

I! Cleaner 33

Chapter 33 Investigation Task

"Oh, my goodness... So you're Hannah's savior's brother! I misunderstood you!"

Upon understanding the situation, the administrator lady, who had just been giving Leon a menacing look, immediately returned to her kindly demeanor, even tugging on Leon's arm and complaining,

"Look at the fuss this has caused... You should've just said you came to visit Hannah because you heard she was sick. Why even bother showing the ID to me? I always see Hannah as a daughter. If I had known this connection, how could I not have let you upstairs?"

"..."

Oh, give me a break... Had you not stopped me earlier, interrogating me like I was a thief, I would have gone upstairs already, okay? No need to flash my ID to prove my identity.

Feeling somewhat embarrassed under Leon's speechless gaze, the administrator lady blushed and mumbled,

"I stopped you earlier because you looked unfamiliar. I know everyone in this apartment, and I hadn't seen you before, and also the way you were dressed... ahem... plus, you were carrying a large bag, and I thought I should ask more..."

It wasn't the bag; it was my shabby clothes that made you think I was a thief, right?

Glancing at his severely worn-out old coat, which was probably almost twenty years old by now, Leon smiled wryly.

This coat was left by "his" father, making it several years older than he was. Its appearance was honestly pitiful, but given his family's previous reliance on pension checks, they were already fortunate enough to have warm clothes without the luxury to be picky.

Even though he now had a high-paying job, he hadn't received his first week's salary yet, meaning he also couldn't afford a new coat. The cold wind made him huddle, so it wasn't surprising he appeared suspicious...

"Cough... I'm sorry, young man. It was my mistake."

Noticing Leon's expression, realizing he had understood the "underlying meaning" in her words, the administrator lady quickly apologized. Then, with the husband of the middle-aged nurse, she led Leon into the house, reaching out to take the shopping bag from his hand.

"Oh my, your sister is Hannah's savior, yet you brought so many things. Your hands are all red; put them down and take a rest... uh..."

Although Leon moved quickly to dodge the administrator lady's hand, the horns of the Black Goat were simply too sharp, causing the bag to split open with a thud, it fell out.

"..."

"..."

"Um... sorry about that. This was something our director asked me to buy for soup."

Leon quickly bent down, stuffed the goat head back into the bag, and tied a knot at the tear. He explained with some embarrassment to the stunned duo in front of him,

"Our director loves goat head soup but sleeps late and can't get up in the morning, so she asked me to run an errand for her to the morning market. After buying the goat head, I came here.

Uh... and since I've just joined a few days ago, I don't have much money, so I didn't bring anything special this time. Sorry about that."

"Ah, I'm sorry, young man. It was my quick hands, hehe..."

After making several mistakes, creating a very awkward atmosphere, the administrator lady felt too ashamed to stay any longer. After saying a few irrelevant words to keep up appearances, she excused herself, saying she had to watch the door, and quickly left the middle-aged nurse's home.

After she left, the middle-aged man apologized again, feeling awkward,

"Aunt Mary... she was just overly worried about Hannah today, so she acted a bit recklessly, but it wasn't on purpose.

She's a very warm and considerate person. Whenever someone in the apartment has something important going on and needs help, sometimes she lends a hand without even being asked. If she offended you, I apologize on her behalf."

"No, no."

Recalling what he had seen in the soul vision before entering the apartment, Leon smiled and waved his hand,

"I can tell she's a very, very kind person, and not just her; in fact, everyone in the entire building seems to be good people... Uh... May I make a presumptuous request?"

Glancing at the tightly closed door, Leon tentatively asked,

"I heard from the gas company's insurer that your wife seemed to have... different thoughts about what happened yesterday?"

Please don't rush. I think I've guessed some reasons about your wife's situation, which might help in resolving her issue. Can I have a private chat with her?"

"Well..."

Hearing Leon's request, the scholarly middle-aged man hesitated, seeming a bit inclined to refuse. However, remembering that the man's sister was his wife's savior and had no reason to harm his wife, he reluctantly agreed and led Leon into the bedroom.

"Hannah?"

Gently calling his wife's name and tenderly waking the middle-aged nurse who was still sleeping soundly wrapped in a blanket, even before the middle-aged man could explain Leon's purpose, the disheveled, bloodshot-eyed nurse abruptly sat up, anxiously looking at Leon and loudly said,

"I've seen you before! You're Anna's brother! You were there the day before yesterday, weren't you!"

Quick! Tell me! Did you see the hospital eating people? Did you see that incredibly strong bandaged woman?"

"Yes, I saw it, and I came here today because of that."

Winking at the middle-aged man, signaling him not to worry and that he would handle everything, Leon spoke gently,

"Rest assured, you're not crazy. Everything you saw is real."

"See! See! He saw it too!"

Hearing Leon's words, the middle-aged nurse was overjoyed and quickly grabbed her husband's arm, shouting,

"I told you I wasn't crazy! There really was a problem at the hospital! A woman wrapped in bandages really exists!"

"..."

Watching his wife suddenly become exhilarated, the middle-aged man looked at Leon, who had given a definitive answer, his lips moving slightly, face full of hesitations.

After taking some calming potion, barely awake for the past two days, his wife still claimed she saw the bandaged woman, but amid the insistence of others, she seemed to slightly doubt her own perception, appearing to improve.

But now, this unexpected savior affirmed her imagination so firmly, wouldn't this worsen her condition?

"Never mind, please feel free to stay and listen."

Seeing the middle-aged man's expression, Leon realized he likely wouldn't feel comfortable leaving them. So, Leon shook his head, giving up on asking him to leave, and instead turned to grab the doorknob, closing the bedroom door.

"What your wife saw is actually..."

"Zzz..."

[Encountered an incomprehensible special existence, the heterochromatic badge "Materialist Soul (Crimson)" activated. Your cognitive boundaries have expanded, obtaining partial information about this existence.]

[Name: Spirit Lodge (Miracle, Guardian)]

[Appearance: An ordinary old apartment building, with an elderly woman with white curly hair, slightly hunched back, and bow legs, sitting in the hall's duty room year-round]

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