

I! Cleaner 44

Chapter 44 Tactical Formation 1.0_1

After sincerely giving a thumbs up to the Black Goat, Leon silently calculated its situation and discovered that its reputation as a Great Demon wasn't just talk.

At present, the Black Goat, or rather the revival degree of "Demon Horn," was only at five percent, yet its Contamination Value was already 0.4.

When the revival progress of "Demon Horn" reached one hundred percent, its Contamination Value could likely reach 8, one point stronger than the Red-haired Director's "Love Without Memory."

And if all seven Anomalous Objects could be gathered to form a complete "Demon Set," that would be seven times eight, totaling 56 points of Contamination Value!

Even with just 7 points of Contamination Value, "Love Without Memory" could block the memory of tens of thousands of people in one go. How powerful would the "Demon Set," with a total Contamination Value of 56, be?

"If I get the chance, I'll try to find it."

Leon wasn't sure if it was a promise to the Black Goat or a reminder to himself. After noting the matter of searching for the "Demon Set" in his heart, he looked at the time and waved his hand to end the conversation.

Next, he took out a shopping bag from Charl Department Store, which he got when buying Gotth cigarettes, and skillfully packed the Black Goat into it. Then, he picked up the broom floating beside him, tentatively grasped the broomstick with both hands, and swung his leg over it.

"Whoosh!"

Accompanied by a barely discernible whisper of airflow, Leon's rear didn't fall onto the hard broom handle but instead touched a layer of invisible airflow, gently lifting him up. At the same time, a hazy air barrier quietly formed about twenty or thirty centimeters outside his body.

At this moment, Leon had a faint feeling that this air barrier seemed to be an extension of his own will, capable of changing shape with his thoughts. Besides blocking airflow during flight, it probably had other functions, like...

"Boom!"

A short and quick airflow explosion sounded as Leon consciously manipulated it. The originally smooth-operating airflow shield trembled slightly, and suddenly "exploded" outward. A chaotic storm instantly ravaged the small office, sending everything that could be blown around flying into chaos.

Seeing the effect of the airflow explosion, Leon couldn't help but nod satisfied.

Flight, shield protection, a small amount of airflow manipulation...

The Badge's Evaluation wasn't wrong. The Director did indeed help him acquire an extremely practical Anomalous Object. If he added the goat head's early warning, his survival ability was nearly maxed out.

In future missions, if I encounter danger, I could obscure the opponent's face with an airflow blast, then immediately flip onto the broom and escape under the shield of the airflow. I might even counterattack from high altitude.

Not afraid of difficult targeting in high-altitude maneuvers, *as long as I fly high enough, relying on the hit rate increase provided by the "Materialist Soul," I could just chip away bit by bit, eventually hitting something.*

With the destructive power of the Nail Gun, unless the target was someone with reinforced flesh capabilities, getting hit would likely mean game over.

Although this variant of kite-flying tactics sounds oddly sneaky, even a bit cheap, I don't possess Senior Emma's undying body. If I can safely use long-range kite tactics, why would I deliberately engage in close combat?

After pondering it with a simple brainstorm and confirming the primary tactics for the foreseeable future, Leon resisted the impulse to take a flight and tied the shopping bag with the goat head to the broomstick.

Next, he found a long strip of cloth to wrap up the Witch's Broom, "carried" the bundled broom out of the Purification Bureau at a brisk pace, heading towards the Old Town pier according to the day's planned itinerary.

...

As the largest of the six hydraulic companies in the Capital City, supplying water to the urban area was only one of Charl Power Company's operations. They also manufactured gas storage tanks using hydraulic power, partnered with the Department of Agriculture on irrigation and water diversion projects, assisted the Department of Road Administration with flood protection, drainage, and river dredging construction, and even maintained sewage pipes and drainage rivers, among many other things.

This enterprise, funded by Charl Department Store and invested in by numerous ennobled old aristocrats, worked closely with several municipal power departments of the Kingdom, far exceeding the concept of an ordinary company, even taking on some municipal functions, making it a veritable giant corporation.

A company of this scale naturally wouldn't be randomly built in remote wilderness, but rather on a small plain upstream of the Bunk River, occupying one of the two most open and conveniently accessible locations, complete with its own exclusive wharf and ferry.

As one of the three main rivers running through the Capital City, the Bunk River served as the city's major water source and its most vital transport waterway. Numerous docks, ferries, and warehouses lined the banks of the river, with steamships carrying large chimneys traveling back and forth incessantly upon its surface.

These industrial era mechanical behemoths devoured massive amounts of coal and whale oil daily, while spewing rolling white smoke filled with acidic air from their chimneys, transporting goods and passengers until late into the night before resting...

After forking out an expensive three Copper Wheel fare for the boat ticket, Leon, broom and goat head in tow, bent down and drilled into the bottom deck of a three-story passenger ship. He stood in the budget cabin filled with the stench of sweat and must, illuminated by a single dim steam lamp for over an hour before finally disembarking at Charl Power Company's exclusive dock.

"You really are... we've never seen anyone as stingy as you!"

Leaving the crowded dock, after the number of surrounding pedestrians slightly reduced, the Black Goat, overwhelmed by dizziness, couldn't help but complain,

"Damned stench! The guy with smelly feet next to you even took off his shoes! Dammit! Our nose is now filled with a rancid odor!

I beg you, really, the lower deck stinks to high heaven! When you return after the investigation, could you maybe sit a bit higher up?"

"Sitting higher up is too expensive."

"Expensive my ass!"

Seeing Leon still so incorrigible, the Black Goat couldn't help but rage,

"We're not asking you to sit in the first-class cabin that costs a Silver Wheel! We're asking you to sit in the mid-level standard cabin! The standard cabin ticket is only five Copper Wheels!

Think about it! Just by spending an extra two Copper Wheels, you'll not only get a place to sit, but also ventilation. Isn't that better than being marinated in the lower deck, that canned sardine can?"

"..."

Listening to the Black Goat's question, Leon sniffed the rancid smell that attacked his own nose and hesitated for a moment. But after recalling the coffee stall owner with the same name as Charl Company and the warm coffee from the inside out that morning, he ultimately shook his head.

"Forget it, smelly is just smelly. Two Copper Wheels can feed me breakfast for two days, and I can even add a slice of fried ham."

"Screw you! You're just like the ham! Eat, eat, eat! Eat till you're dead, huh?!"

Seeing Leon determined, intent on taking that damn lower deck on the way back, the Black Goat could only sniff the ever-present stench in its nose hard, then vow despairingly,

"Damned it! Just wait till I get my power back!

When that time comes, I'm gonna guard this stinking river, capsizing a boat every time one passes and slaughter all those bastards who take off their shoes in the cabin!"