

I! Cleaner 591

Chapter 591: Pull and Discovery

"But..."

Looking at the anxious, disheveled man before him, Leon "hesitated" for a moment, then said helplessly:

"Forget it, we don't have any other choice now, we can only trust you this once..."

But let's be clear, our original goal was just to complete the investigation and ascertain the state of the Crolock royal family, we didn't plan on harming you. But if you alert anyone, don't blame us!"

"I assure you I won't! I swear it!"

Seeing that Leon and his companion were still hesitant to trust him even after he chose to "voluntarily surrender," the last bit of doubt in the disheveled man's heart was dispelled, and after swearing an oath, he urgently asked:

"What exactly happened to the royal family? Is His Majesty truly dead?"

"About ninety percent dead."

Leon sighed and said:

"From the information we've gathered so far, the whole Crolock royal family is down to two living people. Almost all the members with royal blood have had their brains extracted by Prince Andre, turned into Atifie subjects."

What?!!!

Upon hearing the "truth" Leon revealed, the disheveled man seemed struck by lightning, eyes wide with shock, he said:

"Prince Andre... how... how can this be? It's absurd, I... I don't believe it!"

"To be honest, we don't believe it either."

Leon said with a look of frustration:

"I understand your feelings; we couldn't believe it when we first heard this news either, but the source is quite reliable. That's why we thought of using you to sneak into Research Area 1 to see if we could verify this information."

"This..."

Seeing Leon's furrowed brows and troubled expression, the disheveled man couldn't help but clench his fists and fall into hesitation as well.

People can be so contradictory; if Leon had revealed the truth upon meeting him, stating that the Crolock royal family was in trouble and hoping for his help, he would likely have been met with suspicion and guardedness, perhaps even betraying them.

But by being secretive and making him ask for clarity, while showing an attitude of non-belief but having to take the risk due to duty, the eager-to-know disheveled man would subconsciously find the information highly credible.

After hesitating for a while, the disheveled man, who initially insisted on not cooperating, couldn't help but grit his teeth, lower his voice and say:

"Where did you get your information?"

"Hmm? Why are you asking that?"

Upon hearing his inquiry, Leon squinted his eyes, adopting a "wary" posture, and questioned intently:

"Do you know something?"

"I..."

"I knew you were suspicious!"

Leon slightly cooled his expression, full of doubt as he said:

"Even though you're kidnapped by us, you're not worried about your own safety and actually took the initiative to talk! Moreover, you're asking about such crucial information... Speak! What relationship do you have with Prince Andre?"

"You misunderstand me!"

Seeing Leon starting to suspect him, the disheveled man hurriedly said:

"I really have nothing to do with Andre! I'm with King Fein!"

"That's just your word! How am I to know if it's true?"

"I..."

Feeling frustrated by Leon's "suspicions," the disheveled man scratched his head for a while, then suddenly lit up, reached into his chest, and took out a pocket watch, opening the lid as he handed it over.

"Look! This is a picture of me and King Fein! Taken when we graduated from the Second Metal Academy, I've carried it with me all these years!"

"..."

After inspecting the pocket watch and seeing two young men standing side by side, smiling brightly in the photo inside the lid, Leon looked up with some doubt and asked:

"Is this picture of you?"

"It's me!"

"Really?"

"Yes! I was very thin back then!"

"Alright... Although the photo doesn't prove much, I can reluctantly trust you this time."

Handing back the closed pocket watch, Leon somewhat "reluctantly" explained:

"Our source is Princess Feiliya, the last survivor of the entire Crolock royal family, apart from the criminal Prince Andre."

"..."

Princess Feiliya?

After hearing Leon's words, the disheveled man's expression was momentarily stunned, then his pupils suddenly dilated, and the muscles on both sides of his face involuntarily twitched a couple of times before he forced himself to appear calm and said:

"I see... then it definitely needs proper verification..."

Hmm? Is he starting to suspect me again?

Seeing the once again swirling, muddled representation of distrust in the disheveled man's soul, Leon raised an eyebrow and straightforwardly questioned:

"What about Princess Feiliya? Why did your expression turn so odd upon hearing her name?"

"I..."

Not expecting his hesitance to be detected so quickly, the disheveled man's heart skipped a beat, forcing himself to stay steady, he said:

"It's nothing, really... it's just that... I haven't met Princess Feiliya many times... so..."

"You're lying!"

Leon interrupted the disheveled man's words without hesitation and, fixing his intense gaze on his face, fervently pressured:

"What's wrong with Feiliya? You better explain clearly!"

"This..."

"Mr. Bell, we're Clean-up Bureau cleaners; if you're truly a friend of King Fein's, you might have heard him mention us."

After briefly explaining the cleaners' work, Leon fixed a cold gaze on the disheveled man and coldly said:

"Under normal circumstances, we don't attack ordinary people, but yesterday, three of our companions were blown up and two more got captured while protecting the royal family of Crolock, and there's been no news since."

So now, our emotions aren't very stable, and it's hard to guarantee we won't vent on others. You'd better cooperate with our investigation and tell us everything, or don't blame us for using force."

"..."

Feeling a chill run down his spine under Leon's cold stare, the disheveled man shivered slightly.

Stealing a glance at the nearby somber-looking Atifie, who seemed to have genuinely lost a companion, considering that these two self-proclaimed cleaners were apparently not enemies of the royal family, the disheveled man gritted his teeth and hesitantly said:

"It's not that I don't want to be frank, but... Feiliya died more than ten years ago, how could she be any kind of 'survivor'?"

???

Feiliya died more than ten years ago?

Upon hearing the answer from the disheveled man, it was now Leon and his partner's turn to be taken aback.

The emerald-eyed girl's body was intact, soul robust, full of life with no sign of the dead's aura, so Leon never considered this possibility, yet...

After observing the disheveled man's soul and confirming he was telling the truth... at least what he believed to be the truth, Leon furrowed his brow and said:

"Are you sure? Could it be that King Fein deceived you, thinking your friendship wasn't that deep, so he didn't tell you the real story?"

"Impossible!"

Seeing Leon question his friendship with the old king, the disheveled man couldn't help but exclaim angrily:

"I met that child! She suddenly fell ill with a brain disease on her twelfth birthday and died not long after.

Fein adored this daughter, and when Feiliya died, he left the palace without a single guard, came to my home to cry for a long time. This definitely wasn't a lie!"

Chapter 592: The Truth?

Twelfth birthday... sudden brain disease?

It seemed as if something had been captured vaguely, but it was still a layer of paper away, and Leon couldn't quite pierce through it. He had to note down the information, then frowned and said:

"But we did indeed kidnap— help Princess Feiliya, to free her from Prince Andre's control.

After we saved her, she told us that the entire royal family of the Crolock Kingdom had been killed by Prince Andre, their brains extracted and made into Atifie sub-bodies. I even managed to get one."

At this point, Leon wiped his cuff link and took out Atifie-128, then used The Cutting Silver Dagger to slice open its casing, slightly opening a small hole, revealing the brain inside wrapped in transparent gel.

"Look."

Handing Atifie-128 over for the scruffy man to examine its contents, Leon continued:

"After learning about the royal family's situation, I immediately cut open this sub-body and checked inside. I discovered there really was a living brain inside, and this brain did indeed belong to the Crolock royal family."

While speaking, Leon endured his disgust, cutting open the brain encased in gel, revealing its structure which was obviously different from an ordinary person's.

"Although I don't understand brain structure, according to her, the brains of the Crolock royal family are different from ordinary people. These areas are unusually developed, several times more so than an average person's."

Pointing with the tip of his dagger at those special areas in the brain, allowing the scruffy man to recognize them, Leon rejoined the cut with his fingers, wiping away the cut marks, and restored Atifie-128 to its original state, frowning as he said:

"In addition, to help Feiliya escape control, I also temporarily cut open her brain to extract the implanted information fragment, and the internal structure of her brain did indeed resemble this one."

So whether the information is true or false, she is a member of the Crolock royal family, plus the brain inside Atifie-128 is evidence, I believe her information is highly credible."

"But... but she's really dead!"

Upon seeing the "evidence" Leon provided, the scruffy man who had just insisted his information was absolutely correct was momentarily bewildered, murmuring with a blank look:

"Could it be... she was brought back to life later? But if she were resurrected, why didn't Fein tell me? And why hasn't that child appeared again..."

Brought back to life... that child...

Hearing this, it was as if a wall blocking the way had been toppled, and Leon finally grasped that elusive inspiration, urgently asking:

"Mr. Bell, I ask you, what is the relationship between Prince Andre and Princess Feiliya?"

"They are both children of the Queen, so their relationship is naturally good. Andre is a bit older, and always took good care of his sister, and while Feiliya was alive, she was very attached to him."

"I see... then, in your 1st research district, is there any technology that can resurrect people?"

"How could that be..."

Hearing Leon's words, the scruffy man said speechlessly:

"Science can't achieve everything. Even if you could replicate a body, what about the soul? Even the 1st research district has very limited knowledge about souls... uh... wait!"

At this point, he seemed to suddenly think of something, and the scruffy man hissed, his cheeks twitching slightly as he said:

"Although our 1st district doesn't have resurrection technology, we do have a way to create bodies. Just last month, we made a breakthrough, creating dozens of 'Empty Shell' Persons without souls but that are alive..."

'Empty shell' people without souls... that fits!

With a vague hypothesis, Leon pondered briefly, then continued to ask:

"Mr. Bell, when was Atifie created? Does it overlap with the time Feiliya suddenly fell ill?"

"?!!!"

Upon hearing Leon's question, the scruffy man was momentarily stunned, and once he realized what Leon was suspecting, his face flushed with anger.

"Don't talk nonsense! Atifie has been around for a long time!"

Even when Fein's twin sister was still alive, the 1st research district already had the prototype of similar technology. Although it wasn't as advanced as now, the intelligence was already at the same level as a human. Now Atifie-01 is just a second-generation improvement!"

"Alright."

Leon nodded at these words, his gaze burning as he said:

"Then when was the improved Atifie-01 created? Does it coincide with the time of Feiliya's death from brain illness?"

"..."

"Mr. Bell?"

"In terms of timing... it's quite close... About a week after Feiliya died from a brain disease, the Atifie-01 project, which was at a standstill... made a breakthrough..."

Realizing the truth of the matter, it seemed as if it really could be as Leon suspected, the scruffy man opened his mouth and said weakly:

"But it shouldn't be like this, Fein... he was very fond of Feiliya, and he was genuinely distraught that day, so... so I think..."

"Mr. Bell, sometimes people even deceive themselves."

Leon thought for a moment, then said:

"Under pressure, some people make decisions they don't agree with, and to avoid being alienated by those around them, they choose to conceal the truth. Their tears may be real, but it's hard to say what they're truly crying for."

Besides, you can also see it in a positive light. The truth might not be so cruel; it's possible that Feiliya really suffered an acute illness, and to keep his daughter, King Fein chose to do so."

"But... if that's the case..."

"Mr. Bell, we currently lack information; everything is speculation. But some things can almost be confirmed."

Interrupting the scruffy man, amidst his conflicted expression of uncertainty, Leon hinted:

"Years ago, for some reason, the young Princess Feiliya died, and her brain was extracted, becoming the core of Atifie-01 like these sub-bodies.

And years later, for some reason, Prince Andre killed all the royal family members, extracting their brains and making them into Atifie sub-bodies, giving them the same fate as his sister.

After doing all this, he used your 1st research district's technology to recreate a Princess Feiliya, gave her the status of a princess, arranged for a princess-level guard, as though trying to make up for something, truly treating her as his sister."

"..."

"Mr. Bell."

Glancing at the silent scruffy man, Leon said:

"In my personal judgment, the massacre that occurred in the Crolock royal family is likely a revenge from the older brother."

Chapter 593: Another Ally?

Indeed...

The shabby man heard this and couldn't help but lower his head, his eyes becoming increasingly complex.

Andre, when he was a child, was a very lively and cheerful kid, but after Feiliya died, he became more and more silent, and more reclusive, rarely stepping outside.

Fein's temper also gradually became odd, and after the death of the Prince, he became even more irritable and prone to anger, distancing himself from this friend, even speaking harshly, and all these changes seemed to have started from Feiliya's death due to her brain illness.

If Feiliya didn't die from her brain illness, but was... then all the inexplicable parts seem like they can be explained clearly.

Andre's motive for massacring the royal family was to avenge his murdered sister, and the person who made the decision at the time to allow Feiliya to be killed could only be the King, Fein...

"Mr. Bell."

Glancing at the shabby man with a pained expression, Leon comforted him:

"All of this now is still just our speculation, the situation may not be so extreme, and whether we can find out what happened back then depends on whether you can take us into Research Area 1."

"I'll do it."

Hearing Leon's words, the shabby man, coming to his senses, first clenched his fist, then actively asked:

"What were you planning to do originally? Directly control me and then follow all the way?"

"Yes."

"Then you wouldn't even get past the first checkpoint."

After giving his judgment, the shabby man said seriously:

"Even if you have a way to make others not see you, most of Area 1's core is underground, and the shaft leading underground can only enter one person at a time, and there is only one position, it's impossible to squeeze in even if forced.

Even if you have a way to enter underground and break the integrally cast inner wall, there is still a series of different detection methods in the entire Area 1, as long as one is triggered, the alarm will immediately sound, and each area will immediately self-seal, split into more than twenty small areas and then move.

"I see..."

Upon hearing this, Leon raised his brows slightly, then politely inquired:

"Then, in your opinion, what should we do?"

"In my opinion, you might as well give up entering Area 1 completely."

The shabby man said:

"You Cleaners have many special abilities, some of which even miraculously contradict the laws of science, but the detection methods in Research Area 1 are staggering, heat, smell, magnetic field, abnormal fluctuations, brain signals... just more than twenty kinds that I know of.

And because there was an incident of a previous Cleaner infiltration, there are now some techniques specifically targeting people like you, no matter what strange abilities you have, if you don't hide in another layer of space and need to physically enter Area 1, there will always be moments where you can't hide.

And the positions of these detection instruments are not completely fixed either, they are moved periodically with specially assigned personnel for supervision, and if any suspected damage or signal disconnection occurs, it will likewise call for an investigation."

Isn't it... although I know how important Area 1 is, isn't this too much defense, don't you guys find it troublesome?

After blinking speechlessly, Leon couldn't help but ask:

"Can I ask, what exactly did that Cleaner do when infiltrating Area 1 back then to make you defend so tightly?"

"That Cleaner..."

Hearing Leon's question, the shabby man's mouth twitched slightly, then he said with an odd expression:

"It was about thirty years ago, that person heard that Area 1 had research on body regeneration, so they directly broke in and kidnapped forty scholars of level three or above, demanding that we resurrect his dog, and if we couldn't, he would burn all our research data..."

"..."

What a character...

Although knowing this wasn't the time to ask about this matter, Leon couldn't help but ask upon hearing such an absurd situation:

"And then? Did you guys resurrect his dog?"

"It's because we didn't succeed that we're on such high alert now, afraid someone else might break in!"

The shabby man said with a face full of grievance:

"To send that person off, we tossed around for two weeks, even managing to create a similar dog, restoring even the missing tail tip.

But that person still wasn't satisfied, made a huge fuss, although in the end, they didn't actually destroy the data, they made quite a scene, causing the scholars who were tied up considerable trouble, and only then were they dragged off by your Clean-up Bureau people."

Oh dear...

Hearing about the outrageous actions of a past Cleaner, Leon clicked his tongue, finding it hard to hold steady for a while.

Never thought, the ruckus caused by a Cleaner thirty years ago would cause me to struggle so much thirty years later, it's really a case of 'the predecessors chop the trees, and the successors suffer under the sun.'

And after that predecessor's havoc, the current Research Area 1 learns from the past and directly maxes out the preventive measures, relying on just a Secret Tail, it may really not be enough to sneak in...

Frowning in thought for a while, Leon glanced at the shabby man, then said thoughtfully:

"Then Mr. Bell, if Research Area 1 is hard to enter, then according to your idea..."

"My idea is, if you need any information, I'll check it out for you!"

The shabby man clenched his fists, with a determined face he proposed:

"No matter what exactly happened back then, Fein is my friend, if he really might have been killed, then I have to find out the truth!"

"You better think it through."

After glancing at the shabby man, Leon reminded:

"Mr. Bell, this matter is very dangerous, if you get discovered while investigating and we're not around you, we won't have a way to protect you."

"It's fine, I'm not afraid of death!"

The shabby man clenched his teeth, as if out of extreme nervousness, beads of sweat appeared on his graying temples, but he still firmly said:

"If it weren't for Fein pulling me up back then, I would have been just a poor student all my life, never having a chance to realize my ambitions, if I end up in trouble for helping you investigate, then that'll be my way of repaying his favor!"

"Alright."

Seeing the shabby man insisting repeatedly, Leon had no choice but to sigh and agree to his proposal, then gestured to Alger to remove the strings in the shabby man's body, then said with slight admiration:

"Mr. Bell, for the next three days, we'll be hiding at the embassy in Administrative Area 3, if you find anything, you can find us there."

"Okay!"

As the shabby man nodded vigorously, the hovercar approaching its destination began to decelerate, he then expressionlessly got off the hovercar, and under the watchful eyes of Leon and the other, he entered the shaft leading to Research Area 1.

"Ding..."

Accompanied by the sound of the passage bell, the single-person passage in front of the shabby man opened, he steadfastly stepped inside, then rolled his eyes and collapsed onto the ground with a thud.

Meanwhile, on the control desk in the central hall of Research Area 1, a small red light quietly lit up, flashing for several beats in a specific rhythm, and the operator at the control desk, who had been watching the indicator light closely, stood up with a start.

"Brain activity of Receptor Code 9 is abnormal, possibly in close contact with the target!"

Chapter 594: Dead End

"The memory decoding has just been completely finished. We confirm it's the target."

After notifying Prince Andre across from her, a woman who resembled Feiliya but looked much more mature took a sip of coffee and then praised with a smile:

"Dear Andre, can you tell your auntie how you thought the target might contact the scholar in Zone 1?"

"That's not important."

After glancing at her face, Prince Andre frowned and said:

"Hurry up with your work. It's been almost ten hours since they contacted the target. They should have returned to Administrative Zone 3 by now. What you need to do is capture them and bring Feiliya back to me, not leisurely drink coffee here!"

"So unlovable..."

Atifei-00 shook her head and said helplessly:

"I haven't had coffee in nearly thirty years. Could you let your auntie rest a bit?"

Moreover, this flesh creation technology is quite good. When I modified my soul back then, I thought I would stay in cold machines for the rest of my life. I didn't expect to have a body again one day.

Hmm... It's just a pity that this body's tongue isn't great; it's too sensitive to bitterness and sweetness, not as accustomed to coffee as my original one. But considering this body was modified from Feiliya's spare body, a child's tongue being a bit sensitive isn't much of a problem."

"Why do you talk so much nonsense?"

Prince Andre said impatiently:

"Get to work! I'm not interested in chatting with you!"

"I'm working, I'm working."

After pouting slightly, Atifei-00 put down the coffee cup, crossed her arms with dissatisfaction and said:

"Andre, aren't you being a bit disrespectful to me?"

Although you're holding the Scepter of Time Division, and I can't disobey your orders, as the developer of soul encoding, I still have the ability to exploit some rules and cause you trouble.

If you keep treating me like this, and I accidentally make a noise during the capture operation, letting the person who took your sister run away, don't blame your auntie for being negligent, okay~"

"..."

This damn troublesome woman! She's even more annoying than when she was alive!

Faced with the threat from Atifei-00, knowing she has the ability, Prince Andre just clicked his tongue, replied impatiently:

"Fine, I'll pay attention in the future."

"Don't say 'in the future,' make it right now."

Having gained the upper hand in the aunt-nephew battle for the first time, Atifei-00 seemed in a great mood, put down her coffee cup, and said with a smile:

"Come, chat with your auntie first, tell me how you guessed the target would contact the scholar in Zone 1?"

"You better not overdo it!"

"Rest assured, rest assured, your auntie is indeed working."

Raising her hand to tap her forehead with a fingertip, Atifei-00 smiled and said:

"The moment I received the news, I mobilized the army using an info chip to surround the embassy in Administrative Zone 3; there should already be a search underway.

Besides, I also increased the adrenaline sprays in Zone 3, activated the force field stones to disperse the abnormal object's power, redirected the ruler sensing special human magnetic fields, and analysis instruments for abnormal object fluctuations, all to ensure your mission proceeds smoothly.

Hmm... But that's on the condition you behave and chat a bit with your poor auntie, who was confined for years by you; otherwise, who knows what the outcome may be~"

"..."

Damn it! Once Feiliya is found, I'll lock you back up! This time, until I die!

Annoyed by Atifei-00 yet not wanting her to act rashly, Andre could only frown and explain:

"I contacted Leon who kidnapped Feiliya, and to me, he's someone with strong purposes, usually wouldn't do meaningless things.

With no connection to Scorpio's branch chief, if he didn't quickly escape or hide, but immediately attacked Administrative Zone 3 and kidnapped the foreign minister, it proves there must be something he wants in Zone 3, and that whatever it is could solve his problems.

So I checked the foreign minister's reception record, found that during his meeting, he particularly inquired about long-distance communication technology and showed great interest in the scholar who invented it.

Connecting these dots, I judged he might have targeted a scholar, intending to use that scholar to enter Zone 1 and find the main body of Atifei-01, thereby dismantling my control over the Kingdom."

"Makes sense~"

Atifei-00 nodded, then blinked and said:

"Because the palace was sealed off by you, he couldn't find it short-term, so you judged his target could only be the research Zone 1. Thus you ordered me to halt the investigation and use soul encoding technology to rewrite scholars who might contact him, ensuring his whereabouts, correct?

Tch, your child may not be brainy enough to be Atifie's core, but your brain is quite useful and you have a good eye for people, not bad."

"Are you satisfied?"

Receiving Atifei-00's praise, Prince Andre's face showed no hint of joy, but instead appeared increasingly impatient, cold-faced he said:

"If you're satisfied, then work properly, and tell me the progress in Zone 3. Has the target's location been found?"

"No."

Atifei-00 sighed and then shrugged with a helpless expression:

"The instruments I sent have scanned the entire embassy area three times but failed to find anyone resembling the target. You seem to be chasing empty air~"

"???"

...

Looks like going to Research Zone 1 is truly out of the question.

Standing on the rooftop of a high building, gazing at the tightly surrounded embassy, Leon couldn't help sighing, relieved for his foresight.

Behind him, Alger, observing soldiers holding various strange instruments rapidly breaking and searching everywhere, nervously said:

"To mobilize so many people and things, it must take seven or eight hours at least, right? Did Mr. Bell get exposed so quickly?"

Leon shook his head and said:

"Doesn't feel like exposure, rather more like a trap set for us."

Alger hesitantly said:

"But Mr. Bell was quite normal, and didn't you say his soul showed no signs of lying?"

"He really didn't lie, but that doesn't prove his soul isn't flawed."

Leon sighed and said:

"Mr. Bell's soul is somewhat similar to Feiliya's, carrying a peculiar precision. It's just that in his soul, this feeling is faint, less than one percent of Feiliya's, so I didn't notice at first.

But out of curiosity, I asked more about thirty years ago, and he seemed not clear on what expression to show when recounting such 'crazy' behavior, his soul slightly 'stuttered,' otherwise, I might have been deceived too."

Chapter 595: Trust the Professionals

So is Mr. Bell in trouble too? Were we almost caught?

After listening to Leon's words, Alger couldn't help but feel a chill down his spine, with a vague sense of being cornered.

The abnormal objects of the cleaners are powerful, but not all cleaners possess the ability to single-handedly defeat a thousand foes. Most cleaners' beings remain human, and they bleed and get injured just the same.

Cleaners like me, who lack group attack capabilities, once surrounded by a well-organized army and subjected to hot weapon collective fire or even powerful artillery bombardment, might hold out a little longer, but in the end, death would be inevitable.

In terms of hot weapon skills, if the Crolock Kingdom claims second place, no one in the world dares to claim first. My abilities, which lean more towards "support," really struggle in this country...

"Mr. Leon."

Looking at the fiery hot 3rd administrative district in the distance, Alger hesitantly asked:

"What should we do next? Should we continue the investigation in the 1st district?"

Upon hearing this, Leon glanced at him and shook his head, saying:

"No need, we've learned almost everything we need to investigate."

"Huh?"

"For us, there are only two pieces of crucial information in the 1st district."

Leon raised a finger and said:

"The first important piece of information is the exact location of Atifei-01.

Although we haven't entered the core area, I roamed around the outskirts and memorized the soul waves of about 50 people, making it much easier to find the 1st district in the future.

And by locking onto the location of the 1st Research District, we've essentially locked onto the general position of Atifei-01. Our goal is to destroy it, not take it, so knowing the general location is already sufficient.

As for the second piece of information, it's confirming who our enemy is.

Although Mr. Bell probably has issues, to gain our trust, the information he provided might not be false. The central "component" of Atifei-01 is most likely the brain of the former Princess Feiliya.

If that's the case, we can almost confirm that it was indeed Prince Andre who slaughtered the royal family; he's the only one capable of ambushing Nicole and Director Andre. We can set our target on him."

"But there's still a lot of other things we haven't figured out?"

Alger asked somewhat confusedly:

"Like the truth behind those events, why King Fein needed Atifei-01 so much, even at the cost of sacrificing his daughter, and why Prince Andre wanted to massacre the royal family, things like that..."

"The truth behind these matters is also important, but not worth risking our lives to find out."

After interrupting Alger's words, Leon said calmly:

"If our strength were greater, without having to overly consider our own safety, then we could investigate more, looking into whether there were any hidden troubles or undisclosed causes.

But with our current situation, reaching this point is already enough. Once we know the location of Atifei-01 and confirm who's against us, dealing with what's next becomes much easier."

Much easier... So how is it easier exactly? Why can't I understand?

"Simply put, once the situation is confirmed, we can start dealing with Prince Andre."

Having noticed Alger's confusion, Leon explained:

"I've met with that Prince Andre and observed his situation. He should be just an ordinary person, so for us, the real trouble isn't his strength but his identity.

As the third prince of the Crolock Kingdom and the last 'survivor' of the entire Crolock royal family, his power in this kingdom is immense, capable of mobilizing nearly all the kingdom's resources.

He can even command the army, directly block or even bombard an entire district, and with the various detection methods provided by Atifei-01, we can't get close to him, not even see him, before being hunted down and directly killed."

"Yeah..."

Alger couldn't help but sigh upon hearing this, then said with a troubled face:

"I never thought that ordinary people's things could be so troublesome. The soldiers searching the 3rd administrative district just tossed out a palm-sized gadget, and in two seconds, it shook a building into collapse.

And those bizarre capture nets that, sticking two iron plates underground, can be directly lifted, held by hand, and pushed forward. They seem harmless, yet the trees swept by them immediately carbonized and shattered. This is really..."

"Don't worry, we don't have to deal with these things."

Glancing at the search progress over in the 3rd administrative district, Leon explained:

"In any case, the real trouble is the power his identity represents. If we can somehow neutralize his power, dealing with him becomes much easier."

Alger asked puzzledly:

"But he is a prince, and he controls the entire Crolock Kingdom's army. How can we make him lose his power?"

"Relax, this I know well."

Leon, the chief of the rebels and a master of coups, chuckled:

"If the Crolock Kingdom were bigger, it might be more difficult, but the area of the entire Crolock Kingdom is just this big, with not many people; it's quite easy to handle. Probably two to three days would be enough."

Huh? Overthrow the Crolock Kingdom in three days?

After Leon's words, Alger's mind buzzed in chaos, wondering whether he was dreaming or Leon was talking in his sleep.

Setting other matters aside, although the Crolock Kingdom is small, it's still a complete nation. To bring down the prince of this country in three days, how could that possibly be doable?

"Alger senior, the soldiers over there have started expanding their search range. If we don't leave soon, we might be discovered."

Seeing through Alger's doubts, Leon didn't explain immediately. Instead, he turned and left the rooftop, then beckoned:

"Let's go, let's find a safe place to rest first, then get something to eat. I'll slowly explain how we can topple Prince Andre within three days along the way."

"Alright..."

Still feeling it unreliable, but given that Leon was quite confident and having no better solutions himself, Alger took another glance at the distant 3rd administrative district and then turned around to follow hesitantly.

Not long after they left, it seemed that the soldiers in the 3rd administrative district received some orders, leaving a small contingent to continue the thorough search, while the remaining soldiers quickly split into a dozen teams and began scrutinizing all high-rise buildings overlooking the 3rd district.

However, when a team of soldiers reached the rooftop, Leon and Alger had long left the high-rise, vanished into the crowd using borrowed identification cards from passersby.

Chapter 596: The Key to a ZB Operation Is a Surprise Attack...

"My dear Andre~"

In the underground secret chamber of Research Area 1, Atifei-00 sitting on the sofa took a sip of cold coffee and then said with a smile:

"You have a good eye for people, but it seems they are also quite capable of seeing through you.

Judging by the aftermath, he most likely guessed your plan, so he didn't report the real address at all, instead he stayed on a rooftop several kilometers away and watched a joke unfold from afar; your plan was completely seen through, oh~"

"..."

Ignoring Atifei-00's ridicule, Prince Andre remained silent for a moment and then said expressionlessly:

"How is the investigation I asked you to do?"

"Are you talking about the records of food and water distribution and unusual travel records, among other things? Those have been seen through, oh~"

Atifei-00 replied with a smile:

"They seem to have guessed that you would use such a method to locate their general area of activity, so they stole many identity cards, checking several different blocks each time to avoid their whereabouts being investigated.

As for essential items like food and water, there are no records of purchases or distributions either. From what I speculate, they are probably stealing food, and only taking small amounts each time, making it impossible to trace.

In addition, in all the places where anyone living in this city would inevitably leave traces, almost all of them have been covered by the other party. Where it can't be covered, they will find ways to confuse the trails. I've found quite a lot of information, but most of it can't be verified, and naturally can't be used for tracking."

"..."

They have even paid attention to those things?

Hearing Atifei-00's response, Prince Andre couldn't help but rub his temples, feeling a slight headache.

That's strange. Leon clearly comes from a very backward Kingdom, a country without even identity cards, so someone from there shouldn't have such a sense of secrecy. The Scorpio Branch people were exposed precisely because of their travel records.

But this Leon is different, he seems very familiar with these matters, knowing that seemingly inconspicuous information can expose whereabouts once consolidated, so he hides exceptionally well, making it very difficult to deal with.

The Crolock Kingdom may not be large, but it's a country after all. If they keep hiding, wanting to get them out might really require drastic measures...

"So, are you willing to hand the whole Kingdom over to me this time?"

Seeing Andre's expression, Atifei-00 took a sip of coffee and then said with a bright smile:

"As long as you temporarily lift the restrictions and allow me to not just mobilize computation but give me the highest authority to control the entire Kingdom, in just fifteen hours at most, I can help you dig out those two little mice and deliver them to you, skin and bone."

"..."

Prince Andre glanced at her upon hearing this, saying nothing, but the corner of his thin lips slightly twitched into a mocking expression, clearly expressing his intentions.

"Don't worry, even though you're not kind to Aunt, Aunt still acknowledges you as nephew."

Atifei-00 wasn't angry and said leisurely while sipping cold coffee:

"According to the agreement between you and the Slaughter King Association, as long as they help you, you won't have any children in this lifetime, and the royal line of Crolock ends with you. But this doesn't mean there isn't a loophole.

With the Human Transmutation Technology developed by you and Atifei-01, we can completely mass-produce 'Empty Shell' Persons without souls, and then extract the brains of the most qualified group as the main core, with slightly lesser ones made into sub-bodies.

With my computational power and the national strength of the Crolock Kingdom, within thirty years we could produce twenty thousand Atifei sub-bodies, and by that time, you can completely..."

"Shut up!"

After glaring coldly at Atifei-00, Prince Andre said with a venomous expression:

"Do you think I'm stupid? If I really gave you the highest authority, among those twenty thousand Atifei sub-bodies, one of them would definitely use my brain!"

"Rest assured, you're not worthy."

Atifei-00 replied with a smile:

"I checked your brain when you were very young, your brain is also highly developed, even no less than Feiliya's, but the developed areas are not what I need.

Judging from the active sectors, you might have a good talent in art, but as for making you into a smart brain core... Aunt can only very regretfully tell you, the gap between me and Feiliya is estimated to be seven hundred of you, using you to make an Atifie sub-body would be a pure waste of materials."

"Haha, then I really have to thank you. If you hadn't disdained my brain, perhaps back then..."

"Dun Dun Dang Dang~"

Just as Prince Andre squinted his eyes and began to retort with sarcasm, a spirited instrumental sound quietly started playing, followed by a familiar broadcast voice through the speakers in Research Area 1.

"Citizens of the Crolock Kingdom, it's now time for the morning news broadcast."

The broadcaster's sweet voice briefly overshadowed Prince Andre's words.

"First, yesterday's news, the scholar Bell Graham who improved the wireless remote exchange phone was attacked by a fugitive criminal... Ah? Who are you? You can't come in here! You all! Get out!"

Hmm?!

Upon hearing the commotion in the speaker, the two in the secret chamber were momentarily startled, while Prince Andre seemed to realize something, and abruptly stood up, a look of disbelief appearing on his face.

"Sorry, we really have no choice but to take this opportunity to speak to everyone... Broadcaster Miss, please go over here and rest for a while."

A voice quite familiar to Prince Andre came through the speaker, and the original broadcaster made a muffled noise before being led away from the microphone.

"Citizens of the Crolock Kingdom, I regret to inform you that the entire Kingdom is now at a critical moment of life and death."

Amid the bewildered expressions of the aunt and nephew in the chamber, the voice from the speaker said solemnly:

"The third Prince Andre, not only conspired to harm King Fein, but has also slain all the royal family members. He is now preparing to use newly developed technology in Research Area 1 to forcibly control the minds of all citizens, and then..."

"Deploy troops quickly!"

Upon hearing this, having guessed what Leon wanted to do, Prince Andre's veins on his forehead popped out, and he turned back yelling:

"Immediately seal off... No! Bomb Residential Area 19! Cut off all sound transmission signals! Make him shut up quickly!"

"I've been doing that!"

Atifei-00 said angrily, biting her lip:

"But right when the broadcast began, apart from the underground sound transmission tubes, all fifty-two external signal stations in Area 1 were cut off at the exact same second, so my command can't go out."

"?!!!"

Upon hearing this, Prince Andre's face darkened, and he said incredulously:

"All fifty-two were cut off? Not a single one left? Didn't you leave a hidden signal station?"

"How to hide?"

Atifei-00, with the signal station destroyed, seemed like her mind suddenly lost control over her body, angrily retorting:

"The blocks in the Kingdom are semi-closed! Plus, the core of Area 1 is underground, surrounded by high-rise buildings, if the signal station isn't placed high enough, it'd be blocked, and couldn't even transmit as far as someone shouting! Tell me how to hide it?"

"Citizens of the Crolock Kingdom, I am the sixth Princess Feiliya, also... also the only survivor of the royal bloodshed."

While the two in the chamber were arguing, a voice very familiar to them both sobbed uncontrollably, accusing:

"Andre has gone insane, to satisfy his ambition, he murdered father, murdered mother, murdered everyone, now he plans to use brain infopieces and identity cards to gradually control everyone.

I... I now have no family left, and I plead with everyone, for the Kingdom, also for ourselves, to stand up together and resist his brutal rule!"

Chapter 597: Melodramatic, But Effective

Feiliya?

Hearing the familiar voice from the loudspeaker, Prince Andre couldn't help but frown slightly, while Atifie-00 raised her hand, pressing the back of her head where the information chip was implanted.

"It's fake."

After closing her eyes to analyze for a while, Atifie-00 opened her eyes and said with absolute certainty:

"Although it's slightly distorted from passing through the loudspeaker, this sound is produced by a mimic pipe, a synthetic voice broadcast by an AI, not Feiliya's real voice. It seems that the previously missing Atifei-128 is indeed in their hands."

"Whether these words are spoken by Feiliya is no longer important now."

Snapping out of his surprise, Andre shook his head and said with a frown:

"The biggest problem now is how many people have heard these things he said, and how many will be convinced by him."

"The situation doesn't look promising..."

After a brief calculation, Atifie-00 said helplessly:

"The morning news broadcast is spread through the entire Kingdom's public loudspeakers. As long as people are awake, they will hear it. Excluding shift workers and other night duty personnel, about 75% of the populace is listening."

"75%?"

Prince Andre pondered for a moment upon hearing this, then said:

"Send someone to fix the signal station immediately. No need to fix them all, just repair two or three to ensure the signal can get out, and then don't cut the broadcast signal. Let them keep talking."

"Why?"

Atifie-00 was slightly taken aback, then asked puzzled:

"The signal station is already being repaired, but why not cut the signal? What they're saying now is very detrimental to you. If you let them continue..."

"If you forcibly cut the signal and suddenly make them shut up, that would really be a death sentence for me."

Prince Andre said coldly:

"Most people are still skeptical about what they're saying now, but if you really cut the signal and forcibly make them shut up, then I really can't explain it clearly. We must let them keep talking and then plug me in to..."

"Bang!"

At this moment, a gunshot suddenly burst from the loudspeaker, and the "Feiliya," who was condemning Prince Andre's madness, suddenly let out a miserable scream, as if colliding with something. A loud noise and Leon's anxious inquiries followed over the microphone.

"Princess Feiliya! Are you okay?"

Then, a sharp, tense voice from the "broadcast room" rang out from afar, transmitted through the loudspeaker.

"Shoot quickly, let them shut up! Don't let them speak anymore!"

Oh no!

Hearing the chaotic footsteps from the loudspeaker and the painful groan of the shot "Feiliya," Prince Andre couldn't help but close his eyes, sigh deeply, knowing that the other side was probably trying to think ahead of him again.

And if he's guessing correctly, the "shooting" of "Feiliya" might just be the beginning, and there are probably more deadlier "plots" waiting for him.

"I... I'm fine..."

Sure enough, after groaning painfully for a few moments, the "Feiliya," who was suspected of being shot, surprisingly returned to the microphone, speaking with a mixed but still discernible tone:

"Let me... let me finish..."

"No! You must hurry and treat your wound!"

Leon in the loudspeaker urgently advised:

"Damn it, your lung is pierced! There's so much blood coming out! Stop talking, I must take you away immediately!"

"No! Let me... let me continue speaking!"

Amidst the increasingly dense gunfire, "Feiliya," whose lung was pierced, coughed up blood, then seemingly in a fit of lucidity, said loudly with a slight choked voice:

"For this opportunity, so many of us died, I can't... can't let them sacrifice in vain!"

Citizens of Crolock Kingdom! Be cautious! Make sure... make sure not to let our country be ruined by Andre's ambition! You... protect yourselves... never let him... control... he will..."

"Bang!"

The other "rebels" trying to block the guards seemed to be unable to hold them back anymore, and the sound of the door being kicked open came from the loudspeaker, as the sharp voice that previously ordered to shoot yelled again:

"Shoot! Quickly shoot! Cut the line! Go report to His Highness! Damn it! Hurry up and shoot!"

"Stop!"

Leon in the loudspeaker roared fiercely:

"She is Princess Feiliya! The Sixth Princess, you're..."

"Shut up! There's no such Sixth Princess! Shoot! I order you to shoot and kill her!!!"

"Bastards! Have you... have you been brainwashed?!"

"Citizens of the Crolock Kingdom! Please... please protect yourselves... stay away from Andre, he will..."

"Shoot! Shoot! Damn it! Give me the gun!"

"Bang bang bang bang!"

"Screech..."

"..."

This time it's really troublesome...

Watching the completely silent loudspeaker, and having listened through the whole "morning drama," Prince Andre couldn't help but sigh, saying to Atifie-00 who was stunned:

"Hurry up and fix the signal station, and then quickly have someone announce for me, what comes next..."

"Screech..."

Suddenly, noises reappeared from the quiet loudspeaker, as the voice that previously ordered the soldiers to shoot, with a disgusting tone, haughtily announced:

"Citizens of the Crolock Kingdom! I'm His Highness Andre's personal guard, just now a bunch of rebels attempting to overthrow the Kingdom abducted Princess Feiliya and forced her to lie and slander the royal family in public. All previously broadcast content was complete nonsense.

The gang of rebels has now been driven away, but to prevent their return to continue spreading rumors, the First Broadcast Zone is now under military control, and all broadcasts are suspended indefinitely.

Finally, tonight the Celebration Street in the Residential Zone 3-15 will be temporarily consolidated, and all citizens are required to attend. At that time, His Highness Andre will attend the celebration to explain everything that happened today... Alright, end the broadcast, go cut the signal!"

"Screech..."

...

"Alright, well done."

After shooting the microphone, Leon tossed the mimicking wounded Atifei-128 back into the mirrored world, then grabbed the eager-looking Black Goat, and said to the terrified broadcasting lady next to him:

"I'm sorry, but next..."

"No! Don't shoot!"

Upon hearing Leon's words, the female broadcaster, who had just witnessed the voice performance, weakened at the knees in horror, saying with panic:

"I... I promise I won't say anything! I beg you!"

"Relax, I am not going to silence you."

Leon shook his head helplessly, and explained:

"I just want to let you know... never mind, Frankie, you take over."

"Alright."

In the broadcaster lady's fearful scream, a bundle of transparent fishing lines was spat out by the Black Goat, which then hooked her and dozens of other employees, flying them out of the building.

After checking the situation in the building by feeling the Black Goat's head and confirming no one was left behind, Leon grabbed onto the fishing line and followed out of the building, throwing a bomb backhanded at the window behind him upon landing.

"Boom!"

All done~

Chapter 598: My Brain Itches

Mr. Leon really managed to do it...

Ear pressed against the roadside loudspeaker, Alger listened to the entire morning "mini-theater," involuntarily drawing a cold breath into his heart.

When he first heard Mr. Leon's plan, he felt it was somewhat unreliable, thinking it impossible for a mere few minutes of loudspeaker broadcast to undermine Andre's rule. But now...

He opened the eye affixed to the top of a tall building fifty meters away, glanced at the astonished crowd on the street, then opened another eye at the outskirts of District 1, looking at the fiercely arguing scholars, and couldn't help but be secretly shocked.

The effect seems extraordinarily good!

Although the broadcast alone cannot directly topple Andre, it has greatly shaken his authority. The hearts within the once solid Crolock Kingdom are now unstable.

Each day this situation persists poses a huge threat to Prince Andre's rule. For a long time to come, he will likely be busy stabilizing the situation, having little energy to deal with Mr. Leon and me.

Since Mr. Leon has done so exceptionally well, I must work harder too, delaying as much as possible!

Alger looked at the soldiers desperately repairing the signal station in the distance, his eyes slightly closed. Then, threads even finer than a spider's web, almost imperceptible to the naked eye, drifted toward the signal station with the breeze.

"Beep! Beep!"

As the threads approached within twenty meters, the curious instruments held by the soldiers immediately flashed red and emitted intense warning sounds.

"That thing is here again!"

"Quick! Try to block it somehow!"

"How to block it?"

In the soldiers' anxious expressions, the signal station root, which had been half re-erected, suddenly emitted harsh metallic screeches. The thick metal pole was silently yanked down, crashing toward an empty spot.

Additionally, the instruments in their hands and the repair tools they brought were forcibly taken by a massive force, thrown down from high above, or even torn apart on the spot, yet they didn't even know why.

"This batch of materials is ruined too; we can't repair the signal station!"

"Then think of another method!"

"What other method? Report up first, see what they say!"

...

Destroyed by a mysterious force, leaving no trace... This should be "Wire Guy" Alger's ability.

Learning of the strange occurrences at the signal station, seemingly someone constantly preventing repairs, Andre couldn't help but furrow his brow, pondering Leon's purpose.

The direct goal, naturally, is to block District 1's scientific area, preventing me from using Atifie 00 to control the Kingdom. However, the opponent should know this is just a few days' hassle.

District 1 chose signal stations for message transmission because they're the most effective and stable. Even if they're unrepaired, with Crolock Kingdom's technological accumulation, it would only take a bit of time to switch to slightly less effective yet safer methods.

But the opponent isn't known for doing pointless work. With Scorpio Bureau's director captured, other cleaners killed, and only two left, yet arranging Wire Guy Alger to risk staying nearby, continuously sabotaging the signal station, it's unlikely just to delay a few days; surely, there's another calculation.

So, if it were me, what would I most want to do now? Rescue the captured two? Attack District 1's scientific area? Or... escape Crolock Kingdom amidst the chaos?

"Stop pondering."

Seeing Andre's frown deepen, Atifie 00 beside him spoke:

"Better ponder the evening affair instead; he had someone pose as yours, announcing you would attend tonight's celebration, publicly explaining today's events. How are you prepared? Deploy troops to surround the celebration neighborhoods?"

"I'm still thinking..."

After hearing Atifie 00's question, Andre's cheek twitched, then he said irritably:

"The broadcast building was bombed directly by him, and the underground sound pipes were cut to pieces, needing at least two or three weeks for repairs. Now, except for some small regional broadcasts, there's no other immediate nationwide communication channel.

So in everyone's eyes, the officer ordering the shooting is mine, and what he says represents me. Anyone daring to attend the celebration now would either be my supporter or someone skeptical of the broadcast.

These people are potential allies. If I don't go, I lose the chance to explain to them, and without their support, the Kingdom's unrest can't be suppressed quickly.

But if I go, those absent will see it as admitting that officer is mine, thus admitting Feiliya's words, basically losing the chance for recovery entirely, so whether I follow or not, it won't be good."

"How about this then."

Upon hearing this, Atifie 00 proposed:

"Your father's shell is still here. When tonight's celebration starts, you can take him and have him explain for you."

"Worth a try, but likely won't be too effective."

Prince Andre frowned at the suggestion:

"According to the broadcast, my 'ambition' is using District 1's newly developed technology to control all citizens' minds, so even if I bring my father's shell over, it can't completely dispel others' doubts."

"Indeed... The morning broadcast was too effective; now even many District 1 scholars are questioning if such research exists... A bunch of idiots!"

After cursing, Atifie 00 said with a headache:

"You already are a prince. If you sincerely want people to do something, most times you can simply order it. Why complicate things by controlling their minds? Yet such nonsense convinces people?"

Prince Andre sighed again upon hearing this.

It's because this reason is absurd that it makes it troublesome for me.

Although most people in Crolock Kingdom can read and possess some knowledge, most are scientifically inclined. Their understanding of politics and tactics remains stuck in the fictional dramatizations, barely grasping the basics.

For ninety percent of the country's ordinary citizens, seemingly rational reasons have average credibility, whereas sensational news holds higher credibility. And given its relevance to personal safety, even with doubts, they'll attempt to explore it somewhat.

What's crucial is, although "Feiliya" is fake, what "Feiliya" says is not entirely false, as I did indeed kill all the royal family members.

If the opponent finds evidence that proves royal family members were indeed killed by me, based on the "one truth, all true; one false, all false" principle, most people would believe I truly intend to control all citizens' minds then...

Oh no!

Pondering this far, the fog lingering in his mind finally cleared. Upon realizing everything, Prince Andre jumped up in shock, exclaiming,

"The palace! His target is the palace!"

Chapter 599: Don't Ask—Ask and I'm a Miracle Doctor

Shifting time a little earlier, back to one hour after the broadcast building had just been bombed.

"How are you guys doing? Can you still hold on?"

Leon glanced at the robber sister being carried on her brother's back, her little face deathly pale and beaded with sweat. He couldn't help but pause and frowned, saying:

"Why don't we stop here? You can give me a general direction, and I'll find my way ahead by myself."

"No... there's no need..."

Upon hearing Leon's words, the robber brother, whose complexion wasn't great either, shook his head, pale-faced but breathing excitedly:

"We want to go! We want to see... see for ourselves... what happens to those people!"

After speaking, the crystal dust within the robber brother's body kept struggling forward painfully, making the robber sister, who couldn't walk due to the pain, nod her little head. Weak but full of pleasure, she said:

"I... I feel the same! As long... as I can take a look... even if... even if I die... it's worth it!"

"..."

Forget it, suit yourselves...

Leon sighed after glancing at their excited expressions, knowing what they'd been through and didn't dwell on persuading them further. Instead, he took out the [Plague-Infected Blood Band], preparing, and then asked:

"How is it now? About how far is it to the palace?"

"Very... close now..."

The robber sister raised her arm covered in blood spots upon hearing, then answered tremblingly:

"I am now... in extreme pain, so... there must be a particularly large hover crystal right... right ahead, just a bit further... ugh..."

With a mute grunt, several small blood mists abruptly erupted from beneath the raised arm of the robber sister.

These sparkling blood mists, once detached from her body, seemed to possess life, surging forward diagonally and swiftly crashing against the stone bricks on the ground, producing a dense patter like raindrops.

At the same time, seemingly receiving some strange signal, several foggy blood mists burst from the robber brother's body the same way, his legs buckling as he fell with a thud.

"Alright, let's stop here."

After catching the falling robber siblings, regarding the two who were in too much pain to move, Leon advised helplessly:

"We're already very close to the palace. I know how to proceed from here. If we go further, the hover crystal dust within you may start bursting out bit by bit, it's best if I assist you..."

"No... not moving..."

The robber sister was in too much pain to speak, while the physically stronger robber brother weakly shook his head, muttering through a mouthful of blood:

"We... wouldn't have lasted long anyway, rather than... dying with hover crystal dust inside, it would be better... would be better..."

"Would be better to live another sixty years, staying alive beats dying."

Casually interjecting, Leon surveyed the surrounding environment, then lead the robber siblings to a roadside building, tossed them inside a window, and entered as well.

Approximately twenty seconds later, from another window three hundred meters ahead, two individuals covered in blood suddenly fell out, appearing as if they'd explosives strapped to them. Countless blood mists burst around them, staining the ground red, falling silently, unmoving.

Well, the blood sprays...

Surveying the gruesome scene of excessive bloodshed, Leon, who followed out from the mirror world, couldn't help but hiss, having to wrap the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] around them, then found a relatively clean spot to sit down.

Immediately afterward, Leon's soul emerged drenched in dog blood, rushing forward a few steps, grabbed the bewildered-looking robber siblings watching their bodies, and loudly reminded:

"Hold onto me a bit, don't accidentally get taken by the Realm of the Dead."

After instructing, Leon stood by the roadside, holding the souls of the robber siblings, watching as the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] rapidly repaired their damaged bodies, continued instructing:

"Soon I'll be busy, can't watch over you. After you are revived, I'll toss you back into the mirror.

Inside the mirror, there's a little husky with a tuft of golden hair on its head, follow behind it on the way back to the base, wait there for me, and remember to step outside for air every three to fifty seconds returning, careful not to suffocate inside...

Did you hear me? If you heard, say something!"

"We..."

Looking up at the bloodied "Leon", the robber sister's soul first reacted, joyfully asking:

"Are we..."

"You died, but your souls haven't entered the Realm of the Dead, so you're not considered dead, you can still return to life... can't let you lead me all this way for nothing, consider this your payment."

Glancing at her body that was almost fully repaired, Leon slightly reclined, then relying on the power of the Three-Headed Canine Deity, tried dispersing the spreading death within her soul, followed by forcibly pressing the robber sister's soul back into her body.

"Hurry! Lie down!"

After shoving the robber sister's soul back into the body, Leon breathed heavily a couple of times, then addressed the bewildered robber brother:

"Did you remember what I said earlier? When things are settled here, if I'm still alive, I'll find you, take you from the Crolock Kingdom.

If I'm unlucky and get killed, there's two months' worth of provisions left for you at the base, you and your sister should hide well, if nothing unexpected occurs, in about two months..."

"Ah!!!"

Before Leon could finish, the robber brother suddenly shivered, then exclaimed in panic:

"I... am I dead?"

"..."

You indeed died, stupidly!

Looking at the robber brother, whose reaction speed was less "slow" and more "nearly new second-hand brain unused", Leon sighed, gave up further reminders, and switched to giving a nudge behind his knees, pushing his soul back into his body.

"If confused, ask your sister, her mind works better than yours!"

"Zzz..."

Just as Leon pressed the bewildered robber brother's soul back, worried about its tightness with the body, he pressed firmly twice, when a long-overdue sharp buzz suddenly resounded.

[Successfully resolved a special condition that could not be cured under existing medical standards, successfully activating the special silver badge "Head-off Doctor"]

[Head-off Doctor: In this world, there are no incurable diseases, regardless of how challenging the ailment, simply remove the head, treat the body first, then put the head back, and it's considered cured]

[Equipped Effect: After removing the patient's head, effects on their body's treatment are substantially enhanced]

[Advancement Path: None]

[Hidden Trait (No Equip Required): Patients treated by you may experience involuntary, rhythmic muscle contractions and relaxations upon hearing your name, accompanied by skin blood vessel constriction leading to a cold sweat phenomenon where sweat doesn't normally heat up]

Chapter 600: Two Words Fill the Whole Book

What is this bizarre badge...

Upon seeing the effect that "increases the healing effect on the body after removing the patient's head" from the Head-off Doctor, Leon's mouth couldn't help but twitch slightly, finding it hard to maintain his composure for a moment.

The robber brother, who had died once and was resurrected, had already sat up with a bewildered expression, staring blankly amidst the splattered blood plasma on the ground, while the robber sister, who had awakened earlier, was already shaking as she stood up, incredulously inspecting her own body.

"It's gone! Everything's gone!"

Seeing her arms, now as fair and clean as those of other children her age, without the dense blood spots that sent chills through the heart, and feeling a body no longer in constant, strange pain, the robber sister couldn't help but cry tears of joy and turned to hug the still-dazed robber brother, exclaiming:

"Brother! We're saved! We don't have to die!"

"Ah..."

The robber brother, still processing the experience of dying and coming back to life, scratched the back of his head and said blankly:

"But I feel like I died... but also like I didn't... I..."

"Better leave the thinking to your sister; this kind of brainwork isn't your thing."

Unable to resist a quip, Leon waved his hand before the robber sister could express gratitude, quickly reiterating the earlier instructions, and then patted the glass behind him.

"Alright, get inside, remember to hide well, don't let my efforts go to waste."

"I... thank you! We'll hide well!"

Without saying anything about repaying the favor, the robber sister simply gave Leon a deep look, memorizing his appearance, then knelt and bowed twice forcefully, before dragging the still-bewildered robber brother into the mirror leading to the mirror world as a young pup barked.

"What an extraordinary child."

After the robber siblings left, the Black Goat in Leon's hand opened its mouth, and Frankie's soul emerged, carrying a fishing rod, saying admiringly:

"Even experienced Cleaners like us require moments to react after the shock of having our souls separated from our bodies upon sudden death, but she managed to react quickly, indicating really great talent on a soul level."

"Not just the soul."

Following Frankie, female Cleaner Mona emerged, her expression complex as she remarked:

"The child's physical talent may be poor, but her mental resilience is remarkably strong. Apart from her past of abnormal suffering, she possesses an obsessive personality and intense emotions, making her a born candidate for a Cleaner."

"Indeed."

After the female Cleaner emerged, Ruben, his soul bearing petal-like wings, also came out, clicking his tongue in amazement as he remarked:

"In my soul state, I am much more perceptive. Earlier, I faintly sensed that in her previous state, she seemed just a step away from giving birth to an abnormal object, a slight trigger might have pushed her over."

With her displayed talent, as long as she doesn't encounter missions certain to result in death too early, she might become a Level 1 Cleaner before turning twenty, or even an elite like 'Executioner Emma'. You Virgin Branch folks have found a promising talent."

"We'll see."

Uncertainly, Leon shook his head and glanced into the mirror at the diminishing figure of the robber siblings, sighing slightly:

"Though the benefits and salaries of us Cleaners are decent, the death rate is unfortunately high, making it not the best job."

The two have already had enough misfortune in the first half of their lives. Instead of risking it as Cleaners, they might be better off returning to the Kingdom to live as ordinary people, taking care of each other like a regular brother and sister might."

"..."

Indeed...

After hearing Leon's words, the three veteran Cleaners exchanged glances, seeing a sense of helplessness on their own souls' faces.

Although becoming a Cleaner grants power far beyond ordinary people's and even grants temporary command over military forces, it also means being bound by the Bureau's regulations, executing countless high-risk tasks.

And the most fatal part is, before officially executing a task, it's impossible to know which one will be lethal, coupled with the ever-changing abilities of abnormal objects, even the strongest Cleaners can encounter uncontrollable dangers.

To say nothing of if Leon hadn't risked going to the Realm of the Dead to forcibly retrieve the three of us; none of us would have survived, all would have been counted in the Scorpio Branch's "death rate" for the year.

Moreover, our department head was ambushed, although his soul didn't reach the Realm of the Dead, his body was destroyed, just like us, which also counts in the death rate, Scorpio Branch has had terrible luck this year.

...

"Alright, predecessors, let's end the chit-chat here."

While the veteran Cleaners wore rueful expressions, Leon glanced at Crolock Palace in the distance, and then turned back with a serious expression:

"Whether we can deal with Prince Andre hinges on this! Understand, predecessors, what will happen next could be very painful, even the potential for soul-shattering exists, if you can't withstand that..."

"If we can't stand it, consider it returning the favor for saving our lives."

Before Leon could finish, the most passionate female Cleaner, Mona, interjected:

"Had you not pulled us back, we'd have been devoured by that Death Eater already; now there's at least a chance of survival, the worst outcome is simply death, I've been prepared for that since becoming a Cleaner."

"Us as well."

After the female Cleaner finished speaking, Frankie and Ruben exchanged a glance, their expressions peculiar:

"Actually... Director Edward sort of hinted to us about you, suggesting you're dangerous and advising caution around you.

At the time, I joked that, no matter how crazy you are, as a Cleaner, you wouldn't eat us, would you? Turns out it was a self-fulfilling prophecy."

"Alright, enough chatter!"

Frankie, being patted on the back by Ruben, took a deep breath and stood before Leon.

"Eat up! Our souls are yours!"

"Thank you, predecessors, for your trust."

After looking at the expressions of the three veteran Cleaners, confirming their readiness, Leon clenched his fist slightly and then kicked away the sneaky Black Goat, opening his mouth toward the souls of the three Cleaners.

"Hiss..."

Accompanied by a clear inhaling sound, the souls of the three Cleaners slightly shuddered, then lost their human forms, turning into faintly glowing mist, flowing toward Leon and forming a smoke pillar outside his sensory organs, crazily rushing into the orifices of his seven orifices.

As the "Death-Watcher Canine", the Three-Headed Canine Deity's "salary" for guarding the Realm of the Dead's gate is the ability to freely select souls entering the Realm and devour them as sustenance.

By killing the Three-Headed Canine Deity and inheriting its power, Leon was commencing his first "feast".