

## I! Cleaner 100

Chapter 100 Cat Language and the New Colleague\_1

[Connected Party: A person who obtains special treatment or priority allocation of resources through interpersonal relationships and networks]

[Wear Effect: Your work efficiency will be enhanced when performing your duties, and it will be easier to receive support from the organization's internal help and various related resources]

[Advancement Route: After independently solving more difficult tasks multiple times, or leading a team to complete more important tasks multiple times, this badge will automatically advance to the Silver Badge "Business Backbone"]

[Hidden Traits (no need to wear): Due to your identity as a Connected Party, it will be easier to gain appreciation from superiors after making a contribution, and the promotion speed will be correspondingly increased.

However, at the same time, due to your identity as a Connected Party, colleagues at the same level and lower positions may lower their evaluation of your ability]

"..."

Forget it, since the promotion would be faster, and it's easier to obtain resources from the Purification Bureau, then it doesn't matter if the evaluation is lowered; the benefits are what count.

After closing the badge panel with mixed feelings, Leon carefully put away his credentials, then bid farewell again, saying,

"Thank you, Director. If there's nothing else..."

"There's something else~"

Stopping Leon once again and seeing his somewhat speechless expression, the Red-haired Director mischievously curled her lips, then took a letter out of the drawer and pushed it onto the table.

"Here, that witch has replied to you. As long as you finish reading this letter, the Witch's Broom can be reactivated, and the mission to infiltrate the Ryan Family can continue."

Just by reading this letter?

Looking at the strange red envelope tightly fastened by a wide strap on the table, Leon hesitated for a moment before reaching out to take it, instead casting a hesitant glance at the Red-haired Director.

"Director, if I open this letter, will it turn into a gaping mouth and start roaring at me crazily?"

"Hmm?"

The Red-haired Director looked at Leon with some surprise, then curiously asked,

"How did you know? Could it be that you've encountered other witches and received a howling letter before?"

"..."

So it was true!

"No... I've never seen a witch in my life..."

Picking up the envelope with extreme reluctance, Leon began to open it, making casual small talk,

"I just read a novel about wizards where the author wrote about wizards sending letters that can scream when they're angry... Whoa!"

The opened envelope suddenly turned into a big mouth, biting Leon's finger, while the strap with triangular small teeth used to tie the envelope clawed madly at the back of his hand like a cat's paw.

But despite its fierce demeanor, the material was merely paper and thin ribbon. The "howling letter" clawed and bit at Leon's hand for half a day, ultimately leaving not a scratch.

After a while, the letter seemed to tire from scratching, stopped to rest, and then the two corners of the envelope slightly perked up, forming cat ear-like shapes, and opened its "mouth" to howl wildly at Leon.

"Meow, meow, meow! Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow!"

"..."

"She says you're the rudest, most impolite, and most barbaric human she's ever met."

Tilting his head to listen to the meowing for a while, the Red-haired Director cheerfully translated,

"She says she'll never forget the shame you brought upon her, not in this life, the next, or even the one after that, especially when you pointed at a basin filled with sand and asked if she could use it as a litter box."

"..."

\*How was I supposed to know you weren't an ordinary cat...\*

After hearing the translation from the Red-haired Director, Leon couldn't help but scratch the back of his head awkwardly.

\*In Harry Potter, cats eat cat food, snack on small fish, and use cat litter boxes. I thought being a wizard's cat would make you similar. How was I supposed to know your intelligence rivals an average human...\*

After glancing at the deeply bewildered Leon, who had been meow-spoken to, the mischievous Red-haired Director, seeing no harm in causing more trouble, continued to merrily translate,

"She's asking if you realize how much damage such behavior could cause to a lady?"

"..."

\*Got it, got it, I suppose it's on par with getting a full-on slap, right?\*

Gaping wordlessly, Leon listened to the obviously very angry meowing sounds and curiously told the Red-haired Director,

"Director, you actually understand cat language?"

The Red-haired Director shook her head and replied,

"I don't."

Hearing this, Leon raised an eyebrow.

"Is it something like telepathy then?"

"Nope."

Flashing a mischievous grin at Leon, the Red-haired Director retorted,

"I guessed~"

"..."

\*Guessed... I think you're just itching for some fun since you don't have any drinks to enjoy. I shouldn't have asked you...\*

Without a word, Leon cast her a sidelong glare, proceeding to silently listen to the "meowing letter," before pushing the office door to leave, intending to check on the Witch's Broom. However, just as he opened the office door, he crashed into a slender, small man.

"Ah! Sorry about that!"

Though the man wasn't tall, his build was surprisingly sturdy. After knocking Leon into a stumble, he quickly reached out to steady him, his face full of apology as he explained,

"I was in a rush to report to the Director and didn't pay attention..."

"No worries, no worries, I was in a bit of a hurry to leave too."

Although the collision had hurt a bit, seeing the short man's guilty expression, Leon smiled and waved it off before briskly leaving the Director's office.

Once Leon's footsteps faded, the previously apologetic man broke into a chuckle, looking up at the Red-haired Director behind the desk with curiosity,

"Director, why was there cat meowing just now, mentioning something about a basin toilet, and the shame of a lady? Have you got a cat now?"

"Forget about it. I wouldn't dare keep a cat with someone like you around."

Casting a glance at the short man, the Red-haired Director knocked on the table with her knuckles and inquired seriously,

"How's the task I assigned you? Did you find out who summoned the Holy Spirit connected with the Scales Gold Sect?"

"You let me handle it, so of course, I found out."

With a confident grin, the short man replied,

"I controlled thirty thousand ants, sweeping through the scent of everyone who's been to the shopping plaza over these past days. Only several dozen people showed traces of contact with the Scales Gold Sect.

Then I dispatched two thousand mice and three hundred crows to listen and surveil day and night around those several dozen people, pinpointed the most suspicious target, and then..."

"Alright, alright, I know you've worked hard."

Looking at the man in front of her who was indirectly trying to take credit, the Red-haired Director couldn't help but rub her temples, directly promising,

"I'll count this as a major contribution for you. The department will reimburse all those animals' food expenses for a whole month! Plus, you'll get a bonus! Now hurry up and tell me the result!"

"Alright, I'll thank you on their behalf~"

With a cheeky grin, the short man continued his report,

"The result is, the people who summoned the Holy Spirit were the three companies that previously conspired to cause trouble for Charl Department Store... Oh, and by the way, my mice dug through a secret chamber in the Rose family's mansion and overheard something.

Those three families couldn't compete with proper business methods, summoned the Holy Spirit to disrupt things but got cleaned out by our bureau, so they've resorted to kidnapping the only daughter of Charl Department Store's owner, planning to use force to coerce him into submission!"

"Got it. Damn these troublesome nobles!"

Stretching out her hand to rub her forehead with some frustration, the Red-haired Director said with a headache,

"And then? They haven't summoned anything else, have they?"

"Not for now."

The short man shook his head and said,

"Who knows about the future, but at least in the past few days, there's been no movement."

"Alright, keep monitoring them. During this surveillance period, the bureau will reimburse double the food expenses for your 'friends'... Oh, right."

At this point, the Red-haired Director's eyes narrowed slightly, extending her hand toward the short man.

"What did you just steal from Leon? Take it out and let me see!"