

## I! Cleaner 621

Chapter 621: Riddling Is a Good Way to Stall for Time

"You?!!!"

"Your abnormal object is really useful."

With a shocked expression on the Scorpio Director's face, a tipsy Leon provocatively smiled and said:

"The intelligence core of the Crolock Kingdom has very tight waterproofing, with a total of over thirty separate waterproof zones, making it almost impossible to destroy them all at once. So, I originally thought that if I could destroy half of them, it would be enough.

But your [Whale Shark Puppet] is really useful. I just made it crash with full force, and all the waterproof zones cracked open, not a single one left intact."

"..."

Hearing this, the Scorpio Director's face darkened. With a sinister gaze, he questioned,

"So this was your plan all along... You deliberately got caught by me? Was it to make me lower my guard? To seize control of the Whale Shark Puppet?"

"..."

Upon hearing the Scorpio Director's words, the smile on Leon's lips paused slightly, and he fell silent.

The plan was indeed the plan, but I really didn't win either...

Not to mention, my Contamination Value is just something I forced up; my actual reaction speed and movement speed remained at the level of 12 Leon Value. Compared to the Scorpio Director, the gap is too big. No matter how strong The Cutting Silver Dagger is, it's useless if I can't hit anyone.

"Fine, this time I underestimated you."

Seemingly interpreting Leon's silence as disdain, the Scorpio Director's face reddened slightly as he faced Leon, who was disdainful of answering his question. With an angry sneer, he said:

"I admit, your calculation was indeed excellent, catching me off guard, but the gap in power between you and me can't be bridged by wisdom.

Although you successfully destroyed Atifie's core, the cost is that you've fallen into my hands. Once the duration of the Undying Body is over, you'll be killed by me instantly! The final loser will still be you!"

"..."

After hearing the Scorpio Director's words, Leon couldn't help but look up at him, with an expression of slight sympathy.

It seems Atifie's Soul Encoding Technology does indeed affect a person's IQ...

It's a huge loss to trade my life for Atifie's core, don't you think I know this? So haven't you thought about why I must destroy Atifie's core?

"Mr. Leon!"

Just as the Scorpio Director angrily walked forward, sword in hand, ready to stab Leon a few more times to vent his anger, a tired voice suddenly came from Leon's pocket.

"My second target wasn't completed, but the first target is done. You can proceed!"

This is...

Recognizing the owner's voice faintly, the Scorpio Director's expression hardened. He immediately turned around, slashing open Leon's shirt to reveal a mouth and ear attached by silk threads inside the pocket.

Alger?!!!

"What did you do?!"

After stabbing the silk-threaded ear in Leon's pocket with a sword and then pulling the sword back, the Scorpio Director coldly asked,

"Alger! Tell me! What has he instructed you to do?!"

"Director..."

Upon hearing the Scorpio Director's anxious questioning, Alger's voice wavered slightly before he declined gently,

"Normally, I should listen to you, but your head isn't quite clear right now. So I'll wait until Mr. Leon leads us and rescues you before I explain."

"I want an explanation now!"

"Well, this..."

"It's okay, go ahead and tell him."

After discreetly canceling the exchange targeting the [Whale Shark Puppet], Leon ordered the Word-Eating Worm in the mirror world to devour the words written in his blood on the [Unfair Snake Pact]. With a cheerful smile, he said to Alger:

"Even if he knows now, it's already too late for him to do anything. So, you might as well tell him the situation."

"Alright then."

Getting Leon's permission, Alger couldn't help but breathe a small sigh of relief, then in the Scorpio Director's awful expression, he began to answer,

"Director, Mr. Leon instructed me to prepare, and the moment the intelligence core is destroyed, to instantly enter the 1st Research Zone..."

This is... luring the tiger away from the mountain?!!!

Understanding Leon's plan, the Scorpio Director was suddenly shocked, grabbing Leon's collar fiercely.

"Your target is Prince Andre? After luring me away, you sent Alger to capture him?"

"Half and half."

After smiling at the Scorpio Director, Leon said:

"Rest assured, sending him to grab Andre Prince was just the second target. Besides, didn't Senior Alger just say it? The second target wasn't completed, so you don't need to worry about his safety."

"Yes..."

Upon hearing Leon's words, Alger exhaled through his lips and then said somewhat helplessly,

"Sorry, I diverted about 30% of my body to seek out Prince Andre, but as soon as my thread approached his secret chamber, it immediately lost control and disappeared without a trace. I didn't continue looking for him."

"It's okay, after all, Prince Andre is a member of the Slaughter King Association; if he were completely ordinary without some trump cards, that would be strange."

Noticing the self-reproach in Alger's words, Leon consoled him:

"He couldn't have failed to anticipate that I would stall Director Edward to allow you to sneak into the 1st Research Zone. Yet, despite this, he chose to let Director Edward come for me, meaning he had other tricks up his sleeve, confident he could handle your assault."

So in the beginning, I set capturing him as the second target. It's okay if you couldn't capture him, as long as we completed our primary objective, it counts as a success."

Primary objective?

Upon hearing this, the Scorpio Director couldn't help but ask,

"What is your primary objective?"

"Hmm... regarding this question..."

Leon pondered for a moment before nodding and saying:

"Given the time, it's probably about right to tell you... Alger's primary task was to take away all the scholars in the 1st Research Zone, except for Prince Andre, along with some essential equipment for reanimation technology."

With his skills as a Level 1 Cleaner, once I destroy Atifie's intelligence core, causing a temporary outage of the defense systems in the 1st Research Zone, he would only need one minute to take away every living person in the 1st Research Zone."

"Why take them? What exactly is your goal?"

Wow... I've hinted this clearly, and you still haven't figured it out?

Glancing at the increasingly agitated Scorpio Director and sensing that hidden feeling of disrupting that "precision", Leon did not answer his question but thoughtfully asked back:

"Speaking of which, if you were indeed completely controlled, knowing Senior Alger had entered the 1st Research Zone, shouldn't you be rushing back to defend?

Yet, now you don't seem in a hurry to protect Prince Andre; instead, you appear like someone who's lost everything, shouting at me while grabbing my collar... Does this mean Andre Prince's control over you isn't complete? Are you able to slightly resist the soul encoding control when your emotions are highly agitated?"

Chapter 622: Let the Shells Fly for a While~

"You..."

Upon hearing Leon's words, a brief look of comfort flashed in the Scorpio Bureau Chief's struggling eyes, only to be quickly suppressed by the Soul Code, returning to its original state. Grabbing Leon by the collar, he shouted angrily:

"This has nothing to do with you! Tell me quickly! What exactly is your primary objective!"

"Fine, since you're my senior~"

With a resigned shake of his head, Leon didn't delve further into the question. Instead, he focused on bending his pinky while tapping the arm of the "Twenty-Handed Puppet" gripping his wrist, and replied:

"My primary objective is to get the people out of Research Zone 1 to avoid them being affected."

"Being affected?"

"Yes."

Facing the still perplexed Scorpio Bureau Chief, Leon burped and then slightly raised his chin towards the sky.

"See, isn't the impact coming now~"

"?!!!"

What is coming?

Before the bewildered Scorpio Bureau Chief could ask further, an indescribable sense of immense danger suddenly arose from deep within his soul, and accompanying this familiar crisis was a barrage of tens of thousands of missiles trailing flames, roaring in!

Do you know what's coming now?

As the Scorpio Bureau Chief looked up in shock, his face full of astonishment, Leon smiled and once again activated the [Unfair Snake Pact], switching ownership of the "Twenty-Handed Puppet."

Before I came to find you, Feiliya had already completed the coup, taking people to control the heavy artillery in the Crolock Kingdom. Research Zone 1 had been moved to the outskirts of Crolock Kingdom in advance, just waiting for the neural core to be destroyed, so the parameters could be calibrated and fired, bombarding directly.

And battle is all about playing to strengths and avoiding weaknesses. If we were to compare combat skills, I'd indeed have a slim chance, but if it's a comparison on Undying Body, ten of you would just be delivering food!

"You?!!!"

With fury in his eyes, the Scorpio Bureau Chief glared as the "Twenty-Handed Puppet," which had been restraining Leon's limbs, suddenly turned illusory. Its twenty grotesque arms, hovering between reality and illusion, passed through Leon's body and firmly clasped its own joints.

Meanwhile, the "eel" that switched with the [Whale and Shark Puppet], causing the neural core to be destroyed, once again appeared out of nowhere at his feet!

"Falling for the same trick twice, you really don't learn."

Riding a wave of intoxication, Leon taunted, and during the momentarily immobilized Scorpio Bureau Chief's lapse, Leon controlled the [Twenty-Handed Puppet] to flip him over, locking his waist with legs and securing his neck with bent arms, executing a textbook 'forceful constraint.'

"Wait... wait a minute!"

Struggling, the Scorpio Bureau Chief shouted:

"Didn't you find out my weakness? Shouldn't you..."

"Don't wait."

Applying restraint techniques he learned from a policewoman, Leon completely subdued the Scorpio Bureau Chief, twisted his hips sharply, and despite the frenetic barrage from puppets, forcibly swung the Scorpio Bureau Chief face-first towards the sky filled with raindrop-like artillery fire.

"This is faster!"

"You son of a..."

"Boom!!!!!!!!!!!"



...

Crolock Kingdom's over nine thousand cannons fired nearly fifty thousand shells in two minutes, completely erasing Research Zone 1 from Crolock Kingdom's map, leaving the wilderness outside Crolock Kingdom littered with countless craters.

"You... cough... you madman!"

After an unknown period, as the smoke finally began to dissipate, two humanoid figures coated in ash, faces indistinguishable, suddenly rose from a massive pit over thirty meters in diameter.

Throwing off Leon, who was behind him, the charred Scorpio Bureau Chief staggered to his feet, roaring furiously:

"Didn't I hint to you! Just keep stimulating my mind, push my emotions to the extreme, and there's a good chance I could break free from control! Yet you just straight-up had me bombarded?"

"Ugh..."

Spitting out a mouthful of soot, Leon, who was blown all over the place by the shockwaves of over fifty thousand artillery shells, shakily stood up and wiped his face, saying:

"Forget how I did it... just answer... did you break free or not?"

"You fu..."

Choking on Leon's question, the Scorpio Bureau Chief looked around at the scattered puppet debris and couldn't help but curse:

"Do you know how many times I actually died? My puppets aren't afraid of explosions, but I damn well am!"

Just in those two minutes just now, I used over a hundred substitute puppets just to barely survive this bombardment! What if the substitute puppets I prepared weren't enough, and you actually blew me to pieces?"

"No problem if you died... ugh..."

Ripping off his completely charred clothes, Leon took out a new set of clothes from the Mirror World and put them on, then responded:

"I can fish you out from the Realm of the Dead... I'm familiar with that place too."

"..."

For fuck's sake... In the future, even if I die, I won't go on missions with this bastard again!

Swearing secretly to himself, with a mournful look as if mourning a parent's death, the Scorpio Bureau Chief signaled, reclaiming his puppet case, then gloomily asked:

"What about you? Can you hold on?"

"Still alright."

Shaking his dizzy head, Leon responded:

"I'm not injured, just blown around a lot, so my head's a bit woozy... and a bit nauseous... feel like throwing up..."

"Then you just take a break!"

Hearing Leon's words, the Scorpio Bureau Chief snorted, then, carrying his old suitcase, he surveyed the surroundings before gazing into the distance with a grim expression.

Under the bombardment of fifty thousand shells, the entire Research Zone 1 was obliterated, even its fragmented ruins underwent secondary destruction, truly flattened in the most literal sense.

The only exception was a secret room of about twenty square meters; despite countless bombardments, the small structure created with four walls and a roof stood undisturbed at its original location.

"Prince Andre should be inside."

Noticing the existence of the secret room as well, Leon covered his mouth and reminded:

"Director Edward, let's go in and drag Prince Andre out to wrap up this mission."

"No need, you wait outside, I'll handle it."

Walking Leon to the door of the secret room, the Scorpio Bureau Chief explained with an annoyed face:

"I'm not trying to steal credit, you rescued Ruben and the others, so all the credit goes to you. Mainly because Andre's ability is very special, it's probably the kind you're least adept at dealing with, you might easily get ... umm..."

Halfway through his sentence, the Scorpio Bureau Chief's recently restored soul suddenly stagnated. Upon realizing his soul had completely passed the blockade, the Soul Code that had been suppressing his will shattered.

These shattered Soul Codes didn't harm the Scorpio Bureau Chief's robust soul, but they did tangle up his previously smooth-operating soul into chaos once more.

The Scorpio Bureau Chief, with a bewildered soul, rolled his eyes and, to Leon's shock, collapsed headfirst into a slumber, snoring immediately.

"..."

No way... could you at least finish your sentence before sleeping! What the heck is Prince Andre's ability!

## Chapter 623: Paintbrush and Blade

"Princess Feiliya!"

Amidst the Scorpio director's soul being disrupted by the Soul Code, causing him to instantly fall asleep as if at light speed, a tense inquiry came from the watchtower in Military Zone 1, located a good sixty blocks away.

"All cannons below number 17 have completed initial cooling. Should we proceed with the second round of firing immediately?"

"Not yet."

After shaking her head at the questioning legion commander, Feiliya, lying on the edge of the watchtower, bit her lower lip and continued observing the situation in Scientific Zone 1 through binoculars.

This visible worry could not possibly be for someone like Leon. The target of this concern could only be Prince Andre, who adored Feiliya while also attempting to kill her twice.

Even though Leon had solemnly promised that, due to uncertainty regarding whether this "counterfeit version" of Princess Feiliya could maintain a Connection with the Watcher's Palace like true royal blood, he would do his utmost to ensure Prince Andre's survival.

However, the magnificent bombardment of over fifty thousand shells still left the emerald-eyed girl deeply unsettled. She lingered at the military binoculars, yearning to witness the situation firsthand as soon as possible.

"Don't worry, Your Highness."

Assuming naturally that Feiliya was worrying about the "daringly infiltrating" Prince Leon, and noticing her unconsciously clenched fist, the commander of the royal family's direct legion chuckled understandingly, and then comforted:

"Since Lord Leon dared to issue such an order, he naturally has the means to protect himself amidst the artillery. And if he could incapacitate our six regiments within two minutes and rescue us from Atifie's control, he surely can succeed in killing that madman Andre!"

"..."

The problem is, that's precisely what I'm afraid of!

Shifting her gaze in speechless silence, the emerald-eyed girl glanced back at the direct legion commander, gave him a perfunctory smile, and responded awkwardly:

"Hmm... Let's hope so..."

"Rest assured, it surely will!"

Not catching Feiliya's insincere words, and gazing admiringly at the brave and intelligent emerald-eyed girl standing before him, who instead of succumbing to grief after losing her parents, stood up to lead the rebellion against tyranny, the royal family's direct legion commander clenched his fist and performed a military salute, then vowed firmly:

"With Your expectations as our support, Lord Leon will surely win triumphantly, kill the rebellious Prince Andre once and for all, and save the entire Crolock Kingdom!"

"..."

For heaven's sake, just shut up!

With one flag raised after another by the commander, making her scalp tingle, Princess Feiliya's mouth twitched involuntarily. Just as she was about to turn back to say something, she suddenly felt a blur before her eyes.

Unbeknownst to her, a warm shaft of sunlight quietly spilled over the once dark and somber watchtower, breaking the previously grim and oppressive atmosphere, thereby illuminating the surroundings...

Wait a minute, why is it a shaft of sunlight?!!!

Upon seeing that peculiar sunlight with brush marks on the dark blue floor tiles of the watchtower, both the emerald-eyed girl and the commander were instantly taken aback.

Immediately following that, as if a brush soaked in oil paint was wetly spreading across a taut canvas, the shaft of sunlight with some fuzz at the edges softly flowed along the stroke's trajectory.

When it flowed near people, the invisible gigantic brush paused slightly, switching to a soft brush or silk-like material, gently swiping along the edge of the sunlight, rendering the originally sharp color block into a misty tint.

And as this mist diffused, the sunlight once clearly distinct from the human body naturally blended with the person's color, while a tint of sunlight's hue graced the hem of Feiliya's garment.

"This... what is this..."

This sudden change felt exceedingly prolonged, yet in reality, it was incredibly brief, merely one stroke, one sweep, and a light dab, too short a time for one to even blink an eye.

Before the bewildered crowd could react, the invisible gigantic brush, carrying enamored, dazzling colors, slantedly brushed in the direction sunlight fell, painting the entire district in an instant, transforming the world into a splendid painting scroll.

...

Finally found it.

Observing the giant canvas before him, where the emerald-eyed girl gazed bewilderedly at the sky, Prince Andre couldn't help but chuckle softly.

Then he picked up the sprayer beside him, wetting the paint on his brush, set down the sprayer, took up a thin and flexible wooden-handled palette knife, scraped away the naturally mixed paint, and began repainting.

Smudging, dripping, dry brushing, scraping...

Utilizing one technique after another expertly, Prince Andre's strokes set the "frozen" painting scroll in motion.

The panic-stricken emerald-eyed girl on the canvas was carried by flocks of birds painted in pointillism, traversing the skies over the Royal Capital, flying towards Destroyed Zone 1.

Yet, the soldiers attempting to halt in panic failed to rescue her in time due to the sudden collapse of the watchtower beneath them. Instead, one by one, they clung to the colonnades in alarm, shouting in rage toward the sky, watching helplessly as the emerald-eyed girl drifted afar.

Come on, come over.

Holding the palette knife, lightly chipping onto the canvas and carving out a block of blue-black city wall, blocking the commander eager to rescue, Prince Andre turned slightly, gazing gently toward the easel placed in the corner.

On the easel rested the painting "absorbent" of Atifie's "Royal Banquet," and on this frozen yet fluid mysterious scroll, nearly all the characters awaited, eagerly anticipating the banquet's commencement.

The only missing one was the tiny infant in the queen's arms, sucking its thumb.

Though the powder-like infant appeared naive and cute, compared to others in the painting, its emerald eyes lacked some "spirit," feeling somewhat stiff and inert, not dynamically engaged like the others in the artwork.

Just missing you, Feiliya.

After casting a nostalgic glance at that joyful banquet, Prince Andre turned back, now eagerly looking at the emerald-eyed girl atop the giant canvas, who had already flown to the edge of Zone 1.

Previously, your self-awareness was always Atifei-01, and I could never convince myself to genuinely regard you as my sister, hence never being able to truly paint you in.

But now it's different. Now I know your soul is the original one, and you should also understand that you are indeed the real Feiliya.

If it's you now, you'll surely be able to walk into my painting, join me in returning to that past banquet, with father, mother, and everyone else together...

However, just as Prince Andre awaited the arrival of the last family member with great anticipation, a dust-covered "little black figure" on the canvas abruptly dumped another "little black" down, pulled out a knife, and fiercely slashed at the canvas's sky!

"Shh!"

Accompanied by a soft tear-like sound, a cut appeared in the canvas sky, with a tiny segment of a silver-bright knife tip peeking through. The birds carrying the emerald-eyed girl were largely cut apart by this slash in the sky, fluttered off in all directions.

At the brink of reaching her destination, Feiliya was forcibly "cut off" in the final moments by someone, screaming as she flailed helplessly and plummeted from the sky.

Chapter 624: Here Comes the Bro



It's you again... Didn't you and Director Scorpio both end up hurt? How can you still have the ability to cut my painting?

Looking at the canvas that had been sliced open, where the struggling Feiliya was caught by a giant trumpet flower, Prince Andre's face darkened.

Reaching out to wipe the sky on the canvas, healing the cut made by the knife, Prince Andre picked up the scraper next to him, braced it against the arm pulling Feiliya, and forcefully scraped the little black figure pulling her out from the trumpet flower, with a cold face!

"Damn!"

It seemed Leon, sensing the impending crisis, shouted and swiftly dodged the trajectory of the scraper, his eyes wide in shock at the chaos of colors left on the canvas.

What a troublesome guy!

Seeing Leon, relying on some instinct, successfully evade the scraper on the canvas, Prince Andre frowned tightly and again aimed the scraper at the canvas, scraping forcefully.

After the initial shock, Leon, his whole body covered in dust on the canvas, seemed to get accustomed to the bizarre attack style, weaving agilely to dodge each strike of the scraper.

But as the scraper struck time and time again, scraping more and more color off the canvas, Leon found fewer places to dodge, and it became increasingly difficult.

As Prince Andre, with a firm expression, scraped away all of Leon's dodging space with two strikes, and slashed towards Leon in the center, Leon, having no other choice, stood his ground, holding the [Silver Dagger of Cutting], and hurriedly swung his knife at the invisible threat that seemed to erase all before him!

"Clang!"

A crisp metallic sound echoed as, under Leon's desperate strike within the painting, Prince Andre's scraper, capable of erasing everything, was sliced in half and fell to the floor with a clang from the force that dislodged it from his hand.

Is this a True God level abnormal object?

Glancing in surprise at the silver knife in Leon's hand, Prince Andre flexed his numbed wrist, then picked up the palette expressionlessly, squeezed out a few tubes of paint, and quietly began mixing with a brush.

...

Finally, it stopped...

After waiting for a little while, standing still and realizing that the sense of imminent erasure no longer appeared, Leon let out a sigh of relief with cold sweat all over.

Although Director Scorpio fell, his insight was still accurate, and Prince Andre's ability, where you can't see him or even know how the attack is coming, indeed was the hardest for Leon to handle.

And with the Contamination Value rising and his physique improving, the time it took to sober up was getting shorter. When he previously saved Feiliya, the [Immortal in Liquor] badge on the panel had already dimmed prematurely.

If it weren't for Aquarius' [Silver Dagger of Cutting] being so handy, able to slice through almost anything and block that attack just now, he might have been erased without the invincible life-saving [Immortal in Liquor].

So... I still haven't drunk enough!

During the gap when Prince Andre stopped attacking, Leon poured liquor into his mouth to recharge [Immortal in Liquor], while wielding the [Silver Dagger of Cutting], furiously slicing at the secret chamber's door.

I've seen it, your soul is in there! As long as I can break into this secret chamber... damn!

After a swing that left a cut but no seam at the secret chamber, Leon's expression darkened slightly before he immediately turned to the giant trumpet flower and pulled Feiliya out.

"Le... Leon!"

Clearly shaken by her previous ordeal, the blonde-haired girl, her eyes wide with tears, exclaimed as she climbed out:

"Just now, I was in the military zone 1. First, there was a burst of sunlight, and then a lot of birds... Ah!"

"There's no time to worry about your birds now!"

With Feiliya tucked under his arm, Leon shouted for Frankie to throw out the fishing line, pulling over the snoring Director Scorpio, tying him back-to-back behind him, then swung around and ran.

Although in this investigation task, Director Scorpio did nothing but cause trouble and swap sides, his experience and judgment regarding abnormal objects were still reliable.

Since even this "professional" said Andre's ability was very special, the kind Leon was worst at handling, and even approaching was dangerous, then Leon certainly couldn't be stubborn. He had to run when it was time to run!

So decisive?

Seeing that he only made a single cut before giving up the attack and fleeing wildly with Feiliya and Director Scorpio, Prince Andre frowned, ignoring the fact that he hadn't finished blending the colors, picked up the brush, and swiftly painted a surging river across the canvas.

As soon as the brush stroke fell, a muddy-hued river unexpectedly emerged in front of Leon's trio.

Waves roared and surged.

Waves over five meters high, wielding the power to sweep everything, roared towards Leon, frightening the green-eyed girl under his arm into a shrill scream.

"It's over!"

"Not yet!"

Seeing the massive yet somewhat transparent river in front of him, Leon took a deep breath and, amidst Feiliya's scream, gritting his teeth, wielded the knife as he leaped towards the torrent.

"Swish!"

With a Contamination Value of 59, the [Silver Dagger of Cutting] in Leon's hand displayed terrifying efficiency.

The moment it touched the bright blade; the river, towering nearly six meters high and spanning over three hundred meters, split into two, then collapsed with a crash, transforming into waves of murky paint that drenched the war-battered ruins below.

Soon after, seemingly provoked by Leon's wave-splitting slash, rivers carved, mountains toppled, winds howled and a series of new attacks followed in endless succession, even massive crimson meteors slashed through the air like crying winds overhead.

Yet no matter the disaster, all were sliced swiftly in two when met with Leon's silver knife, crumbling instantly into sprays of colorful paint, harmlessly falling around.

Really persistent...

Watching Leon, wielding the [Silver Dagger of Cutting], leaping up and decapitating the dragon he painted in one stroke, Prince Andre sighed, stood up, walked to a corner easel, and took down the canvas of "Royal Banquet".

Then, holding the yet incomplete "Royal Banquet", he walked back to the huge canvas, cut off a section in Leon's escape path, sliced the edge of the "Royal Banquet," and merged them, gently smearing at the joint between the two paintings.

Swish.

A faint gleam flickered away, and with it, the over-a-meter-long cut disappeared instantly. The two paintings merged into one, with the joyous banquet replacing the desolate 1st Research District ruins as the center of the canvas.

Meanwhile, Leon, with Feiliya under his arm and Director Scorpio on his back, while fleeing wildly, suddenly felt the ground vanish beneath him and fell into an elaborate pool with a splash, drenching the surrounding guests summer cold.

"?!!!"

Chapter 625: Early Bloom

Damn it... Where is this?

After shaking off the Scorpio Bureau chief from his back and climbing out of the pool, Leon wiped the water from his face. After surveying his surroundings, he was completely befuddled.

Didn't I just rush out of Research Area No. 1? How did everything suddenly change in a flash? And... why does this place look a bit familiar?

"Puh-ha! Help... help me!"

Just as Leon was warily observing the surroundings and the bewildered guests around him, a cry for help from Feiliya suddenly came from the fountain pool behind him.

"I can't swim! Help... help me!"

"You don't need me to save you."

After glancing back at the situation in the pool, Leon, amidst the guests' pointing fingers, grabbed the foot of the Scorpio Bureau chief and dragged him out. Then he said to the green-eyed girl:

"It's just a fountain, you just need to sit up and your head will be out... By the way, where is this place? Do you know?"

"Huff... huff... Maybe... the palace..."

Following Leon's guidance, after climbing out of the pool, the still frightened green-eyed girl coughed twice and then said uncertainly:

"It looks like the little garden at the back of the palace, but about ten years ago, no one tended this garden anymore, now it should be all weeds... huh?!"

Seeming to have discovered something extraordinary, Feiliya's emerald eyes suddenly widened as she looked in shock towards the distant wooden pavilion. The person in the center of the low wooden platform seemed to have also noticed the commotion over here and curiously poked their head over.

Is that... King Fein and the Queen?

Following the gaze of the green-eyed girl, after seeing the looks of the family in the center of the wooden pavilion, Leon's eyebrow slightly raised, and he quickly identified more "familiar faces" among the guests present.

Although they look much younger and their clothes have changed a lot, quite a few of these guests seem to have appeared in the "Preservation Hall" before, so... is this a royal banquet in the past?

After examining King Fein at the main seat and looking around at the surrounding guests, Leon noticed some brush-like marks on their clothes, and his eyes suddenly flashed with a gleam of understanding.

Though this is a banquet that happened in the past, Prince Andre's ability doesn't seem to involve time travel, and it seems unlikely he has the power to send people back many years, so the scene in front of us is likely some kind of 'simulation' or 'reconstruction.'

Considering the brush marks on these people's clothes, and previously those things that suddenly appeared and were cut by my [Silver Dagger of Cutting], turning directly into a puddle of paint... could Prince Andre's ability be related to painting?

...

"Back off!"

Just as Leon was following clues and beginning to speculate about Prince Andre's ability, a small team of fully armed guards rushed over from a distance, quickly splitting into two groups, one escorting the guests to retreat, the other waving protective swords and halberds, surrounding the "knife-wielding assailant" who had intruded into the banquet.

"What do you think you're doing!"

The leading tall and strong Guard Commander aimed his halberd at Leon and asked sternly:

"Speak! How did you break in! Who are that child and that unconscious person?"

"..."

After hearing the Guard Commander's inquiry, the corners of Leon's mouth couldn't help but twitch.

The unconscious one is my reliable teammate who excels at dying and backstabbing, and that child is your future princess. As for how I got in... I suppose I was "invited" by your prince.

Without answering the Guard Commander's question, Leon, who had some guesses about Prince Andre's ability, first protected Feiliya behind him, then gripped the [Silver Dagger of Cutting] tightly in his hand, and slashed hard at the "world" in front of him.

If the situation is as I guessed, and this banquet in front of me is a painting, it means I can rely on the ability of the [Silver Dagger of Cutting] to cut through this painting and break out!

"Tear!"

In the expectant expression of Leon, the slash did not miss its target but indeed cut into something, producing a sound like tearing fabric, opening a slit in the "world" before him.

However, the trouble is, just like the previous cutting of the secret chamber where Prince Andre was, this small cut had just been made when it resealed more quickly. The split was completely healed the moment the [Silver Dagger of Cutting]'s tip left the "canvas."

With this "canvas"'s astonishingly fast repair speed, forget about letting three live people escape, even splashing water while cutting won't get a drop out either.

"How daring!"

The Guard Commander seemed oblivious to the slit Leon had cut, and seeing Leon not only refusing to surrender but waving a small knife around, his eyebrows furrowed in anger. He twisted the halberd in his hand half a turn, intending to use the blunt side to knock down this presumptuous intruder, however...

"Stop!"

A somewhat childish voice echoed from a distance. A little boy, wearing a brown fine linen shirt and black breeches, hugged a golden ball and rushed over.



After stopping the Guard Commander from making a move, the little boy, whose entire shirt was soaked with sweat and hair stuck to his forehead, looked up and smiled at Leon, then turned to the Guard Commander:

"Uncle Bagus, he's my guest, have the guards leave."

"Your Highness?"

Hearing the little boy's words, the Guard Commander hesitated for a moment, then spoke to remind:

"But he has a knife in his hand..."

"Don't worry, it's just a fruit knife."

Glancing at Leon, who squinted his eyes, the green-eyed little boy smiled and said:

"Uncle Bagus, with so many of us here, even if he is up to no good, a small knife can't do much harm."

"..."

That's true...

Seeing the little prince step up to vouch for these suspicious figures, the Guard Commander's tense expression eased slightly. First, he gave Leon a warning glance, then bowed his head to the boy in acknowledgment:

"Your Highness jests, if he is your guest, there certainly won't be any issues, I'll have the guards leave immediately... But it would be best if such sudden intrusions don't happen a second time."

"No way, no way!"

With a laugh, after gently pushing the Guard Commander back a couple of steps and away from the edge of the pool, the little boy hugged his ball and walked back, looking up meaningfully at Leon who was deep in thought:

"Your Highness, I'm Andre. Welcome to my sister's first birthday banquet."

"..."

Although he already had a vague suspicion, hearing this sunny, innocent little kid in front of him personally admit his identity still caused a slight expression of surprise in Leon's eyes.

To think that the future lazy and impatient Andre, who seems to wish he could sleep forever, used to be quite a sunny child... what a pity he turned out differently.

Chapter 626: Clown

"?"

Without receiving a reply from Leon, he instead saw a trace of pity in Leon's eyes. The young version of Prince Andre couldn't help but frown and then continued to speak:

"Regarding the current situation, you should be able to guess part of it. This world in front of you is drawn according to my own memories, and with your current ability, there's no possibility of breaking out and escaping."

"So what?"

Leon raised an eyebrow at the words.

"You're telling me this, are you expecting me to give up resisting, or do you want me to surrender to you directly?"

"That's not necessary, I don't care about those things."

Prince Andre shook his head and then pointed to the green-eyed girl protected by Leon, saying sincerely:

"I only want Feiliya. If you return her to me, I can let you leave here immediately."

"Brother Andre..."

After hearing Prince Andre's "simple" request, a touch of gratitude appeared in the eyes of the green-eyed girl, and she immediately wanted to step out from behind Leon, but...

"That's not good, is it?"

Grabbing Feiliya's collar and pulling her back behind him, Leon stared into the young prince's green eyes and said:

"There are only you and her left in the Crolock royal family right now. If she is also handed to you, once the Crolock royal bloodline is severed, the effectiveness of Watcher's Palace will decline, and my mission will completely fail."

"That's your concern."

After Leon's reply, Prince Andre slightly frowned, then said with a somewhat indifferent tone:

"The strength of Watcher's Palace has nothing to do with me, nor with the Crolock royal family. Neither I nor the Crolock royal family have the responsibility to maintain the effectiveness of Watcher's Palace for the Clean-up Bureau.

As for your mission... Sir Leon, I hope you understand that I'm willing to stand here and negotiate with you only because I don't want to get into a fight and mess up my painting in this world, not because I'm incapable of dealing with you.

Now I'm willing to let you and Director Edward leave, so you'd better agree and not continue to test my patience, or the final outcome will be something neither of us wants to see."

"Hmm."

After nodding ambiguously, Leon, holding the struggling Feiliya, squinted his eyes and asked:

"Compared to completing the mission for the Clean-up Bureau, I do care more about my own safety. This deal is not out of the question, but how can I be sure that after returning Princess Feiliya to you, you'll truly let Director Edward and me leave?"

After all, I'm currently trapped in your painting, and Princess Feiliya is my only leverage. If you were bluffing just now and decide to act against Director Edward and me after taking her away, then what should I do?"

Hearing this, Prince Andre frowned with some impatience and said:

"Just say it, what do you want?"

"I want some insurance."

Leon raised the [Silver Dagger of Cutting] in his hand, measuring it against Feiliya's forehead, then earnestly proposed:

"To make sure Your Highness won't go back on your word, I can return half of Princess Feiliya to you first, and the other half will be returned after Director Edward and I are safe... Hmm... do you want the left half or the right half?"

"?!!!"

After hearing Leon's proposal, looking at the shimmering dagger on her forehead, the struggling green-eyed girl immediately calmed down, didn't dare to move, and started winking frantically at Prince Andre.

Don't! I don't want to be split in half vertically! Please don't agree!

"..."

"If you don't want to negotiate, so be it."

Looking at the [Silver Dagger of Cutting] tightly gripped in Leon's hand and realizing he had rejected his terms, Prince Andre fell silent for a moment, then looked up with an expressionless face and said:

"Although I don't want to dirty this painting, since you don't agree to my terms, there's no choice... Goodbye, I hope you won't regret it later."

After leaving an incomprehensible threat, the young version of Andre's body trembled slightly, as if something was being pulled out of him, and the previously slightly angry eyes returned to a state of untainted clarity.

"Eh?"

Looking at Leon in front of him with surprise, the young version of Andre scratched the back of his head with confusion, full of puzzlement, and asked:

"Who are you..."

"The assassin who kills you."

Casually replying to little Andre, Leon quickly advanced with a knife, grabbed the startled Prince Andre, and stabbed him seven or eight times.

"Your Highness?!!!"

Witnessing this sudden occurrence, the Guard Commander in the distance, who had been watching like a hawk, was dumbfounded. His eyes suddenly bloodshot, he almost crawled over, intending to take back Prince Andre from the "assassin" and see if there was any hope, but...

"Amazing!"

Feeling his body, having been stabbed seven or eight times yet without any wounds, the young prince couldn't help but gape in amazement, threw away the ball, clapped vigorously, and then asked eagerly:

"Are you a magician? Is your knife mechanism triggered, retracting upon contact with a person, or is the knife actually soft? Did I guess right?"

"Wrong."

Allowing the young prince to touch the blade of the [Cutting Silver Coin] and verify the blade's condition, Leon couldn't help but let out a slight sigh as he looked at the young prince's intact clothes.

At present, not only is the "canvas" uncuttable, but even the "content" and "characters" painted on it are uncuttable. Except for the spot in direct contact with the blade, any sliced parts would instantly heal.

It seems Prince Andre's painting ability really restrains me completely, Director Edward's judgment was spot on, this type of battle where the opponent's true body can't be seen is indeed something I can't handle.

As Leon pondered in distress, watching the curious Prince Andre, who had no wounds, fiddling with the small knife, the tall, strong Guard Commander, who had half-rushed over, let out a long sigh of relief and staggered to brace against a nearby sculpture as if collapsing in exhaustion.

Damn... If I see this damn magician again, I'll beat you every time!

Giving Leon a vicious glare, watching Prince Andre grabbing Leon's arm and repeatedly stabbing himself with the knife, the still uneasy Guard Commander took a couple of breaths and then hurried over, advising sincerely:

"Prince Andre, these people are suspicious; you should..."

"Hm?"

Hearing the Guard Commander's advice, the young prince blinked in surprise and then pointed at Leon's big, red, round nose and his face with a jumble of colorful patterns, asking curiously:

"What's suspicious? Isn't he the clown from the circus my father hired to liven things up?"

"???!"

This time it was Leon's turn to be surprised. Seeing the large red nose suddenly appear in his view, Leon's eyes widened, and before he could speak, he felt his clothing suddenly grow heavier.

It seemed as if a gigantic invisible paintbrush, soaked in carefully mixed colorful pigments, gently brushed his clothes twice, transforming the newly changed black wool coat into a clown outfit covered in vertical colorful stripes and an array of vibrant patches.

Next, a somewhat muddled memory of a performer's life, combined with reasonably skilled juggling techniques, abruptly flooded Leon's mind, causing his previously tightened lips to curl up habitually into a brilliant yet formulaic smile.

"..."

Darn, I've really become a magician now!

Chapter 627: The Final Whisper

[You've mastered exceptionally skilled circus techniques, even reaching a level where you'd be invited to perform for a country's royal family, thereby successfully activating the hidden Black Iron Level profession badge "Colorful Clown"]

[Colorful Clown: A special comedic performer commonly seen on stage, in circuses, carnivals, etc., typically wearing oversized shoes and flamboyant, contrasting garments, and usually possessing some juggling skills, using their own awkwardness to entertain the audience.]

[Effect when worn: After years of diligent research and careful practice, your skills in portraying the Colorful Clown have reached perfection. You're adept at tricks, and even your everyday actions carry a humorous clumsiness that delights onlookers.]

[Advancement path: None]

[Hidden trait (without need to wear): No one guards against a lovable fool; while performing as a clown, everyone's vigilance towards you will greatly decrease.]

...

"See, I told you he's a clown!"

Seeing Leon's colorful attire and the suddenly appearing big nose on his face, the young Andre Prince couldn't help but laugh excitedly, then reached out to grab Leon's arm, eagerly pulling him toward the garden platform.

"Quick, quick! Show that trick to my mother too! If you perform well... huh?"

When he got to this point, noticing something strange, the young prince stopped, puzzled, and asked:

"Where's your magical little dagger? Did you hide it?"

Magical little dagger?



Hearing the inquiry from the young prince, Leon, currently examining the new badge, blinked in surprise.

Does the dagger refer to the [Silver Dagger of Cutting]? Wasn't it just in my hand... Damn!

Looking at the handful of balloons he held, Leon's mind went blank.

Where's my dagger? It was definitely in my hand earlier!

"Looks like your dagger is gone."

Right then, a cold and distant voice suddenly emerged from the young prince's mouth.

No matter whether it had "returned" or had never "left", the sunny-faced Andre Prince held Leon's wrist and nodded with satisfaction at his wary expression, saying:

"That's better; clowns should hold balloons, playing cards. Carrying a dagger, how does that fit?"

"..."

Without responding to Andre Prince's words, Leon immediately tried to contact Youha and three cleaners from the Scorpio Branch but got no response from any of them, which made his eyes narrow.

"All my abnormal objects have stopped working?"

"Of course."

Andre Prince continued pulling Leon toward the platform, calmly replied:

"You're just a Colorful Clown responsible for amusement in the circus now—why would you have abnormal objects in your hand?"

"..."

"Remember, now you're a clown my father invited, and that's your only identity. Anything not belonging to a clown should not appear on you, nor should you indulge in behaviors that betray your identity."

"And if I do?"

"Then there won't be a 'you' anymore."

Facing Leon's inquiry, the young Andre Prince spoke without turning his head:

"The canvas you are in now contains a tiny fragment of a deceased material world, and the scene depicted under my brush is the rules of this world.

Just like no real living is in the Realm of the Dead, and the deceased cannot long stay in the world of the living; according to the new rules I just painted, in this world I govern, you can only be a trick-performing clown.

If you truly perform actions that violate the rules, you'll be rejected by the entire world like living people straying into the Realm of the Dead. Each violation deepens the rejection until the world will completely erase you, turning into a stain on the canvas."

This painting... has a fragment of a dead world?!

After Andre Prince's response, Leon couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

No wonder [Silver Dagger of Cutting] could cut open this painting yet couldn't maintain the "opening"; if Andre Prince's words were true, this painting equals a greatly reduced world.

And aiming to freely cut through worlds and traverse doors, the threshold requires the True God level with 60 Contamination Value; being 1 point short, Leon could temporarily break open this world but is unable to truly escape from it...

What now?

...

"I said, you'd regret ever refusing me."

After glancing at Leon's expression, Andre Prince spoke coldly:

"First, this painting is something I created for myself, and you are neither family nor friend; given a choice, I'd rather not see you here.

Second, about why I caution you against making trouble—it's because I don't want you to be rejected by the world and become a filthy ink stain that dirties my painting."

"..."

"Finally, your Undying Body merely prevents harm, yet this rejection stemming from world will doesn't involve life or death, but a more thorough 'erasure.'

If you're dissatisfied and don't want to play the clown in my painting, wishing to test if your Undying Body could resist, then suit yourself, but I'll let guards escort you far so the stains won't mar the garden hosting this banquet."

"I see..."

After thoughtfully listening to Andre's warning, observing the young prince's bouncing silhouette, Leon silently donned the "Words Betray" badge and gently asked:

"Prince Andre, is that fragment of a dead world the object you obtained from the Slaughter King Association by sacrificing your entire family to ensure the Crolock royal bloodline is wiped out?"

"..."

Facing this malicious inquiry with self-breaking effect, even with Andre Prince's notable calm, he still couldn't help but tremble all over, and his slightly plump little hand tightened, harshly pinching Leon's arm.

"Your Highness, you're hurting me."

Lightly patting the young prince's hand's back, Leon looked at him kindly and asked:

"Did my words strike your achilles heel, leading you to release your anger at misguiding your parents' death by scratching a helpless clown's skin?"

"..."

"It's okay; I forgive you."

Patting the young prince's stiffened back, Leon said softly with sympathy:

"Although you've matured early, to me, you're still a pathetic giant baby, unable to face your own faults, only using creating a false world to mentally self-tend, how can I blame you?"

Prince Andre, your life, from beginning to end, is a meaningless comedic farce; as a clown dressed in clown attire in your painting, you've succeeded in showing me what a true clown is."

Chapter 628: The Clown's Performance

"..."

"..."

"..."

In almost thirty years of life, Andre the Prince had never experienced such a vicious attack. After hearing Leon's gentle-toned remarks, he couldn't help but stop in his tracks and fell into a long silence.

"Why did you stop? Weren't you just about to take me to perform for your parents?"

Watching the young Prince trembling continuously at the back, hearing the gnashing sound of teeth clenching, Leon couldn't help but chuckle. He then soothingly said:

"Don't worry, I'm just a clown with decent skills. I won't say anything to your parents. A little trick here, some juggling there, and we're done.

After all, my false clown humor is solely in the juggling, at most amusing your parents, while your humor is inside; all you need to..."

"Shut up!!!"

With a sudden loud shout breaking Leon's comfort, Andre the Prince spun around swiftly, his still slightly childish face full of ferocity as he said:

"You guessed right. I, too, have to abide by the world's rules and can't easily do things against the 'Prince' identity, but if you want to anger me into letting you go voluntarily by words..."

"No need, everyone here is talented, I really like it here~"

Waving his hand to interrupt Prince Andre's words, Leon tied a balloon around his waist, fished out four colorful balls from his pocket, and began juggling them with a merry smile. Occasionally alternating his legs, he tossed the balls under his crotch, immediately drawing a round of applause.

"Well done!"

"Amazing!"

"Add another one! Can you add another ball?"

"Add! You can add them all!"

Replying to the cheering guests not far away, Leon didn't stop his movements. Maintaining his juggling, he slowly walked to the open area in front of the platform. Somehow, the four balls magically turned into five and then into six with another glance.

"Wow!!!"

"Can actually juggle six balls at once?"

Watching Leon's hands move back and forth like a dancing butterfly, even creating afterimages, the guests paused their drinking and curiously looked over. Some even began clapping and cheering.

"Beautiful!"

"What a fantastic clown!"

"You're too kind, you're too kind!"

After ending his juggling with a left-right alternating flourish, Leon pinched his own rosy nose, bowed in thanks to the guests who praised his skill, then said with a look of modesty:

"Actually, I'm not that good. In our clown circle, there's a senior named Andre who is far superior to me.

A regular clown like me can only juggle some equally ordinary colored balls, but that senior Andre can juggle amazing items like knives, forks, dishes, chairs, and benches, he can juggle them all..."

At this point, Leon slightly turned his head, gave Andre the Prince a gentle look, then silently mouthed:

'Even his dead parents can be juggled.'

"..."

Bringing him here was the biggest mistake!

After personally experiencing Leon's terrifying aggressiveness, Andre the Prince, who was watching Leon borrow a few small things from a guest, couldn't help but clench his fists with a nasty expression. He then ducked his head and made his way through the guests until he found the queen, who was watching the performance with interest.

"Mother."

After pulling the queen's sleeve and taking a deep breath to put on his original innocent and bright demeanor, he pointed at Feiliya, who lay asleep among the guests at some point, and pleaded:

"My friend, who I invited, fell asleep from exhaustion. Could you have someone send her home?"

"Sure."

Glancing in Feiliya's direction, the queen lovingly patted Andre the Prince's head, gave a couple of instructions to an attendant, then said to the young prince:

"I've already sent for Bagus to help take your friend home... Come, Andre, sit in your mother's lap."

She embraced the young Andre, pulling him into her lap, while gently pinching his soft, warm earlobe, and softly said:

"That clown's performance was terrific. It's been a long time since I've seen such a good one... Andre? I remember you loved watching clowns, even considered being one yourself before. Why aren't you watching now?"

"I..."

Just having been harshly punished by the "clown theory," Andre now felt uncomfortable at the mere mention of clowns, let alone watching Leon's performance. He desperately wanted to escape from the "Royal Banquet" immediately.

But he was reluctant to leave the queen's warm embrace, and he hadn't personally witnessed Feiliya being escorted out of the "Royal Evening Banquet," so Prince Andre had to hold his patience, sitting like a real child in the queen's lap, watching the performance.

Meanwhile, in the distance, Leon seemed to have truly accepted his new profession, clopping around in bright yellow clown shoes, walking in a comical out-toed gait, showing the guests at the front whatever he had in his hands.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you've all seen and touched this. It's indeed an apple, not a prop I brought."

Following that gaze sharper than a knife, Leon found where the young prince was seated, seamlessly turning to face him and the queen, using his finger to pinch a mark on the apple's skin, and then with a gleeful expression, he said:

"Everyone, this fingernail mark as proof, next I'm going to perform an extremely difficult trick, I'm going to turn this apple into..."

"Yikes!"

After Leon's announcement, the guests present immediately cooperated and jeered:



"Boring, boring!"

"That's it?"

"What's so hard about making an apple disappear?"

"Do another one, do another one! This one's no good!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, please don't be anxious. This trick of mine isn't just a basic disappearing apple trick!"

Raising his hand to hush the crowd, Leon's expression turned serious. He rolled up his sleeves and mysteriously said:

"Those who make apples disappear usually just hide them in their sleeves or block them with their arms, but my hands are completely open, right before your eyes. And I won't just make the apple disappear; I can even turn it into something else!"

No cover-up? And he can turn the apple into something else?

Hearing Leon's teaser, all the guests were immediately intrigued, unconsciously holding their breath and staring intently at Leon's hands.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm about to start the transformation!"

Nodding seriously to those around him, Leon, much to the guests' bewilderment, took a bite of the apple with nail marks on it, munching it clean in a few bites. With his cheeks bulging full, he proudly announced, while making a lap around the room with the apple core dangling, "Look! I've transformed the apple into a core!"

"..."

"Ah! So that's how it's done!"

"Yikes!"

"Hahaha!"

"Such a joker, haha!"

Whether it was the Colorful Clown badge at work or the sheer absurdity of Leon's joke, everyone except Prince Andre was almost in stitches from laughing.

However, just as everyone was laughing and causing a ruckus, Leon suddenly let out a yelp, bent over in pain, held his mouth tightly, and shouted:

"Oh no! Oh no! This apple... this apple!"

Could it be poisoned?

Seeing the magician in trouble, the Guard Commander, who was following orders to take Feiliya home, was startled. Dropping her to the ground, he hurried to rush back, but then...

"This apple, it's... it's grown back somehow?"

In the midst of the guests' alarmed expressions, Leon's hands, which covered his mouth, gently opened. Then, with a sharp backstretch, he displayed the apple intact in his hands. The nail mark on the skin was still there, just as it was at the beginning.

"..."

"..."

"..."

After a moment of dead silence, the banquet erupted into thunderous applause.

"Wow!!!!"

"It's the same apple?"

"Amazing! Absolutely amazing! I've never seen such a talented clown!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you all for your compliments!"

Bowing to the applauding and cheering guests, Leon chuckled and said:

"Actually, these are all simple tricks. If you talk about someone truly impressive, then it has to be that clown named Andre. The things he can make disappear are not limited to apples; he can even make living creatures vanish, like chickens, ducks, dogs, cats, pigeons, and even dishes and horses."

Hearing Leon mention him again, though not understanding what dishes and horses referred to, Prince Andre shivered uncontrollably, glaring at Leon with eyes full of icy fury.

The surrounding guests, intrigued by Leon's praise, asked curiously:

"If this clown named Andre is so amazing, why didn't he come along with you?"

"Well, that's a long story."

Leon sighed at the question, then said with sympathy:

"To be honest with you all, the hardest part about our tricks is not making things disappear but bringing them back again. That Andre fellow was great at the first half but never quite mastered the second, more crucial part.

One day, for some baffling reason, he made the most important thing to him disappear, and no matter what, he couldn't bring it back. The poor guy lost his mind a bit. As for what that important thing was..."

At this point, Leon paused slightly, then turned to glance at the ashen-faced Prince Andre with a knowing smile.

"..."

I'll kill you! I swear I'll kill you!!!

#### Chapter 629: What Is 0

Looking at Leon in the distance, whose face appeared regretful but was slyly winking at him, Andre Prince felt a snap in his mind, as though something had completely broken.

Despite being rather worldly, it was his first time realizing someone could pierce another's heart with a thousand wounds without uttering a single curse word, merely jesting with a few casual remarks.

In Andre Prince's heart, the "Royal Evening Banquet" was once his softest Pure Land, his sole refuge from harsh reality; yet after he decided to temporarily confine Leon in this painting, that Pure Land became terribly tainted, transforming from paradise into a torturous Hell.

Whether it was the initial "Clown Theory" or those subtle criticisms veiled in stories about "Andre Senior," they were knives piercing through his body, each stab causing excruciating pain.

That damned bastard!

After gritting his teeth, Andre Prince took a long breath upon seeing Feiliya, now sent out of the "canvas" by the Guard Commander, preparing to leave, however...

"By the way."

Also glancing at Feiliya, who was sent out of the canvas, Leon smiled broadly, continuing to speak jovially to the guests while munching on an apple:

"Speaking of Andre Senior, I recall something interesting."

Here we go again?!!!

Hearing Leon's opening, the young prince couldn't help but shiver, knowing it was targeted at himself again. He dared not linger and swiftly exited the painting by merely closing his eyes.

Keeping his eyes on the young prince, Leon noticed his unusual behavior first and immediately halted the planned Hell joke, replacing the [Colorful Clown] with the [Crolock Royal] emblem.

"Crash"

At the instant the two emblems switched, Leon's colorful body paint contorted oddly, trying to form a new ID based on Leon's identity, but failing, it ultimately slid down with a crash, staining the grass below.

He bet right; his emblem granted ID surpassed the identity authority painted by Andre.

Seizing the chance while Andre was chased away, confirming his speculation, Leon exhaled deeply, then reached for the balloon hanging at his waist.

Amidst the guests' bewildered looks, Leon shed the clown persona, grabbed the "balloon," and wiped away the paint on the [Silver Dagger of Cutting], reverting it to its original form.

"What are you up to again?!"

Seeing Leon draw the knife again, the Guard Commander, having just returned Feiliya "home," immediately rushed over, angrily blocking in front of Leon.

"You..."

"I am a guest!"

With the Crolock Royal identity, Leon straightened up and retorted.

"Isn't this the Royal Evening Banquet? Can't a royal family member attend?"

Hearing Leon, the Guard Commander burst into laughter with anger, replying:

"You, a magician, dare impersonate... huh?"

At this point, the Guard Commander hesitated slightly, a heavy confusion surfacing in his eyes.

The man before him had the same eyebrows as before and wore the same wet attire, yet somehow, he felt like a royal member...

"Move along, stop blocking me!"

Realizing the [Crolock Royal] emblem worked even within the painting, Leon relaxed completely, pushing aside the bewildered Guard Commander, and walked toward the sleeping Scorpio Chief amid the similarly baffled guests.

"Smack!"

After propping Scorpio Chief up, Leon slapped him hard on both cheeks.

"Wake up! Stop sleeping, dammit!"

"Smack!"

"Get up and help me!"

"Smack!"

"Hurry! While Andre isn't here, get me out of this painting!"

Yet Scorpio Chief seemed deeply asleep, snoring rhythmically despite Leon's shakes, the slaps complementing his snore melodies.

Useless fool! Always unreliable in crucial moments!

After smacking for a while, seeing that Scorpio Chief's complexion improved despite reddened cheeks, Leon sighed and temporarily abandoned his plan to pull him up for a righteous two-on-one.

Although Scorpio Chief wasn't bad, it seemed he suffered a critical illness that caused his performance to falter; despite being fully geared, he was always the first to be controlled in group fights.

Just like at Demonic Soul Abyss, he was like this; Leon expected to follow him for an easy win, yet he ended up being grabbed by six Nightmare envoys, trapped in the dream realm they opened till the end.

This time was even worse; having camped on someone's "eye" before, he caused the team to disconnect and idle, performing worse than an actor.

"Excuse me."

Just as Leon hesitated about stabbing him to test, a voice, unfamiliar but vaguely familiar, sounded beside him.

As Leon turned toward the sound, he saw a young woman with thick-bottom glasses, holding a brain model filled with tubes, gazing at him curiously.

"Have we met somewhere before?"

The woman holding the model adjusted her glasses while asking somewhat uncertainly:

"Have you been to Research Area No. 1? Or attended a meeting on brain function decomposition in the past five years? Or visited my Soul Code Group?"

Soul Code Group? You're the host?

Upon hearing this, Leon's brows slightly raised, instantly guessing the identity of this spectacled lady.

"Are you Atifie 00?"

"Ah?"

The spectacled lady paused, slightly taken aback, then nodded with some surprise:

"I am indeed Atifie, but... what is 0?"

"0 is just like 1... uh, forget it, that's not important."

After waving his somewhat tipsy and wandering mind, Leon examined the woman's features, which closely resembled those of the old king and shared some likeness with Feiliya, tentatively asking:



"So your real name is Atifie?"

"Yes..."

Looking at the man before her who seemed to know her yet not fully familiar, the spectacled lady puzzledly replied:

"Do you or don't you know me?"

"I know you, of course!"

Observing the paint on Atifie, distinct from other "characters" and clearly painted later, Leon nodded with deep meaning.

"Although you might have forgotten, our relationship is actually very good!"

Chapter 630: Desperate Situation?

"..."

I can't even remember who you are, and our relationship is still very good?

Confounded by Leon's whimsical logic, Atifie opened her mouth but didn't know what to say. She had to return him an awkward smile.

"Oh... I'm really sorry then..."

"No worries, I forgive you."

"Well... thank you?"

"You're welcome."

"..."

Should I not have bothered talking to him?

Finding her brain unable to keep up with Leon's thinking, Atifie immediately felt the urge to retreat. She coughed dryly and then took the initiative to speak:

"Um... my brainstem mapping isn't finished yet, so I won't disturb you. Let's chat another time."

"It's fine, I don't mind interruptions."

As if not understanding the underlying meaning of Atifie's words, Leon immediately stepped forward and grabbed her wrist when she turned to leave.

Although not sure what means the Scorpio director was under, or why he couldn't wake up after being kicked painfully, the guy who couldn't wake up after being kicked there probably had something wrong with his soul.

Now Atifie, though perhaps not as formidable as future Atifie 00, as the developer of Soul Encoding Technology, certainly understood souls better than I do.

"Oh!"

Frightened by Leon's actions, Atifie wanted to shout, but then saw Leon lift his leg and pick up the tall thin man who was lying on the ground asleep, cradling him to her face.

"For the sake of our good relationship, could you help me with something?"

"Wh... what help?"

"Help me wake him up."

Holding the Scorpio director forward, Leon said:

"He's been affected by your Soul Encoding Technology... um... influenced, and shortly after breaking free due to emotional overload, he fainted without any words. Can you help revive him?"

Affected by Soul Encoding Technology?

Upon hearing Leon's words, Atifie was momentarily stunned, then replied hesitantly:

"But... my Soul Encoding Technology is only scheduled for its first human trial next Tuesday, where was he affected?"

"..."

Damn... it seems I'm actually 'too early.'

Seeing the bespectacled lady showing suspicion, Leon paused for a moment, then switched to [Master Performer], sighed, and said:

"Got caught... Alright, I didn't want to mention it, but we are actually not from this era."

"Huh?"

Despite considering a million possibilities for his answer, the bespectacled lady was dumbfounded at this development and froze.

To have her 'treat' the Scorpio director and help him escape painting, Leon began spinning wild tales:

"The future Crolock Kingdom went through a catastrophic crisis where most of the royal family were killed by machine intelligence. Six royal family armies were defeated, and Research Zone 1 was bombed into ruins.

Fortunately, future Princess Feiliya was exceptional, leading people to resist and defeat the controlled armies, nearly achieving victory.

But seeing the situation was unfavorable, the machine intelligence sent this controlled Cleaner, using the time machine developed in Zone 1, aiming to eliminate Princess Feiliya early and extinguish Crolock Kingdom's rebellion.

He broke free from Soul Code's control due to unforeseen circumstances, but soon fainted, and machine intelligence sent stronger chasers to attack Princess Feiliya anytime..."

After fabricating a space-time travel story following [Terminator]'s template, Leon earnestly spoke to the dumbstruck Atifie, holding the sleeping Scorpio director:

"In short, that's the story. Whether he wakes up now is tied to the future destruction of Crolock Kingdom, so if you have time, could you help save him?"

"..."

Do I even have a choice? After all you said, not saving him would be like personally destroying Crolock Kingdom...

Giving Leon a skeptical glance, Atifie remained silent, picking some copper pipes from the brain model and placing them against the Scorpio director's head.

Though Leon's claim sounded far-fetched, it was somewhat plausible and couldn't completely dismiss the chance he was a time traveler.

While other parts might be untrue, the Soul Encoding technology couldn't be faked. As the only one fully mastering the technology, she might as well check the man's status.

If the waveform feedback through Nebwaves confirmed traces of Soul Encoding Technology, it would prove his statements true, verifying they are time travelers!

"Click, click, click..."

With Atifie's operations, copper tubes linked to wires gently wavered, displaying erratic waveforms in equipment under the brain model. Observing data instruments closely, Atifie's eyes widened in shock.

It's real! This person's soul indeed had traces of Soul Encoding!

"How does it look?"

From Atifie's expression, Leon knew she began believing him, "anxiously" urging:

"Edward's power is crucial, can you revive him?"

"His condition... is a bit complicated."

Receiving too much information promptly left Atifie muddled-headed, she took off glasses and rubbed her temples:

"This person's soul is incredibly strong. If a normal soul is a puff of smoke, his soul is like diamond, overwhelmingly hard, making Soul Code unengraveable but sticking like a 'sticker' on the outside.

The controlling machine intelligence knew this instability, fearing accidental breakaway, added redundancies to the Soul Code.

In simple terms, if he attempts to disengage, those 'stickers' would burst and cover his soul's exterior, cutting off all perception..."

"Simpler than that, can you or can you not save him?"

"Can save, but there's no urgency."

Atifie comforted:

"I estimate unlocking those Soul Codes would take around three days. But given his soul strength, he might wake within a day or two even unsaved, so leaving it alone is an option."

A day or two to wake... by then it might be too late, the stakes might be lost!

After Atifie's response, Leon couldn't help but show a dark expression.

He already took Feiliya out, and if he drew Feiliya into this painting and then followed with entry, the Crolock royal family would be extinct, drastically diminishing Watcher's Palace's effect!

However, trapped in painting, one could likely rely on [Silver Dagger of Cutting] to break the world, but the constantly sleeping Scorpio director could do it. What should I... hum...

Wait! Maybe this could work!