

## I! Cleaner 30

### Chapter 30 Coffee and Dessert

"Boss, with your skill in slicing bread so deftly, you must be making quite a bit, right?"

"Hehe, it's alright, just barely enough to get by."

There were probably quite a few customers like Leon who made sarcastic remarks. The boss wasn't offended by the mockery; instead, he chuckled and pointed to the stove behind him, laughing as he said,

"You see, my stove here burns only the best charcoal and is constantly being fueled to ensure that no matter when customers come, the coffee is always piping hot. The cost of charcoal is also quite an expense!"

That was true... But given how you sell a slice of ham for a Copper Wheel and the fact that your bread-cutting skills rival those of Chef Lan X, you probably make back the extra cost spent on the charcoal many times over. There's no way you're not profiting.

"To be honest with you, early risers heading to work in the Municipal area like yourself really don't care much about the little savings but the genuine warmth."

The boss seemed to want to develop Leon into a regular customer. Seeing Leon didn't seem to care much for his words, the boss then reached out and pointed across the street, patiently explaining,

"My coffee may not be sweet enough or strong enough, but the temperature is absolutely the best, and the flames are burning the hottest, keeping the warmth even outside the tent.

Even to ensure you don't burn your hands while warming them, I use thick ceramic cups instead of thin iron cups that you'd have to put down immediately because of the heat. No matter how you come, you will leave warmed inside and out.

Otherwise, look over there, with so many stalls around, why do you think mine is the busiest? It's because what I'm selling is not just a cup of coffee, but a piece of warmth on the cold morning. Wouldn't you agree this is the reason?"

"Oh, by the way, please don't spread what I've told you around!"

The boss, wearing a simple smile, suddenly realized he might have divulged too many "trade secrets." He quickly waved his hands, his expression bashful, and said,

"This little coffee stall, I plan to pass it on to my daughter in the Future. No matter how she's doing outside, she'll have a livelihood when she comes home. If others learn all these little tricks, she might be in trouble!"

"..."

I don't believe you at all! Someone as shrewd as you wouldn't just spill everything to someone like that?

Leaving everything else aside, your coffee isn't sweet at all, but I came here following the sweet aroma, so there must be something special brewing in that pot of yours. If I really followed your method, I'd lose money until I was naked!

Tsk... But speaking of which, although you skimp on prices like crazy, you've put so much thought into it, so you do deserve the money you make!

Feeling impressed by the coffee stall boss's business acumen that emphasized added value, Leon couldn't help but sincerely give him a thumbs up. He quickly finished his bread, polished off his coffee, and then got up, hurrying off toward the direction of the Purification Bureau.

Not long after he left, a baby-faced girl in a business suit followed the sweet aroma down the street and found her way there.

When she saw the honest-looking coffee stall boss, her big, bright eyes lit up, and she quickly pattered over, grabbing the boss's arm and complaining,

"Dad! You just got better, why are you sneaking out to sell again? Mom got really mad when she found out!"

"Hmph! What's to get mad about with me selling from a stall?"

Hearing the baby-faced girl's words, the previously kind and simple boss turned into a stubborn old man, his nose wrinkled in defiance as he retorted,

"What? You don't like my little stall either? Let me tell you, if we hadn't relied on this little coffee stall back then, our family of three would have starved to death, and we wouldn't have what we have today!"

"Oh my! No one is looking down on your little stall! But do you have to sell today?"

Looking helplessly at her dad, who suddenly started acting petty, the baby-faced girl said,

"Our family's gas company has a pipeline leak and just paid out a big settlement. Now the water company is having issues too, and it's all trouble.

Mom's mad because you're still running around at this time instead of dealing with the company's issues, and you even went out to sell in the early morning..."

"What's there to deal with? Earn what you should, lose what you should! Why overthink it? And why should you control me coming out to sell for just two hours a day? Can't the company run without me being there?"

Upon hearing this, the coffee stall boss got even more irritated, his eyebrows furrowing as he replied,

"Besides, I always said these municipal projects were something we shouldn't get involved in!

Although it's quick and steady money, bringing in a big chunk every year, the problem is that the decision-making power isn't in our hands. In the end, we can suggest but not decide. Is that feasible?

I've known from the start that with the way that bunch does things, it was bound to go wrong someday! We'd be better off sticking to our own department store business. Sure, the risks are higher and the profits thinner, but at least we can oversee it ourselves, and it's easier to resolve issues when they arise.

But your mom was stubborn! She insists that with our family's reputation, people would hold back a bit, but she's hell-bent on delving deeper, and I couldn't pull her back!

And what happened? That bunch of bastards, to save some filtration cost, poured sewage from the damn sewage river directly into the public water pipes, causing diarrhea medicine to sell out across the Capital City! As if they have any shame at all!"

After grumbling a bit, seeing the sun rise and the temperature go up, making customers rare, the boss clapped the stove, snuffed out the charcoal, packed up the tent, and pushed the cart while leading his daughter away, still puffing with anger and muttering as they continued down the street.