

I! Cleaner 301

Chapter 301 Negotiation Failure and Breakthrough Methods_2

"After your performance is over, you can leave, but she is the female lead in 'Twelve Days' Journey' and must stay!"

"Not... do you really have to finish this play?"

"Of course!"

After hearing Leon's words, "Master Wilde" obstinately said,

"Even a bad play is better than one that gets stopped midway! Once my drama begins, no matter what happens in between, it can't stop!"

"But can you really keep this play going?"

Pointing towards the direction of the tavern, Leon reminded this "single-minded master,"

"Although I haven't seen this play, if I'm not mistaken, the scene that just happened was meant to get the male and female leads into some trouble together, quickly bringing them closer, so the invitation for 'Twelve Days' Journey' can be justified.

Now that I saved Agatha, your male lead spoke up, but all he really did was take a beating. Your play has been disrupted, is there any point in continuing?"

"It is very necessary! As for how to continue, it's not for you, a troublesome guest, to worry about!"

After glaring at Leon in frustration, "Master Wilde" coldly dismissed him,

"Besides, since you were a ticket-buying spectator of my play, I won't hold this disruption against you, but from now on, you are not welcome to see any of my plays. My Morning Star Troupe and I do not welcome you!"

"..."

So, there's no room for negotiation?

After hearing "Master Wilde's" words, Leon looked at the strange door that suddenly appeared out of thin air, labeled as an exit, and couldn't help but sigh again.

It was impossible to leave the princess behind. Although up till now, the [Drama King] had shown no intent to harm and seemed willing to communicate, inspiring hope for a resolution through "negotiation," it still was an Anomalous Object. No matter how trustworthy it seemed, it couldn't be fully trusted.

Furthermore, it was already on the brink of losing control, or else it wouldn't have snapped and trapped thousands over a critic's taunt. If the play didn't end well, who knew what extreme actions it might take.

Moreover, he was still a Cleaner, responsible for handling rogue Anomalous Objects, and capturing this "Master Wilde" to turn over to the Bureau. There seemed to be nothing to negotiate from this perspective; perhaps he was overthinking it...

"Since you don't want to leave, then why not just stay!"

With patience running thin after waiting a while, and not seeing Leon heading for the exit, "Master Wilde" coldly snorted, shut the door to the outside world, and waved him away like a fly, saying with disgust,

"Although I don't know why you are immune to my control, I am the Creator of this world, and have various ways to deal with you... go lie at the bottom of the sea!" Before 'Twelve Days' Journey' concludes, do not appear in this city!"

With "Master Wilde's" order, the world around Leon quickly distorted, instantly moving over tens of kilometers. The clean, empty street from a second ago transformed into a vast, dark ocean.

Strangely, though the world around Leon visibly changed, when he took a step on the seabed, he inexplicably returned to his original place, standing once more on the deep teal streets of the town as if nothing had changed.

What's going on? I am the Creator of this world, capable of replacing the sun with the moon! Why can't I move a supporting character?!

...

Thanks to [Materialism]! If I can escape safely this time, you'll be the MVP without a doubt!

Of course, Leon kept to himself why he was immune to displacement. After glancing at the radiant crimson Badge in his panel, his mouth curled slightly upward, then he looked up at the [Drama King], offering a meaningful evaluation,

"Not even understanding your own Created world, maybe that drama critic was right; you don't really grasp theater."

?!!

Surprised by the sudden taunt, it took "Master Wilde" a moment to react to what Leon said, and then his anger flared, as he scowled and shouted,

"You're spouting..."

"Do you remember what I did just now?"

Pointing towards the tavern again, Leon earnestly (and deceptively) explained,

"In your original script, my character, after showing cowardice and highlighting the lead Elijah's bravery, could already exit, naturally to be kicked out at will.

But now, things have changed, just having saved Agatha, and if this play had an audience, at least half would already have their attention on me and Agatha as she leaves. If you dumped me in the sea now, could you still continue your play?

For this theatrical world, a complete structure, rationality, and theatricality are fundamental rules to abide by, and a character as significant as myself, saving the heroine wisely and cleverly just a second ago, suddenly disappearing without explanation—does that stick to the rules of the theatrical world?"

"..."

It seems... that could indeed be the reason? But... but after all, I'm the author?

After hearing Leon's seemingly logical nonsense, "Master Wilde," although feeling something was off, couldn't think of any other reasonable explanation, and resorted to arguing,

"Without you... it truly wouldn't be complete, but I'm the Creator of this world, and even the 'Twelve Days' Journey' script is penned by me, so..."

"You're just a scriptwriter, what do you know of 'Twelve Days' Journey'?"

Through this conversation, roughly estimating the IQ and EQ of the [Drama King], and realizing that in intelligence and emotional intelligence, it slightly lagged behind the average human level, Leon squinted slightly before intensifying his bold bluffing,

"In any case, after that commotion at the tavern, I've successfully joined the 'Twelve Days' Journey' storyline, and you can't just erase me. Even as the Creator of this world, you can't largely violate the theatrical world's rules. Now you can't do anything about me; the only thing you can do is silently accept my presence!"

"Damn it! Don't you dare!"

Perhaps believing in Leon's nonsense or unwilling to let flaws linger that couldn't be fixed within his masterpiece, "Master Wilde" hesitated a bit before really not trying to write Leon out of the plot, instead biting the bullet and accepting his existence.

"Just you wait, I'm going back now to rewrite the later acts!"

Looking at the bastard who disrupted his play and even instigated the provocation, the furious "Master Wilde" trembled with rage, exclaiming,

"Don't think that getting a little part means you can replace me as the controller of the theatrical world. You, a half-baked outsider, can't write a script more beloved by the audience than mine!

Once I complete the new plot, by the second... at the latest the first scene of the third act, I'll be able to completely rid you of my world!"

"..."

Wait! Whether or not I'll be kicked out is one thing... but what's this replacement idea with controlling the theatrical world?

After hearing "Master Wilde's" harsh threat, Leon wasn't angered; instead, his controlled expression slightly raised an eyebrow, with a contemplative look emerging in his eyes.

Listening to what he said... could it be that by completely disrupting the original plot and rewriting it to be more popular with the audience than his original script, one could become the new controller of the theatrical world?

Chapter 302 Big Change_1

"Swish... swish... swish..."

The azure sea rippled, gently and affectionately licking the golden sandy shore. On the old and orderly stone pier, a few scattered boats swayed lightly in the dock, while several seagulls, gilded by the sunlight, lazily circled above, occasionally letting out a few melodious chirps...

The morning in the seaside town of Ankara remained as peaceful and beautiful as ever. However, unlike usual, the bustling dockside tavern was now deserted, with no patrons entering or leaving for quite some time.

And Agatha, the waitress who had become the dream girl of the town's youth due to her playful yet fiery personality, and an even more fiery figure, was also not at the dockside tavern. Instead, she was standing in front of the only post office in Ankara, frowning as she leafed through the past newspapers posted at the entrance.

...

Finding a job lately has been a bit tough...

After flipping through many job sections in past newspapers and failing to find a suitable job, Agatha, who had just become unemployed this morning, couldn't help but let out a soft sigh.

After the incident at the tavern yesterday, although she was carried out by Mr. Joseph and wasn't injured in the scuffle, the three drunk sailors gave Mr. Elijah, who had spoken up for justice, a good beating.

Worse yet, by the time she brought the police back, those three sailors had taken advantage of the moment when no one was there, pried open the tavern's cellar, and consumed and destroyed all the stock inside. They even cleaned out the money from the counter before disappearing without a trace.

When the real owner of the tavern returned and learned that all this trouble had started because of her, he became furious. Not only did he deduct all her wages as compensation, but he also fired her on the spot.

Having left home in a hurry, she didn't bring much money with her. Although she had saved up a bit working as a waitress in the tavern these past few months, it was still not much. She could only barely make ends meet, and with no suitable jobs in the newspaper now, what was she to do?

"Are you... Miss Agatha?"

Just as Agatha was feeling anxious and helpless in front of the post office due to her financial constraints, a somewhat surprised voice came from behind her.

Agatha turned around in surprise and saw that it was the guest with whom she had a very enjoyable conversation yesterday, the one who courageously stood up during the disturbance by the sailors.

"Mr. Elijah!"

Looking at the man in front of her, with bandages around his head and a large bruise on his forehead, yet still retaining an elegant demeanor, Agatha couldn't help but blush. Feeling a bit guilty for leaving him to take the beating yesterday, she shyly greeted him, "You... how are you? I'm really sorry about yesterday. If it weren't for me... you wouldn't have..."

"It's nothing."

Even though Elijah was a bit frustrated about being beaten for no reason, when he saw the blushing beauty in front of him, his annoyance unconsciously vanished. He smiled and replied, "Yesterday's incident was not your fault; you were just caught up by those troublesome drunks. As for the injuries on me, when I decided to stand up yesterday, I had already prepared myself for the possibility of getting beaten.

"This is the price a man pays when he acts in accordance with his principles, and it is also a medal commemorating my courage. It has nothing to do with a beautiful lady who was merely affected by the incident, so you need not feel guilty."

"Mr. Elijah..."

Seeing Elijah, who was clearly beaten so badly, yet still trying his best to comfort her, Agatha felt a warmth in her heart. She clasped both hands to her chest, and with eyes full of gentleness, she softly said, "Your bravery and kindness, like the morning sun, illuminate the dark corners of my heart. They are like the endless waves of the ocean, making me..."

"I can't stand it anymore!"

At this moment, Leon, who had been sitting inside the post office for half the day, couldn't help but push open the window and stick his head out, humorously complaining, "Can't you two just talk normally? You're just greeting each other, but it's getting all poetic and drawn out. At this rate, the conversation might as well break into song.

"If I hadn't interrupted, would you have started dancing in the street later? And then the rest of us bystanders would jump out of our cars and stand on the roofs to dance with you?"

After Leon's humorous complaint, Young Ha, the yellow-haired dog sitting on his shoulder, nodded its little head in agreement and energetically chimed in, "Woof woof woof! (Exactly!)"

Is this... Mr. Joseph?

Seeing the person and dog sticking their heads out of the window, the protagonist couple of "Twelve Days' Journey" were momentarily dumbfounded.

It was because, compared to yesterday's attire that made one look like a disoriented young man, today's "Mr. Joseph" appeared a bit too normal.

Beneath a well-tailored gray wool coat, he wore a simple, fitting vest and a slim-fitting pleated shirt, with a neatly folded handkerchief tucked into the pocket at his chest. He seemed somewhat gentlemanly.

The only thing that wasn't quite gentlemanly was that one extra button on his collar was unfastened, revealing a well-defined collarbone and fair neck. Moving upward, one would see a well-contoured jawline and slightly upturned lips, combined with a high nose and deep, bright eyes, giving off the impression of...

A decently good-looking man.

There was no way around it. Whether it was Leon in reality or "Mr. Joseph" in "Twelve Days' Journey," neither was the type of character with earth-shatteringly good looks.

Even though Leon had put effort into dressing nicely for the occasion, even secretly applying some eyeshadow under his collarbone to accentuate its lines, ultimately his looks could only be described as slightly handsome. When passing by on the street, he might get a few extra glances, but that was about it.

But just like beauty in women is often enhanced through comparison, the current "Mr. Joseph," though slightly handsome, appeared stunningly elegant through a comparison to yesterday's flamboyant and crazed outfit. Such a contrast elevated him to the level of strikingly handsome.

...

What do you think? Astounding, right?

Seeing the two outside the post office, both filled with surprise, Leon couldn't help but slightly raise his eyebrows, revealing a profoundly meaningful smile.

Although he didn't know if it was true or not, according to the information revealed by the "Drama King," if he could thoroughly disrupt the script and achieve a higher evaluation than the original play, then he might become the new ruler of the theatrical world.

And to achieve this, first, he needed to figure out who exactly issued these "evaluations," and the ones most likely to provide the evaluations were the residents of the small town of Ankara, the originally three thousand-member audience of the Central Cross Theater.

As for what these audience members liked to watch...

Last night, Leon broke into the registry office through a window and went through the resident registration forms of the town. He found that as much as seventy percent of them were women. Moreover, the two plays today were a romantic comedy, "Twelve Days' Journey," and an older person-younger person tragedy, "Madam Helena." It wasn't hard to guess what these viewers would enjoy.

And how to make the new "Twelve Days' Journey" more appealing than the original, with only one controllable "role" in the presence and interference of the "Drama King"...

For someone like Leon, who had been exposed to various works from another world, this might actually be the simplest task!

Chapter 303 The Fastest Way to Make Money in History_1

"Mr. Joseph?!"

Not knowing Leon's current plan, but recognizing his identity from the tuft of yellow hair the same color as Young Ha's head, Agatha exclaimed in surprise,

"It's only been a day since I last saw you, but your changes are really... quite significant..."

Not only significant but also quite expensive. These clothes alone cost more than my half-month salary at the Purification Bureau. A clothing store in a seaside town selling clothes at the same price as the Capital City? That's just absurd.

After mentally griping about Ankara's bizarre prices, Leon smiled and responded,

"It's nothing much, really, just a change of clothes."

Yeah, sure, just a change of clothes, but you look a lot more pleasing to the eye now.

Remembering "Mr. Joseph's" past outfits and comparing them to his current appearance, Agatha couldn't help but let the corners of her lips curl up slightly. She tried hard to suppress her smile but couldn't hold it back.

"Go ahead and laugh if you want."

Blinking his eyes at the Princess who seemed on the verge of laughter, Leon thought about his "character setup" while indulgently and gently saying,

"If it can make my rose bloom with a smile, then it's worth being laughed at by everyone."

"..."

Well, it seems that only the face has changed. Mr. Joseph is still the same Mr. Joseph.

Shaking her head helplessly, Agatha, no longer a waitress and not needing to accommodate customers, said,

"Mr. Joseph, please don't say things like that anymore. I'm just myself, not anyone's rose."

"Okay, my most beautiful rose."

"..."

This person was hopeless.

Looking at Leon whose eyes were full of herself, Agatha shook her head and abandoned the idea of changing his mind. She turned her attention back to the job ads in the newspaper, ready to find a job for herself.

Noticing her gaze, the male lead Elijah had a few strands of transparent threads slightly quiver over his head. Following a stroke of inspiration, Elijah asked thoughtfully,

"By the way, Miss Agatha, shouldn't you be working at the dock tavern right now? Why are you at the post office?"

"I lost my job."

After briefly explaining what had happened, Agatha said with a bit of helplessness,

"I probably won't be staying here long, maybe just a couple of weeks. So I need to find a temporary job, but all these job ads are looking for long-term employees. I don't want to deceive anyone, so it's a bit troublesome now..."

A couple of weeks of temp work?

Hearing Agatha's words, Elijah couldn't help but feel a stirring in his heart. Remembering his desire to find a local guide, he straightforwardly said,

"How about..."

"How about coming to work for me?"

Already anticipating that Agatha would probably lose her job and having loitered at the post office for several hours, Leon quickly intercepted with a pre-formed excuse,

"Although my parents left me a huge fortune, they died early in a shipwreck. It's just me and my grandmother at home now. My grandmother is very ill lately, and she hopes to see me married soon, so... can you help me by posing as my fiancée for a few days?"

Oh, well...

Hearing Leon's "job offer," the male lead Elijah immediately shut his mouth. He had to stay quiet—this Mr. Joseph sacrificed both his parents and grandfather, leaving only a dying grandmother whose last wish was to see her grandson get married. How could he compete when he only needed a guide to visit a few attractions?

"Isn't that... inappropriate?"

Upon hearing Mr. Joseph's request, the kind-hearted Agatha bit her lower lip and hesitated,

"Mr. Joseph, I don't mind helping you with this, but I'm planning to leave in a few days. At that time..."

"There may not be an 'at that time.'"

Leon sighed and said,

"Although I've known for a long time that birth, old age, illness, and death are inevitable, I still hope my grandmother can leave without regrets... On another note, I am truly sorry for my previous harassment.

Initially, I acted this way to prevent you from being bothered by others, wishing to get to know you better. Maybe then you'd agree to become my... sigh...

Forgive me, my ro... Miss Agatha, I have been somewhat selfish in the past. Regardless of whether you choose to help me this time, I won't trouble you again in the future."

"..."

So... was his effort to court me before intended to prevent harassment while ensuring his grandmother's peace of mind?

With only a vague memory of events before the "plot" unfolded, Agatha's bright eyes softened upon learning the "truth" Leon had concocted overnight.

Considering this, though Mr. Joseph was... a bit odd, he was undeniably a good person and quite filial. Should I perhaps just...

...

"Young master! Mr. Joseph!"

Just as Leon landed a "grandma's gravely ill punch" followed by an "I have my reasons palm," executing a set of "Eighteen Styles of Temporary Girlfriend" that stunned both parties, a finely-dressed butler waddled over from a distance in haste.

Upon seeing "Mr. Joseph," the portly butler was overjoyed and rushed over, grabbing Leon's arm in a pleading manner,

"I've finally found you... Quick! You must come home with me!

Your grandmother got into a row with Old Lady Pomona from the neighboring estate over an imported silk scarf from the East and even swatted her swollen with a broom. You must go home and persuade her!"

Elijah: "?"

Agatha: "?!!"

Leon: "..."

You son of a bitch, you really pulled it off. Last night I came back to Joseph's house, and you wouldn't even open the door, leaving me to sleep on the street. Now you recognize me as the young master just to mess with me, huh?

Glancing at the transparent threads above the fat butler's head and knowing that the Drama King was pulling the strings, Leon, aware he couldn't resist, decisively "flew into a rage" and said,

"What are you doing here? Didn't I instruct you to take the five hundred elite guards loyal to me and go to the grandest merchant guild my grandfather, a grand noble, left me to buy the most beautiful rose fit for me in this world for Agatha?"

"..."

This bastard, taking advantage of the situation to change the setup!

Listening to Leon's answer filled entirely with his own subplots that couldn't exactly be called smuggling in private goods, the Drama King, orchestrating everything, ground his teeth in anger but couldn't do anything about Leon, who was capable of derailing plans. Thus, he swallowed his pride and accepted Leon's newly added setting, refraining from having the fat butler contradict it.

Satisfied with his success, Leon refrained from further disrupting the plot. Instead, he acted as a supporting role ought to by offering an awkward smile to the two main characters before wretchedly yet painfully leaving the post office to inventory his newly "earned" wealth at home.

Meanwhile, the male and female leads left behind were so dumbfounded by this outlandish reversal and domestic drama that they stood in place, silent for a long while. Eventually, Elijah broke the silence,

"This Mr. Joseph is... quite interesting, isn't he?"

"Hmm..."

"Well... I'm planning to tour Ankara for the next two weeks. If you need a temporary job, would you like to be my guide?"

"Okay..."

"Twelve Days' Journey" Act One—Meeting at the Tavern, concludes.

Chapter 304 The Power of Saccharin_1

Certainly, here's the translation of the provided text:

As a troublemaker exited with a fortune rivaling kingdoms in wealth, the male and female protagonists finally reached an agreement. The first act of "Twelve Days' Journey" stumbled awkwardly to a close.

Following the principle of "one act, one intermission" in theatrical arrangements, before the start of the second act, the three thousand audience members were briefly "released," yet before they could regain their senses, the entire plot of the first act quickly started replaying in everyone's minds.

"There are still twelve days... After twelve days, I will no longer be a free me, but a caged bird flying within an unfamiliar prison..."

"That's Agatha, the barmaid at the dock tavern, the dream of all men in Ankara..."

"Mr. Elijah, if you want to tour Ankara, you'll probably need a local to be your guide."

"..."

Until the moment the male and female leads conversed at the tavern, "Twelve Days' Journey" continued to follow the original plot. But suddenly, a flamboyantly dressed "peacock man" barged into everyone's sight, causing a drastic shift in the style of "Twelve Days' Journey!"

"This isn't right. If you truly love a rose, then let her bloom in the garden!"

"If making my rose smile is possible, then being laughed at by everyone is worth it."

"Grandmother has also been very ill lately; the old lady wishes for me to marry soon..."

"Young Master Joseph... your grandmother... spanked someone until their butt was bruised..."

With every unexpected move from "Mr. Joseph," the souls of the audience of over three thousand began to tremble slightly. The will that was originally entirely focused on the center stage now bore a large patch of bright yellow, the same color as the yellow hair on "Mr. Joseph's" head.

...

Two and a half percent... It actually deviated by so much in one breath?

Watching the three thousand audience members faint and lose consciousness in the theater, feeling their souls' real reactions to witnessing the first act of "Twelve Days' Journey" feeding back to the dramatic world, the "Master Wilde" on stage couldn't help but take a deep breath, realizing that things seemed to be spiraling out of his control.

Although the creator of the dramatic world was himself, the true foundation supporting the existence of that illusory and beautiful world was not just his strength alone, but the love for theater embedded within the souls of over three thousand in the Central Cross Theater.

And that damned "Mr. Joseph," first messed up the genuine tavern encounter beyond recognition and then stole a large amount of "screen time" from the male and female protagonists, forcibly seizing a significant amount of attention from the three thousand audience members.

Critically, because these three thousand audience members' souls' "inclination" represents the control over the dramatic world of "Twelve Days' Journey," to which over twenty-five percent now favor "Mr. Joseph," they begin to anticipate his forthcoming story.

This means that the control that could have been a perfect hundred percent is now reduced to seventy-five percent in his own dramatic world, and that damned "Mr. Joseph" has successfully seized a large portion of territory!

Sensing imminent disaster, the [Drama King] immediately cast his consciousness into the dramatic world, preparing to rigorously defend against "Mr. Joseph."

The first step was to prevent him from further disturbing the acquaintance and love between the male and female leads!

As a relatively traditional romantic comedy, his "Twelve Days' Journey" adhered to the classic four-act structure: the first act serves as the introduction and acquaintance, the second act for the development and romance, the third act for the arrival of resistance, and the fourth act for the climactic closing resolution.

In the dramatic world of "Twelve Days' Journey," that meant the male and female leads' meeting in "The Tavern Encounter"; the budding affection during subsequent interactions in "Journey Through the Small Town"; then to Agatha being captured, and the male protagonist having to choose between the safety of his beloved and his happiness for the rest of his life in "Love and Freedom"; and finally realizing his lover was his fiancée all along, ending joyfully in "Wedding of the Caged Bird."

Now the first act, "The Tavern Encounter," had already been quite ruined by "Mr. Joseph," and if he interrupts "Journey Through the Small Town" again, leading Elijah and Agatha's feelings not reaching the point where he would give up freedom for her, the turning point of "Love and Freedom" may become "Love and Yellow Hair!"

No way! That won't do!

...

In the face of the determined actions of "Master Wilde" outside the drama and "Mr. Joseph's" madness within, the second act of "Twelve Days' Journey" — "Journey Through the Small Town" began to spiral out of control!

"Mr. Elijah, if we talk about Ankara's most beautiful scenery, it must be the beaches at night and the bonfires set up along them..."

"Everyone, the beach has been booked by Mr. Joseph, the richest man, to host an unprecedented grand firework display for his beloved Miss Agatha!"

"Hello there, we meet again~"

"..."

"Mr. Elijah, besides the fireworks... no, besides the beach bonfires, there's also the seaside amusement park, this dance..."

"Everyone! The seaside amusement park has been booked by Mr. Joseph for his beloved Miss Agatha, to throw the ultimate joyful masquerade!"

"Hello there, we meet again~"

"..."

"Or... the former residence of the great painter Amien..."

"Everyone... it's been booked... with Mr. Joseph himself as the explainer!"

"Hello there, we meet again~"

"..."

"Or Luluo Mountain is nice too; there..."

"Everyone... booked..."

"Hello there, we meet again~"

"..."

Watching the small town nearly turn into "Yosef Manor," the [Drama King] who handed Leon the tools for his schemes couldn't hold it in anymore.

Damn it! As long as they went, you freaking booked it, right? Can't you use any means other than throwing money at it?

Yes, he could.

"Love is like people in old photographs, it will fade with time."

After snapping photos of everyone at the dance besides Agatha, "Mr. Joseph" pasted the Agatha he personally... invited someone to paint beside himself in the photos, looking at her with loving eyes and said sincerely,

"Only you can remain ever beautiful, accompanying me until my life's final moment."

"..."

"Why do you keep clinging to me? There are clearly better ones out there."

"I'm not clinging to you; I'm clinging to my love."

Correcting Agatha's error with a serious expression, Leon frowned and retorted,

"As for anyone better, if even you don't have that person, how are they better?"

"..."

"Before meeting you, I never thought of getting married."

"I..."

"I never hoped for you to love me, didn't imagine you had reasons to love me, nor did I ever think I could earn your affection; to me, having the opportunity to love you already fills me with gratitude."

"You..."

"The moment you appeared, the conclusion of my life was made... It's you."

"..."

Damn it! This scene is meant for the male and female leads to acknowledge and become familiar with each other! What the hell are you doing?!

Watching the dramatic world where he buys up venues everywhere, deeply gazing into Agatha's eyes, showering her with affection and sweet words, leaving Agatha's heart wavering, and noticing Elijah standing awkwardly with the art gallery tickets given by "Mr. Joseph," scratching his ear and blushing, like a side character, [Drama King]'s eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

Like a chef who prepared a national banquet-level dish but found someone dumping artificial sweetener on it, [Drama King] was filled with rage, wishing he could wrap the damned "Mr. Joseph" in batter and toss him into a fryer alongside cut potato strips.

But when the second act concluded, and this dish was served to over three thousand "diners," who absurdly gave it nearly sixty percent positive reviews, [Drama King] surpassed anger altogether; the theatrical insights he inherited from countless Masters of Drama were shattered on the spot by Leon's "Overbearing President Loves You Foot"!

No... Why indeed?!

Chapter 305 Peer pressure forces official_1

If Leon could hear the roar from the "Drama King," he'd probably burst into laughter... If you had to justify it, it would undoubtedly be due to the conceptual crushing blow.

No other reason, as the primary preferences of various audience groups have long been thoroughly summarized under the massive data and induction of the "fast food era."

Men mostly loved tales of the underdog triumph, enjoying the thrill of breaking free from the ties of rules, succeeding against the odds and winning against the strong, while the core theme for the female audience was "special treatment," regardless of how anyone else was, they were special to me.

Although this summary was not absolute, most ordinary people indeed bought into this.

Therefore, when Leon learned that both performances today were romantic dramas and, after checking the town's population registry, confirmed that seventy percent of the attendees were female, the contest for control over the theatrical world was already a foregone conclusion.

The mature formulas from the age of fast food, though generally of low "nutritional" value, had absolutely explosive effectiveness for first-time viewers, decisively hooking them in one go with just the right touch.

The crucial point was that creating a great drama required setting up implicit hints and foreshadowing, engaging story arcs, analyzing the roles with introspective monologues, and so on. Only when all these were well executed and finally unleashed all at once in the conclusion, could it deliver an exhilarating experience for the audience.

However, while the "Drama King" was orchestrating an encounter over a cloudy night beach to have the two protagonists miss the starry sky and make a promise to watch stars together next time, "Mr. Joseph" had already purchased two hundred and fifty truckloads of fireworks to spell out Agatha's name in the sky.

As for the subtle foreshadowing? The promise to watch stars next time?

Come on, seriously?

When Leon's five hundred loyal guards ignited all two hundred and fifty truckloads of fireworks that went bang in the sky, even the moon got nearly blown out of sight. Could there be any promise left? What, they'd agree to come back for the smell of gunpowder next time?

The masquerade ball afterward, the artist's residence, Luluo Mountain Park were all in the same vein.

On one hand, they were still exploring mutual understanding at a leisurely pace, while on the other side, stood there with ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine roses, murmuring "you are the last and the most beautiful rose," and hired hundreds of high-paid professionals to cheerfully force their way forward.

After pulling off this move, even if "Mr. Joseph's" forceful approach ultimately failed, the "Drama King's" plot to foster understanding and gradually connect hearts would be a million percent certain to fail, even becoming a strong contrast instead.

On one side was earning goodwill through endless words, progressing the plot by causing a scene, fabricating small gifts, and rerouting to avoid traffic on dates; on the other side, everything was well-prepared, always ahead, releasing fireworks while roses appeared below.

This side was still gingerly feeling things out, too shy to voice any affection; that side already sweet-talking, holding the deeds to the house and car, the family register in hand, embedding you in their eyes, even planning to bury you in the same little box a hundred years from now... so the question was, if it were you making the decision, who would you choose?

...

"If I were Agatha, I think I would choose Mr. Joseph?"

Accompanied by a whisper that made the eyelids of the "Drama King" twitch, a light pink heart-shaped bubble quietly emerged from the theatrical world.

As over three thousand souls making up the drama began shifting towards "Mr. Joseph," the "Drama King" found his control over the theatrical world reaching a dangerously critical point.

Meanwhile, Leon in the play couldn't control these souls, nor did he have the energy to bind or suppress them, and the will of the massive audience began slowly awakening. Although these wills had not yet fully regained their self-awareness, they were already ambiguously exchanging some simple thoughts.

With the first bubble's appearance, it wasn't long before some stronger love bubbles began emerging, popping up rapidly to express:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Joseph is so passionate."

"I would also choose Mr. Joseph! Although he isn't as dashing as Elijah, it's really hard to refuse him."

"What a pity, if only he were a bit more handsome."

"Yes, yes."

"Nonsense! Who says Mr. Joseph isn't handsome?"

As many viewers unconsciously discussed Leon's looks, expressing their little regrets, a furious red bubble swelled up, bursting loudly:

"Do any of you have any sense of aesthetics? Mr. Joseph has an elegant face!"

With the appearance of the red bubble, more and more bubbles began to emerge.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Joseph is very handsome. It's not the conventional kind of good looks, but a unique charm!"

"Exactly, especially those eyes, they're so captivating!"

"Sister, you have good taste! When Mr. Joseph knelt with roses and set off fireworks in everyone else's eyes, but in mine, there was only you—his gaze totally killed me!"

"In fact, after you see him enough, you'll discover that Mr. Joseph doesn't have that striking look at first glance, but he really grows on you!"

"Exactly, exactly!"

With the leading bubbles, new ones started bubbling up like madness.

Chapter 306 Peer pressure forces official_2

"Yes, yes."

"Mr. Joseph is so handsome!"

In the bewildered expression of the [Drama King], the scattered "world wills," which had been dormant, began to slowly gather and gradually reached a consensus that "Mr. Joseph is actually very handsome."

Meanwhile, in the dramatic world, Leon, who was coaxing Agatha to meet her grandmother, inexplicably experienced a slight enhancement in his appearance, as if in agreement with the pink bubbles around him. His features remained the same, yet unknown why, he grew increasingly pleasing to the eye.

His already striking eyes, as one of those bubbly voices insisted, seemed to contain a galaxy, creating a peculiar feeling of wanting to drown in them just with a glance.

Wait... Does the dramatic world play like this?!!!

Watching Agatha, who couldn't help but steal glances at Leon due to his explosively enhanced looks, the "Master Wilde" outside the drama world painfully tugged at his hair, reaching the verge of madness.

This... this isn't drama! This isn't drama at all! This kind of nonsensical stuff is a desecration of great drama! Why... why... why do so many people love to watch this?

Looking at the pink bubbles heckling from above the dramatic world, who cheered as the male lead and female lead... no, the male supporting role and the female lead hugged for the first time, and began to uncontrollably scream when the female lead entered the bathroom and saw "Mr. Joseph" with his wet upper body, the [Drama King] felt the world spin.

No... no way! Absolutely not! If this continues... I'll end up... becoming like him!

Staring at the words appearing on his white suit, witnessing the storyline being drastically altered meeting the dramatic world's will, [Drama King] revealed an expression of terror.

And when his arm opened like a book page, revealing the drama script of "Twelve Days' Journey," the marking of "Mr. Joseph" as [Male Supporting Role · Clown Number One] in the character column started to uncontrollably blur, transforming toward [Male Lead · Number One], [Drama King] finally couldn't bear it anymore, shivering as he grabbed the fine threads controlling the puppet's soul, frantically attempting to pull the plot back.

It was impossible to completely kick "Mr. Joseph" out now, but... but at least the ending should be the same! He had to preserve some of the original material as much as possible! There had to at least be a

wedding! The female lead also had to marry Elijah, at most, he could only be the second male lead! Otherwise... otherwise...

...

"You are not suitable!"

Under the bewildered gaze of the bubbles, Mr. Joseph's once kind and gentle grandmother turned dark at the mention of her grandson intending to marry a tavern waitress, and said sternly and uncompromisingly,

"Joseph's future wife should either be the daughter of Duke Heisen, a princess of the Kingdom of Lutung, or at least a relative of the Lower House's Prime Minister; marrying you is absolutely impossible!"

"No, I won't marry anyone but her!"

Facing his grandmother's pressure, Leon, firmly maintaining his lovesick and domineering character, immediately rejected unwaveringly,

"All these years, I never knew what I wanted until I met Agatha, and only then did my boring life finally have brightness! So no matter how you object, I am determined to..."

"Ahem... ahem..."

"..."

Really? Are you playing this trick too?

In Leon's somewhat dazed gaze, his previously vibrant and robust grandmother suddenly turned pale, pulled out a snow-white handkerchief, and began coughing violently.

After a fit of heart-wrenching coughing, the frail-looking grandmother put away the blood-stained handkerchief, without mentioning her condition, stubbornly biting her lip and saying,

"In any case... no! As long as I am here, it is not happening! In this manor it is either her or me, take your pick!"

"..."

Suddenly falling gravely ill in one second, huh?

Stunned by the sudden heap of melodrama, Leon couldn't help but say with a dark expression,

"Then I will leave! Since this manor..."

"Ahem... ahem..."

"Since this manor cannot accommodate Agatha..."

"Ahem... ahem!" (loudly)

"If it cannot accommodate Agatha, then I might as well..."

"Cough, cough, cough!" (very loudly!)

"I'll leave then!"

"Cough, cough, cough, cough, cough!!!" (violently coughing!)

"..."

"No... there is no need!"

As the grandmother coughed blood furiously into her handkerchief, Agatha, who was already in tears, abruptly tore off the necklace Leon had given her, shoved it into his hand, turned her head, and firmly said through gritted teeth,

"Mr. Joseph, I... I have my pride! If I keep being with you, I'll not only ruin your family but also become a prisoner of your love... You... you are wonderful, but this isn't the life I want! Goodbye! No! Never see you again!"

"Wait!"

Leon turned, trying to catch her, but with [Drama King's] reinforcement, Agatha, who was depicted as frail and weak, bolted with a sprinter's speed, darting out of the room.

Meanwhile, the grandmother, already coughing a once white handkerchief into a red one, miraculously displayed the terrifying strength comparable to a demon's muscle power, her frail hand gripping his like an iron clamp, impossible to shake off.

Caught off guard, Leon could only watch as the princess-playing Agatha, leaving afterimages from her high-speed departure, raced out of the manor, heading straight through the pouring rain toward the beach... to a place where mysterious robbers awaited, ready to kidnap her into marriage!

Not... Are you really forcing this narrative? Does the plot logic matter anymore?

...

"Woo woo woo, it's indeed tragic!"

With Leon temporarily offline after being ambushed, witnessing the drastic turn... or rather steep decline of the story in the dramatic world, the previously pink bubbles suddenly became shrouded in gloom.

As Leon was locked up by his grandmother and Agatha went to the beach to watch the stars in the rain and got caught, the pure-hearted second male "Elijah" chose to sacrifice his freedom to return home and marry to save the goddess of his heart, each bubble began to sniffle.

"Wow! The grandmother is truly wicked, not letting lovers be together!"

"On one side, there's the lover, on the other, the grandmother; Mr. Joseph had no choice..."

"Yeah, yeah, but Mr. Elijah is pretty admirable."

"Yeah, for someone who loves freedom as much as he does, he's willing to return for an arranged family marriage to save Agatha and live the rest of his life as the very caged bird he detests."

"Thinking like that, Mr. Elijah seems all right too? At least he's good-looking? And gentle?"

Is this what... a reversal finally looks like?

Seeing a lot of bubbles vaguely drifting back, [Drama King], whose hasty plot amends left him trembling with distaste, couldn't help but be overjoyed. On his face, paler than his white suit, a blush of excitement suddenly appeared.

Yes, yes, yes! Precisely this! You dimwitted audience finally figured it out! The damned "Mr. Joseph" is just a clown! Elijah is the one and only male...

"Elijah, the homewrecker!!!"

Amid a roar, the red bubble that previously supported Leon's appeal emerged once more, brimming with anger as it roared,

"Despicable! Taking advantage of others' plight, ruining the relationship between Mr. Joseph and Agatha!"

Led by its outburst, a hoard of Joseph fans erupted too, bubbles tinged with red and pink started blubbering.

"Sisters! Stay resolute! Don't forget Mr. Joseph is the protagonist!"

"Are you gonna flip-flop when Joseph is at home battling his grandmother?"

"Elijah only lost his future freedom, but Mr. Joseph lost his love!"

"Woo woo woo, I feel for my Mr. Joseph!"

"Get her back! Go snatch Agatha back!"

No! No! Not again! No!!!

In the terrified gaze of [Drama King], large swaths of bubbles that had shifted toward his direction abruptly switched sides again, beginning to rally behind "Mr. Joseph."

With a shout from the red bubble, nearly seventy-five percent of the red bubbles started bubbling up again, then raised their rather abstract little pudgy hands, shaking and jeering,

"Wedding heist! Wedding heist!! Wedding heist!!! Wedding heist!!!!"

Chapter 307 Fireworks and Stars_1

Although the Creator of the Drama World was the "Drama King," the more than three thousand souls that composed the Drama World were truly the "rulers."

Therefore, when over seventy percent of the "rulers" had chosen their side and began to cheer for "Mr. Joseph," no matter how desperately the "Drama King" struggled, the direction of "Twelve Days' Journey" inevitably experienced a tremendous change.

...

"Agatha, you looked absolutely beautiful today."

Looking at her daughter, wearing a custom-made white wedding dress and sitting with her head slightly lowered in front of the vanity mirror, the graceful and noble middle-aged lady beside Agatha couldn't help but sincerely praise her,

"You've always been so pretty since you were a child, and now wearing this wedding dress, you look just like a princess straight out of a fairy tale. I doubt there's anyone in the entire Kingdom more beautiful than you."

The middle-aged lady's compliment might have stemmed more from her bias towards her own daughter, but even if one scrutinized it, her praise would not seem excessive.

Compared to the lively and energetic waitress at the dock tavern, as if she had endless vitality, Agatha, in her pure white wedding dress, was truly a sight one couldn't look away from.

For other women, such a bright white wedding dress might dull their skin, requiring whitening powders to manage. However, on her, it was the perfect complement.

The small patches of exposed skin at the elbows and neckline of the wedding dress appeared smooth and fair, like a piece of beautiful jade peeking through the veil of white, subtly exuding a visible luster and softness.

The tailored form-fitting white fabric outlined her unforgettable beautiful figure in voluptuous yet graceful curves. Along with the light makeup that enhanced her already stunning features, she truly resembled a blooming white rose. Within its noble and pure color, there lurked a fragrance so intoxicating it drew one in unconsciously.

The only regret was that this mesmerizing white rose was not in full bloom at the moment. Those once bright and expressive eyes seemed slightly dull, perhaps due to the absence of someone's reflection.

"Mother..."

Gently biting her lips, which were lightly colored with pale pink lip gloss, Agatha asked softly with a look of confusion in her eyes,

"I remember you once told me when I was little that you chose Father among many suitors not because his family background was the best or his potential the most outstanding, but because of love.

Since you made such a choice back then, even risking falling out with Grandfather to marry Father, why are you interfering with my marriage now, forcing me to marry someone I don't love?"

"I... sigh... precisely because I've experienced all of this, I don't want you to suffer the same hardships I did..."

Upon hearing Agatha's question, the middle-aged lady sighed, then reached out to embrace her confused daughter, speaking softly with a complex expression,

"Marrying for love is fine, but how long will your love last? Five years? Seven years? Ten years? While this time might be long, compared to a lifetime, it's still too short.

Even the most wonderful love is merely fireworks; when the initial passion fades, and you both grow old, youth no longer on your side, a fading love can't sustain a family.

Your father and I have shared many beautiful moments, but over time, the issues concealed by love—differences in beliefs, family, social circles, geography—were exposed one by one, leading to endless arguments and... well, today is your big day, let's not talk about this."

Shaking her head slightly, the middle-aged lady paused and gently grasped her daughter's shoulders, looking into her confused eyes with a soft voice,

"Agatha, Mother won't harm you. If you truly can't accept or understand these words, just choose to trust Mother for now and let time give you the answer, okay?"

"..."

"Okay?"

"I... I'll think about it some more..."

"Alright then, you think it over."

Looking at her still stubborn daughter, the middle-aged lady couldn't help but shake her head, then stood up, holding her arm, speaking with a mix of tenderness and firmness,

"But no matter what you think, since we're here now, the wedding must go on."

Dear daughter, the husband your father and I chose for you is the second son of a great noble family from another county. Although he doesn't have the right to inherit a title, his life will surely be affluent and secure.

Your father and I have carefully investigated; not only is he handsome and reliable, we've also heard he has no bad habits. Moreover, like you, he is fond of astronomy and art, skilled in painting and composing, with a deep interest in celestial phenomena. You two will certainly get along well."

"Perhaps..."

Upon hearing her mother's words, Agatha couldn't help but purse her lips.

Had this been twelve days ago, the marriage partner her mother picked for her would have indeed suited her taste, even matching her hobby of stargazing. But now...

Looking down at the finely scattered diamonds on her veil like tiny stars, Agatha's mind wasn't filled with the enchanting starry night over the Ankara beach. Instead, she remembered a figure walking toward her amid fireworks, with a reflection of a galaxy in their eyes...

"..." *Mother, even if fireworks are truly fleeting, in the moment they appear in the sky, they shine brighter than all the stars combined. After witnessing such extraordinary fireworks, my eyes can no longer hold any other light.*

Understanding what she truly wanted, Agatha bit her lip and glanced outside the dressing room. Two burly men, taller than the doorframe, stood guard without moving an inch. They didn't relax their watch over the door, not even during her conversation with her mother.

How could I escape from here?

Looking at the two guards, so muscular they looked like bears, and recalling her several failed escape attempts, Agatha gritted her teeth in frustration. But she really had no way to deal with these two bears and had to pin her last hope on her beloved.

"Mr. Lyon... you have to find out and come here; otherwise, I'll be forced to marry... huh? Who is Mr. Lyon?"

"Agatha, we should go."

As the Princess playing Agatha was bewildered by this sudden name, the middle-aged lady glanced at the clock in the dressing room and stood up, linking arms with her daughter, smiling,

"Come on, I can hear the ceremony master calling your name. Agatha, today, you will surely be the most beautiful bride in the entire Kingdom."

Chapter 308 Badge and..._1

"Agatha?"

When Elijah, dressed in a formal gown, saw the bride brought out by a middle-aged noblewoman and standing on the wedding platform, he couldn't help but be overjoyed!

Earlier, he had been unable to sleep and had gotten up intending to go to the beach to watch the stars. Unexpectedly, he saw Agatha being kidnapped. In order to save the girl he deeply loved, even though she didn't love him, he rushed back home overnight, agreeing to a family-arranged marriage in exchange for help in finding Agatha's whereabouts.

What he didn't anticipate was that the marriage partner arranged by his family turned out to be Miss Agatha!

This... this must be destiny's arrangement!

"Miss Agatha!"

In Agatha's equally surprised gaze, Elijah, also dressed in a white gown, couldn't resist taking two steps toward her. Then, with excitement he could hardly contain, he spoke in a voice filled with emotion amid the astonished expressions of the guests,

"I didn't expect it to be... Anyway, it is fate that brought us to Ankara, that led us to know each other and travel together. And now, it's fate again that allows us to meet here. I..."

"I'm sorry I'm late!"

A man's voice, although polite in content, was not so polite in tone. As the hall door, which had been closed after all the guests arrived, slowly opened, a man in a jet-black suit strode in, surrounded by a dozen guards.

The man seemed to have hurried on the way, as his breath was slightly unsteady. However, his steps were still composed and powerful, and his attire was immaculate. Apart from a bright yellow tuft of hair, his whole aura was striking and eye-catching, like a lion patrolling its territory.

At the moment when this young lion stepped into the hall, his eyes, like two black stars, fell unblinkingly on the beautiful bride in white on the wedding platform.

"Mr. Joseph?"

"Mr. Joseph!"

Amid the bride and groom's simultaneous but emotionally contrasting exclamations, the man who seemed to be at the center of the whole world, walked up the platform directly, under the astonished gaze of all the guests, and headed toward the bride.

He's here! Li... no, Mr. Joseph is here! He's really here!

Looking at her lover, who was striding resolutely toward her, the princess... no, Agatha felt a bitterness in her elegant nose, and the whole world before her eyes shimmered with tears.

In that shimmering light of joyful tears, the man who had eyes only for her reached the two of them, extended a hand toward the bewildered noblewoman, and spoke in a steady, powerful, and politely undeniable voice,

"Auntie, you should hand Agatha over to me."

"..."

To break into someone else's wedding with guards and then walk up to the bride's mother and demand, as if it were natural, for her to hand over her daughter... Faced with such presumptuous, if not outright audacious, demands, the middle-aged noblewoman's mind went blank.

According to her thoughts at this moment, she should have immediately flown into a rage, burst out on the spot, and called for the guards to expel this arrogant and madman of a man.

But looking into those eyes that seemed to hold a galaxy and listening to that tone as natural as saying the sun must rise and the sea must flow, the middle-aged noblewoman's hand grasping Agatha's arm trembled involuntarily and slowly loosened bit by bit...

...

[With incredibly skilled acting and an unprecedented character in the history of drama, your false role, "Mr. Joseph in Pursuit of Love," managed to win the approval of 90 percent of the audience and the enthusiastic support of 70 percent over the two major acts and one minor act for a total of eleven scenes. Having met the advancement criteria, your Silver-Level Badge "Elite Performer" successfully advanced to the Golden Badge "Master Performer."]

[Master Performer: When you have solid accumulations, you can be called a performer. When you have superb skills, you can be considered an elite performer. But beyond that, if you still have passion and love for the performing arts, then you become an elite among performers, and that is where most people's journey ends.

To become a master, merely having deep accumulation, exquisite skills, and endless love is far from enough. You must, on the foundation of these three, possess a deep understanding of human nature, have the ability to establish emotional resonance with the audience, and show your unique style and artistic pursuit in reinventing traditional works to be called a master performer.]

[Wearing Effect: Your accumulation, your skills, your love, your understanding of human nature, your resonance with the audience, and your innovation and pursuit of artistic style have already put you

among the masters. Therefore, when you intentionally perform, you possess unparalleled powerful appeal.

The more unfamiliar your appearance, voice, and demeanor are to the audience, the easier it is for them to believe your performance. If they are unfamiliar enough, they might even believe you are the character you are portraying in the absence of obvious flaws.]

[Advancement Route: When you succeed in fooling the perceptions of 100,000 people with your superb acting skills, making them believe you are the character you portray, this badge will automatically advance to the heterochromatic badge "Person of a Thousand Faces," current progress 0/100000.]

[Hidden Traits (No Need to Wear): As a master performer who rose from portraying a domineering CEO, you retain the distinct and dazzling charisma of "Mr. Joseph."

With this special charisma, if you lower your demands for a target of lower identity and status, unless their will is firm, they will unconsciously yield and instinctively follow your instructions.

This trait has additional effects on a target of the opposite gender.]

This effect...

Even fictional characters in the world of drama are influenced? Incredible! Truly worthy of a Gold-Level Badge!

Looking at the trembling hand of Agatha's mother as she handed her over, and at the [Master Performer] glowing gold in his slot, Leon's face remained deeply affectionate and focused, but inside, he was bursting with joy.

This theater trip was absolutely worth it!

Originally, his [Elite Performer] didn't know how to continue advancing, but after accompanying the princess to watch... acting out a few acts, [Elite Performer] leaped directly to the Gold Level, becoming his fourth Gold-Level Badge after [Martyr of the Wine Country], [I Am the Demon], and [Prince of Lutung]!

While Leon rejoiced in his heart at the rich rewards of his trip, looking at "Mr. Joseph," who dared to break into a wedding to openly take her away, Agatha's eyes reddened, and she broke free from the noblewoman's hand, dove into her lover's arms like a fledgling returning home, and said in a slightly choked voice,

"You love me so much... Leon... I'll marry you tomorrow, then we'll never part, okay?"

"Okay!"

Leon nodded in response, gently caressing his beloved's swan-like elegant back, and answered tenderly,

"I will definitely... Huh? What did you just call me?"

Chapter 309 Originally! So! Like! This!_1

"Ah?"

Upon hearing Leon's somewhat startled inquiry, Agatha, nestled in his embrace, shivered slightly, then buried her head into his chest with a sudden thrust. With reddened ears and a face full of embarrassment, she tenderly said,

"Darling?"

"..."

I asked for the meaning of that question, not for you to start calling me that. I wanted to know why you're using my real name!

And just as Leon was thunderstruck by Agatha... or perhaps the Princess's response, standing there totally bewildered and unsure whether to let go or to bravely continue with the act, over two thousand fan bubbles from the theatrical world above had started screaming madly, thrilled by the sugary romance of this sudden couple.

"I... I can't take it anymore! Aaaaaaahhhhh!!!"

"So sweet! This sugar level is illegal! I'm going to be sweetened to death!"

"Marry! Marry! Don't wait till tomorrow, marry right now!"

"This is so sweet, I have to twist around! I'm twisting crazily! I'm gonna roll!"

"Changing to 'darling' instantly... I... I'm done!"

Everything's ruined... just ruined...

Seeing the waves of pink bubbles above the theatrical world desperately swirling like the sea, the Master of Drama on the real-world stage went weak-kneed and plopped onto the floor, his eyes filled with hopeless grayness.

Clearly... clearly I'm the Master of Drama... I'm supposed to be the Creator of this script!

And these damned audiences, do they have any sense of drama appreciation at all?

The play's been altered beyond recognition, with no setup beforehand whatsoever, and then suddenly they're crashing a wedding. Don't you find it abrupt? Also, the protagonist's mom, who was characterized as a loving but stern elder, just handed her daughter over after being asked a question? Doesn't that feel awkward to you?

And most importantly, where's Elijah, the second male lead? He just expressed his deep affection halfway, but hasn't spoken up until now, as if it was someone else's fiancée being snatched. Just standing stiffly with the groom's relatives on stage, and you don't think the second male lead's performance is... oh wait!

Elijah was the protagonist I designed! That Joseph guy was the second male lead! No, not even the second! He was merely a supporting character meant to highlight the protagonist's bravery and wisdom, who should have disappeared after the tavern scene of the first act!

Realizing his perception suffered a strange imbalance, even mistaking the protagonist's identity, the Drama King couldn't help but tremble as he raised his arm and gazed at the script of "Twelve Days' Journey" on his arm.

Under his desperate gaze, the script of "Twelve Days' Journey" slowly flipped open, with Elijah, initially penned in as the protagonist, having vanished without a trace at some point, replaced by a name that made him grit his teeth.

[Main Character: Mr. Joseph]

[Description: On the surface, a frivolous youth from the small town of Ankara, fond of wearing such opulent and peculiar attire, wandering about. Yet behind the scenes, he is the holder of the Kingdom's largest chamber of commerce, an heir to great nobility. His seemingly carefree, comical exterior is merely a guise for his true self. When the heroine Agatha connects deeply with him and gradually understands his painful, struggling inner world, she slowly discovers his genuine, passionate nature...]

He struggles for nothing! He has no inner world! This bastard, at most, has a genuine and passionate basket!

Seeing the forcibly altered, terribly disfigured background, the Drama King couldn't help but be consumed by fiery rage. After issuing a few indecent curses without any master's demeanor, he suddenly fainted to the ground amid a swirl of dizziness and noise.

And at this critical moment, among those hysterically wild pink bubbles above, a certain red bubble, which successfully led several times at key moments, stood out once more. With two tiny legs wobbling, it climbed to the highest point, directly raising its arm and shouting,

"Sisters! Is Mr. Joseph handsome?"

"Handsome!"

"Is the new plot good?"

"Good!!"

"Comparing with Master Wilde's original work, isn't the new version better?"

"Yes!!!"

If you had to choose between Master Wilde and Mr. Joseph, would you pick Mr. Joseph, right?

"Yes!!!!"

"Well, that settles it!"

Standing on the high platform built by a crowd of bubbles, looking at the densely packed supporters below, and a few opponents who, despite resisting, were outnumbered and already caught and locked up, the bright red bubble let out a sinister laugh, then proudly threw back its head and howled to the sky,

"Come on, let us knock down that incompetent Master Wilde, and let the most handsome Mr. Joseph be the ruler of the theatrical world henceforth... um..."

Seeing the Drama King glaring down at him with eyes filled with fury, the red bubble shivered all over, then toppled directly off the platform, instinctively trying to dive into the pile of bubbles.

Unfortunately, although most bubbles look similar, others were mostly light pink. Only this one, as the head of Joseph's fan club, was thoroughly red, so although it managed to burrow into the bubble pile successfully, the next second, it was snatched out by the Drama King.

And as it entered the Drama King's palm, the big red bubble twisted slightly before it uncontrollably began to expand quickly, then gradually revealed its true form...

A grinning goat head?

Drama King: "... " (++ Ⅲ ++)

Black Goat: "... " (* ! ▽ ! *)

Seeing the roasted sheep's head that "Mr. Joseph" once took away and then disappeared into thin air, never to appear again, the Drama King shook with rage.

I wondered why every critical moment, you stand up and lead people astray. So you're a damned instigator!!!!

"Well... Master, we can explain..."

Relying on its ability to sense anger, feeling the ocean of fury in the Drama King's soul that could roast it alive to jerky, the Black Goat couldn't help but swallow a bit, sheepishly explaining:

"Uh... I really didn't want to do this job, but Leon... that scoundrel playing Mr. Joseph, he insisted that having officials guide, control the fanbase, and steer the direction of public opinion is the basic community operation one must immediately do after airing a new-age drama."

"Uh... I don't even know what he meant, but I'm just a poor Demon working for him, never getting any souls, just hoping he'd shell out some cash to buy a bit of smoke to whet my appetite... so I can only do whatever he says."

"Uh heh heh... so it really wasn't targeting you. Master, I've also watched your play, like that sculptor's wife who cheats with her apprentice, it's really intense, made me fiery with excitement, so I'm actually your fan. Can't you just consider me a fan and let it go..."

"Help! Leon, help! Someone's killing a goat!!!"

Chapter 310 Wrap-up_1

Finally, it was over...

Holding the princess, who he wasn't sure whether she was "drunk or awake," Leon acted out a "I'm taking her away today, let's see who dares to stop me" wedding robbery scene. After returning to the small town of Ankara and falling asleep embraced in temporarily transplanted roses, having successfully completed the four-act plot, Leon finally escaped from the distorted version of "Twelve Days' Journey."

His soul had just returned to his body from the theater world; before he could check on the princess and the other audience members, he heard a shrill scream from the central stage of the theater.

"It hurts like hell! Help! Leon! Hurry and save me!"

"Don't worry, you're safe now."

After carrying the still-unconscious princess out through the exit passage and placing her in a seat at the back of the theater, Leon quickly emerged from the back row and glanced over in the direction of the stage in response to the cries.

On the stage at that moment, apart from the actors who lay fainted in various positions, there remained only one person and one goat "fighting." The situation was roughly as Leon had previously speculated; although the Black Goat seemed to be on the receiving end, it was not in any real danger, save for a few bite marks on its face.

As for how he knew the Black Goat was not in danger... that was a matter of arithmetic.

As his anomalous object, the Black Goat's "maximum output power" was limited by his own contamination value. Even though the goat itself had an 8-point contamination value level, Leon's current contamination value was only 4.7, so it could only perform at a 4.7 level.

The Drama King, at full strength, had a contamination value as high as 16, almost twice the power of the goat. But when seventy-five percent of the audience in the theater world sided with Leon, the Drama King, who was one with the theater world, was also severely weakened, able to exert only about 25% of its original power.

With 16×0.25 , it retained merely a pitiful quarter of a goat's power, totaling 4 points in level, which was even weaker than the Black Goat's 4.7. Furthermore, lacking any soul-attack capabilities equated to having no weapon at all, it could only pummel the Black Goat barehanded.

So the fight between these two looked intense but was in reality like two patients without the strength to swing at each other with shoelaces from a pair of sneakers. Even after an entire day of hitting, it would amount to just a momentary pain, nowhere near causing mutual destruction.

Simply put: you two should just stop already; this kind of fighting can't kill anyone~

...

"You... it's you! It's all because of you!"

Seeing Leon was out of the theater world, the Drama King finally found its target and immediately abandoned the assault on the Black Goat, leaping off the stage. It charged at Leon like a bull seeing red...

...Then was pinned firmly to the ground by a hand of will formed by the Holy Spirit pendant.

"Master Wilde, or should I say the out-of-control Drama King, your performance has come to an end."

Like a law enforcement officer catching a runaway criminal, Leon righteously declared the arrest of the Drama King. He then summoned the Black Goat, using its soul vision to quickly assess the soul state of the over three thousand members of the Central Cross Theater's audience.

Very good, apart from a few unlucky ones who hit their heads on seat armrests during soul ejection, no one was injured in this anomalous object's out-of-control incident, making it a perfectly resolved case!

Satisfied, Leon nodded before asking Young Ha for a piece of rope to bind the still-struggling Drama King and stuffed an old handkerchief into its mouth. Then, utilizing the power of the Holy Spirit pendant, he dragged it towards the back row of the theater.

"Huh? Did I... fall asleep?"

Awakened by Leon, the princess, gradually synchronizing her soul with her body, sat up holding her forehead. Suddenly, she furrowed her brow, vaguely recalling what happened before she "fell asleep," and urgently asked:

"Leon! Did something happen while I was unconscious? Master Wilde, he... well... you've captured him already?"

So... you don't have memories from the theater world?

Seeing the princess looking incredulously at Master Wilde tied up like a dumpling, Leon couldn't help but let out a small sigh of relief.

Thankfully, in order to take down the Drama King, he had done many embarrassing things in the theater world. If anyone remembered those, it would be a massive blot on his history. It was much better that they were all forgotten.

As for how "Agatha" at the wedding could call out his real name... at that point, the Drama King had lost over seventy percent of its power and probably couldn't maintain the stability of the theater world, resulting in some breaches.

The princess not only knew about anomalous objects but had also personally experienced several abnormal attack incidents and presumably had some contamination value herself, so her awakening under the theater world's failure wasn't completely inexplicable...

"Don't worry, this time's anomalous object out-of-control incident has been perfectly resolved."

After helping the princess, whose soul was still struggling to seamlessly control her body, Leon explained:

"The real Master Wilde passed away three years ago. The master you saw was actually just an anomalous object that replaced his soul and continued controlling his body after his departure up till now.

As for earlier, this object, already on the verge of losing control, was provoked by the theater critic in the front row, pulling everyone in the theater into the theater world, and so I found ways to exploit loopholes and break its control over the theater world..."

Giving a rough explanation of what had happened, intentionally leaving out the details of events in the theater world, Leon spoke to the princess, whose expression was one of sudden realization:

"Princess Veronica, the Purification Bureau's large-scale memory modification should have started taking effect gradually. Once these audience members wake up, their related memories will also be rationalized. However, there are still two small favors I need your help with."

The princess shook her head at his words, slightly pouting her lips in displeasure:

"You don't have to say these things, Leon. Whatever you need, just tell me directly. Also, please don't call me princess anymore, alright?"

"Uh... okay then."

After a brief hesitation, Leon nodded and said:

"The people in the theater need about an hour or two to wake up. Before that, could you have someone look after them to prevent any injuries in case of chaos later? That's the first thing.

As for the second thing, Veronica, I hope to borrow your carriage and driver to quickly get me and this 'Master Wilde' back to the Virgin Branch."

"No problem!"

Hearing Leon finally call her by her name again, the princess couldn't help but curve her lips in satisfaction and then said:

"I'll get someone to look after the audience. As for the carriage we came in, it should be right outside now, you can go straight to it."

"Then I'll be off first."

Seeing that the princess didn't seem to have any intention of leaving together, Leon, who was occupied with "official duties," was in a hurry to return to the bureau. Without further ado, he simply bade farewell and left in a hurry.

After seeing Leon off to the theater door and smiling as she watched him leave in the carriage, the previously calm Princess Veronica suddenly let out a long sigh, then pressed her hand to her wildly thumping heart.

This scoundrel... even though there was no information about any romantic experiences, how could he say so many sickeningly sweet things? He must carry a lot of flirtatious thoughts in his heart!

Watching the carriage swiftly carrying Leon away, the princess fiercely bit her lip, then gently touched her flushed cheek with the back of her hand. With her heart pounding like a drum, she sighed helplessly.

Honestly... how is anyone supposed to deal with this?