

I! Cleaner 61

Chapter 61 Major bleeding_1

"The royal family is the heart, the nobility is the organs, the parliament is the brain, the factories are the muscles, the merchants are the bones, and the rest is just skin and hair?"

"My perspective is a bit different from yours,"

Without acknowledging the questioning of the Daily News editor, after contemplating his metaphor, Leon looked at the soul across from him, filled with the stench of decay and arrogance, and responded expressionlessly,

"Compared to bones, merchants are more like bacteria in the intestines, beneficial when growing normally, but if allowed to proliferate unchecked, they might rot the whole gut.

As for the royal family and nobles... rather than essential organs whose absence would be fatal, they're more like a bunch of lice in your pants; once they start bleeding you dry and it hurts, they should be plucked out and crushed instantly!"

Crush the royal family and nobles... with one squeeze?!!!

Upon hearing Leon's response, the editor of the Daily News trembled all over. The arrogance in his eyes expanded to the limit in an instant!

How could this man... Ah!!! No wonder he dared to expose such things! He must be a rebel! One of those thugs deliberately inciting revolt!!!

"Guards!!!"

Stumbling back several steps, retreating to the partition at the booth's edge, the editor of the Daily News screamed shrilly in panic,

"Arrest him! He's the rebel who attempted to assassinate the princess! He... Ah!!!"

Swinging the file folder in his hand, smacking it hard across the Daily News editor's face, Leon, having endured for far too long, felt a massive surge of sinister fury rise within him as he looked at this piece of trash prepared to falsely accuse him.

With his face masked by a black veil to hide his identity and prevent repercussions on his family, Leon, despite wearing several layers of coats, felt "lighter" than ever, his blood boiling with intensity.

"Rebel? Weren't you the one who called me a stray hair?"

Accompanying the voice of triumphant questioning, the fist, already clenched so tightly that the knuckles turned white, swung violently, landing heavily on the editor of the Daily News's face. A crisp cracking sound echoed as that punch directly fractured the wooden slats, smashing the back of his head into the partition of the booth.

"Weren't you trying to silence this stray hair?"

Even as his knuckles were cut by the opponent's broken teeth, leaving two deep gashes, Leon, seemingly unaffected by the pain, swung his bloodstained fist once more, striking the bridge of the editor's nose with a bang, forcing him back to consciousness in white-hot agony.

"Then why don't you just pluck me out?"

Gripping the tables on either side with both hands, he slammed a heart-wrenching kick into the editor's chest, leaving a footprint full of mud on the pristine silk scarf, kicking him over to the other side of the partition with a gasp, Leon caught his breath. Before the security guards behind him could pounce, he grabbed the cold bullhorn from his shopping bag.

"Now it's your turn."

Fully activating the true ability of the Demon Bullhorn, he stirred up the evil thoughts in the hearts of more than a dozen security guards, entangling them completely with the editor of the Daily News, twisting them into a dead knot. Raising his still-bleeding right hand, Leon shoved aside the guards with rapidly inflamed pupils and walked straight out of the restaurant without looking back.

"Beat him up good!"

...

"Kid! You finally took that step!"

Sticking out his tongue to lick the top of the shopping bag, watching the brawl breaking out in the restaurant behind him, listening to the wailing reaching the street, the Black Goat couldn't help but exult, repeatedly praising Leon,

"Forget about those damned regulations of the Purification Bureau, this kind of trash deserves to be killed directly! We really appreciate you more and more!

But your work is still a bit rough, tying everyone's rage together at once is thrilling, but after a while, they'll start fighting each other, and in the end, they might not beat anyone to death.

Listen to us! Next time you want to kill someone, remember to separate those evil thoughts, wrap them one by one, let a dozen people beat on one person, even without weapons, they can surely kill on the spot!"

"Hey! Kid! We're teaching you our way, you got to thank us for our generosity, don't you? Say something! Why aren't you responding?"

Ignoring the overly excited Black Goat, tearing off a relatively clean piece of cloth from himself and haphazardly bandaging his wounded right hand, Leon carried the blood-stained file folder, looking with a complex gaze at the trash bin on the street corner.

Having initially come to gather a big stack of old newspapers, after finishing reading all their recent news topics, he eventually picked out three newspapers: the Daily News, the Royal Mail News, and the Capital Evening News.

The Royal Mail News people didn't even bother with him, sneering at the handwritten material summary, they dismissed him with a wave after a glance at the title.

The little editor from the Capital Evening News, after being invited out, just glanced at the name of the involved family and trembled like a leaf, running away without even paying for the coffee.

As for the editor of the Daily News, not only did he refuse to publish the news, but he also planned to deceive Leon into handing over the evidence for destruction! And even slandered him as a thief, a rebel who attempted to assassinate the princess!

If even these three newspapers, which were among the most "daring to speak," dared not accept the evidence to report and expose the matter, then what difference would there be between the materials he snatched from Charl Power Company and the waste paper in the trash?

Hmm... wait a minute! Charl Power Company! Charl!

Thinking of this name, Leon suddenly realized that he had been too fixated. He had always been pondering how to resolve this matter, yet only thought about doing it himself, forgetting about Charl Department Store!

The enemy of my enemy is my friend!

Carrying these documents around could only lead to a dead end everywhere, but if he handed them over to Charl Department Store, the tycoon who shared a name with the old man at the coffee stand would seize the opportunity to deliver a powerful counterattack with his influence!

I'm so stupid!

Annoyed, he pounded his left hand, drawing his gaze away from the trash cans on the street, deciding to try again at Charl Department Store.

Glancing at the sky, realizing time was running short, he clenched his teeth, dashing toward a station a few hundred feet away, waving down a steam coach waiting for passengers.

"Cab! One person!"

"Alright!"

Seeing that business had come up to him, the coachman, who was bored and puffing on a cigarette, perked up, extinguished the cigarette, clamping it behind his ear, and cheerfully drove over.

But upon pulling the coach closer and taking in Leon's attire, the coachman's smiling face instantly dropped, reaching for the cigarette behind his ear while lazily reclining back, listlessly quoting,

"Four-seater sightseeing box carriage, two kilometers for one Copper Wheel, five kilometers for two Copper Wheels, and an additional Copper Wheel for every kilometer over five kilometers, minimum charge for two kilometers. Going or not?"

"Going!"

After estimating the approximate fare, heart aching at the expense, Leon nodded, gritting his teeth as he stepped onto the passenger step, ducking into the carriage of the steam coach.

"Charl Department Store headquarters! Hurry!"