

I! Cleaner 50

Chapter 50 Lucky Day?_1

Ah, this...

Hearing the cries coming from inside, Leon, who was standing guard outside in a small uniform, blinked in surprise.

A few hours earlier, he had just learned of the "Seven Sheep Tavern" news and unexpectedly discovered the whereabouts of one of them. In an attempt to gather information, he had blurted out a random line, only to stumble upon the board meeting of the water company.

He was just pondering how to get inside and see who was who, when suddenly, an incident occurred in the conference room. A somewhat familiar female voice started crying out for help...

Was my luck too good today?

...

"Coming!"

Temporarily putting aside thoughts of luck, Leon, after laboriously pulling open the heavy oak door, rushed into the conference room, and the excited shouts of the Black Goat echoed in his mind.

'To the right! That little blonde! He's the one who touched my heart!'

Blonde... The Ryan family had been blondes for generations, and at the moment, there was only one blonde person in the room. So, the Black Goat's sheep organ was with the Ryan family?

Pretending to glance casually at the middle-aged blonde man, memorizing his physique and appearance, Leon slightly lowered his head, using the brim of his hat to cover most of his face, and then quickly moved toward the woman who had fallen on the left.

"Quick!"

Not noticing that the security guard who had come in was a "familiar face," and looking at her mother who had already started convulsing, the panicked baby-faced girl grabbed Leon's arm and cried out urgently,

"Go find a doctor! Quickly get someone to carry her up and..."

"Don't move her yet!"

After just glancing at the situation of the middle-aged woman and recognizing what appeared to be epilepsy, Leon hesitated whether to help, worried that intervening rashly might expose his identity.

But recalling what he had heard while standing guard outside the door, that this lady of Charles Department Store seemed to be responsible for the public water pipe incident's compensation, and to prevent the compensation issue from becoming more complicated, Leon ultimately stopped the baby-faced girl.

By guiding her to lay the middle-aged woman flat, turn her head to the side to prevent saliva from choking her airway, Leon stood up and looked around, then tore a piece of lining from the sofa cushion beside him, rolled it up, and placed it between the middle-aged woman's teeth.

"That's about right... Slightly lift her chin, and loosen any tight areas of her clothing to keep her breathing smooth!"

"Okay, okay! I'll do it now!"

In emergency situations, what people fear most is not clear danger but not knowing what to do at all.

Instinctively following Leon's instructions, after completing a series of procedures, the baby-faced girl, who was facing the only person who provided the "what to do" answer, instinctively looked at Leon with tearful eyes and asked,

"Then what? What else should I do?"

"Then wait a few minutes and see if she can calm down on her own."

Leon turned and instructed another "temporary guard" to fetch a small cart just in case, then squatted down and comforted her in a low voice,

"I've seen this illness before, as long as nothing chokes the airway or she bites her tongue, she usually comes around in a few minutes. If it doesn't improve, maintain this position while pushing her to find a doctor. There generally won't be any life-threatening danger."

"Okay! Thank you... thank you!"

Hearing there wasn't a life-threatening danger, the baby-faced girl's hanging *heart* finally settled down.

Feeling weak in her knees, she fell backward with a thud, landing on the carpet like a little duckling. She continued to hold her mother's chin while tearfully thanking Leon repeatedly.

Although it seemed complex to describe, it actually took less than a minute. Once it appeared that the middle-aged woman's condition was under control, the other people in the room, who had been stunned by the unexpected situation, also breathed a sigh of relief.

Conspiring to embezzle Charl Department Store's assets was ultimately just a business matter. Even though there were a number of illegal operations involved, their confidence in their combined power to suppress any counterattacks from the other side remained. However, if Mrs. Charl had died of a sudden illness from anger right there, the situation would have been entirely different.

It wasn't like the old days, where a noble title could crush businesspeople into powerlessness. If things really got out of hand, triggering unified opposition from the business association, their three families would probably face a collective boycott from businessmen.

The business association also had a considerable number of congressional seats, making them a formidable political force not to be underestimated. If this group felt threatened and united, coupled with the machinations of Mr. Charl, the vice president of the business association, they would probably face a serious backlash.

"Well done!"

Seeing a potential storm dissipated in advance, several directors were overjoyed. The meeting host of the water company heaved a sigh of relief and spoke to Leon with a beaming smile,

"Your salary for this month is doubled! Go to your department's... um..."

Looking at this peculiar employee, dressed in a security uniform but holding a big broom, the host furrowed his brow in confusion.

"Which department are you from? Security or cleaning?"

"Security! I'm with the Security Department."

Leon once again put on the honest smile he had learned from the old man at the coffee stand, lowered his head a little "shyly," and said with a simple look,

"There have been disturbances outside these days. Our manager is worried that someone unsavory might sneak in and disturb the guests, so we were arranged to stand guard outside. In case of an emergency, we could also lend a hand, which came into play today."

"Hmm, very good!"

Nodding in satisfaction, the meeting host waved his hand dismissively and added,

"Since you're with the Security Department, find your manager, Andrew, and tell him your salary for this month is doubled. After that, it will be increased by 30% from the base! That's all, you're dismissed."

"Alright!"

Although he was quite displeased with these sons of bitches in the room, since he had obtained news, confirmed the whereabouts of one of the sheep organs, and would soon have evidence of the water company's violations, Leon wisely opted to retreat while ahead. Adjusting the brim of his hat, he grabbed the broom and tried to leave.

Yet, something strange happened.

Just as Leon was turning to leave, the sheep's head in the shopping bag swayed ever so slightly. The sharp horns slashed through the bag, tumbling out and landing right on the carpet, directly facing several directors.

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Why does this scene seem a bit familiar?

"Um, sorry about that. My wife loves sheep head soup; I bought this at the morning market to take home after work."

With an unflinching lie, the same poor one as before, Leon swiftly bent down to pick up the sheep's head, intending to make a quick exit while the others were stupefied.

Unfortunately for him, his security uniform's jacket was a bit short, with the pocket positioned oddly high. As Leon bent over, the documents originally tucked in his chest pocket bizarrely slipped out.

Bouncing happily on the carpet a couple of times, drawing a mischievous arc, Leon's identification fell right before the directors, the unique Police Department insignia shimmering brightly under the lights.

That wasn't even the end of it. At this particularly crucial moment, there came a muffled thud from outside the conference room door.

Looking at the abruptly opened conference room door, the prominent guest lying on the floor foaming at the mouth, and Leon reaching down to pick up the Police Department's identification, the Security Manager, who had just come back from the File room, instantly broke down, throwing aside the files in hand and pointing at Leon as he screamed in horror,

"It wasn't me! He made me do it! I know nothing!!!"