

## I! Cleaner 94

Chapter 94 Ryan Hell and Melon Eating\_1

Someone accessed my family archives ahead of schedule?

Upon hearing the archive keeper's words, Leon couldn't help but frown.

"Can you tell me who accessed the archives?"

"I'm sorry, but according to our bureau's policy, this is strictly confidential."

Even though the archive keeper was polite but equally firm in their refusal, Leon nodded, didn't press further, and instead put away the authorization slip, left the archives bureau, and headed towards the Secret Investigation Bureau building with a somber expression.

All six members of my family are just ordinary people. My parents died in battle six years ago, and Anna isn't an adult until next year. With my two younger siblings being only six or seven, the one who accessed the archives must be targeting me.

\*Only someone who has "interest" in me and also has the ability to access the archives would do this. I don't even need to think to know who it is!\*

Leon Laine, Oliver Lane, Wayne Lane, Thomas Lane...

Looking at the pile of "Ryan" series files forming a small mountain on the desk, the female police officer, with slightly dark circles, couldn't help but sigh and feel like she truly had a grudge against this cursed surname!

First, she was assigned to investigate the rebels who attempted to assassinate the Princess. In the end, the abandoned firearms at the scene were found to have been produced by the Ryan family's arms factory. The caught rebels insisted that it was ordered by the Ryan family, but because of the Ryan family's lack of cooperation, the investigation was forcibly terminated.

Later, she finally extracted some clues and tracked down one of the rebels, but the operation was disrupted by another "Lane" who joined the rebels. Not only was she made a fool of, but it also left her feeling upset for days.

\*What's more annoying is that to make up for her father's mistake, she was dismissed like that, yet still had to eagerly help with the investigation of his pension affair.\*

\*To get back the deducted pension for the Ryan family and send that damned Consolation Officer from the military department in, she spent half the night sifting through files and barely caught some shuteye before dawn.\*

However, just after reporting the pension issue, the two new cases she was assigned today were both "Lane" cases!

One was a commercial dispute involving the Ryan family and two other noble families against Charl Department Store, and the other was a railway project jointly undertaken by the Ryan family and the

Department of Road Administration, which had inexplicably stopped for half a year after severing the roadbed, and now required verification after being reported...

\*Seriously, I just want to know, what's there to verify in such a case? Are you all blind? Can't you see if the road is broken or not? Why must we send someone down to check?\*

"Creak... creak..."

Seeing the two glaring red "urgent" markings on the dossier, the female police officer was immediately so angry that she started gnashing her teeth.

\*Although our name has "Investigation" in it, we're the Secret Investigation Bureau! Secret, you know!\*

\*What's meant for us to handle are the traitors selling out the Kingdom, corrupt officials misbehaving, spies infiltrating the Kingdom, and the rebels trying to sabotage!\*

\*Can't they handle an investigation without immediately thinking of us? To avoid taking responsibility, why must they push every trivial matter our way? If I'd known that secret police dealt with such things, I wouldn't have...\*

"Yisha."

Just as the female officer was being tortured by the "Lane series" dossiers to the point of burning with rage, ready to set everything ablaze, a similarly exhausted secret police officer called out to her, tossing over a metal badge weakly,

"Interrogation Room 17 is empty now. Hurry if you want to use it!"

"I'm going right now!!!"

Catching the metal badge as she stood up energetically, the female officer, ecstatic at having found an excuse, exited the large office. She then dashed down the stairs as if chased by a dog.

However, just as she reached the lobby on the first floor, preparing to head to the interrogation room in the basement and engage in a mental duel with those damned rebels, someone called out to her again.

"Yisha~"

Seeing the puzzled look she shot over, a middle-aged female officer, with whom she usually got along well, chuckled softly and smiled at her while gesturing with her chin.

"Look over there. Someone's here for you~"

Someone's here for me? Who could it be?

Looking in the direction pointed out, Yisha saw that familiar face and immediately let her expression fall. Just freed from the "Ryan Hell," she turned without hesitation to leave.

\*Please don't call me; I don't know him!\*

???

\*Is this... a standoff?\*

Watching Yisha storm off without a word, and then glancing at the man nearby, who looked like he was about to pull his eyes out from waiting, the middle-aged police officer wished she could help smooth things over. But due to the bureau's rules, she could only helplessly sigh and explain to Leon in the reception area,

"I'm sorry... I should let you in, but our bureau has special regulations that generally don't allow outsiders..."

"What are you here for?"

Mid-explanation, a cold voice came from behind.

Surprised, the officer turned to see that Yisha had returned, glaring at the man in front of her with dislike, and harshly interrogating him,

"Didn't you call me a nutjob and tell me to get lost, preferably never to bother you until I die?"

"What? Do you think I went too far?"

After nodding in thanks to the female officer who called for them and waiting for her to move away, Leon touched his backside, which had just healed from swelling this morning, and couldn't help but lower his voice, retorting with a scowl,

"Can you honestly say you weren't a bit crazy, screaming and firing at my rear end at the shooting range?"

???

\*Huh, what?!\*

Reading Leon's lips to discern the conversation, the distant middle-aged female officer was startled, nearly stumbling to the ground.

\*What, at the shooting range? Are the young people today so brazen, or am I just old and out of touch?\*

"You... shut up!"

Quickly glancing around to ensure everyone was busy with their affairs and no one seemed to notice them, Yisha grabbed Leon and dragged him out the door, gritting her teeth,

"You scoundrel rebel! Didn't we agree to forget about the shooting range incident and never see each other again in this life? What do you want?!"

"What do I want? I should ask you the same!"

Scowling at her, Leon extended his hand, speaking irritably,

"We agreed never to meet again, yet you secretly accessed my files? Hurry up! Hand over all my family's archives!"

Archives? So that's why you're here!

Relieved at Leon's explanation, Yisha smacked his open palm forcefully and then looked up with a glare.

"I accessed the files first, why should I give them to you? I'll return them after I'm done reading!"

"Because they're my files!"

"They're not your files; they're 'about you' files collected by the archives!"

\*After spending half the night dealing with the Ryan family's deducted pension, Yisha finally had some leverage when facing Leon and outright refused, stubbornly,

"Just wait! Once I've finished using them, your files will naturally be returned! Why... why are you looking at me like that?"\*

"..."

\*I'm not looking at you. I'm looking at your bureau's people... Do you guys in this line of work all have such a heavy curiosity?\*

Observing the increasing number of seemingly unconcerned people in the Secret Investigation Bureau's hall, Leon silently opened the Badge System and glanced at the new badge he just acquired.

[Scumbag]



