

I! Cleaner 67

Chapter 67 Bottom Card_1

(Revised)

"Are you kidding? Who the hell would want to sell their life to you!"

Although he wanted to refuse outright, the other party's ability was like forceful buying. The way they had pulled him over effortlessly proved they could even buy something like "distance." He realized he had no power to refuse.

Facing the creepy smile of the toad, Leon, with no choice, focused on those countless compound eyes and reluctantly questioned,

"Selling my life to you...it's not impossible, but the price you're offering is way too low!"

"Oh?"

Hearing Leon's response, the golden toad, initially just toying with this human and casually chatting with an "old friend," tilted its head and smiled as it retorted,

"So what do you think you're worth?"

I think I'm priceless, okay? No amount of money would make me want to sell!

But although this was the truth, Leon, seeing the mocking look in the golden toad's eyes, knew saying so would likely be useless, so he swallowed his words and took a different approach instead,

"I believe...many things can't be measured with money."

"So you're not only questioning my judgment of value but also doubting my understanding of this world?"

Upon hearing Leon's words, the golden toad, which had been quite amiable, suddenly looked cold. Its gigantic compound eyes slightly concaved, and countless minuscule spheres all aligned, focusing on Leon as it emphasized each word,

"Money, is all-powerful."

"Ever since the first shell was used as currency, conquering humans with its shine and beauty, money and the wealth it represents have become the pursuit of all intelligent life.

It's not just in your tiny Kingdom, but down to the deepest ocean floor with fishmen, up to the moon's dark side with its natives—everywhere intelligent life exists, money is indispensable.

Only money is the foundation on which this world operates! And your insignificant lives are merely the most pitiable things it can buy!"

"Sigh... What use is it telling you this?"

Glancing at Leon, who hadn't immediately retorted but was evidently thinking of a comeback, the golden toad shook its head, looking disinterested as it said,

"Even if you're a chosen familiar of the Great Demon, you're ultimately just a servant. You don't need to understand these things; just be obedient and accept domination. Come on! Let me appraise your insignificant life!"

With the golden toad's words, countless images of Leon reflected in its eyes trembled and were instantly replaced by chaotic new scenes.

His naive childhood, the happy days beneath his parents' knees, crying endlessly after losing them, and then vast, empty darkness.

After that vast emptiness came the half year of bedridden illness, depleting most of the family's savings, leading to desperate struggles for money.

Painting villa walls under the scorching sun, hauling loads with a frail body at the docks, scrubbing soot-blackened ferries with a two-meter-long brush with difficulty.

When the river froze, halting boats, he took over an abandoned roadside newsstand, huddled in winter selling papers, sometimes stacking shoes to appear older, slipping into various lenient temp factories, doing no-resumé-required odd jobs to earn a pittance...

Regrettably, after more than two years of hard work, the impoverished home in the pictures hadn't grown prosperous but felt increasingly empty. An occasionally flashed girl's face looked paler, coughing worse, while two indistinct children grew thinner...

"A dull life."

After viewing over five thousand days and nights in less than a second, the golden toad shook its head and was about to "cut off" the image when it suddenly caught a glimpse of vibrant red hair.

?!!!

That woman?!

Hastily focusing, canceling further images, the golden toad's expression slightly darkened as it turned to the sheep's head in a shopping bag, incredulously saying,

"Damn it! You've been collaborating with the Purification Bureau?"

"Go, go, go! What nonsense are you spouting?"

Hearing the golden toad's accusations, the Black Goat, too embarrassed to meet acquaintances, could no longer pretend to be absent.

It stretched its tongue awkwardly, licking two holes in the bag to reveal its angry eyes and glared at the familiar toad,

"I'm not collaborating with the Purification Bureau! Just temporarily lodging there and giving them a little talent as the cost of accepting a few extreme evil sacrifices periodically."

"You're not even collaborating...so you've been employed by them? Or...have you completely fallen into the Purification Bureau's hands and become their lackey?"

"..."

"You're the lackey!"

The Black Goat, its wound poked, lost its composure, snarling angrily,

"I'm just temporarily residing! Temporarily residing, get it? You bastard, are the holes on both sides of your head sealed? Damn it! If I hadn't recovered yet, you stupid toad, just wait for me!"

Heh, lackey!

Sneering, the golden toad cast a disdainful glance at the Black Goat, ignoring its furious insults, turned back toward Leon, its massive compound eyes staring coldly as it demanded,

"So...are you with the Purification Bureau?"

"That's right!"

Knowing from the toad's tone it was likely a nemesis of the Bureau, Leon decided it was time to throw caution to the wind. He picked up the Black Goat, shaking it while provocatively replying,

"Though you look down on it now, when you fall into our hands and become an Anomalous Object, I guarantee your end will be a hundred times more miserable!"

???

Not?! Why the hell did you have to drag me into your talking point?

Amid the Black Goat's curse raised by eight octaves, the golden toad remained unprovoked. Instead, narrowing its massive compound eyes, it observed Leon carefully, tilting its head in surprise,

"Are you trying to provoke me?"

Noticing Leon's suddenly tense muscles, the gigantic golden toad grinned, grabbing a handful of Gold Wheels nearby while stacking them before it, leisurely speculating,

"Human, it seems you don't think you can escape, yet you don't seem prepared to die either, and you even dare to provoke me...how intriguing.

If I'm guessing correctly, you must have a strong enough card up your sleeve, but you can't control it, or it only triggers when attacked?"

?!!!

Exposed again?

Watching the toad deduce his situation just by eye contact, Leon's breath slightly hitched, involuntarily recalling the evaluation given by the red-haired Director.

Could it be...I'm really that easy to read?

"Haha, seems I guessed right."

Seeing the unmasked confusion in Leon's eyes, the golden toad's grin widened, nodding toward the pile of Gold Wheels before it, jesting,

"Sorry, I don't enjoy crudely attacking others physically. I prefer obtaining the lives I want through fair and reasonable transactions, rendering your card useless.

Here, take these thirty thousand Gold Wheels, and entrust everything to me. For your dull life, this is already the most generous price I can offer."