

## I! Cleaner 95

### Chapter 95 Unexpected Gains\_1

[Due to the suspected act of asking a dating partner for money, you successfully activated the Black Iron Level Badge "Scumbag."]

[Scumbag: A male human who is not loyal to romantic relationships, establishes intimate relationships with more than one woman, or tends to pursue pleasure for personal benefit with low moral character.]

[Wearing effect: Your charm will slightly increase, but your reputation among women who want to build a family will decrease. However, your attractiveness to certain women with special preferences will significantly rise.]

[Advancement Route: Request money from intimately ambiguous female partners more than ten times, and this badge will automatically advance to the Bronze Badge "Soft Rice Man";

Or use your outstanding charm to form intimate relationships with ten women, skipping the Bronze stage and directly advancing to the Silver Badge "Sea King."]

[Hidden trait (no need to wear): The mental damage you intentionally cause to women will increase.]

"..."

Mental damage? Would mental shock triggered by an Anomalous Object count? If so, this badge might actually be quite useful.

\*Feeling rather speechless, Leon closed the badge panel. Being stared at by Secret Investigation Bureau members with their peculiar gazes made him uncomfortable, and the unexpected "surprise gain" from this situation left him too embarrassed to stay.\* He reluctantly argued with a female police officer for a few moments, received a promise to return the file within three days, and then hurriedly left under the gaze of at least a hundred people.

\*Why was that rebel acting so strangely today?\*

Watching Leon's retreating figure, neck tucked and back hunched, somewhat disheveled, the female officer who'd gained a small victory raised an eyebrow in surprise, then returned to the Secret Investigation Bureau's lobby, full of questions.

"Yisha..."

Watching her walk back briskly, seemingly in a good mood, the middle-aged female officer who had spent half the day "eating melons" couldn't help but approach with a worried look and quietly advised:

"In theory, relationships are your young folks' affairs, and I shouldn't butt in, but... you really need to open your eyes and protect yourself well!"

"..."

???

\*What kind of joke was that!? Though he had some justification, that bastard was still a rebel! How could I possibly have that kind of relationship with him?\*

Without revealing Leon's identity as a rebel, Yisha nodded and agreed perfunctorily to placate her colleague's exaggerated concern, feeling speechless, then walked downstairs to continue her work.

As she entered the emptied interrogation room, having adjusted the glaring lights to a softer tone, preparing to start questioning, she heard the door creak open behind her.

"Yisha?"

Squinting her eyes to confirm she hadn't mistaken the person, the male officer holding a stack of files breathed a small sigh of relief, then beckoned her to come out for a word.

"What's up?"

Following him out of the interrogation room, Yisha peeked at the files in his hands and realized they were the ones she submitted that morning. They were files on war widows whose benefits were prematurely terminated, despite not meeting the deduction standards, and her brows furrowed immediately.

"Did the military return the files and lists? Did they refuse to reissue the pensions or refuse to deal with those negligent Consolation Officers?"

"Both... they refused to reissue the pensions and aren't planning to deal with the Consolation Officers."

The male officer said helplessly:

"The people from the military claimed that providing pensions until the age of sixteen, adulthood, already met the minimum standard. They're not babysitters and aren't obligated to take care of these people for life.

With a normal salary, it's not hard to make ends meet in the Capital City through honest labor. If someone can't sustain themselves, they should find other reasons, maybe they're not working hard enough."

\*Not working hard enough?\*

\*Perhaps for others, this could stand, but wasn't it that the rebel bastard nearly worked himself to death to support his family, only to nearly end up with a broken home? And you guys had the gall to claim he wasn't working hard enough?\*

\*Furthermore, were all the pensions of the past six years fully paid? Not to mention, half of the rebel bastard's family's deserved pensions were turned into property in Veteran Lane at average market price!\*

\*Damn it! Those rundown houses, built seventy years ago, far from the central zone, surrounded by prisons and factories, which couldn't even be sold, and you had the nerve to exchange them at average housing prices as compensation? The records even shamelessly stated 'consent obtained'!?\*

\*Back then, they were just a few children who lost both parents, the youngest still breastfeeding, the oldest not even ten. Even knowing accepting this deal was a loss, what option did they have besides agreeing?\*

"Got it, thank you."

\*Yisha was practically fuming after hearing the man's relayed message, barely containing her anger. After thanking him, she couldn't help asking with a darkened expression,\*

"Can you tell me which... person said those things about not working hard enough?"

"A supervisor from the Consolation Bureau, his name was apparently Wil, Wil Lane."

"..."

\*From now on, the two words I'll hate most in this lifetime are 'Lane!'\*

...

\*Pffft...\*

[Shooting Expert: With exceptional talent and immensely tough practice, you've refined an excellent shooting feel, reaching a mastery level described as 'expert'.]

[Wearing effect: Relying on high skills you've explored yourself and the superior feel cultivated in diligent practice, your shooting accuracy will dramatically improve when consciously aligning the gun muzzle.]

[Advancement Route: Complete 30,000 live ammunition shootings, and this badge will automatically advance to the Golden Badge "Shooting Master," current progress 0/30,000.]

[Hidden Trait (no need to wear): As a gun enthusiast, when using a familiar firearm, your shooting stability will significantly increase.]

\*Finally reached silver, huh.\*

Opening the badge panel, glancing at the slot where the [Shooting Expert] badge blinked with a silver glow, Leon fired two more shots from where he lay, then retreated from the shooting lane, feeling half-excited and half-frustrated.

\*The excitement needed no explanation; of course, it was due to the shooting badge's upgrade to silver, where its effects made a leap forward.\*

Facing a human-shaped target five hundred meters away, even after exhaustive training and adjustments, a person with a bronze-level [Shooter] badge would be at their limit if nine out of ten shots hit the mark consistently.

Yet, the two shots fired after the badge upgrade nearly halved the "hit area," not only guaranteeing one hundred percent accuracy but also permitting slight adjustments to the bullets' landing spots, choosing the upper or lower sections of the target.

\*This was despite a nail gun's side roll on a five-hundred-meter target; for a three-hundred-meter target, it virtually ensured pinpoint accuracy, with maximum deviation unlikely to exceed two centimeters, given stable wind and light conditions!\*

\*As to why such significant improvement left him frustrated... it was obviously because the subsequent advancement had become more challenging.\*

"A full thirty thousand rounds..."

\*Gazing at the intimidating number of four big fat zeros in the advancement route, Leon heaved a long sigh.\*

\*Based on his average pace, even if he didn't work or go home, staying at the range all day, it'd take over a month to fire all thirty thousand rounds.\*

\*Following the normal routine of shooting an hour or two after work, continuing to advance would probably require firing for a hundred and eighty days, taking more than half a year in total.\*

\*Looks like upgrading the shooting badge wouldn't happen any time soon.\*

\*Well... but these practice sessions had to continue.\*

Glancing at the sky, seeing the sun hadn't completely set, Leon picked up the nail gun once more, earning despairing looks from the two administrators, as he returned to the shooting position.

\*Compared to the ones necessitating sinful souls, like the [Friend of Demons], and those needing personally slain Heretics, such as the [Zealous Believer], the shooting badge's upgrading criteria were overly simple.\*

\*And after just half a year of training, to possess "Shooting Master" levels, he was already exceedingly lucky. What else was there to complain about?\*

...



Shooting at the range until nightfall, Leon first returned the sniper rifle to the Purification Bureau, then walked toward Happiness Apartment.

\*Because of the big fellow who claimed "bad health," he intended to sleep at the Purification Bureau headquarters originally, even letting Anna and the others know in advance his busy work meant a few days of absence.\*

\*But since he obtained the [Zealous Believer] corresponding to [Friend of Demons], why not try returning home? What if the hidden traits of both badges offset each other, and the janitor at Happiness Apartment suddenly had a change of heart?\*