

## I! Cleaner 70

### Chapter 70 The Hanged Man\_1

"Was this... dead?"

Looking at the toad statue on the altar, its once golden sheen faded to a dull clay-like appearance, the few people in the secret chamber who had been full of anticipation were taken aback.

"How could this be?!"

A middle-aged man with a head full of golden hair was the most agitated, staring at the cracked toad statue in disbelief, he said,

"I've clearly investigated! Old Charl, aside from his incredibly accurate business acumen, is just an ordinary person. How could he possibly resist the Holy Spirit of the Scales Gold Sect? Something must have happened that we are unaware of over there!"

"You are unaware of too many things!"

Looking painfully at the shattered statue on the altar, an elderly man with a rose emblem on his chest stood up with a slap on the table and shouted angrily at the middle-aged man,

"Thomas! We agreed initially that as long as we teamed up with you to push down Charl Department Store, the Ryan Family would join with the York Family in taking shares, to expand our Marcini family's department store.

"Yet the shares of Rose Department Store went to you! We invested in the hydraulic company! We also got involved in sabotaging the Department of Road Administration's dam project! But not only did Rose Department Store fail to grow, it's now on the verge of collapse!"

Seeing this wasn't enough to vent his anger, the elder of the Marcini family pounded the table hard, losing his poise as he cursed the golden-haired middle-aged man,

"You said that old Charl's promotions took too many people hostage, and you had no good way to deal with it except to resort to unconventional means.

"Fine! Then let's use unconventional means. I even brought the Holy Spirit of the Scales Gold Sect for you! Is this unconventional enough?

"Weren't you claiming that as long as His Holy Spirit descended and caused a mass casualty event, you could find an excuse to force the municipal side to shut down Charl Department Store's promotions for safety reasons, cutting off its last breath...

"But what was the result? Tell me, what was the result? The result was His Holy Spirit died!!! How am I supposed to explain this to the Scales Gold Sect? You're simply..."

"Enough!"

Seeing the remarks from the Dressed Elder getting more unpleasant, the golden-haired middle-aged man's expression darkened, asking harshly in return,

"I am human! Not an all-knowing God! How could anyone predict such a low-probability event?"

"Also, I never wanted your Marcini family to get involved in the first place; you approached us! Even the Holy Spirit of the Scales Gold Sect was invited by you yourself!

"And did you forget? To invite that toad, how much did you ask for in benefits from us? It was killed without even making a sound! I think your so-called Scales Gold Sect is basically..."

"Gentlemen, stop."

Just as the conflict on both sides was about to fully explode, a cold and hard voice filled with an "icy shards" tone interjected, restraining the escalating situation.

"Mr. Thomas,"

calling out the name of the golden-haired man, the black-robed person in the seat in the middle turned and seriously looked at him,

"Although the Scales Gold Sect isn't considered a major sect, there is a True God behind it. If you don't want to be endlessly hunted down by them, you'd better watch your words. Moreover..."

Turning his gaze to the Dressed Elder full of murderous intent, the black-robed person continued with that chilling, emotionless voice,

"The Holy Spirit you summoned wasn't killed by someone, but encountered an incomprehensible situation, leading it to doubt the ideals it had always believed in, which brought about its destruction."

After listening to the black-robed person's judgment, a representative from the York family, who had remained silent, couldn't help but inquire softly in surprise,

"Just because it started to doubt... it died?"

"It's not just doubt but an inability to persuade itself anymore... But it's not wrong to understand it that way.

"As spirits born from faith and concepts, their very existence is an aggregation of beliefs and rules. When they start to doubt what they've always stood by, it's equivalent to being stripped of their reason for being, naturally spiraling uncontrollably towards death."

Saying this, the black-robed person shook his head, indifferently concluding,

"Only extremes will be remembered, only obsession dares to bravely forge ahead, only madness can comprehend greatness.

"For you humans, this extreme obsession with ideals might be somewhat hard to accept, but this obsession is precisely the source of the spirits' power, and also their most fatal weakness.

"If you still can't understand, think of them as hangmen who believe the sky is below and the earth is above, hence able to walk freely in the sky.

"Once they begin to doubt their previous beliefs, it's tantamount to destroying the rationality of standing in the sky, leaving them to flail and fall, dying on the earth... Do you understand?"

"More or less understood some..."

Contemplating with furrowed brows, the representative from the York family then inquired,

"So... what exactly did the Holy Spirit of the Scales Gold Sect encounter? Can you guess?"

"Almost can guess some."

Hearing this, the black-robed person narrowed his eyes slightly, expressionless as he replied,

"In other places it might not be so easy to guess, but since it's the Capital City... the one who could completely shatter a Holy Spirit's ideals could only be that one."

...

"Achoo!!!"

Strange... do I still get sneezes?

Rubbing his suddenly itchy nose with some surprise, the red-haired director in the office sat upright and curiously opened the file in his hand.

"[Report on the Cleanup of the Scales Gold Sect Holy Spirit Descending Incident]"

"[Incident Rating: Disaster Level]"

"[Incident Status: Cleared]"

"[Person in Charge of Incident: Leon Laine]"

"[Anomalous Objects Used: Demon's Antler, Witch's Broom]"

"[Casualties: 1 person injured]"

"[...]"

Meanwhile...

"I'm sorry! I'm really, really sorry!!!"

Looking at Leon on the hospital bed, wrapped with thick bandages and wearing a neck brace, a baby-faced girl in a business suit bowed deeply, tearfully apologizing,

"When custom-ordering that money box, if I had been more careful during the inspection and had someone reinforce the box again, you wouldn't have been injured by the Gold Wheel in the box collapsing! Boo... it's all my fault..."

Well... my injuries really aren't your fault...

Looking at the baby-faced girl in front who was crying sorrowfully with her eyes swollen, Leon, lying on the bed with a cervical and rib fracture due to the fallen Gold Wheel, didn't know what to say.

If I remember correctly, during the Red Brick Road Hospital incident when it was modified to a gas pipe explosion by the Brain of the Evil God, you were the one who took the blame for improper inspection and came crying to apologize.

And this time, after the Holy Spirit descending incident was modified to an accident by the collapse of the Gold Wheel inside the money box injuring me, you took the blame again and came crying to apologize.

Scrutinizing the heartbroken baby-faced girl in front of him, Leon couldn't help but smack his lips with a complicated expression.

Miss... is your luck a bit poor?