

I! Cleaner 321

Chapter 321 The Lady's Request_1

"Teachers, students, and parents of Bridge Public School, as the Kingdom's fifty-third Prime Minister, I am truly honored to be invited by my alma mater to stand here and share some thoughts on education."

A middle-aged man, similar in stature to a class teacher, appearing somewhat portly, stood at the podium in the center of the grand hall and greeted the teachers and parents below,

"As someone who spent my entire adolescence at Bridge Public School and completed my education at Bridge University, it might be a bit offensive to my former teachers, but I must admit that Bridge Public School is not the top school in the Capital City.

However, the significance of education to a person is not just about acquiring knowledge in school; what truly accompanies each person throughout their life often goes beyond knowledge, such as..."

At this point, the Prime Minister of the Kingdom smiled at the audience. Just as he was about to mention his wife, whom he met at Bridge Public School, to show off his wit and humor, he saw her sitting next to their daughter Charlotte, chatting animatedly with a handsome young man with black hair and his face darkened. He immediately skipped this mood-lightening part and continued his speech,

"Such as understanding and awareness of our society.

The teaching quality of the Royal Academy and Central Public School may be slightly superior to Bridge's, but education is not just for individual success; it also aims for social progress and the common welfare

of the people. In terms of cultivating such qualities in students, Bridge Public School, rooted in the Old Town, is undoubtedly the best..."

...

"What a splendid speech."

Feeling the slightly malicious gazes, Leon instinctively glanced at the middle-aged man speaking confidently on stage, then turned back and complimented the Prime Minister's wife next to him,

"Despite being usually busy with state affairs, to have such unique insights on education truly befits someone of the Prime Minister's stature."

"Your Grace, you flatter me."

Appearing around thirty-six or thirty-seven, although she had a few crow's feet, the Prime Minister's wife still exuded charm and laughed,

"Stephen's ability in state affairs is naturally excellent, but it does take away too much of his energy, so he doesn't get involved much with the children's matters. He speaks about the big picture because the details are not his forte."

"That is already sufficient."

Holding Melanie, Leon shook his head and said,

"As the saying goes, 'The Prime Minister is the rudder, the King is the anchor.' As long as the Prime Minister controls the big direction and determines where this ship of the Kingdom sails, the rest, like setting sail and keeping watch, can naturally be done by those more skilled. The Prime Minister only needs to hold the rudder steadily... By the way."

After the customary polite exchange, Leon extended his hand to touch his shiny cufflink and pressed the reflection of Yang Jiao on the cufflink with his fingertip, casually asking,

"Lady Marsha, you mentioned before that you wanted to consult me about some matters related to my 'work'?"

"Yes."

The Prime Minister's wife hesitated, then glanced at Melanie in Leon's arms.

Noticing the gaze from the Prime Minister's wife, Leon smiled, and then to Melanie's horror, handed her over to Anna beside him.

"Wait! Wait a minute! Brother! I haven't..."

"Melanie!"

Swiftly twisting Melanie's ear, then lifting her by the collar while she futilely kicked her little legs, Anna, who had endured long enough, gritted her teeth and said,

"Brother has work to attend to, don't disturb him!"

"I... ump!"

Sorry, little sister, I'd like for you to get into less trouble, but things related to 'abnormal' are too dangerous, really not suitable for you to hear.

Giving Melanie a helpless look, Leon leaned slightly towards the Prime Minister's wife and whispered,

"Lady Marsha, what matter do you wish to discuss now?"

"Alright, I mainly have two things I want to ask. The first thing is... I want to inquire about someone in your office..."

Biting her lower lip with some embarrassment, the Prime Minister's wife leaned towards Leon's ear, blushing, and said,

"Your Grace, do you happen to know someone named Pioni?"

Pioni?

Hearing this name, Leon pondered for a moment, then recalled that he seemed to have seen this name on the office nameplate diagonally across from Senior Jerry's office.

However, this Senior Pioni seemed to be on some notoriously troublesome long-term mission, and up until now, Leon hadn't seen him at the office, and the office had always been empty, with dust on the doorknob.

"I suppose you could say so; Senior Pioni is a Level Two crisis handler in the office, not far from mine..."

Giving a somewhat vague answer, looking at the seemingly embarrassed Prime Minister's wife, Leon couldn't help but blink and asked softly in surprise,

"Lady Marsha, might you and Senior Pioni be..."

"We... are considered friends."

The Prime Minister's wife's face instantly turned redder, and she stammered,

"That kind of... um... very good, very close friends, much closer than ordinary friends, the kind to whom we tell everything."

"..."

Understood, the kind the Prime Minister can't know about, right?

Seeing a hint of understanding in Leon's eyes, the Prime Minister's wife really couldn't bear this topic anymore. She bent her head to rummage through her handbag and handed over a letter that seemed to have been written for some time.

"Your Grace, if possible, could you please deliver this letter to Pioni and... and pass a message for me?"

Seeing Leon's somewhat speechless expression, the graceful Prime Minister's wife turned her head, embarrassedly whispering,

"Just say... just say I'll be waiting for him at the usual place every Monday noon..."

"Alright..."

Taking the letter wordlessly and putting it away, Leon, a bit stiffly, said,

"And the second thing?"

"The second thing..."

The Prime Minister's wife hesitated slightly, then whispered,

"May I ask if there is something in this world that can make someone impersonate another's relative, yet the concerned person not notice at all, something very special like that?"

?!

Hearing the Prime Minister's wife's words, Leon's pupils couldn't help but contract sharply, immediately recalling the photograph placed in the Mirror World.

Such an anomalous object indeed existed, and currently, the most well-known example of the highest hierarchy of this category was created by the Aquarius Director using the blood and flesh of the God of Enlightenment, with Anna's longing for family as the introduction, resulting in the anomalous object "What If," which just happened to be in his possession!

"Lady Marsha, why do you ask?"

Putting himself on high alert, Leon rubbed his cufflink polished like a mirror, signaling Young Ha inside to prepare, while maintaining a calm demeanor to ask,

"Could it be... you suspect someone related to you has been 'replaced'?"

"Rather than 'replaced,' it seems more like there's suddenly an additional relative out of thin air..."

The Prime Minister's wife reached into her embrace, took out a silver kite-shaped bird pendant, and softly explained,

"This is something Pioni gave me, saying it could release me from the effects of those 'things' in your 'work content' once. And when my niece visited a while back, it suddenly activated once."

Leon squinted slightly upon hearing.

"So you suspect this niece of yours isn't actually your real niece, but used some special 'thing' to affect the memory of you and possibly your entire family?"

"Yes."

The Prime Minister's wife nodded and then said worriedly,

"I've tried to probe verbally, but both my husband Stephen and the children's memories include this person named Nicole, and even recollections of her visiting annually, yet I have no such memory at all..."

"Wait!"

Hearing this, Leon's eyebrows couldn't help but raise slightly.

"You just said... what is your niece's name?"

"Nicole, she said her name is Nicole."

Chapter 322: Bus and Milk Candy_1

Nicole... that female reporter from The Sun News, a Level One Cleaner at the Gemini Sub-bureau, the Aquarius Director's plant left in the Capital City?

After asking a few more questions about the details and confirming that the Nicole the Prime Minister's wife mentioned was indeed the reporter he knew, Leon couldn't help but narrow his eyes, habitually speculating about her ability.

...

He remembered when he was undercover in the Rebels, she was the daughter of the old Owen couple, but now she had become the niece of the Prime Minister's wife. These two identities were obviously conflicting, yet the memories of the people involved seemed accurate.

So if he guessed correctly, she should have an Anomalous Object that could "intervene" in other people's memories, forcibly becoming a family member.

Judging by the effect of this object, it was estimated to be one of the unsuccessful experiments by the Aquarius Director before creating [If Only], unable to completely "replace" a person, only forcibly "adding" the identity of a target relative. Given its practicality, it was left to her.

Tsk... hands that can touch anything, a Yangwei that eliminates presence and provides soul vision, and an unknown Anomalous Object that forcibly adds a family identity... *If thought carefully, these abilities were simply those of a born spy.*

After silently noting down these important pieces of intelligence, Leon did not fully trust the Prime Minister's wife's words. Instead, he looked into her eyes and asked seriously,

"Madam Marsha, such an important matter, shouldn't you have come to our bureau at the first opportunity? If you hadn't met me today, were you planning to keep pretending you didn't know anything?"

"I... I can't go to your bureau..."

The Prime Minister's wife bit her lower lip upon hearing this, speaking with eyes full of shame,

"Back when I met with Pioni... during an encounter, someone discovered us. If I go to your bureau again, he'll reveal my affairs with Pioni. The reason I could avoid the repercussions this time was because Pioni gave me a token of... a gift. I... couldn't discuss it with Stephen.

Furthermore, she also noticed something amiss when I was probing Nicole. Nicole asked me to meet and said she only wanted a convenient identity for her work, that she wouldn't harm me or my family, and that I should keep my mouth shut and say nothing, or else she would..."

"Understood."

Hearing this, Leon could not help but have a bad impression of that female reporter, furrowing his brows and saying,

"You were personally threatened by her, right? That if you dared to speak out, she'd harm you or your family?"

"Uh... no..."

The Prime Minister's wife shook her head awkwardly and said,

"She said if I exposed her identity, she would reveal my secret meetings with Earl Owen and the Marquis of Rune..."

"..."

6...

Feeling too exasperated to comment on the overly chaotic private life of the Prime Minister's wife, Leon was stunned into silence. After a while, he promised expressionlessly,

"I will investigate this matter as soon as possible, but during my investigation, our previous conversations must remain confidential, and not even the Prime Minister should be informed. Also, do not contact that Nicole recklessly, understood?"

"Understood."

Seeing Leon give a definitive answer, the Prime Minister's wife couldn't help but feel delighted, smoothing her skirt with a hopeful expression,

"Um... I have one more question. Recently, Pioni..."

"Shh! Silence!"

Not wanting to further involve himself with the lady's private life, Leon turned to see the Prime Minister walking towards them after finishing his speech on stage. He took the initiative to stand up and greet him.

"Prime Minister, we meet again."

"So it's you, Duke."

After squinting hard to recognize the identity of the "handsome face" talking so happily with his wife, the Prime Minister's initially displeased expression softened slightly, and he greeted with a smile,

"I didn't expect you would attend the Bridge Public School's parent meeting... and this is..."

"This is my sister, Anna, and our brother William, who is in Class 1A, along with our sister Melanie."

"Ah, Miss Anna."

Noticing that Anna seemed a bit reserved, the plump Prime Minister smiled kindly. He didn't engage in overly enthusiastic gestures but instead reached into the right-side pocket of his belly, took out six or seven pieces of milk candy, and handed them over, winking at the two young ones.

"Since it's a private encounter, I won't make it too formal... I happened to have some candy on me, so consider it a small gift. I hope these healthy little lions won't mind."

"You're too kind."

As Anna accepted the candy on behalf of her siblings, the plump Prime Minister wiped the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief before sitting down and smilingly asking,

"Earlier, on stage, I saw the Duke chatting happily with Marsha. Unfortunately, I was interrupted when I came over. I wonder if such an interesting topic would allow me to join?"

"It's really not a particularly interesting topic."

Upon hearing the Prime Minister's words, the Prime Minister's wife's face immediately tightened, visibly nervous. Leon, however, was unperturbed, smiling casually, switching to the [Master Performer], and said seamlessly,

"We were just talking about the education of children. I admired your long-term vision in education, then shared amusing stories with Madame Marsha about parenting."

Was that all? You look quite handsome, have outstanding charisma, and are young yet hold a high position, just the type Marsha likes... Did she not try to do anything to you?

After staring into Leon's eyes for a moment, the Prime Minister observed that his gaze and expression were completely natural, not at all like someone telling lies. Half of his concern eased. However, when he turned and saw his wife's relieved expression, his eyes narrowed slightly again.

"Interesting stories... Regrettably, although I gave a good speech on stage, because of my busy work, I haven't had much involvement in the education of my three children..."

After sighing slightly, the plump Prime Minister smiled and said,

"Coincidentally, I'm quite interested in amusing stories like these. Why don't you tell another one?"

"..."

Still probing... Goodness, so this Prime Minister is actually a jealous type in private?

Feeling a slight annoyance from the vinegar-scented thoughts of the plump Prime Minister, Leon looked at the Prime Minister's wife and the jealous Prime Minister in front of him and, not wanting to stir up trouble, nodded slightly,

"Telling another is no issue... mainly about the survey from the other day. My brother and sister filled out very interesting content..."

?!!!

Seeing Leon reach for the folded survey on the table as if about to unroll it, Melanie, who was enjoying her milk candy, couldn't help but feel a chill run through her and secretly kicked William's leg.

Quick, quick, quick! It's your turn! Now!

Sigh... such a hassle.

Glancing at his soiled pants after being kicked, William swallowed the milk candy that was still in his mouth and jumped down from the chair. Amid the surprised looks from the grown-ups, he took out a small ring made of fabric strips and grass leaves and slipped it on the chubby little finger of the Prime Minister's youngest daughter unceremoniously.

"Marry me?"

Seeing the little ring on her finger, Charlotte, also enjoying her candy, happily laughed. Without any hesitation, she hugged William tightly and gave him a big, sticky, candy-sweet kiss on his cheek.

"Yes!"

Chapter 323: Is this subtype me?_1

"..."

Were kids these days always this mature?

As they watched William and Charlotte decide their lifelong commitments in just two sentences and then whisper something to each other while hugging, the adults from both families were momentarily dumbfounded.

After a short while, it was Anna, who was the most familiar with how to manage children, who reacted first. She bit her lip and tried to speak gently,

"William, what are you doing?!"

"I'm proposing, and I succeeded."

Using a handkerchief to remove the sticky candy from his face and then returning it to his small wife, William said earnestly,

"We've agreed on a plan; once we graduate, we'll get married. Then, the first child should be a boy, the second a girl, and the third ideally twins—one of each..."

"Ahem... let's talk about that later."

Observing the increasingly peculiar expressions of the plump Prime Minister and his wife, Leon coughed awkwardly, pulled his cabbage-stealing brother back, and then said with some embarrassment,

"William... he's always liked to imitate adults. These two kids might not even know what marriage really is, so there's no need to take it too seriously..."

"That's not true, Charlotte knows what marriage is!"

After casting a displeased glance at Leon for dragging her husband away, the Prime Minister's youngest daughter pouted,

"It's about being together forever, eating and sleeping and playing without separation, and then having lots of little babies when we grow up, and growing up with them..."

"And resource exchange too."

William, who was being scolded by Anna while she tugged his ear, turned his head to add,

"Like when your dad needs support from the military department and wants my brother and the Ryan Family to nod, he can offer some positions in exchange... like giving me a seat on the county council."

"William?!"

Hearing her brother's words, Anna was astonished,

"How do you know about these things? I never even mentioned it..."

"I heard it from Mr. Logan."

William replied calmly,

"During last week's history quiz, Melanie copied someone else's answers, including the name, and was afraid she'd get called to the office. So, she used her allowance to hire me to accompany her to Mr. Logan's office to steal the test papers. When I climbed through the window on her shoulders, Mr. Logan was in the tea room chatting with the homeroom teacher of Grade Two. While they were discussing which first-year students had more complicated backgrounds, they mentioned a bit about my big brother."

Ah! You're betraying me again!

Melanie shivered as William revealed another critical secret. She quickly jumped down from her chair and hugged Leon's leg in fear of Anna's impending reprimand.

However, at this moment, the adults were no longer concerned about her cheating incident. They all gazed at the mature-seeming William with eyes full of surprise.

...

"This brother of yours certainly is... exceptionally gifted!"

For William, who was seemingly unlikely to inherit the duke's title, the plump Prime Minister initially only glanced at him without much consideration, but now he felt a bit amazed.

At his age, the Prime Minister couldn't even play in the mud nicely, let alone talk of exchanging interests or seats on a county council. This child was undoubtedly a rare genius!

Moreover, with the Duke of Lionheart engaged to Princess Veronica, there was a good chance that the Duke would step down early from his position. With William as an ally, he might have a chance to vie for the duke's position.

At that moment, the Montiel family would not only be connected by marriage to the new Duke of Lionheart but also have ties to the princess and even the queen's husband, which would significantly enhance their influence. Even if the Prime Minister's term ended and he stepped down, the Montiel family would still be a significant force to reckon with!

And the price to pay for such advantages was merely his youngest daughter's happiness... Hmm... especially since she seemed to feel quite happy about it?

Looking at his candy-licking daughter with a happy expression and then at the chubby-faced but articulate and intelligent William, the plump Prime Minister pondered for a moment, then cheerfully said to Leon,

"Duke, although this is just a child's commitment, it doesn't necessarily have to be treated as a joke.

Your brother is remarkably talented and will surely achieve great things, and I can see that Charlotte indeed likes him. So if you are interested, why not let the kids continue playing like this?

In the future, if it's not suitable, it would naturally just be childhood fun and wouldn't affect the friendship between our families. If they get along well and strengthen the family ties, that's even better. What do you think?"

*I think... I'm a bit confused... *

Seeing the plump Prime Minister's words, half-joking yet implying that he was considering letting his daughter marry over, Leon hesitated a bit, then gazed at William in Anna's arms.

"Brother, agree to it."

Receiving Leon's "probing" gaze, William said leisurely,

"I heard Mr. Logan and them say that the Ryan Family has encountered many issues. You are quite troubled and need someone to lend a hand. Charlotte's dad happens to have that capability. And it's not just you, brother. To achieve my dreams, I too, need support.

By agreeing to this, Charlotte's dad gets external reinforcements, he can secure the prime minister's position for longer, you can solve your immediate troubles, Charlotte can be happy, and I can have the support to realize my dreams. What is there to hesitate over such a win-win situation?"

This child... truly is remarkable!

Seeing William calmly express his thoughts, analyzing the primary pros and cons in just a few sentences, the Prime Minister's eyes again lit up with admiration for his "future son-in-law," who was still in elementary school.

Although William's words seeming overly focused on interests might not appeal to most fathers, the Prime Minister, being the biggest political broker in the kingdom, regularly mediated between parties, utilizing his influence to push political agendas and achieve agreements. This somewhat mercenary way of communication was practically routine for him before and after every meeting, something he was intimately familiar with.

For one of his most crucial abilities developed over decades in politics to manifest in a child was a delightful surprise to the Prime Minister, even evoking a curious sense of identification with William, "This child is like me."

"This kid is really smart!"

After again observing the chubby-cheeked boy, the Prime Minister didn't rush Leon to answer but instead squatted down, with some effort, and patted William on the head, smiling kindly,

"Come, tell uncle about your dream. Maybe uncle can help you realize it right now."

"That would be awesome. I want to overthrow the royal family and become king myself."

Oh, so your dream is to overthrow the royal family—What?!

What?!?!!!

Chapter 324: What we tell others often reveals our own selves_1

Looking at William in front of him, hands behind his back, with a determined light shining in the black-and-white clarity of his eyes, and earnestly expressing his intent to overthrow the royal family, the chubby Prime Minister felt as if ten thousand alpacas were galloping through his mind in succession.

Did I hear something wrong? The Duke of Lionheart was about to marry the Princess, yet his brother was claiming he was going to overthrow the royal family and become the king himself?!

After a few seconds of silent bewilderment, the chubby Prime Minister, his facial muscles somewhat stiff, raised his head in disbelief, looking at Leon who awkwardly shielded his face with his hand, and with twitching lips, he confirmed,

"What did your brother... what did your brother just say he plans for the future?"

"I plan to overthrow the royal family, become the king myself, then fight from west to east, unifying the whole world."

After repeating his dream, William pulled out a folded notebook from his chest pocket, opened it, and handed it to the chubby Prime Minister, whose eyes were full of bewilderment, then with a serious expression, he began to sell his grand plan for world unification.

"Father-in-law, after we overthrow the royal family and unite the Kingdom, we can ally with the coal region's great nobles of Heisen, cut off their coal supply to the Northern Kingdom... ambush... use reparations to buy seafood from the Kingdom of Saio, form an alliance with the Thousand Sails Maritime Country... seize the mines of the Kingdom of Thunderstorm... exchange technology with the Crolock Kingdom... suppress the Kingdom of Morna... hitch the war chariot... join forces to destroy the Kingdom of Orleson... annex the grain-producing region..."

"..."

Am I still not awake?

Looking at the notebook with curled edges, filled with childish writing of the "Pan-Continent Unification Plan," countless question marks and exclamation points vied to clash into the chubby Prime Minister's forehead, swirling like a tornado, nearly blending his thoughts into a frenzy.

If you said it was stupid... this plan didn't seem like something a child could devise. Even though the knowledge was merely common sense, to think of harnessing these resources was already quite remarkable.

But if you said it was clever... coming up with such an outrageous plan and inviting the Prime Minister to help overthrow the royal family directly broke all ties with the word intelligence!

How is this child both smart and foolish?

...

"Well... children tend to like fantasizing about things that are beyond reach; it can't be taken seriously."

Seeing the chubby Prime Minister in visible distress, the muscles on either side of his chubby, round face began twitching uncontrollably, Leon hurriedly pulled back his brother, who still wanted to say something, and awkwardly explained,

"Besides, William, he's... um... especially lively usually, and loves to joke, haha."

"Oh... that's how it is... haha."

The two hypocritical adults laughed twice at each other. After sitting in speechless silence for a while, the chubby Prime Minister stiffly raised his arm, glanced at his watch, and then hurriedly spoke,

"Oh, it's already that time. I'm sorry, but I have an appointment with the Royal Capital Commerce Association soon..."

"Oh, oh, please go ahead."

Hearing that, Leon immediately breathed a sigh of relief, quickly stood up, and moved aside, making way for the exit. The chubby Prime Minister quickly fled as if avoiding the plague, pulling along his wife and daughter, leaving the passage without even a single superfluous farewell.

"William, look at the trouble you've caused!"

Seeing the Prime Minister's family leave, Anna, who had been holding back for a long time, immediately reached out and pinched her brother's ear, gritting her teeth,

"You... you really made me furious! Today, I have to..."

"Let it go, let it go, we'll discuss it when we get back."

Seeing the unusual flush rising on his sister's fair face, and her breathing becoming quite rapid, Leon, concerned for her health, immediately reached out to hold her, softly urging,

"Don't worry, these are just things kids say; no one will take it seriously."

"Right, right!"

Melanie chimed in quickly from the side,

"We're kids, so... kids say the darnedest things! Sister Anna, you can't hit us just because we said something silly. If you need to hit someone, make sure you hit the right person, and don't include me!"

"Your case isn't small either!"

Unable to resist reaching over to pinch Melanie's baby chick-like cheek, Leon comforted the fuming Anna on one side and scolded sternly on the other,

"Tell me, last time you misbehaved because the teacher was no good; now that the unqualified teacher has been replaced, why weren't you studying properly and instead copied from someone else's exam paper?"

"Well... I just couldn't help it..."

Seeing his usually supportive big brother uncharitably giving him a hard time, Melanie's eyes began to roll around, instinctively wanting to pull a little trick to slide through.

But noticing Leon's serious demeanor, although he was not blaming her, his seriousness was hard to ignore. She hesitated a bit, and finally abandoned her trickery, honestly confessing,

"William and I started school later than others, and there was so much to memorize. I really couldn't keep up, and for subjects like religion, history, and geography, I really don't get them. I'm worried that if my grades are too low, Sister Anna would be disappointed... I... I was wrong..."

Strange, this time she didn't pull a trick?

Originally prepared to sharply expose Melanie's lie when she continued her trickery, ready to educate her on how mischief is allowed but not at the cost of neglecting studies, Leon was slightly taken aback.

However, even if she admitted her mistake honestly, there were still things that needed to be addressed.

"Recognizing the mistake isn't what's important, what's important is not making the same mistake next time."

Ruffling her little head, Leon said,

"You can love being lazy, and like pulling little tricks, but you can't really be good at nothing. Those critical moments where everything can turn to the worst outcome if you falter just once, you'll regret it for a lifetime."

The last time your sister Anna was hospitalized, I almost lost her, and you too; that feeling of being surrounded by despair, I hope you never have to feel it for the rest of your life."

"And you, William."

By this point, Leon turned his head, looking at his brother who was rubbing his ear, and gently advised,

"Big brother isn't laughing at your dreams. Everyone has things in their heart that might seem unrealistic to others; that's nothing to laugh about, especially since you've put effort into your dream, which deserves praise.

But remember, before you have the ability to realize your dream, don't casually talk about it, certainly don't let others know. If you can't achieve it yet, quietly gather strength, then push things on track before those opposing you can react. Only people like this can truly accomplish things.

So if what you want is to truly realize your dream, and not just people to hear you talk about it, then don't talk about your dreams with unrelated people, just quietly work on it, right?"

"I remember."

After listening earnestly to Leon's long speech, William, as if gaining some insight, nodded his little head and then curiously asked,

"So what is your dream? Have you realized it yet?"

"My dream?"

At that, Leon thought for a moment, then smiled and replied,

"I have two dreams: one is for you all to live better lives, which I'd say is barely accomplished!

As for the other dream... it's a bit early to mention it now. To truly achieve it, I probably need to keep gathering strength, until I become stronger than everyone!"

Chapter 325: Double Task_1

"The Sun News: 'Shock, Central Cross Theater Attacked, Over 3,000 Audience Members Fall Unconscious on the Spot!'

Financial Times: 'Charl Department Store Settles Compensation Claims, Yet Major Promotion Continues, Severely Affecting Multiple Department Stores.'

Dance Entertainment News: 'Tragic News, Master Wilde Missing, Suspected to Have Been Kidnapped by Unknown Assailants.'

Political Spectator: 'Rebels Split, The Moderate Faction Abandons Attacks, Plans to Set Up New Labor Party in Old Town.'

Royal Mail News: 'Following the Princess' Engagement, the Old Nobility Flocks to the Prince, What Lies Ahead for the Future of Robin?'

"Umm..."

After finishing the stack of newspapers and magazines delivered that morning, the Red-haired Director blinked in surprise, finding the headlines peculiar but unable to pinpoint why.

After reading and rereading twice over, she finally realized why these headlines felt odd...

Because of Leon!

Among all these publications, not a single one mentioned Leon's name, yet the theater incident, Charl Department Store's compensation, the Rebel movements, and even the royal family's internal struggles seemed intertwined with him.

Enough to tinker around with, indeed.

Shaking her head helplessly, the Red-haired Director idly flipped through the newspapers while subconsciously twirling her vivid red hair with her slender white fingers, pondering.

The events of Leon's drunken state a couple of days ago had truly shocked her.

Although she didn't know what the "Immortal of Liquor" Leon referred to was, something potent enough to partially resist [Slaughter Blood Hair] at a Third-Class Cleanser level likely had Numbered Object potential, with surprisingly strong life-saving capabilities.

So... with the bureau shorthanded, should she add more responsibilities to his plate?

"Knock, knock knock."

Just as the Red-haired Director set down the newspaper and opened her drawer, someone knocked on her office door.

"Director, it's me."

Pioni?

Hearing the voice from outside the door, the Red-haired Director slightly raised an eyebrow before responding,

"Come in."

As the Red-haired Director spoke, a blurry silver figure eerily "seeped" through the office door from outside, walking slowly to the desk.

"This is the cleanup report for the mission."

Placing a few folded papers on the desk, the "Little Silver Man" reported gently,

"The mission proceeded very smoothly, with the well leading to the Black Plague Tide blocked, no casualties among the townsfolk, and all related personnel's memories have been cleared by the [Illusion Can]; no one remembers those plague-spreading creatures."

"Very impressive."

After briefly glancing through the desk's [Black Plague Well Incident Cleanup Report], the Red-haired Director nodded in satisfaction and complimented with a smile,

"Swift and efficient as ever, well done Pioni. Besides Emma and Leon, you're the one who reassures me the most in the bureau."

Emma and Leon?

Hearing the Red-haired Director's words, the Little Silver Man couldn't help but pause slightly before smilingly asking,

"Director, the Leon you mentioned, is he the Level Three Cleanser who just joined the branch less than two months ago? To be praised so sincerely by you, is his strength formidable?"

"Well... if I have to say, just average, I suppose?"

Reviewing the Anomalous Objects Leon possessed in her mind, the Red-haired Director uncertainly remarked,

"If we're talking about the Leon Value... that is, the extent of being Corrosion by Anomalous Objects, he's roughly on par with Level Three Cleansers who joined two or three years ago, still falling short compared to you all.

But he has a clear mind and diverse methods, seemingly able to handle any situation and complete tasks with extra accomplishments... hmm... overall, most of the time, he gives a reliable impression."

After giving Leon quite a high Evaluation, the Red-haired Director glanced at the thoughtful "Little Silver Man," then added with a smile,

"Pioni, how about it? Interested in meeting Leon and maybe taking him to your 'Heartache Land' to see if he can solve your issue?"

"Well... maybe not."

Emanating a faint silver glow obscuring his face, the individual sighed and shook his head,

"Director, it's not that I don't trust your judgment, but no matter how exceptional he is, he's only been a Level Three Cleanser at the branch for a short period, and as for the Meibis Silver Mine, even you and Miss Emma couldn't solve it, so what can he do?

Besides, as you know, every return to Meibis Silver Mine means... sigh! Unless absolutely sure, I really don't want to go back there, sorry."

"No problem, I just suddenly thought of him and casually suggested. Whether or not to ask for his help is entirely up to you."

Rejected, the Red-haired Director remained unfazed, responding cheerfully,

"But Pioni, don't underestimate Leon due to his lack of seniority. Without him, I might not have managed to overthrow the Aquarius Director. The secrets on Little Lyon probably exceed even yours.

So, I still recommend, if you have no other solutions, consider taking him to the Silver Mine. If Leon doesn't succeed, you merely suffer a little, but if he does, your future will be much easier."

"I... I'll think it over."

"No hurry, take your time to consider."

As the Red-haired Director spoke, she flipped through the stack of press on the desk. When her gaze momentarily paused on the advert for "Ami Liquor's Couple Wine Big Sale, Manufacturer Rewarding Customers, Couple Combo 40% Off," she instinctively folded the magazine page, then handed over another booklet that had been underneath.

"The silver mine issue can wait, but this matter is more urgent... take a look at this first."

Curiously receiving the booklet, the "Little Silver Man" read the title on the first page aloud.

"Sky Clipper Timetable... Crolock Kingdom's Sniffers... Private Cabin... Private Ship... Director, is this my next mission?"

"It's not just your next mission, it's a mission for both you and Leon. Leon discovered some very dangerous situations. Without a bit of intervention, the Kingdom may face an extremely gruesome war in the future."

Correcting the "Little Silver Man" Pioni's assumption and emphasizing the mission's significance, the Red-haired Director seriously stated,

"My initial plan was to have Emma accompany him, but Emma's off clearing Scales Gold Sect's gatherings, Jerry's 'friends' are ineffective aboard the Sky Clipper, and Tom's dice effect is unstable, so all things considered, you're the most suitable.

Pioni, those Crolock Kingdom Sniffers will arrive at the Boarding Tower in three days. I need you to collaborate with Leon, meddle with the documents those Sniffers hold, and modify their memories...

Finally, failure is not an option for this mission; it must succeed!"

Chapter 326: Senior's Style and Boarding Tower Strategy_1

"That's what the director told me."

After recounting the words of the Red-haired Director, the man shimmering with silver light smiled gently, then said to the astonished Leon in front of him,

"So this mission will be led by you. Ultimately, how to execute it is up to you to decide. My main responsibility is to ensure your safety and resolve any troubles that you find inconvenient."

"You're too kind, Senior."

Leon, who never expected that Senior Pioni, rumored to have an affair with the Prime Minister's wife, could be so agreeable, quickly waved his hands politely in response. He always believed in treating others with even greater respect if they treated him well.

"The reason the director arranged it this way is probably because I've been working on this matter. I'm already familiar with the two Anomalous Object holders responsible for memory eradication and modification, that's all. I haven't been with the Virgo Branch for long; I'm still trying to get familiar with the department's dealings. If there are any problems in future tasks, I hope you will point them out for me."

Hmm? This newbie, who on his first investigation mission ended up involving the deaths of hundreds of nobles, slapped Prince Joshua several times, spat in his face publicly, and even mocked the Scorpio Director in the central office—reportedly outrageously arrogant—is actually so polite in private?

Also surprised by Leon's demeanor, Pioni, aglow with a silvery shine all over, was taken aback for a moment, then smiled even more warmly.

"You're too modest."

Recalling the Red-haired Director's evaluation of Leon, the Little Silver Man said warmly, with a slightly "metallic" and magnetic voice,

"When the director isn't drinking, her decisions have always been right. Since she chose you to lead the task, there must be no mistake. When we depart on the mission tomorrow, anything you need me to do, just let me know, and I'll put forth my utmost effort."

Ah, well... every senior in the department is indeed a good person!

With a bit of self-evasive suspicion, Leon patted the sheep's head, confirming that the Little Silver Man's words were sincere, then looked at him more kindly.

The seniors in the Virgo Branch were genuinely kind, whether it was Senior Emma, who taught him how to ensure safety, Senior Jerry, who gave him plenty of good things and accompanied him on adventures to the central office, or Senior Pioni, who was quite dazzling but had a very gentle character; all were very caring towards him.

Although each senior had their little quirks, like Senior Jerry's kleptomania and Senior Pioni's private life, compared to them... oh right!

Thinking about it, Leon suddenly clapped his forehead, then reached out to rub the shiny cufflink, pulled out the envelope given by the Prime Minister's wife, handed it to the Little Silver Man before him, and explained,

"Senior Pioni, this is..."

"The scent is like a fragrant yet slightly spicy bay leaf... Marsha! It's Marsha, isn't it?"

Excitedly taking the perfume-scented envelope, smelling it gently under his nose, a strangely soft and sweet expression appeared on the metallic face of the Little Silver Man, his eyes even showing a slight hint of moisture.

"I didn't expect that she still remembers me."

Wow, who would have thought that Senior Pioni would be a hopeless romantic?

Seeing the exaggerated display of the Little Silver Man, Leon was momentarily stunned, then recalled the situation with the lady, and faintly felt that this kind-hearted, love-sick senior deserved better.

And just as Leon was pondering whether to disclose a little about the Prime Minister's situation, so Senior Pioni could weigh it on his own.

The Little Silver Man opposite didn't rush to open the letter, but instead gently caressed the flowery signature on the envelope with his silver-glowing fingers and recalled,

"When I was caught in a tryst with her cousin, I thought she would ignore me forever, but she eventually forgave me; later, when my relationship with her aunt was exposed, I thought I would lose her, but she still forgave me. Ah! Marsha, my gentlest Marsha, you will always be the most beautiful bay leaf in my heart. Only your tenderness and passion can make me so hard to forget..."

"..."

Alright, I overthought it; you two really are a good match...

"By the way, is there only Marsha's letter?"

As he carefully folded the envelope, Senior Pioni, his face aglow with silver, looked at Leon, who was twitching at the corner of his mouth, and asked eagerly,

"Sophie, Grace, Holly... I mean, Marsha's cousin, aunt, and her..."

"No, there's just her letter!"

Afraid that if he let this senior continue speaking, he would be hit by some more shocking revelations, Leon hurriedly interrupted with a slightly stiff expression,

"I just happened to meet Lady Marsha and helped her deliver a letter at her invitation. I didn't come into contact with the other ladies. Additionally, besides the letter, she asked me to tell you that during the following weeks, every Monday at noon, she will be waiting for you at the old place."

"The old place... the lounge in the Prime Minister's office?"

???

Wait, I thought you were talking about some street, some bridge, some park—or at worst, some small inn—but it turns out to be in the Prime Minister's office? Aren't the two of you overdoing it a bit?

As Leon's expression became more and more perplexed, the Little Silver Man, glowing so brightly with his...silver sheen, kissed the folded envelope tenderly, tucked it into his chest, and looked over gratefully.

"Thank you! Really, thank you! Thank you for helping me reconnect with Marsha; it's the best gift I've received this year!"

"No... no problem..."

After sincerely apologizing in his heart to that plump Prime Minister, who although had no good intentions towards him, was at least polite, Leon didn't know what to say anymore. He could only change the subject proactively to discuss the matter,

"Senior Pioni, besides you and me, this mission also requires the help of other Anomalous Object holders."

While speaking, Leon took out a small notebook he carried with him, drew a bold "7" with charcoal to signify the shape of the Boarding Tower, and then explained,

"Though the Purification Bureau's credentials can allow us to board the tower, the private ship to Crolock Kingdom anchored at the Secret Port will not grant us access, hence the need for assistance from those other Anomalous Object holders."

Adding a circle at the bend of the "7" to mark the position of the Secret Port, Leon tapped the vertical middle of the "7" with charcoal and continued,

"This is the management room of the Boarding Tower. Once the operation begins, someone will use a slingshot to knock out the operator from a kilometer away. Then, another person will enter the adjacent restroom, take over his body, and control the management room to open our way to the Secret Port."

However, the private ship's control system is connected by a separate difference engine and can't be operated from the management room. Forcibly intruding would cause damage that's difficult to repair and might alert others to the abnormality."

"So we need to find a way to climb onto the private ship, standing near the entrance. Then an Anomalous Object holder who can distort a small space will act, flipping the space we're in. Once we're warped onto the private ship, you and I, Senior, will be responsible for subduing the guards and replacing the sniffer's report. The remaining two Anomalous Object holders will remove and alter the sniffers' memories. Following that, we will return to the private ship's entrance and be warped out using the same method. Finally, we'll return to the management room, alter the operator's memory, and disguise it as if nothing happened, then withdraw from the Boarding Tower smoothly, completing the mission... Senior, do you have any questions?"

"Uh... Your plan is great, but I do have one minor question..."

Examining the plan, though somewhat messy, the process and sequence were very clear on the notebook, and the Little Silver Man couldn't help scratching his head, a little embarrassed.

"I'm afraid of heights... what should I do?"

Chapter 327: Yi Zhen Luan Zhen_1

"From the police department."

After setting down the water container filled with silver liquid, weighing over thirty kilograms, Leon, now in uniform, took out his credentials and handed them to the approaching guard.

As the tower guard, clad in a heavy tactical vest brimming with ratchets and rivets and wielding a large-caliber nail gun, began to meticulously examine his ID, Leon spoke sternly,

"We have just received a report that due to recent internal divisions among the rebels, the radical faction might take desperate measures and directly assault the Boarding Tower to provoke a conflict between the Kingdom and the Crolock Kingdom. Although there are no abnormalities at present, it is highly possible that some rebels have already infiltrated. To prevent a diplomatic incident, we need to board the tower immediately to inspect suspicious individuals who are potentially radical rebels!"

Could someone really be planning to attack the Boarding Tower?!

Hearing Leon's words, the guard examining the credentials couldn't help but tense up. His fingers reflexively hovered over the safety of the nail gun, and from the breathing aperture on the side of his helmet, the soft hiss of steam rushing through a manually opened valve echoed down the pipe.

"I haven't received any instructions yet."

The obviously anxious guard immediately retreated and called over the squad leader of the guards. After re-checking the credentials, the guard squad leader responded in a muffled voice through the helmet's breathing aperture,

"We belong to the military department and are not under the police department's jurisdiction. Unless we receive orders from Ambassador Croak and assistance directives from the police department..."

"Take a good look at the credentials!"

Interrupting the guard squad leader, Leon said impatiently,

"Look at my last name, and after seeing it, decide whether you want to wait for orders!"

Last name?

The guard squad leader was slightly taken aback, then, following Leon's instructions, flipped back the first page of the credentials and looked at the name beneath the anti-counterfeiting seal.

Baskin Laine... Laine? Lionheart Lyon?

Observing the golden locks peeking out from beneath Leon's police cap and the same blond "police officers" standing behind him, the guard squad leader hesitated.

Although many key members of the Lionheart Family perished after the Ryan Blood Night, and their power greatly diminished, the Ryan Family, having effectively controlled the military department for

over two hundred years, still wielded significant influence, certainly not something a mere guard squad leader could afford to offend.

So... should he really let these police department people in without the directive?

"Have you made up your mind?"

After not receiving a response for a long time, Leon — specifically, Baskin Laine with intentionally dyed yellow hair — pressed impatiently,

"The emergency doesn't allow for procedural delays; the directives are on their way. You can let us in first, and if not, we can also hand over our firearms and enter without additional equipment."

"But the military department said that after we were transferred, we should prioritize orders from the Crolock Kingdom..."

"Think carefully before you speak!"

Seemingly irritated, Leon, with a scowl, threatened,

"Just because you're temporarily under the Crolock Kingdom's jurisdiction doesn't mean you're not part of the Kingdom. I've been more than patient, wasting this much time with you and even willing to disarm; you'd better not take advantage of this!"

"Well... alright... but the water container you're carrying..."

"This needs to be brought up, but feel free to open it and inspect!"

"..."

Seeing the background of the young man in front of him, the squad leader, not wanting to offend the Laine family and noticing Leon's faint trace of frustration, hesitated repeatedly before deciding to let them pass.

However, before allowing Leon and his team through, he diligently verified each person's credentials and even opened the water container they carried to ensure there weren't any liquid explosives before begrudgingly granting passage.

...

They really managed to infiltrate just like that?!

Having reclaimed the credentials handed back by the guards and surrendered the assigned firearms issued that morning, the group of rebels, following behind "Little Baskin" and entering the Boarding Tower, felt like they were in a dream.

Unlike the previous leader who would pre-plan a series of diversions to draw support away and then launch a strong attack, the new leader, Little Baskin, somehow acquired an entire set of credentials and uniforms, leading them smoothly without obstruction.

Apart from the guards just reassigned under the Crolock Kingdom's control, they passed through seven or eight different checkpoints with merely a glance, not even needing to disarm. This... it was too smooth, wasn't it?

"Little... cough... Leader Baskin."

Unable to understand how the new leader accomplished all these feats, the young man who once used his space-warping ability to trap Leon and a female police officer in the Secret Investigation Bureau's dungeon couldn't help but inch closer to Leon, eyes full of curiosity, inquiring,

"How did you manage to get these fake credentials and uniforms? No one noticed they were fake, it's just too realistic!"

"..."

Is it possible that, except for the issuance date being fake, these credentials and uniforms are all real? Even the firearm you just handed over has corresponding registration numbers in the police department?

If it weren't for not wanting to alarm the people of the Crolock Kingdom, leading them to temporarily bolster the Boarding Tower's defense, even the joint investigation order between the military and the Crolock Kingdom could have been personally signed by Ambassador Croak.

"Got them through a police department friend; coincidentally, there was an excess inventory at their bureau, so although the contents are pretty fake, the material is genuinely similar."

After providing a half-true response, Leon, directly backed by the Purification Bureau for "officially handling private matters," quietly adjusted his badge, switching to the {Usurper} mode, which significantly enhanced concealment and efficiency in illicit activities, then addressed everyone,

"Let's go over the process one last time before the operation."

"First, Luke will prepare in the restroom near the control room. Once the operator is knocked out by a slingshot, gain control of his body to open the path to the Secret Port for us.

Then we board the Secret Port, climb onto the private boats used by the sniffers, and once inside, Paul will use his spatial ability to transport everyone inside. After subduing the sniffers, Lucy and Phoebe will alter their memories... is everyone clear?"

"Understood!"

"No problem!"

"Nothing could go wrong!"

"Alright then."

After receiving a "no problem" response from Pioni regarding the water container, Leon, having successfully "infiltrated" the Boarding Tower, led the group of rebels to ascend the climber secured by twenty steel cables, heading for the control room located at the middle section of the "7"-shaped Boarding Tower.

Meanwhile, a middle-aged man, with exhaustion from days of travel in his eyes and a few freckles adorning his cheeks, arrived at the base of the Boarding Tower, presenting his credentials to the guard squad leader.

"I am a sniffer from the Crolock Kingdom."

Looking up at the airship moored at the Secret Port, a complex expression washed over the bloodshot eyes of the middle-aged man before he instructed coldly,

"Get someone to take me to the Secret Port, I need to board the private vessel back to the Crolock Kingdom."

Chapter 328: Everything Goes Smoothly_1

"Pfft."

There was a muffled sound, and suddenly, a small round hole the size of a fingernail appeared on the metal vent of the control room. The operator inside, who had been gazing out at the guest port, promptly collapsed at the sound!

"Nice!"

Viewing the situation in the control room through specially reinforced glass, Leon couldn't help but express genuine admiration.

The bald female Rebel, sharing the same name as William's girlfriend, while lacking in close combat skills, truly had remarkable long-range abilities.

She shot from nearly two kilometers away, and the force was reduced to a non-lethal level. The lead pellet took almost half a minute to fly through the air, during which anything could change.

Yet she seemed to predict the operator's actions. As the pellet passed through the vent, the operator inside, constantly changing positions, just happened to walk right into the pellet's path, almost as if he positioned his head under it himself, and fell unconscious without a sound.

Leon wondered how long it would take to level up his shooting Badge to reach her skill.

While pondering this, Leon used Yang Jiao to observe the operator's soul. After confirming he was utterly unconscious, he knocked on the bathroom door.

"Luke, your turn."

"Got it!"

With brief exchanges, Luke, sitting inside a bathroom stall, flipped his eyes and collapsed. The operator in the control room, however, wobbled to his feet, rubbed his head, walked over to the window, and gave a thumbs-up to Leon and the others waiting below.

Everything was going smoothly.

Watching the previously locked climbing ladder being lowered, Leon nodded in satisfaction. He grabbed the bottle containing Senior Pioni and, with a group of eager Rebels, climbed the maintenance path towards the steel frame of the Secret Port.

"Boss."

Shaking the bottle vigorously, and hearing the dissatisfied protest from inside, the burn-scarred man curiously asked,

"What's in here? Why did we have to surrender our weapons, but still carry these deadweight bottles?"

"..."

Hearing the burn-scarred Teague's question, Leon's mouth twitched slightly.

Naturally, the bottles contained various pieces of Senior Pioni.

Honestly, upon learning that the "Little Silver Man" had a severe fear of heights, Leon considered leaving him behind. Many areas of the Boarding Tower were open steel frames, and on clear days, you could see the ground. A person with acrophobia would be useless and a burden.

But after consulting with the Red-haired Director, she went to the next office to get six or seven thermos bottles, dismantled the inner liners, divided Senior Pioni into several parts, and stuffed him inside, insisting Leon carry them aboard.

Her reasoning was that although Senior Pioni feared heights, he could still function normally in the enclosed environment of the Sky Clipper. He was definitely more capable than Senior Tom, who had only a 60% success rate with everything he did, and Senior Jerry, whose combat ability halved without "friends" to assist.

Even though the Director made a valid point, the bizarre scene of her slicing Senior Pioni into segments and pouring them into thermoses made Leon's mouth twitch uncontrollably...

...

"In here... is our insurance for this trip."

Organizing his thoughts and escaping that bizarre memory, Leon answered with an odd expression,

"If there's something outrageous on Crolock Kingdom's private ship, he's the one to guarantee our safety."

"Oh."

Still unaware of what was in the bottle, but sensing Leon's seriousness, the burn-scarred man took extra care, steadily carrying the heavy bottle, following Leon down the ladder. Then, looking at the private ship inside the Secret Port, he exclaimed from the bottom of his heart,

"This thing... is huge..."

Indeed.

Following the burn-scarred man's gaze, Leon glanced at the Sky Clipper docked in the Secret Port and nodded in agreement.

Unlike airplanes, which he was more familiar with, Sky Clippers relied on gas bags for buoyancy, and the size of the gas bag dictated its carrying capacity. As such, they usually measured over a hundred meters in length.

The largest Sky Clippers could even sport gigantic gas bags over five hundred meters long. In terms of length, they were ten times larger than typical passenger planes. Though the private ship before them wasn't the largest model, its gas bag still exceeded three hundred meters in length.

As such a massive behemoth squeezed into the city's smog-filled sky, the visual impact was unimaginable to those who hadn't witnessed it firsthand.

"Let's look again later. We need to hurry now."

Patting the burn-scarred man's sturdy back and urging him onward, Leon held onto the handrail against the gusts, leading the group along the steel bridge surrounding the Secret Port, heading toward the dirigible marked with the Crolock Kingdom's insignia.

"Huh?"

As they approached the climbing frame, the workers refueling the private ship's gas furnace stood up in surprise, puzzled at seeing several people dressed as policemen approach, asking,

"Who are you? How did you get here?"

"Just an inspection."

Showing no panic at encountering others, Leon sniffed the strong scent of grease and whale oil that lingered even in the fierce wind. He glanced up at the canvas gas bag, then pointed at the giant support frames thicker than a man's waist, sternly questioning,

"Such a big problem right overhead, and none of you noticed?"

Did the gas bag have an issue?

Surprised by his words, the workers immediately looked up following Leon's hand... then nothing else mattered.

"Modify their memories too, and Teague, you stay to move them back."

Using the power of the Holy Spirit pendant, Leon attacked the workers' neural clusters, knocking them all out. He then gestured to Phoebe and Lucy, who were behind him.

"For the memory edit... they should believe a sudden gust forced them to retreat to the lounge for safety until it passed."

"Alright."

Having recovered somewhat, appearing just over sixty, Lucy nodded, proceeding to alter the workers' memories one by one. The rest followed Leon along the climbing frame, reaching the entry hatch at the top of the private ship.

The next step was the final one. If they succeeded at getting onboard, everything else would naturally fall into place!

As it was his turn to act, the young man with space abilities quickly stepped forward, placing the bottle at his feet, and took a deep breath to activate his power and move everyone inside.

But just then, a warning suddenly came from behind him.

"Wait!"

Wait how?

The young man had no time to react before Leon, using the Holy Spirit pendant's power, grabbed him, pulling him back from the hatch.

Just as he moved, the pressure difference forced the over two-meter-wide hatch to pop open, sending the bottle flying.

Following this, a scarred man, cigarette in mouth and presumably out for a smoke, poked his head out of the cabin with a grin. Unfortunately, he was greeted not by fresh air but by the perplexed gazes of "policemen" lying on the cabin's roof.

(◉_◉)(◉_◉)(◉_◉)

(#`°Д`)?!

In that moment of silence, with the stormy high altitude void of any other noise, there remained only the bottle in Leon's hand, furiously shaking and transmitting an anxious thought.

'Leon! What's going on out there?'

'Say something!'

'Where's my ass? Why don't I have an ass?'

Chapter 329: Task completed?_1

"Outside, things... are currently going smoothly."

Looking at the scorched man who had just pulled out a struggling, yet quickly unconscious, sniffer, Leon felt a peculiar expression emerge as he recounted the scene, "A sniffer just came out with a cigarette, probably looking to take a break, and conveniently opened the hatch for us. But... um... the bottle with

your butt in it got knocked off by that opening hatch and must have fallen to the bottom of the tower by now."

"..."

"Don't worry, Pioni."

Feeling the complex emotions of "Little Silver Man" Pioni, Leon quickly offered comfort, "To prevent someone from using ranged weapons to attack the Sky Clipper's airbag, there's a large prohibited entry area at the bottom of the Boarding Tower. Your butt shouldn't fall into anyone else's hands, and after the mission here is over, we'll immediately go down the tower to find it, guaranteed to retrieve your butt!"

"..."

As for the butt... it's not too bad, but the thing in front of the butt is something that absolutely can't be lost!

"Alright... alright then."

Having made it onto the private ship, with only one step away from completing the mission, it wouldn't be right to actually send down everyone to find his butt. Pioni had no choice but to helplessly instruct, "You guys better hurry, the feeling of being without a butt... is really quite strange..."

"Relax, Pioni. So far, aside from the little accident with your butt, everything else has gone very smoothly. This mission will definitely be quick."

After appeasing the heartbroken "Little Silver Man," Leon, to avoid any further mishaps, handed the thermos to the most robust of the scorched men while he himself fiddled with the little piece of Yang Jiao sticking out of his cuff, checking on the situation inside the Sky Clipper.

Soon, with a slight flicker of the world before his eyes, the positions of one soul flame after another were directly "marked" by the Black Goat's soul vision.

"Five in the front cabin, probably the Sky Clipper's operations staff; twenty-three in the rear cabin, likely guards escorting mined specimens from their positions. The largest space, the middle cabin, holds only eleven people, and they're spread out.

"Judging by the Sky Clipper's structural diagram, the middle cabin is made up of many small separated rooms. The people having individual rooms on this private ship should be those sniffers."

After briefly stating what he "saw," Leon began to arrange the actions, "A bit further ahead should be the Sky Clipper's utility cabin. Next, use our spatial ability to tuck this unconscious sniffer into the utility cabin and lock it up.

"Then we'll go along the corridor ahead, directly into the control zone of the front cabin, and shut all the airtight valves between the cabins to prevent the guards responsible for escort from the rear cabin from coming out. Finally, we go back to the middle cabin to find the remaining sniffers and thoroughly alter their memories... Any questions?"

"No."

"Simple!"

If it were about campaigning or election speeches, the unruly rebels might struggle. But for infiltration, destruction, and attacking targets, these veteran "criminals" were nothing but skilled experts.

As Leon finished speaking, except for Lucy and Phoebe, who were only responsible for modifying memories, the rest silently filed in, deftly moving towards the front cabin. Their footsteps were as quiet as cats.

Immediately, in Leon's soul vision, before the souls of the rebels even reached the control zone, not twenty seconds had passed before the five operators lost consciousness, and the airtight valves between the Sky Clipper's cabins were decisively shut.

This infiltration skill level was vastly superior to his own.

Having marveled at the rebels' efficiency, Leon waited for the team who returned from the front cabin to take their positions. Then he led Lucy and her sister into the Sky Clipper's middle cabin, just as the alerted sniffers emerged from their rooms, only to be consecutively assailed by the [Holy Spirit Pendant]'s psychic impact, rolling their eyes as they fell unconscious.

This operation was executed... smoothly like flowing water~

From jumping in until now it had been less than a minute, yet the entire cabin stretch of over 120 meters of the Sky Clipper was under control. All key targets were successfully knocked out, prompting Leon to nod in satisfaction. While Lucy and Phoebe altered memories, he led the group into the sniffers' rooms to retrieve their sniffing records.

...

[ID: 941001]

[Location: Laine County and Northern Merino County, Hesperito Volcano Cluster, Ash Spine Ravine]

[Target: Crustal heat source exploration]

[Responsible Person: Isaac Asimov]

[Geological Situation: Mainly composed of Basalt and Andesite, mining is quite difficult...]

[...]

[Quality Analysis: A-, Highly challenging to process, requiring the construction of an S-rated giant mining facility and all associated infrastructure...]

[Estimated Reserve: SS+, With no significant geological changes, the crustal energy can provide nearly permanent energy output, with a total duration expected to exceed 300 years....]

[Value Assessment: Common cooperative extraction is rated as B+ level, extreme special extraction as S-
.

"However, undertaking extreme extraction actions can meet over 80% of current energy needs, but will cause devastating impact over 12,000 square kilometers of environment, and the cloud of ash mixed with volcanic dust, would disperse westward with ocean monsoon, causing years of acid rain... The cost is too high, recommendation: abandon..."

Crustal heat source point, volcano... this must be the report.

Amid the heap of sniffer reports, having successfully found his target, Leon couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. He rubbed his cuff slightly, took out a small bottle, unscrewed it, and poured its contents onto the report.

Chapter 330: Task completed?_2

"Splat!"

With a sound that seemed somewhat sticky, a black-and-white worm-like creature fell onto the report, rolling over lazily as if it hadn't fully awakened.

[Name: Word-Eating Worm Progeny (Knowledge, Simulation)]

[Appearance: A worm with a finger-sized girth and abnormal color rings. Its hue adjusts automatically according to the paper's base color and the text color. The lower part of its body has numerous strange organs resembling octopus suckers.

These small suckers are actually its mouth. Any text that falls upon the paper gets erased as it crawls over.]

[Ability: Extracts text and outputs simulation]

[Cost: After enlisting its help, you need to write a creative, knowledgeable, or interesting piece as a reward. Beware, it is quite picky.]

[File: A progeny split from the God Tier Word-Eating Worm, it is one of the "tools" distributed by the Purification Bureau to each director-level member.

Primarily responsible for consuming confidential documents generated after cleanup tasks to prevent them from being glimpsed by Outer Gods seeking to exploit their authority. It also aids in modifying certain documents to ease the workload of directors.

This larva was allocated seven years ago to Olivia, director of the Purification Bureau's Virgin Branch. During this time, it consumed 617 confidential documents and 215,307 text labels on alcoholic beverage bottles. It is now temporarily lent to Leon Laine, a Level Three incident handler at the Virgin Branch.]

[Evaluation: An interesting little insect. After consuming so many liquor labels in Olivia's office, it showed a keen interest in the taste of alcohol. Once it finishes modifying the document, you might want to treat it to a bit of whiskey, just a bottle cap's worth.]

[Contamination Value: 0.1]

Eat, eat! As long as you can change this report, I won't just give you a bottle cap of whiskey, I'll offer you a whole barrel!

After Leon prodded it awake with his finger, the black-and-white rings of the [Word-Eating Worm Progeny] stretched lazily and began to crawl slowly over the investigative report in Leon's hand.

As it moved across the paper grids, line by line, the text on the entire report was consumed. Once it had eaten enough, the [Word-Eating Worm Progeny] turned around and, retracing its steps, "pulled" the consumed text back line by line.

Indeed, it pulled them back.

Piece by piece, content drastically different but in handwriting identical to the original, emerged from the pin-sized "*" of the [Word-Eating Worm Progeny] and naturally blended into the paper, as if they'd been written that way from the start. Even the original author would be unable to distinguish truth from falsehood.

[ID: 941001]

[Location: Laine County and Northern Merino County...]

[Target: Geothermal Source Investigation]

[...]

[Quality Analysis: D+, processing difficulty is significant. Requires the construction of a giant mining facility rated S, along with all related amenities. However, the energy impurities are extensive, requiring repeated purification before use...]

[Reserve Estimation: S-. Absent significant geological changes, the crustal energy could sustain a semi-permanent energy output, but the area's geological activity is frequent, so the estimated viable extraction years are low...]

[Value Assessment: Common cooperative extraction grades as C-, extreme special extraction as B-.

The advantage lies in the enormous reserves, capable of semi-permanent supply without geological changes. However, the cost of large-scale extraction is exorbitant and could cause a catastrophic impact on the environment within 12,000 square kilometers, potentially inciting high-intensity warfare... The profits do not match the expenses... Recommendation: Abandon...]

Not bad at all. Despite the somewhat disgusting method of alteration, *this little liquor worm's prowess is truly impressive. It looks genuine.*

After inspecting the document, skillfully altered with no obvious flaws, Leon couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. He then took out the first three chapters of a hastily scribbled "The Duke Fell in Love with Me" from last night and handed it to the Word-Eating Worm, looking up at him for a reward.

Well done, eat up, eat up; there's more if you want!

...

"Boss."

Just as Leon curiously watched the [Word-Eating Worm Progeny], wondering what reaction it might have after consuming "The Duke Fell in Love with Me," a plump, middle-aged rebel squeezed in through the door, cheerfully reporting:

"Lucy has already finished over there. The relevant personnel's memories have been completely modified. If you've wrapped up here, we can make our withdrawal."

"Great!"

Hearing that Lucy had completed her task, Leon couldn't help but brighten. He tossed the Word-Eating Worm, feasting on "The Duke," into the Mirror World, instructing the Black Goat to grant it another bottle of whiskey. He then exited the investigator's room.

"Let's do one last check, make sure there's nothing missed, and erase all traces of our presence. Leave no trace if possible..."

After instructing everyone to conduct a final review, Leon habitually fiddled with his cufflinks and used the Black Goat's soul vision to survey the surroundings.

"Wait!"

Spotting the soul by the entrance of the Secret Port, with its unmistakably familiar scent, Leon was taken aback.

Nathan... no! Is that Joshua, now middle-aged, returned from the [Gate of the Other World]? Wasn't he taken away by the Aquarius Director? How did he end up at the Boarding Tower?

"What's wrong?"

The rebels, noticing Leon's uneasy expression, also tensed up, as the plump middle-aged man couldn't help but inquire: