

I! Cleaner 41

Chapter 41 41: Charl Company_1

The holes on the target were "all" pretty big?

Upon hearing the policewoman's question, the administrator responsible for changing the target was slightly taken aback.

Did that mean that the young guy not only hit the target by chance, but did so more than once?

Unconvinced, he picked up the binoculars hanging around his neck, looked towards the target, and his eyes widened in astonishment, filled with disbelief.

Long-range shooting, six shots on target?

That young man shot a five-hundred-meter long-range target, with only a little over twenty shots in total? And he managed to achieve nearly one-third accuracy?

This... The police department was not like the military, which specialized in firearms. In terms of combat, they might not be too far off, but there were very few who could shoot with such precision.

Across all the police stations in the Capital City, totaling over thirty thousand people, there might not even be two handfuls of people who could guarantee a certain accuracy with long-range targets! Truly...

how old could that young man be? Could he really have been handling guns since he was in his mother's womb?

"?"

Seeing the administrator's expression change repeatedly, as if discovering Teddy pressing on a Tibetan mastiff for a frenzied output, the policewoman couldn't help but furrow her brows deeply, then explained:

"You don't need to be nervous, I just happened to see the target he shot and casually asked. I have no intention of troubling him.

Although practicing something so dangerous isn't great, as long as he doesn't use it during missions, it's none of my business!"

"Ah? Oh, oh!"

Not really hearing what the policewoman said, the range administrator, coming out of his shock, remembered his previous conversation with colleagues, and his dark face instantly blushed with embarrassment.

The guy dared to ask for a five-hundred-meter target because he had confidence in hitting it, while both of us, seeing his youth, arrogantly and insistently urged him to switch to a half-range target, and later, we were too lazy even to check it and directly concluded that he couldn't hit it once. Now thinking about it, it's truly shameful.

Mumbling awkwardly for a few moments, the administrator, full of shame, left clumsily, heading back to change the target, while the policewoman took this time to look back through the log at the entrance of the range.

"The previous person... Leon... Leon Laine?"

Seeing that familiar surname, the policewoman frowned even more tightly, forming a delicate little '川' (chuan) character.

Ryan... why is it always someone from the Duke of Lionheart's family?

...

The next morning, just as dawn was breaking, the diligent worker Leon once again walked on the way to work, accompanied by the cold wind of late autumn.

It wasn't that Leon insisted on getting up this early, but from his family's home in Veteran Lane to the municipal office area where the Purification Bureau was located, it was about five or six kilometers. If he wanted to walk there on foot, it took almost an hour, so naturally, he could only get up early.

As for why not take public transport, like a trolley or a steam carriage... let's just say that although public transportation was nominally "public," the extremely high fare of one Copper Wheel for every three

kilometers on average already excluded more than fifty percent of the residents of Capital City from even using it.

Although Leon, after joining the Purification Bureau, with an annual income of more than sixty thousand Copper Wheels, could afford such luxuries, the "Gotth" cigarettes he bought for Black Goat were absurdly expensive, each pack costing three Silver Wheels, consuming not only the two Gold Wheels of field allowances but also nearly all his remaining money.

While braving the cold to walk an hour to work was tough, compared to the hardship of having no money in his pocket, the former was clearly more bearable, and walking to work also wasn't completely without benefits... at least, he could get a cup of hot coffee.

"Boss, a cup of strong coffee, two slices of thin bread."

Shrinking to avoid the cold wind, Leon skillfully ducked into the coffee stand's tent, carefully untangling the scarf from his neck, and sat at a spot closest to the stove.

Nodding toward Leon, a "regular," the owner of the coffee stand tightened his apron on the surface but secretly pulled out the drawer containing ham slices, letting the aroma of the meat spread before smilingly asking:

"Alright~ Do you want butter with that? Add some ham slices?"

"..."

Staring at the smiling face of the coffee stand's crafty proprietor, Leon hesitated.

Only requiring coffee without butter, it would cost only half a Copper Wheel for breakfast. With butter, it'd cost one Copper Wheel, and adding ham slices would require an additional Copper Wheel.

The total fare for taking a ride from home to the Purification Bureau was only two Copper Wheels. If he splurged on butter and ham, those five kilometers he walked would go to waste.

But...

Smelling the warm and sweet aroma of butter in the air, as well as the sizzling and melting fat of the ham slices, the words "no" became lazy, refusing to crawl out of his lips.

"Look, today isn't as cold as yesterday, and there aren't many customers. I've cooked more ham slices than I can sell..."

Perceiving Leon's struggle, the honest-looking sly proprietor grinned and suggested:

"How about this... if you add ham slices today, I'll charge you half a Copper Wheel less, just as a special price for a regular customer. You'd also be helping my business, what do you say?"

"..."

"Add! And slather on the butter thick!"

In the end, unable to resist the temptation of fat, Leon patted his thin wallet, looked at his scrawny arm, and nodded fiercely, gritting his teeth.

Three more days until the Purification Bureau's payday. Accounting for the money to treat the Red-haired Director to drinks, he estimated having seven or eight Gold Wheels left to bank, so these two Copper Wheels didn't matter!

Plus, today, after retrieving the new Anomalous Object from the director, he still had to go to the water company to investigate, and likely couldn't catch the police department's free lunch; if he didn't eat well in the morning, how'd he have the strength to run field duties?

"Alright~"

Smiling and nodding, the sly proprietor fished out what little he had left of the ham slices, swiftly drizzling a little homemade sauce over them, placing them on the slate above the charcoal stove alongside the bread, watching this gesture made the frugal-for-years Leon feel a pang.

To make himself feel better, Leon lifted his head, avoiding the sight of the "Copper Wheels" heating on the slate, and struck up a conversation with the boss.

"Boss, what's your name?"

"Charl, same Charl as Charl Department Store."

Those running small stalls outside naturally weren't socially anxious, the sly proprietor Charl replied with a jovial smile:

"Sir, no need for formal titles, you can just call me Old Charl."

Charl Department Store... Charl Company?

That name, wasn't it the bastard water company dumping sewage into the public water pipes!