But he still didn't die, even attempting to open his mouth to say something. It was only after the policewoman replaced the gas canister and shot him in the throat again did he finally lie down obediently.

"It seems you're really not going to make a move."

Along with steady footsteps, another "scar-faced burly man" walked out of the stairwell, kicked aside the body on the ground, and stood once more in front of Leon and the policewoman.

Seeing Leon merely glance at him before frowning again in thought, the new scar-faced burly man shook his head with a somewhat helpless expression.

"You are cautious... very well."

The scar-faced burly man said as he released the buckle on his tactical belt, completing the entire sequence of drawing a gun, disabling the safety, and aiming in less than 0.5 seconds. The muzzle aimed directly at Leon's forehead.

Yet, although he was quick, he still wasn't faster than the policewoman, who always maintained a shooting stance.

Probably having realized headshots were ineffective, the policewoman changed her target this time, directly shooting the scar-faced burly man in the wrist, preventing his shot at Leon ahead of time.

"Guh..."

Looking at his wrist bone that was directly pierced, the scar-faced burly man glanced at the policewoman with some displeasure, appearing quite unhappy with her interference. Yet, the next second, his throat took another shot, and he could only fall backward with a thud.

"What a hassle!"

With a slight murmur of dissatisfaction, two "scar-faced burly men" simultaneously came out of the stairwell, then immediately drew guns from a distance.

"Bang bang bang bang!"

Unable to be bothered with wondering why there were so many directors, the gritted-teeth policewoman raised her gun and fired consecutively, narrowly managing to shoot down both directors before they could open fire.

However, following that, a series of uniformly paced footsteps resounded again as over a dozen "scar-faced burly men" walked out from the stairwell one after another, uniformly unlocking their waist clips...

What the hell are these things!!!

Seeing the directors raising their guns in unison from a distance, the policewoman with tingling scalp kicked open a nearby interrogation room door, preparing to pull "scared stiff" Leon inside for cover.

Yet this time, it was obvious the scarred directors were one step ahead. Just as the policewoman grabbed Leon's shoulder, before she could push him into the interrogation room, those black-muzzled guns had already been raised to the proper angle.

"Bang bang bang bang bang bang..."

Numerous triggers were constantly pulled, synthesizing into a deafening loud bang, followed by a torrential downpour of gunfire echoing throughout the narrow, dim corridor of the dungeon.

Chapter 150 Question\_1

"Finally willing to make a move?"

Looking at the nails scattered across the corridor and the blood streaming from Leon's hand, the dozen or so scar-faced chiefs couldn't help but pull back their lips, revealing a rather peculiar smile.

"It seems different from probing a soul, if you want to launch such an invisible attack or defense, there is a cost, and that cost is the skin on your body, right?"

Leon glanced at him upon hearing this, still remaining silent, while the scar-faced chief continued on his own,

"After the Ryan Blood Night, I went to investigate the Ryan Family estate, and even took a look at your injuries while you were unconscious.

"Aside from those inexplicably committing suicide, many of the corpses' cause of death was the destruction of vital points by some kind of invisible force, and you, lying unconscious at the entrance of the estate, had large patches of missing skin... this situation basically aligns with my hypothesis."

Watching Leon in the distance remain unresponsive, the scar-faced chiefs shook their heads, then while reloading their nail guns, slowly said,

"Even if you don't admit it, it's useless. The 'usage rules' of that offensive Anomalous Object in your hands were basically exposed after being used at the Ryan Family estate.

"The person who gave me this ability once said that in battles between Anomalies, intelligence and strategy can sometimes be more important than strength. No matter how powerful the ability, once the intelligence is understood by others, a way to counter it will certainly be found.

"As luck would have it, your type with a long range, high burst, but also high cost, is perfectly countered by my ability. I don't even need to do much, as long as I keep forcing you to use your ability, you will directly 'kill' yourself. Am I wrong?"

"..."

Looking at the scar-faced brute seemingly taunting right in front of him but actually probing with words, Leon pondered for a moment, then silently released the Black Goat's horn with his other hand.

The ability of the War Cornerstone only worked on things with a soul, but these dozen or so scar-faced brutes were empty shells, naturally immune to the Black Goat's "incite."

What was more bothersome was that the real entity wasn't in the dungeon. He couldn't leave the dungeon, and the power of the Holy Spirit Pendant couldn't be sent out, unable to directly kill his real entity. Other Anomalous Objects likewise had no use.

So the current situation, indeed as the other party said, he was basically "on death's door," forced to keep using the Holy Spirit Pendant to block bullets, slowly depleting his flesh and stamina...

"Leon! Get into the interrogation room to hide!"

Although she couldn't understand the two's "unscientific" way of battling, seeing that Leon hadn't spoken to refute, the policewoman faintly understood that the scar-faced chief might be right. If it dragged on any longer, Leon might be exhausted to death.

Seeing the scar-faced brutes at the other end of the corridor reload nails and start changing their gas tanks, preparing for another round of shooting, she couldn't help but urge,

"Go! As long as we block the door, if he can't demolish the walls, at most one or two can come in at a time. We might as well stall a bit longer!"

"..."

Wait? Can't demolish the walls?

Leon was slightly stunned upon hearing this, then immediately activated the Holy Spirit Pendant, exchanging another small piece of skin, killing all the scar-faced brutes at the other end of the corridor, then turned and asked,

"Do you have any high-power explosives in the Secret Investigation Bureau?"

"Huh? Yes! Whenever we capture the Rebels, we usually confiscate some and then destroy them regularly. The latest batch should still be there..."

So there are!

Pushing aside the bodies of the fallen scar-faced brutes, blocking the entrance to the stairwell tightly, Leon's face finally showed a slight smile.

Judging from those dozen or so empty shell bodies, the scar-faced brute's "Abnormal" seemed to have a capacity for mass duplication. And the guns those copies held, whether in form or wear, were completely identical, so they likely weren't limited to living things; even dead objects could be duplicated.

Then, given that he could duplicate firearms, why not directly duplicate explosives?

If he really wanted to wear him down, compared to shooting little by little with a gun, it was clearly more convenient and effective to throw explosives directly into the dungeon. But instead, he took the long way around, willing to spend great effort to create a dozen empty shells with guns little by little, rather than just copying a bunch of explosives to throw into the dungeon.

Excluding him being a fool who didn't think it could be done, the most likely reason was to minimize destruction, fearing that throwing too many explosives would destroy the dungeon!

And what the enemy least wanted to happen was exactly what he should do now!

...

With the policewoman's "reminder," he vaguely found a possible way to break the predicament, and Leon pulled her into a corner, then took a deep breath, clutching the Holy Spirit Pendant tightly on his chest...

"Boom!"

A violent crash sounded, and the wall closest to them was completely smashed, turning into a pile of shattered bricks and stones.

And this was just the beginning. At the cost of Leon's "deal," the invisible heavy hammer formed by the Holy Spirit Pendant swept through everything destroyable in the dungeon like a speeding heavy truck.

Amidst the deafening roars, not only the previous interrogation room but also a dozen temporary prison cells were successively dismantled by the heavy hammer condensed by the Holy Spirit Pendant. The entire dungeon was covered with dust and debris, turning the once narrow and cramped corridor instantly into a vast expanse.



