

I! Cleaner 34

Chapter 34 Investigation Task

[Name: Spirit Lodge (Miracle, Guardian)]

[Appearance: An old, ordinary apartment building, with an elderly woman with white curly hair, a slightly hunched back, and bowlegs sitting in the lobby duty room all year round]

[Ability: Malice Vanquisher, Accident Avoidance]

[Cost: When leaving in the morning, please greet the administrator with a smile, chat with her if you have time, and if possible, take good care of her unwell husband]

[File: The predecessor of this apartment was the Charitable Asylum at 35 Bridge Street in the Old Town of the Capital City. It was donated and built by an elderly couple who lost their daughter in their later years, providing free shelter and basic living benefits to war orphans and disabled persons for years.

About ninety-five years ago, the elderly couple who donated the Charitable Asylum passed away. Since the Department of Road Administration did not register it as a legal welfare facility, and no one continued to pay the property tax, the asylum was confiscated and all residents were forcibly evicted. After renovation, it was renamed Happy Lodge and opened for rent.

However, strangely enough, despite its location in the sub-center of the Old Town near numerous enterprises and institutions, its livability, convenient transportation, and low rent, the occupancy rate of Happy Lodge was extremely poor, less than thirty percent compared to similar apartments. Most tenants moved out within a month of moving in, with only a few being able to rent long term here]

[Evaluation: This is a good apartment suitable for ordinary people to live in for a lifetime, providing protection for home safety, smooth affairs, and freedom from disasters. It's just a pity that your affinity with this apartment is really poor.]

[Corruption Value: 0.1]

"..."

So... this time the entire building was an Anomalous Object? Even the administrator lady who insisted on taking me upstairs was part of the anomaly?

After reading the intelligence that appeared before him, Leon shivered hard, then suddenly changed the topic and immediately asked the middle-aged nurse couple in front of him, "How long have you lived here? Do you know how old that lady is?"

"Ah?"

Caught off guard by Leon's sudden question, the middle-aged nurse couple exchanged a glance, and the scholarly man hesitated, "How long... I moved here when I first started teaching at Bridge Public School and then met Hannah, who also rented here... I guess it's been about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years?"

As for Aunt Mary, she already had white hair when I moved in. She must be ninety years old now, but she's well-maintained and looks quite young because she has nothing to worry about."

"..."

Ninety years old... A ninety-year-old can climb stairs faster than me? And when she grabbed the shopping bag earlier, her hands and feet were so agile that I almost couldn't dodge. How does that even resemble a person in their nineties?

Hmm... wait a minute! Although the intelligence provided by the Materialist Soul didn't say it outright, the implied meaning, combined with the name Spirit Lodge...

Could she and her sick husband be the couple that donated to the Charitable Asylum and passed away ninety years ago? But... this is my first time meeting her; why does she seem so guarded against me?

With this question in mind, Leon's brain quickly started to turn, and when he saw the "poor affinity" evaluation, he suddenly realized something.

With a sense of foreboding, Leon raised his hand to open the panel, found the Badge of the Demon Follower he got from the Black Goat, and directly looked at the hidden traits at the bottom.

[Hidden Traits (No need to wear): Your soul is tainted with a trace of demon aura, making it easier to attract the attention of certain evil existences]

"..."

Got it...

Whether it was being constantly questioned upon entering, the administrator lady's adamant refusal to lead him over, or why she suddenly grabbed the shopping bag, all these issues have been resolved.

For this apartment with Malice Vanquisher ability, my soul tainted with demon aura marks me as precisely the "malicious guest," and the Black Goat, born from a Great Demon, is a complete "malice"!

"Knock! Knock knock!"

Just as Leon finally understood and began to comprehend everything, a heavy, powerful knock sounded outside the room. When the middle-aged man opened the door, a burly old man with a cigar was standing there.

Nodding slightly at the surprised middle-aged man, even in late autumn, the old man, wearing only a small vest with muscles bulging like explosions, snuffed out the cigar in his mouth with two fingers and rasped,

"Mary said there was a stranger, so I came over to check."

After explaining his purpose, the muscular old man with a large basket on his back twisted his neck, as thick as Leon's thigh. His face, full of burn marks and scars, had two deep-set, greenish-brown eyes staring menacingly at Leon.

"..."

Who the hell says he's unwell?

Intimidated by the brawny old man's stare, Leon couldn't help but think, with the man standing six feet three inches tall and possessing biceps bigger than my head, he'd probably only need a fruit knife to hunt a grizzly bear in the deep mountains, right?

"This is Uncle John, Aunt Mary's husband."

Seeing Leon getting tense, the middle-aged man couldn't help but smile and explained, "Don't worry, Uncle John looking at you like that doesn't mean he has an opinion about you. He was a marine when he was younger, his face was burnt by muzzle flash while fighting pirates, which left some injuries, so the muscles on his face are a little stiff and can't show much expression."

Usually, he's responsible for cleaning the apartment, removing weeds, fixing water and gas pipes, and he's meticulous and doesn't charge. In summer, he even likes to catch butterflies for the kids in the building, so don't be fooled by how fierce Uncle John looks; he's actually a kind person."

He's... kind? Why don't I feel that way?

Looking at the intimidating old man staring at him, Leon's throat bobbed up and down as he swallowed subconsciously, and the middle finger of his right hand holding the shopping bag quietly reached out to tap the Black Goat's horn.

Fierce! Flames! Blazing! High!

Seeing in the soul vision the dark red "flames" almost filling the entire hallway and the intense killing intent within them colder than arctic ice, Leon felt a chill on his back, quietly stepped back two steps, and stood obediently behind the middle-aged couple.

Kind, my ass!

If you both weren't here, he'd probably lean back toward the basket behind him in the next second, pull out a pair of gardening shears over a meter long, and rush over to snip... turning me from Leon into "Leon!"