

I! Cleaner 211

Chapter 211 daily_1

"Melanie!"

Just as Leon was racking his brains, a somewhat annoyed shout came from the direction of the Happiness Apartment lobby.

Quickly sprinting out from the main entrance, and grabbing the troublemaking little sister Melanie by the back of her collar just before she could escape, Anna put her hand on her hip and tugged on her ear angrily, saying,

"Don't talk nonsense! Miss Amy just moved next door and came by to visit the neighbors, how did she become your sister-in-law?"

Amy?

Hearing Anna's scolding, Leon thought for a moment and remembered. So it was the eldest daughter from Charl Department Store. Back when he didn't know she was the owner's daughter, he'd recommended she move to Happiness Apartment.

But later on, she was kidnapped by the Marston family and the moving arrangement fell through. After he rescued her from Rose Manor, he thought she might not consider moving again, yet there she was after all.

"Anna."

Scorned by the stern looks of the grumpy old man, Leon, stricken with "benevolent brother syndrome," couldn't help but plead for the little Melanie, who was yelping from having her ear tugged,

"She's still young, she probably doesn't understand the meaning of those words. Just a gentle lesson to let her know she can't speak carelessly is enough. There's no need to go overboard... oh, look, her ear is already red."

"Yes, Sister Anna, let go. Melanie doesn't understand anything."

Seeing Leon speak up, William also nodded his little head in earnest and chimed in,

"She just told me that after Big Brother and Sister Amy get married, she'll take me along to rummage through the nearby garbage bins to see if they can find their niece or nephew first. She doesn't even know where babies come from. It was probably just a random thing she said."

"..."

That makes sense...

Compared to Leon's fruitless persuasion, William's assistance was quite effective. Anna's already not-so-intense anger was instantly quenched, and she unconsciously released Melanie's ear.

"This time let's just forget it."

After rubbing Melanie's slightly reddened ear and watching her little sister hang her head dispiritedly, Anna squatted down, softly patting her back as she kindly explained,

"It's not that your sister wants to control everything about you, but your Sister Amy isn't even married yet. If these words are heard by some people who like to gossip, it might cause trouble for her, so you can't speak carelessly, understand?"

"Oh..."

Melanie complied reluctantly, saying,

"But Sister Amy really fits well, why can't she marry in?"

"This..."

Hearing Melanie's question, Anna couldn't help but glance at Leon, then began to coax,

"Whether she marries in is Miss Amy's business. These kinds of things still depend on your Sister Amy's thoughts..."

"Then I'll go ask her now! See if she's willing to marry in!"

"Oh, you stop right there!"

Once more grabbing Melanie by the back of her collar, stopping her from eagerly "proposing," Anna—faintly sensing something off—couldn't help but furrow her eyebrows and question,

"What's wrong with you today? Why are you so dead set on having Miss Amy as your sister-in-law?"

"I..."

"Probably because Sister Amy is very generous."

Acting like a little adult, William put his hands behind his back and, taking advantage of his understanding of his twin sister's thought process, seriously deduced,

"The chubby-breasted sister who left our home this morning, while also very pretty, only bought each of us one piece of candy as a gift, whereas Sister Amy gave Melanie a new dress on her first visit. I guess

she thinks since Big Brother has to marry someone anyway, instead of marrying that chubby-breasted sister, why not marry the more generous Sister Amy? That way she could get more gifts too."

"..."

"I! I'm not thinking like that at all!"

Hearing Sister Anna's breathing grow heavy, Melanie—realizing she was in big trouble—quickly struggled to defend herself,

"He's talking nonsense! I just have a better relationship with Sister Amy! It has nothing to do with the gifts!"

"She's lying."

As Leon and Anna cast inquisitive looks towards him, William, feeling no psychological burden, sold out his sister and directly confessed,

"Just now while we were digging for worms, she told me that Big Brother seemed to prefer looking at those chubby-breasted sisters. Worried that Sister Amy couldn't compete, she forced me to sneak a bowl of the papaya soup Anna drinks over every day to see if it could make her a little chubbier too."

"..."

Hearing this, Leon and Anna both tensed slightly, feeling embarrassed but also exchanging a quick glance.

You actually drink papaya soup every day?

No wonder you chose Miss Veronica!

After exchanging a surprised yet awkward look, the two adults didn't say anything, instead simultaneously turning their gaze towards Melanie.

"You! You're talking nonsense!"

Sensing an impending crisis in her brother and Sister Anna's silence, Melanie couldn't help but struggle in a desperate effort to save herself,

"I never said those things!"

"You did."

William seriously stated,

"And you even promised me that if the papaya soup I stole for Sister Amy successfully made her our sister-in-law, I could borrow your favorite doll to play with for two days."

At this point, William paused slightly, then disdainfully evaluated,

"How childish, I'm way past the age of liking dolls. How could I be moved by such a condition? If you'd offered the tin frog instead, maybe I would have kept it a secret for you."

"Then why didn't you tell me!"

Knowing there was no escape, Melanie gave up defending herself, glaring at him angrily,

"If you wanted to play with the tin frog, I could have borrowed it for you, why betray me?"

"Borrowing isn't as good as owning."

William seriously retorted,

"Helping you steal Anna's papaya soup would definitely lead to a beating, and even if it worked out, I'd only get to play with the tin frog for a few days. But if I turned you in, Sister Anna not only wouldn't beat me, she might even buy me a frog outright. What would you choose?"

"..."

"Don't worry, this beating won't be in vain. When my tin frog arrives, you can borrow it for two days too."

...

"Knock knock knock."

After knocking on the neighbor's door, the doll-faced girl—who lost to a tin frog—flashed a brilliant smile at Leon while holding a large bag filled with things.

"Mr. Lyon, I've moved here to be your neighbor!"

"Welcome, welcome."

Although feeling a bit curious about her plans, Leon, being polite, didn't ask her why she moved to Happiness Apartment, instead inviting her inside first, and then glancing at the bag she was holding.

"And these are..."

"Just some small gifts!"

The doll-faced girl batted her big, sparkling eyes and laid out the contents of the bag with a cheerful smile,

"Don't worry, they're just ordinary things. The most expensive one's this coat suitable for winter... Mr. Lyon! When you rescued me last time, the coat was scratched by Rose Manor's roses, it's only fair I get you a new one, right? As for the rest, this is a perfume for Sister Anna—it's a scent I made myself, so apart from the materials, it didn't cost much—and a few small toys for William and Melanie... Oh, where are they? I just heard their footsteps heading upstairs!"

Upon hearing Amy's question, Leon's expression froze slightly, glancing at the closed inner room. He then steeled himself to explain,

"Uh... they might be catching up on homework inside? Schools nowadays assign quite a bit of... um..."

"I! I was wrong!"

A rather familiar voice cried out, interrupting Leon's fibbing.

"Sister Amy's chest isn't small at all! Not small at all! She really doesn't need to drink papaya soup! Sister Anna, you don't need to drink it either! Oh, stop hitting me! Boohooohoo, I really know I was wrong!"

Chapter 212 Unexpected Gain (Part 1)_1

"..."

Watching Amy across from him, her smile frozen on her face as she instinctively touched her chest, Leon couldn't help but twitch at the corner of his mouth, his toes curling up instinctively.

To prevent any more fatal remarks from emanating from the room, pushing the current awkwardness to new heights, Leon quickly stood up, opened the door to his room, and proactively extended an invitation,

"Why don't... we talk in my room?"

"Okay....."

Hearing Leon's invitation, the doll-faced young girl, her face slightly red, quickly nodded, then picked up her bag again and followed Leon into his room.

Once Leon shut the door with a bang, keeping terms like "papaya soup," "size," and "sister-in-law" outside, Amy finally breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Leon a bit sheepishly,

"Mr. Lyon, the reason I came over this time is actually to invite you to our house. You saved me from the Maserney family, so you're a great benefactor to my family. My parents want to meet you!

If it weren't for my mom not being well yet and my dad needing to take care of her while maintaining the company, they would have come with me this time. Please believe us, we genuinely just want to thank you properly!"

"This... I'm sorry."

Seeing Amy looking at him unblinkingly, her sincerity almost palpable, Leon deliberated for a moment before refusing,

"I'm not necessarily refusing the invitation, but recently, I've been so busy with work. I can't even guarantee I'll be home at night. Even after having a few words with Anna, I still have to rush back to the bureau. I'm really out of time lately."

"Alright... sorry for bothering you."

Though sincerely inviting him, the doll-faced girl found herself refused once more. Her head drooped slightly, and a deep disappointment flickered in her eyes.

After clenching her fists a bit reluctantly, she didn't persist in attempting to change Leon's mind but looked up again, her face full of hope, as she asked,

"Mr. Lyon, is there anything in your work that I could help with? Ah! Please don't misunderstand, I'm not trying to push you to come to my house as a guest.

It's just... since you're too busy recently to accept our family's thanks in person, at the very least, let me do something within my power to give us a chance to express our gratitude to you. Would that be alright?"

"This..."

Seeing the young girl with big, sincere eyes set her stance so low, Leon couldn't quite resist her goodwill. After hesitating, he spoke,

"Recently, our bureau has been keeping an eye on the rebels, but their trails have been incredibly hard to track. Even the Secret Investigation Bureau within the police department has no leads. If your family has any means, could you help by paying attention to them?"

Hmm... But remember not to do anything else, just keep an eye out. Those rebels have some things you can't contend with."

Rebels?

After hearing Leon's words, Amy blinked, seemingly recalling something.

After a slight hesitation, she said softly,

"When it comes to rebels... our family's department store used to have some connections with them. If you want to find them, Mr. Lyon, maybe we could really be of help."

Ah, this... an unexpected gain?

Raising an eyebrow in surprise, Leon, who was originally planning to send her off soon, took a deep breath, then invited her to sit on the room's only bed. Sitting on a small stool across from her, he asked earnestly,

"Miss Amy, could you explain a bit more detailedly?"

"Ah? Okay!"

Looking at Leon sitting opposite with a serious expression and bright, focused eyes watching her intently, the doll-faced young girl suddenly felt a bit nervous, unsure of where to place her hands and feet.

Mr. Lyon... truly a capable and reliable man.

Watching the steady composure and focused gaze of Leon before her, even though his clothes were rather cheap, Amy couldn't help but admire his extraordinary aura. She slightly bit her lower lip, then began to speak,

"Mr. Lyon, our family owns the largest department store in the Capital City, you probably know that?"

"Yes, and with the lowest prices."

"That's right, and aside from being the largest, offering the lowest prices, and having the most stores, our department store also has the most comprehensive range of goods.

My dad, as vice-chairman of the chamber of commerce, has good connections with the Lower House and several departments, securing nearly all categories of sales licenses. Before guns were completely banned in the Capital City, he even sold some small firearms, with significantly reduced range, in limited quantities..."

After briefly explaining the characteristics of Charl Department Store, the doll-faced girl tried her best to recall,

"Just before the full implementation of the gun-ban edict in the Capital City, someone, taking advantage of our department store's merchandise not yet being removed, purchased nearly a hundred civilian nail guns from a dozen of our stores in batches.

My dad feared these people might cause trouble with these weapons, impacting Charl Department Store, so he dug a little further, and he was shocked to find that besides these firearms, those suspicious people had been doing business with our family for many years."

Many years of business?

Leon frowned and asked,

"Are these people the rebels? Do you mean they've bought a lot of nail guns from your Charl Department Store?"

"Not many nail guns, actually."

Amy shook her head in response,

"My dad is very cautious. Even though the profit from selling firearms was decent, he never stocked them in large quantities, only keeping a few counters in stores with very stable conditions.

What these people really bought in large quantities were various ordinary supplies, like seasonal clothing, oil, salt, sugar, alcohol, blankets, food, and utensils.

And it's not just a one-time purchase, but a long-term, continuous, and covert buying habit, twice a year for clothing, once every one to two months for oils, salts, etc., and large batches of fresh ingredients weekly."

After finishing the discovery made by Old Charl, Amy, sitting on the bed, spoke to Leon, who seemed to be deep in thought across from her,

"To this day, those people haven't stopped buying. My dad calculated the amount of these supplies, realizing they could sustain seven to eight hundred people living normally, and during the busiest half-year, it even reached the sustenance level for a thousand people.

The frightening part is, this small thousand-strong group has never caught any attention. If they hadn't rushed to buy a large number of nail guns before the gun-ban, alerting my dad, probably no one would have discovered their existence.

And after noticing the anomaly, although my dad didn't make deep contact with them due to being cautious, after comparing the news about rebel activities and the changes in their supply consumption, he still hypothesized about the identity of this group."

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Chapter 213 Unexpected Gains (Part 2)_1

Yes, they needed to purchase living supplies in secret for a long time, and the amount consumed changed with the news of rebel activities, so the identities of these people were self-evident.

After listening to the baby-faced girl's words, a touch of embarrassment appeared on Leon's face.

After joining the Purification Bureau, he had somewhat fallen into a fixed way of thinking. Especially after experiencing the convenience of soul vision, his first reaction was always to use "abnormal" methods to find targets, forgetting all these basic techniques.

Rebels were people too! They needed to eat and wear clothes!

Moreover, they were quite a sizeable organization. Apart from those abnormal ability users created by the Aquarius Director, there were at least three to four hundred members and their families. The consumption of these people was not a small amount.

As for why these people gathered together instead of hiding dispersed throughout the Capital City... It could only be said that the risks and difficulties of dispersing and hiding might not really be smaller than gathering together.

There were no cell phones for instant message transmission here. Most people still communicated long-distance by letter. The wealthy could go to the communications bureau and use a device similar to a telegraph to send some simple messages, but these methods of message transmission were both difficult and dangerous for the rebels.

After all, the Secret Investigation Bureau of the Police Department was not eating dry rice; they could even track the passenger trajectory of steam carriages. If someone suddenly received a letter before each rebel action or directly became a mystery, it would be no different from announcing their identity.

Relying on code words or something to complete attacks was even more difficult. If one was caught, all the codes would need replacing, and in situations where opportunities were fleeting, it was almost impossible to ensure the action contents were communicated properly.

For those precise attacks, sometimes lasting seven or eight minutes, other times only thirty to fifty seconds, and withdrawn timely before the Police Department arrived, communication methods as primitive as codes simply couldn't support it. At least with the average level of the rebels, it was impossible, so there had to be places akin to gathering points!

...

"Thank you! Your information really helped a lot!"

After figuring out how to find the rebels' gathering point and tracking down those anomalous object holders, the overjoyed Leon first expressed his gratitude, then seriously instructed:

"Miss Amy, those people have very dangerous items in their hands. It's better if your family doesn't get involved in the following matters. Just tell me the stores where they habitually buy supplies!"

"Okay, I'll write down those stores right away!"

Hearing that she indeed helped with Leon's work, the baby-faced girl was also very happy. However, after searching her pockets and finding she didn't bring a pen and paper, she looked up at Leon again.

"I have a pen and paper here."

Comprehending in one glance what she was looking for, Leon originally intended to hand over the small notebook from his pocket, but after considering the contents recorded above, he hesitated a bit and instead only took out a homemade graphite pencil, then pointed to the bedhead:

"Move my pillow, then flip up the bedrest with the storage secret compartment; inside should be some scratch paper Melanie used."

"Ah, okay, I'll take a look."

Curiously glancing at the oddly shaped graphite pencil in Leon's hand, the baby-faced girl, following Leon's instructions, moved his pillow, preparing to flip up the bedrest with the storage secret compartment. However...

This... This was...

Seeing a rather boldly styled and unusually "mature" women's intimate garment lying beneath Leon's pillow, the two in the room both widened their eyes in unison.

Don't even mention the possibility of it being Anna's; putting aside that this purple-black lace corset didn't match Anna's temperament at all, just those two huge openings left for the southern hemisphere were absolutely not the "scale" that Anna could handle.

Amy knew at a glance that this belonged to a rather "remarkable" woman, especially considering the terrifying size gap between the southern hemisphere support and the waist, the owner of this garment undoubtedly had a "dominating" figure!

No wonder! No wonder I heard something about "papaya" and "size" as soon as I came in! No wonder!

Staring at this corset that noble ladies often wore to evening banquets for waist-constriction, especially focusing on those two surprisingly big "lower halves of bowls", the baby-faced girl couldn't help but pucker the corners of her mouth, her round, cute nose twitching twice as she felt a wave of inexplicable bitterness rush to the tip of her nose, her eyes slightly reddening.

"You... you..."

"If I said I don't know where this thing came from... would you believe me?"

Interrupting Amy's teary moment, Leon walked over to look at the corset, checked his bedsheet and pillow, then frowned:

"It seems like someone has slept in my bed... Anna likes to tidy up the room every night, so probably someone came yesterday, and the clothes should have been placed under the pillow at that time. I didn't come home yesterday as I slept at the bureau..."

Never mind, I'll just directly ask her."

To avoid being considered a pervert collecting women's intimate garments, Leon seriously explained a few sentences, and seeing the baby-faced girl's expression still unusually strange, he simply opened the door and shouted in the direction of the interior:

"Anna! Did anyone come to the house yesterday?"

"..."

Hearing Leon's shout, Melanie's loud crying from the interior paused slightly.

Shortly after, Anna, looking quite well after exercise, opened the door, glanced toward Leon, and then nodded with a somewhat complicated expression.

"Yes, Miss Veronica came by. We talked for a long time, right until the last carriage stopped running. I let her stay in your room for the night... Is there a problem?"

Miss Veronica? The Princess? No wonder...

Recalling the situation of that Princess and then looking back at the corset on the bed, Leon, realization dawning on him, replied:

"There isn't any big problem. It's just that one of her clothes was left in my room."

Clothes left behind?

Hearing Leon's words, Anna blinked in confusion. What Veronica was wearing when she came was the same as when she left, how could it... Uh...

Realizing in a flash, she hurried over, looked at the bed in Leon's room, and then her pupils shrank sharply, presumably also shocked by the size of this garment.

"Anna, Miss Veronica will be staying at the bureau for a while. Please gather her things and pack them in a bag. I'll take them to her when I return to the bureau later."

"Okay!"

While Anna went back inside to find a bag, Leon turned around and explained to the skeptical Amy:

"Miss Veronica is the one attacked by rebels this time. She came to our bureau for help this morning, and we are pursuing the rebels because of her... Um... Can you help write down the locations of those stores now?"

Taking out his small notebook, tearing off a page to pass over, and then looking at the sturdy old man climbing up the sixth floor little by little outside the window, despite being tied up with yarn, Leon couldn't help but urge urgently:

"If you can, it's best to write faster. It seems like I don't have much time left..."

Chapter 214 Siblings' Night Chat and Finally Arrived_1

"Brother?"

After coming out with a clean little cloth bag, Anna found that the doll-faced girl was gone, leaving only Leon standing by the door. She couldn't help but curiously ask,

"Where's Miss Amy?"

"I don't have much time to stay at home, and there are still some things I need to ask you, so I asked her to head home first."

Leon glanced out the window and saw that the sturdy old man was almost climbing in, so he decided to keep it short and grabbed his sister's shoulders with a serious expression, saying,

"Anna, you need to tell me..."

"When did things start between you and Sister Veronica?"

"Huh?"

Seeing Leon's somewhat bewildered expression, Anna, who had prematurely asked the question, lightly bit her lip and then softly complained,

"Just...how did you meet her? And how did you decide to get married? Why didn't you tell me anything?"

"..."

"Can I say that I'm still confused about it myself?"

After hesitating for a moment, Leon explained,

"Anna, you should know that in this world, there are many things that don't belong to the 'normal range,' like your photograph, with all sorts of incredible abilities.

And Miss Veronica was influenced by something similar, causing everyone in the Kingdom to lose their memory of her, you and me included."

What? Everyone forgot about her?!

Upon hearing about the photograph, Anna couldn't help but feel a tightness in her chest, instinctively clutching the hem of her dress. But after hearing about the Princess's ordeal, she exclaimed in shock and sympathy,

"Then...hasn't she lost everything? Not only her identity but even her friends, family...lover...all gone?"

"Yes."

Receiving the affirmative answer from Leon, Anna immediately fell into silence.

In such a situation of suddenly losing everything, if it were her, she would probably break down completely. Yet Sister Veronica hadn't shown any signs of *pain,* and even yesterday, she could still chat and laugh with her.

Except for the slightly heavy circles under her eyes, indicating she hadn't slept well at night, on the surface, there wasn't any *abnormality,* it was truly...

"She's so strong..."

"Yes, she really was a very 'strong' person."

Understanding what his sister was marveling at, Leon, who had seen the Princess's soul, nodded in agreement.

In the soul vision of the Black Goat, everyone's soul had its own 'base color.' This didn't refer to actual colors like red, orange, yellow, or green but more of an essence.

Anna's base color was longing and warmth, the policewoman Yisha's base color was compassion and responsibility, while Princess Veronica's base color was an unparalleled extreme resilience, with a belief so firm it was almost terrifying, as if she was born not knowing what despair was.

Moreover, this belief wasn't the type that held confidence in certain success, but rather that even if knowing the odds were slim, she would still continue forward without hesitation, walking until her legs were worn down, with no end except death.

Well...in a way, her brother's soul felt like that too. The two royal family members he had interacted with had souls with remarkable 'hardness.'

However, if Princess Veronica's base color was belief, then her brother's could only be described as pride. Even after being beaten by both him and Senior Emma, losing several teeth, that guy still looked down on him from the heart.

Maybe it was just a royal family trait!

...

Shaking his head slightly, Leon stopped thinking about the odd soul of Prince Freckles. He glanced at the sturdy old man's progress climbing the window, then turned to his sister, who had an expression of admiration and a hint of envy, and asked seriously,

"Anna, can you tell me what you thought when you met Miss Veronica yesterday?"

Huh? What was I thinking?

Momentarily stunned by Leon's question, Anna hesitated for a bit before answering,

"Just...very envious of her?"

"Just envious?"

"And a little...wanting to be like her..."

Glancing subconsciously at the papaya placed in the kitchen, Anna spoke softly with a touch of admiration,

"My health isn't good, but Sister Veronica is very healthy, very energetic; I am somewhat too skinny, while her... physique is particularly good; and her character too.

In stark contrast to my not-so-talkative nature, she was very talkative, cheerful, with a charm that makes people subconsciously trust her...much like the personality of the mother in my memory."

After reminiscing about past events, Anna's eyes filled with warmth as she said,

"Actually, since childhood, I've wanted to be like her and mother, but I just couldn't,"

"..."

So...Princess Veronica was Anna's 'ideal type,' and the envy and desire to be like her that Anna developed after interacting with her led [Warm Home] to be repaired, transforming into a [What If] that could replace someone else?

It seemed reasonable enough, but the extent seemed somewhat off.

To allow the ability of an anomalous object to change, this "I'd be better off if I were her" notion must have been quite strong. Would Anna have had such a strong thought if it were just pure envy?

Frowning and pondering for a moment, and worried that returning the photograph to Anna might really cause her to replace the Princess, Leon didn't take out the photograph. Instead, he grabbed Anna's shoulders, his expression serious, and said,

Chapter 215 Siblings' Night Chat and Finally Arrived_2

"Is that all? Really, nothing more? Think carefully! Is there anything else?"

As for the other things...

The frail girl bit her lower lip upon hearing this, and a vision of a crying man's face flashed through her mind. She then glanced at Leon with a complex expression.

If I obtained a family photo, and that man got hold of it, he would restore everything. You, William, and Melanie would regain your original lives, and I would no longer be part of your family.

If that happened, I would become alone again, and your only family would be Sister Veronica. I truly envy her...

But it was because I used that photo six years ago that I took away your original lives, separated you from your true family. Do I have the right to stop that man and prevent him from putting everything back on its original course?

I don't...

After her lips moved slightly, Anna shook her head with a somewhat gloomy expression, murmuring in reply, "I don't..."

"You do! Anna! You are definitely hiding something from me!"

Even without using soul vision, Leon could see the hesitation in his sister's heart.

If it were something else, it might not matter. Everyone has their secrets. But the matter Anna didn't want to talk about was likely related to the Anomalous Object created by the Aquarius Director, and that allowed no ambiguity!

"Though I don't know why you're hiding it from me, it's related to that photo, isn't it?"

After utilizing the power of the Holy Spirit pendant to toss out the robust old man who had already crept inside, Leon grabbed his sister's shoulders and looked into her eyes seriously, "Anna! Listen to me!

"Whether you are trying to avoid past mistakes or think that keeping it from me might be better, or whatever other reason, never do that!"

Paused for a moment, looking at his sister who hadn't denied anything, Leon continued to emphasize while pondering, "I am your brother. If you've made a mistake, just tell me directly! I will do whatever I can to help you make amends!

"If you think it's for my own good, then there's even less reason to keep it from me! My matters are for me to decide. You can try to persuade me, but you're not allowed to make choices for me!"

"I... I just..."

"Don't say anything else. Right now, you can only choose to tell me or continue to keep it from me."

After secretly touching the Black Goat's horn and checking Anna's soul condition, Leon's expression softened a bit, and he gently said, "Just like I mentioned just now, the choice is up to you. I can't make it for you, but I still hope you can tell me what's going on."

"Anna, you have to be prepared. If you keep it from me, I will definitely be very angry, extremely angry!"

"But rest assured, because I'm your brother, no matter how angry I get, I will eventually forgive you! Now, it's time to make your choice!"

Even though the choice was hers, if she still chose to hide it from me after all this, then I'd go find the director and figure out a way to borrow a mind-reading Anomalous Object!

"I..."

Unaware of Leon's underhanded plan, Anna felt her eyes well up. Even at this moment, seeing Leon still chose to trust her and return the choice to her, she choked up a little and said softly, "I choose to tell you! I'll tell you everything!"

...

"What? The Aquarius Director has already been to the Capital City? And even been to your house?"

After hearing the selectively relayed information from Leon, even the always composed Red-haired Director was startled by this news.

"Yes, and it was very recent, just the night before the investigators came to the office."

After explaining Anna's ordeal and her conversation with the Aquarius Director, Leon bit his lips fearfully and said, "Director, this person is terrifyingly dangerous and is likely planning something extremely risky. Can't we move up the internal inquiry?"

"We can't."

The Red-haired Director shook his head helplessly, "The year-end review in six days is the fastest we could arrange. There's genuinely no way to advance it any further..."

"Um... If you're worried about your family's safety, you could have your brother and sisters temporarily stay at the office these few days to keep them safe, and I can protect them until the year-end review is over."

"That's what I intended... Thank you, Director!"

Sincerely thanking the Red-haired Director and feeling a bit of pressure finally lifting off his shoulders, Leon let out a long sigh, then handed over the photo.

"Director, though I don't know why the Aquarius wants it, whatever he's planning is something we should stop. This should stay with you because I'm afraid I can't keep it safe."

The photo that can replace an identity, right?

After looking at the image of Princess Veronica in the photo, the Red-haired Director pondered for a moment but didn't take the photo. Instead, he took out a dirty little mirror from a drawer and waved it over the photo.

Seeing the photo flash and then directly turn into two, Leon couldn't help but widen his eyes in surprise.

This is... a duplicating type of Anomalous Object? Is the director trying to...

"This thing is called [Duplicating Duo], one of the Anomalous Objects I privately own. It's also a Numbered Anomalous Object, with a real strength ranking around thirty."

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As for the ability, just like its name, it could duplicate anything into an identical copy, including anomalous objects. However, the ability would be slightly diminished, and only one duplicate could exist at a time.

Additionally, as long as the duplicate wasn't destroyed, it would continuously drain my power. The longer it was maintained, the greater the power consumption would be, making it a troublesome anomalous object with many limitations... but the effect was still very useful, especially when fishing."

After pushing one of the photos over and seeing the sudden realization in Leon's eyes as if he understood something, the Red-haired Director couldn't help but curl his lips into a smile and said,

"It seems you've already guessed it. I haven't reported the Duplicating Duo to the Bureau, so Aquarius shouldn't be aware. It's perfect for trying to set a trap for him.

And to prevent him from having any ability to sense the location of anomalous objects and using some strange anomalous object to steal things, I used fake photos here for insurance. The real ones were placed in your small mirror.

As for safety concerns, you don't need to worry. For creatures not from the Mirror World, everything in the mirror was just an illusory reflection, without any physical form at all. If you didn't take it out, he absolutely wouldn't discover it."

Goodness, being able to go fishing and having double insurance, the sober Director sure was reliable!

"Alright!"

After looking at the Red-haired Director with some admiration, Leon was just about to put the photos away when he saw the Red-haired Director take out a small box and push it over next to the real photos.

"What's this?"

"The heart of that sheep... Hmm... it's called the Heart of Ambition, right?"

Seeing Leon's eyes suddenly light up, the Red-haired Director said with a smile,

"Although the evaluation given was ridiculously low, you've indeed passed the Bureau's investigation, around the time you and Emma slapped Prince Joshua. The General Bureau sent some people over with the items."

"Uh..."

"Was it you who led the beating?"

Seeing Leon's slightly embarrassed expression, the Red-haired Director's smile faded, and he squinted his eyes as he said,

"Emma said she did it, and you were just standing up for her, but do I need to say what the truth was? Do you know that foolish prince filed a complaint through the King, sending an extremely long complaint letter to the General Bureau!"

"..."

"He complained that our Bureau was negligent, violating the agreement between the Purification Bureau and the Kingdom, ignoring the safety of Royal Family Members, failing to capture illegal

anomalous object holders effectively, beating the heir to the throne recklessly, causing the cleaning mission to affect the innocent, and almost leading to the extinction of a Great Noble family... He wrote over 30 points in total!

Honestly... it's a good thing you hit him today. The complaint letter was sent in before the year-end review. Otherwise, with the strength of his complaint this time, we'd probably be dead last next year!

"..."

After grumbling a bit, the Red-haired Director habitually took a wine bottle, intending to take a sip to ease his troubles. Still, after thinking about it, he put it back and instead picked up a cup of hot tea, smiling at the embarrassed Leon,

"Little Leon~ You brought me so much trouble today, shouldn't you take on a slightly more challenging task to make it up to me?"

"..."

Seeing the Red-haired Director's fox eyes squint, Leon instinctively felt something might be seriously wrong, but having just been caught in a tight spot, he could only nod resignedly.

"Okay..."

"That's good!"

The Red-haired Director tapped on the photo on the table with her hand and said with a smile,

"Once I lure Aquarius away during the audit and ensure there's no danger, how about you go undercover among the Rebels with it?"

Chapter 217 Three tasks_1

"..."

Go undercover with the Rebels? Are you kidding me!

When Ryan heard the Red-haired Director's suggestion, his first reaction was that she was talking nonsense again. After all, even without bringing up his identity as the Duke of Lionheart, he was already marked by the Rebels.

First, there was the bandaged woman who intended to attack the Ryan Family, then the doppelganger who went undercover in the Secret Investigation Bureau at the Ministry of Police, and finally, the shabby old man at the conferral ceremony whose presence sped up people's heartbeats.

All in all, three Anomalous Object holders from the Rebels had ended up in his hands, and the reason he asked the Director for those three "protective feathers" was to safeguard his family from the Rebels.

This relationship, even if not a deep-seated grudge, could certainly be considered a never-ending feud. And now he was to join the Rebels to infiltrate them? This was just...

Huh... Maybe it's not impossible?

...

After glancing at the [If] on the table, Ryan pondered for a moment and realized that this task wasn't as far-fetched as it seemed.

Now that he possessed the Heart of Ambition, his safety was undoubtedly assured. And with the intelligence provided by Amy, as long as he could locate the Rebels' gathering point, he could use the [If] to impersonate a Rebel member directly, try to contact those holding Anomalous Objects, and attempt to capture them all at once.

Considering the unclear relationship between the Rebels and the Aquarius Director, doing this would not only eliminate the threat from the Rebels, ensuring his family's safety, and help Princess Veronica retrieve her lost identity, but also reduce the help Aquarius might have, and thwart any possible conspiracy he had.

Five birds with one stone...

After weighing the risks and benefits of the undercover task, Ryan nodded decisively and agreed.

"I'm in!"

"Excellent~"

The Red-haired Director nodded with satisfaction and said,

"Ryan, the inquiry into the Aquarius Director will officially begin in about five or six days, but the timing can be slightly advanced, maybe in two or three days.

Once I and Taurus His Excellency initiate the inquiry, the Aquarius Director will certainly rush back to Headquarters to fully prepare for the internal inquiry, and from when he's drawn away to the inquiry's conclusion, there will likely be about two weeks.

During this period, I can roughly track his whereabouts to ensure he won't appear at the Rebel gathering point, and with the Heart of Ambition for protection, your safety will be maximally guaranteed.

So from two days later until two weeks later is your specific timeline for this infiltration mission. If the inquiry succeeds, the time can be extended. If it fails, you must leave immediately. As for the mission target..."

At this point, the Red-haired Director thought for a moment and then lightly tapped the table with her fingertips and said,

"The primary targets are the grandmother and granddaughter who might have the ability to erase memories. You need to prioritize finding them to quickly help Princess Veronica restore her identity. The secondary objective is to contact the other Anomalous Object holders, clarify their abilities, and confirm their locations.

Before the inquiry against the Aquarius Director begins, I will remain in the Bureau. If I go to participate in the inquiry, then Emma will remain in the Bureau to oversee things. Once you've determined their locations and abilities, you can send the little dog Jerry gave you to deliver the news, and I'll or Emma will come to apprehend them."

"Alright, I've noted it down."

"I haven't finished yet."

The Red-haired Director shook her head and said,

"Besides these two missions, you have a hidden task. I hope you can confirm whether there is another Prince Joshua among the Rebels."

What?

Seeing Leon's astonished look, the Red-haired Director didn't immediately explain and instead asked,

"Do you remember that nightmare Prince Joshua had when you and Emma went to visit the Prince?"

That 'future-predicting' strange dream?

After recalling, Ryan nodded and then asked curiously,

"Of course I remember... Was there an issue with that dream?"

"A big issue."

Pouring tea into an empty wine bottle and taking a big gulp to drown her sorrows, the Red-haired Director said with a headache visible on her face,

"Prince Joshua's nightmare should be the King of Nightmares' curse on the royal family. The King of Nightmares believes that, compared to the fictitious horrors of ordinary nightmares, the deepest regrets in one's heart are a person's most feared nightmare.

So, the curse from the King of Nightmares has always been to make people recall their most painful pasts, rather than those hollow, unreal nightmares. This clashes with the content of Prince Joshua's nightmare."

"So... you suspect there are two Prince Joshuas?"

"Yes."

The Red-haired Director shrugged helplessly and said,

"I know it sounds absurd, but when paired with Emma's recount of the nightmare's content, the only conclusion I can come up with is that there's another Prince Joshua who has experienced those painful futures and returned to this past, which is his present.

As Prince Joshua's age increases, his intelligence gradually matures, his concepts and personality become fixed, and his soul begins to align with this future Prince. Thus, when the future Prince suffered the King of Nightmares' curse, the real-time Prince unluckily 'shared' this nightmare."

"..."

That actually... could make sense?

After weighing the Red-haired Director's theory, Ryan found himself somewhat convinced. There weren't many significant flaws in her proposal.

"So, you think the Prince Joshua from the future has likely hidden among the Rebels?"

"It's uncertain, but based on what the Rebels have done in the past, there's at least an eighty percent chance... After all, a future Prince Joshua, filled with persistence, wouldn't simply come back to take a look, right?"

"Makes sense."

"If it makes sense, then get ready!"

Taking out a small notebook from the drawer, writing a few lines, and then closing the notebook and handing it over, the Red-haired Director said seriously,

"Take this to the Ministry of Police and find the first assistant to the Minister of Security. He will appoint you as the warden of the dead cell. With this identity, you can activate the vicarious dying ability of the Heart of Ambition.

Additionally, given that your intelligence about the Aquarius Director is completely transparent, it's possible he might inform the Rebels. Therefore, refrain from using the Witch's Broom, Holy Spirit Pendant, and other Anomalous Objects registered in the Bureau unless absolutely necessary. Otherwise, your cover might be blown.

However, to come into contact with those Anomalous Object holders, it would be best to show a bit of special ability... Hmm... Do you have any unregistered Anomalous Objects or abilities?"

Unregistered Anomalous Objects or abilities?

"In terms of abilities, I actually have one..."

After taking the notebook and putting it away, Ryan hesitated for a moment, then glanced at the brilliant-looking [Migratory Thrush Prince] on his badge panel and said somewhat unsurely,

"If the conditions are right, I might be able to forcibly make others bow to me."

Chapter 218 Bang Bang Bang_1

Forcing others to bow to you? What kind of ability is this?

After curiously blinking his fox-like eyes, the Red-haired Director was quite interested and said,

"What about the specific costs? What are the consequences of failure?"

These... seem to be nonexistent?

Leon frowned and said uncertainly,

"They should be very low, right? It's just that the target range is a bit narrow, only effective on people who meet certain conditions."

"I see."

After thinking for a moment, the Red-haired Director directly suggested,

"If you're sure there's no cost, then why not try it on me?"

Should I try it on the Director?

Leon couldn't help but feel a stir in his heart upon hearing the Red-haired Director's suggestion.

He had long been curious whether the effect of the "Badge" could affect the "high-end powers" of this world, and the Red-haired Director, possessing extremely strong capabilities and unaffected by whether the test succeeded or failed, was undoubtedly the best test subject.

"Then I'll give it a try!"

Grabbing this good opportunity decisively, Leon immediately switched to the [Migratory Thrush Prince] badge, then looked into the Red-haired Director's eyes and asked slowly,

"Why aren't you saluting me?"

"So, it's activated by language... huh?"

As soon as Leon finished speaking, the Red-haired Director's body trembled slightly, then promptly stood up from her chair and gave a strong, deep bow. However, between the two was a sturdy large office desk...

"Bang!"

Oh, crap!

Watching the Red-haired Director's forehead hit the desk with a loud thud, Leon couldn't help but gasp. He then unhesitatingly turned to run, but unfortunately, he was pulled back by the hair tied around his neck before reaching the door.

"This ability of yours... is interesting."

Sitting back in the chair and covering the crack on the desk with a document, the Red-haired Director, whose face turned a bit red, cleared her throat and said,

"How should I say this... the stealth of activation is quite impressive, especially since it took effect so suddenly that even I couldn't react. Overall, it's quite good."

"..."

Yeah, sure!

"Don't think I'm just making excuses."

Seeing Leon's real thoughts through his eyes, the Red-haired Director, who just lost face, clenched her fists and explained,

"I was afraid that resisting too fiercely would cause you harm due to excessive cost, so I intentionally restrained my strength and even cooperated on purpose, which is why... uh... why not try again this time? I'm sure I can block it!"

"Well... maybe we shouldn't?"

After hearing the Red-haired Director's invitation, Leon awkwardly shook his head, sensing trouble, and said,

"It was just a test of intensity. Since it took effect when you weren't paying attention, it should also work on those rebels, and that's enough for the test."

"Not enough, not enough."

Grinding her molars hard, the Red-haired Director smiled and said,

"Testing abilities should be as detailed as possible. How can we just do it half-heartedly?"

"Uh... okay then..."

Under the Red-haired Director's "generous invitation," Leon returned to his original position and suggested guiltily,

"Uh... why don't we change locations? Keep a slight distance from the desk..."

"No need! Let's do it right here."

"..."

Seeing the cold light in the Director's eyes, Leon, hoping for the first time that the badge's effect wouldn't be too effective, reluctantly said,

"Would you... salute me?"

"Bang!"

As soon as Leon finished speaking, the [Migratory Thrush Prince] on the badge panel flashed slightly, and the Red-haired Director stood up again, forcefully banging her head on the desk!

"..."

"..."

It's over!

Looking at the Director maintaining a bowing posture, her butt sticking up on the desk, especially noticing her rapidly reddening ears, Leon's mouth couldn't help but twitch.

After these two bangs, will I be given a hard time from now on?

"Uh..."

"Again!"

Sitting back in the chair with disbelief in her eyes, the Red-haired Director, who had smeared some ink from the document on her forehead, gritted her teeth and argued,

"Just now, I was a bit negligent. This time, I'll use an Anomalous Object to block together, doubling the resistance. If you can't handle the cost, stop immediately, and don't try to be brave!"

"..."

Seeing the upside-down "approved" printed on the Red-haired Director's forehead and knowing she was a bit unnerved, Leon held onto the last bit of hope and tried to refuse,

"Director, I have some things to do later. How about we call it a day for the test now..."

"Come!"

"..."

"Would you... bow to me?"

"Boom!!!"

For the third time, standing up along with the chair tied to her behind, and a large chunk of flooring pulled out by her red hair, the Red-haired Director once again gave a loud, solid head bang to Leon and slowly sat back down, feeling as if her whole worldview had been reshaped.

This isn't scientific!

My maximum Leon Value exceeds seventy, combined with the [Slaughter Blood Hair] No. 013, it's not something an ordinary Anomalous Object could affect! Forcibly making such a combination bow, it would probably take the Master of Bows or the God of Kowtows descending in person!

But in this world, would there be such a boring True God? Or...

Looking at the somewhat anxious Leon in front of her, the Red-haired Director fell silent for a moment, then weakly waved him off,

"Just now... I wasn't very calm... um... you might want to get busy, I... I want to be alone..."

"Okay!"

Without asking who she wanted to be alone with, the moment the Red-haired Director let him go, Leon didn't brush off the dust on himself and left the Director's office without saying a word.

Watching his more disheveled back, the Red-haired Director, whose mind was a confused whirlpool, couldn't help but laugh for a second before shaking her head in perplexity.

Little Leon's Hierarchy may be more absurd than I imagined... *Yeah... but if used correctly, it might have miraculous effects at critical moments?*

[After receiving the appointment of Minister of Public Security, you have successfully obtained a part-time job and activated the Bronze Level badge "Warden"]

[Warden: A senior manager in the prison system responsible for ensuring prisoners are treated appropriately, supervising prison discipline and management, overseeing prison staff behavior, and assisting prisoners with rehabilitation and reform so they can reintegrate into society in the future]

[Wear effect: During capture-type work, work efficiency will slightly improve]

[Advancement Route: None]

[Hidden Traits (no need to wear): Due to frequent contact with a large number of different types of criminals, familiarity with various criminals' traits and behavior patterns grants you an extremely special intuition about the existence of criminals.]

Chapter 219 Temporary - clutching at straws - _1

Ah, this... is actually an unexpected gain?

Holding the small notebook given by the director, after exchanging it for a side job as the warden of the death row, Leon couldn't help but show a rather sincere smile upon seeing the new badge that appeared on his panel.

I made a big profit!

Although the new badge was only of Bronze Level, both the wearing effect that could improve arrest efficiency and the ability to discover hidden traits of criminals were quite practical. However, this also seemed to have made his badge slots a bit tight...

Currently, he had a total of six slots, with "Materialism" permanently taking one, "Connected Party," which improved work efficiency, taking another, and considering the upcoming undercover mission, "Elite Performer," which enhanced acting skills, would also take one. This already occupied three slots.

The remaining slots needed to be shared by "Warden" for finding criminals, "Poop Scooper," which allowed him to communicate with Young Ha, "I Am the Demon," which enhanced the effect of sheep head and sheep heart, "Prince of Lutung," which enforced bows, and so on... Although they could be temporarily switched, there might inevitably be times when he couldn't switch in time.

Hmm... it seems that if there's a chance, I still need to acquire more Anomalous Objects to increase the number of badge slots just in case...

"Mr. Lyon."

After being given the appointment paper, and seeing Leon's somewhat wandering eyes, the assistant to the Minister of Public Security softly called him and then asked Wen Yan:

"Excuse me, are you satisfied with this outcome?"

"Ah, satisfied! Very satisfied!"

Retracting his gaze from the badge panel, Leon smiled and shook hands with the middle-aged man in front of him, then asked:

"However, besides this, I have another matter that I need your help with."

Upon hearing Leon's words, the well-mannered middle-aged man smiled and then responded:

"You are very kind. Before I came, the minister specifically instructed me to assist with all your requests within my capacity, so feel free to ask whatever you need."

"Thank you!"

Receiving the affirmative answer, Leon said with some joy:

"I wonder if the police department has someone who is particularly good at unarmed combat and exceptional in skills? Could you recommend someone to me?"

Someone good in combat?

Upon hearing this, the assistant to the Minister of Public Security was slightly stunned, then said with some confusion:

"Mr. Lyon, are you... looking for a bodyguard?"

"No."

Leon shook his head and said:

"What I want is not a bodyguard but a teacher in combat. Oh, by the way! I don't want someone with great strength—I want someone particularly skilled in techniques who can quickly teach me some practical combat skills."

...

In theory, with a sniper rifle that had a range of 500 meters and the "Holy Spirit Pendant" with a maximum destructive range of close to 100 meters, Leon actually didn't need to learn close-combat techniques.

However, since the Rebels most likely had intelligence regarding the Holy Spirit Pendant, making this Anomalous Object that Leon relied on the most "banned," and the sniper rifle could not be used as a regular weapon,

To prevent himself from becoming an ordinary person who couldn't even defeat a chicken, Leon had to temporarily clutch at straws, trying to make use of these three days and two nights to see if he could earn a combat badge.

"I see."

After listening to Leon's overall request, the assistant to the Minister of Public Security thought for a moment, then said somewhat uncertainly:

"As for our police department... because we have a restrained attitude towards firearms and are not as reliant on them as the military, there are indeed quite a few people who are good at combat in recent years.

But combat is something that heavily depends on Talent; having great strength and speed generally gives an edge, so people who are purely skilled... uh... I think there actually is one! Follow me!"

Leading Leon out of the office and down to the hall on the first floor of the police department headquarters, the assistant pointed to a photo posted on the hall's display board:

"Mr. Lyon, this is a photo from this summer's department combat contest; the three on the podium are the top three, and the third place is exactly who you need!"

Third place... Holy crap?

Seeing the long-legged woman on the podium with bandages around her forehead, a bronze medal with a fist painted on it hanging around her neck, and a disgruntled expression, Leon couldn't help but gasp.

"Yisha?"

"You know her?"

"Uh... yes, and we should have a pretty good relationship, right?"

"Haha, that's even better!"

Seeing Leon directly call out the name of the policewoman, the assistant to the Minister of Public Security became even more enthusiastic, eagerly recommending Yisha:

"Miss Yisha is not only the flower of the Secret Investigation Bureau but also a genuine elite of our police department! In every skill, whether it's shooting, combat, driving, or investigation, she ranks at the top! Her combat skills, in particular, are consistently in the top three!

Additionally, although she only took third place in the contest because there are rule restrictions, many of the attacks on... uh... vital areas like the eyes can't be used; otherwise, the outcome might be hard to predict."

"..."

Don't think that leaving your sentence incomplete means I don't understand you. She's especially good at kicking people in the nuts, is she? Is she?

With a somewhat embarrassed smile, the assistant to the Minister of Public Security concluded, seeing Leon's speechless expression:

"In short, if you ask the police department who the best fighter is, I might not be sure, but if you ask who has the best combat skills, it's definitely Miss Yisha!

After all, given the female physique and their capacity to withstand strikes, being able to take third place in a competition with many dangerous moves restricted and without weight classes already proves just how outstanding her combat skills are!"

"..."

Well, in that case... it does make sense.

Looking at the images of the two "bear" policemen with gold and silver medals, and considering their size difference with Yisha, Leon couldn't help but nod in agreement.

"I'll go find her myself then. Thank you very much for your recommendation."

"You're welcome."

The polite middle-aged man smiled and said:

"I just helped save you a bit of time. Since you and Miss Yisha are acquainted, even if I hadn't recommended her to you, she would have eventually offered to teach you anyway."

...

"I won't teach! Absolutely won't teach!"

Contrary to the prediction of a certain middle-aged man, when Leon found the policewoman at the shooting range and stated his purpose, he was met with an outright refusal.

After throwing the earmuffs used for soundproofing into the storage box, the policewoman gritted her teeth and questioned the scumbag who stood her up yet still had the nerve to ask for her help:

"Do you seriously have the nerve to come to me? Do you remember what you promised me before?"

"..."

What did I promise you before?

Um... when was the last time I saw you? There have been so many chaotic things lately that I kind of lost track...

"The dungeon! The dungeon of the Secret Investigation Bureau!"

Seeing Leon's somewhat puzzled look, knowing he had completely forgotten, the policewoman was nearly furious as she stamped her foot and said:

"Before, I got you a chance for a one-on-one interrogation of the Rebels, then found out our director was one of them, and the entire dungeon got blown up... do you remember now?"

"..."

Oh, right! That did happen.

After her reminder, a look of realization flashed across Leon's eyes.

The policewoman wanted to learn about the scarred-faced director afterward, but since he didn't want to explain about Anomalous Objects and was preoccupied with rescuing someone at the Rose Manor of the Massey family, he casually told her he would explain the next day. Then the policewoman nodded and said she'd wait for him at the office the next day...

Uh... from then until now, it's almost been a week, right?

And the worst part was, the policewoman had no Contamination Value, so memories involving Anomalous Events must have been altered by the Brain of the Evil God, meaning the agreement between them was likely messed up.

"Um... with a lot happening at the bureau, I genuinely can't recall our agreement back then... could you perhaps say it again?"

Scratching the back of his head under the policewoman's glare, Leon sheepishly requested:

"Also, I am about to embark on a very dangerous mission without using firearms, so I need to temporarily learn some combat skills, and the assistant to the Minister of Public Security said you're the best in this regard in the police department, so... could you please teach me?"

"..."

"Could you?"

"..."

Faced with Leon's thick-skinned plea for coaching, the policewoman, filled with anger, balled her fist, nearly wanting to punch him, but ultimately let it go in resignation.

You've laid it all out there—what else can I do but help you? It's not like I can truly refuse and watch you head towards danger unprepared.

"Alright..."

Rolling her eyes at the brazen man, the policewoman sighed in submission, picked up her belongings, and replied with a disgruntled hum:

"Go wait for me at the playground... just so you know, when I teach combat, it's through practical experience, so don't complain when you get beaten up!"

Chapter 220 True Inheritance_1

"Normally, if you want to learn martial arts, you must first train your physical condition, then consider techniques and strategies, but... since he only had two or three days, I'd better teach some quick self-preservation techniques first?"

Looking at Leon, who had taken off his old coat and stood five steps away, with a rather lean build, the policewoman hesitated slightly before asking,

"I know a mix of martial arts techniques, but the ones I'm best at and are most suitable for quick learning are police combat and military combat. Which one would you like to learn?"

Leon, who didn't know anything about martial arts, hesitated for a moment before asking,

"What are the differences between these two?"

"They have different goals and traits. Military is primarily for quick kills, to immediately incapacitate the opponent... like this!"

No sooner had the policewoman finished speaking than her entire body suddenly sank, moving close to the ground at a speed that seemed to drag her into the earth. Then, like a black fish writhing on the ground, she crossed nearly three meters between the two of them in an instant, ghosting up to Leon's front.

What the hell?

From the moment the policewoman crouched down, Leon tried to follow her movement with his eyes. But even with high reaction speed brought on by a Contamination Value of 4.1, he could only see a blurred figure "bowling" toward him; he was in such a hurry that he couldn't even distinguish her limbs.

As Leon instinctively retreated, a leg clad in black, tight-fitting pants with incredible elasticity was already in front of his right knee. It slightly lifted along with Leon's backward momentum, directly unbalancing him and flipping him horizontally backward.

Immediately afterward, before his body had even fully hit the ground and while he was flailing mid-air, a finger was gently poked between the third and fourth ribs on his left side, closest to his heart.

"If I had a dagger in my hand, you'd already be dead."

Standing where Leon originally was, the policewoman made a gesture with two fingers mimicking a stabbing move, and satisfied with the shocked look on Leon's face, she suppressed a smile and said with a straight face,

"A new recruit only lasted under my hand for 0.5 seconds! Listen, when learning martial arts, the first lesson is not about how to knock down your opponent, but 'don't move recklessly'!

"Your body is sturdier than it looks, and your leg in the standing position has a longer reach than mine when I'm charging. If you hadn't withdrawn recklessly just now, but instead mustered up the courage to kick, the outcome would have been different!"

A kick?

Recalling the recent scene, Leon patted the dust off his body and stood up, reflecting,

"If I kick, could I block that move you just made?"

"No, you can't."

The policewoman shook her head,

"But you'd die a bit slower. I'd need to make a second move to kill you, and the total time would increase from about 0.5 seconds to roughly 0.8 seconds."

*???

So, the difference between kicking or not is whether I die immediately or have a chance to stretch my legs before I die, right?

Hmph! This is for ditching me!

Noticing the frustration on Leon's face after hearing her response, the policewoman, who had been maintaining a stern expression, finally couldn't help but laugh. Then she also contemplatively studied Leon.

Compared to explaining with words, actually experiencing something is a more profound memory in martial arts. So her sudden attack was meant to give him a wake-up call and secretly teach him the first lesson in martial arts—keep your eyes open.

Yes, the first lesson for beginners wasn't just about not moving recklessly, but about learning to keep your eyes open.

When novice fighters are approached by the enemy and their face is attacked, they instinctively close their eyes. For rookies who can only observe the opponent with their eyes, this habit is no different than surrendering.

Originally, the policewoman's intent was to rush to face Leon and throw a punch at his face to scare him into closing his eyes, directly teaching him the most important lesson: when learning martial arts, you have to overcome the instinct to close your eyes.

However, what surprised the policewoman was that, even though Leon's eyes couldn't follow her movements, his mind and body responded. He seemed to intuitively sense her attack target and retreated in time, moving his face out of range. So the first lesson changed from "don't close your eyes" to "don't move recklessly."

Hmm... long limbs, quick reactions, intuition or judgment is accurate, and physical condition... seems much tougher than it looks?

She slightly moved her right leg, recalling the resistance she felt against Leon's leg just now. Getting an idea of Leon's "foundation," the policewoman nodded slightly, knowing how she should teach him now.

"You should still not learn military combat. Although it's more lethal, many small tactics are about surprise attacks and strong strikes, requiring great force and being picky about the environment. Although you can meet the learning requirements, it doesn't seem to suit your habits of exerting force."

Walking over and pinching the muscles on Leon's shoulder and back, squatting down, and patting him on several spots on his thigh, the now calmed policewoman gave her honest evaluation:

"Leon, although you look slim, your strength is actually decent. It's just that compared to your speed and reaction capability, your strength seems quite ordinary. Your qualities in these two aspects should be extremely... hmm... outstanding, and your judgment is also very good."