

## I! Cleaner 85

Chapter 85 Wow cool wow cool~\_1

""""

"Bang!" "Bang!"

Amidst the deafening gunfire, Leon, who was preparing to earn his badge, hurriedly entered the shooting range of the police department with his beloved sniper rifle.

Due to the strict weapon regulations in Capital City, nightsticks and whips were generally sufficient to handle most cases, with firearms rarely needed. As a result, few people practiced shooting.

Moreover, today was a rest day, so in the vast shooting range, only three or five positions were occupied, with the majority left empty.

Great, the emptiness meant no need to queue for air tanks.

Satisfied with the empty range, Leon greeted the person responsible for checking weapons and distributing earmuffs. He then carried two large boxes of nail rounds and laid down at a shooting position closest to the air storage area.

Although he rarely came to the range due to limited free time, Leon was diligent about his badge progression. He typically came here right after work, staying until sunset before leaving.

Under his relatively diligent practice, he had completed over half of the 5,000 live-fire shots required for badge progression. With just over two thousand more shots needed, he estimated about thirteen to fourteen hours more of shooting, at a rate of completing 2-3 snipes per minute on average.

After roughly calculating his progress, Leon didn't immediately start shooting. Instead, he first looked up at the sky.

\*It didn't seem like it was going to rain, so he figured, he could probably shoot for another seven or eight hours today.\* Once it got dark, he'd head home to help Anna pack, hire a carriage in the morning to move their stuff to Happiness Apartment, and then come back to shoot for four or five more hours. That should be just about enough.

\*Hmm... come to think of it, the Witch's Broom malfunctioning came at just the right time.\*

\*Due to a temporary lack of protective anomalies, he wasn't quite in a position to go on missions, allowing him to come shoot during work hours and have a justified reason to be late in the mornings, using that time to move house. Just perfect.\*

After silently celebrating his good luck, Leon didn't delay any further. He raised the small yellow flag representing five hundred meters and waved it toward the position of the administrators.

"Sigh..."

Upon seeing the familiar little yellow flag, the two administrators exchanged glances and sighed in unison.

"Stop staring, go grab the targets!"

Squinting at the figure on the sniper's perch, confirming it really was that troublesome guy, the older administrator rubbed his temples with a look of helplessness, saying,

"You'd better bring the cart, take them over by the bundle. Sigh... 'Rolling Bullet' doesn't leave until sunset each time. Coming so early today, he's probably going to shoot for a long time."

"I'm thinking the same... Sigh... watch this spot for me for a bit!"

Glancing at Leon in the distance, who was adjusting his earmuffs and calibrating his firearm, the younger administrator sighed from the bottom of his heart, feeling quite unfortunate.

...

"Rolling Bullet" was the nickname the range administrators had privately given Leon. After becoming familiar with the shooting conditions of the range, his accuracy improved significantly, focusing almost exclusively on the five-hundred-meter extreme range targets.

Once a nail fired from a Nail Gun exceeded its maximum stable range, it would uncontrollably tumble in the air, hence Leon, who specialized in "Rolling Bullets," was honored with the administrators' affectionate nickname of "Rolling Bullet"—and their fervent hope that he would leave soon.

The reason? Others' shots left only small bullet holes on the targets, usually needing a target change every forty or fifty shots. But nails that tumbled beyond range created holes the size of a baby's fist on impact.

If they hit the right spots, just two or three shots could nearly break a wooden target in half, forcing the administrators to constantly replace targets. Coupled with "Rolling Bullet's" astonishing accuracy rate, serving him was more troublesome than taking care of ten other officers.

\*Really thought working on a Sunday would mean an easy day, but it turned into a chore...\*

Pushing a cart piled high with targets, the young administrator returned to the controls with a sigh, and asked with a bitter face:

"So, how's 'Rolling Bullet' doing today?"

"His hand feels astonishingly good; he's broken almost fifty targets. But what's more problematic isn't even that."

After rubbing his tightly furrowed brow, the older administrator, distressed, said,

"I went to the ammunition side and asked. 'Rolling Bullet' took up two whole boxes of nails today, amounting to over a thousand rounds!"

"How many? Over a thousand rounds? Does that mean he plans to shoot all day?!"

Hearing that terrifying number, the young administrator gasped, feeling his head throb, joining the growing chorus of pain, gnashing his teeth as he said,

"Firing targets for eight hours straight... the buttstock could jam back and fracture a bone! Isn't he afraid of the pain?"

"I don't know if he's not afraid of the pain, but if he plans to shoot all day, we'll definitely exhaust ourselves to death here."

"...."

"No! We absolutely cannot let him shoot here all day!"

Seeing the extraordinarily heavy custom wooden targets on the cart, the thought of possibly changing these several hundred times today made the young administrator's shoulder ache instantly. He slammed the targets, stood up, and said with fierce brow:

"Let's go! We need to ask him to change places!"

"....."

\*So you're planning to beg? That stance looks more like a demand.\*

Glancing speechlessly at his colleague, the older administrator didn't object, rather standing up to help appeal their case, hoping to steer the trouble elsewhere and spare their own aching, osteoporosis-ridden bones.

However, before the two even left the control room, something familiar occurred over by "Rolling Bullet's" position—a shadow they recognized well approached him first.

\*Is that... Yisha from the Secret Investigation Bureau?\*

Seeing the female officer standing behind "Rolling Bullet" with a hesitant expression, the two administrators exchanged a glance, almost simultaneously recalling yesterday's rumor.

Yesterday at lunchtime, the agency's flower took her tray and sat across from a man, but he seemed uninterested, not accepting the spontaneous attraction, instead voluntarily changing seats.

More absurdly, Yisha, with a surname matching a prominent military leader and a background undoubtedly complex, shamelessly followed after him again, almost like an obsessed woman, genuinely startling many who witnessed it.

Although the two ended up arguing, parting unhappily with Yisha even flipping her tray in anger, many saw her return, standing at the cafeteria entrance gazing longingly at him...

\*Hiss... so that guy... was "Rolling Bullet"?\*

\*A juicy revelation seemed ready to unveil its tender insides before them. The younger administrator suddenly felt neither shoulder aches nor arm pains, buzzing with energy, turning to the colleague whose eyes gleamed similarly.\*

"Should we... wait a bit?"

"Sure!"

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